

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR'S
COMEDIES, HISTORIES
AND TRAGEDIES

1664

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FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE
FROM THE EDITION OF

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To the Reader.

This *Figure*, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle *Shakespeare* cut;
Wherein the *Graver* had a strife
With *Nature*, to out-doe the *Life* :
O, could he but have drawn his *Wit*
As well in *Brasse*, as he has hit
His *Face* ; the *Print* would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in *Brasse*.
But since he cannot, *Reader*, look
Not on his *Picture*, but his *Book*.

B. J.

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEAR'S

Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies.

Published according to the true Original Copies.

The third Impression.

And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never
before Printed in Folio.

viz.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.
The London Prodigall.
The History of Thomas L^d. Cromwell.
Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham.
The Puritan Widow.
A York-shire Tragedy.
The Tragedy of Locrine.




LONDON, Printed for P. C. 1664.

To the most Noble and Incomparable pair of Brethren,
WILLIAM Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the
Kings most Excellent Majestie;

And PHILIP Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman to His Ma-
jesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of
the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

 *Hilst we study to be thankful in our particu-
lar, for the many favours we have received
from your LL, we are faln upon the ill for-
tune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can
be, fear, and rashnesse in the enterprise, and fear of
the succeſſe. For, when we value the places your H.H.
ſuſtain, we cannot but know their dignity greater,
than to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and,
while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our
ſelves of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your
L.L. have been pleas'd to think theſe trifles ſomething
heretofore, and have proſecuted both them, and their
Authour living, with ſo much favour: we hope, (that
they out-living him, and he not having the fate, com-
mon with ſome, to be Executor to his own writings)
you will uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you
have done unto their parent. There is a great diſfe-
rence, whether any Book chooſe his Patrones, or find
them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your
L. L. likings of the ſeveral 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*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his Playes, to your most Noble Patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your L. L. but with a kind of religious address; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the Present worthy of your H. H. by the Perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our own powers. Countrey hands reach forth Milk, Cream, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gummes and Incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake; It was no fault to approach their gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest of things, are made precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden

*John Heminge,
Henry Condell.*

To the great variety of Readers.



From the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are number'd, VVe had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your Purfes. VVell, it is now publick, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read, and censure. Doe so, but buy it first; that doth best commend a Book, the Stationer sayes. Then, how odde soever your brains be, or your wisdomes, make your silence the same, and spare not. Iudge your six-penny worth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy, Censure will not drive a Trade, nor make the Jack goe. And though you be a Magistrate of Wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Fryers, or the Cock-pit, to arraign Playes daily, know, these Playes have had their trial already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of Commendation.

It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished, that the *Author* himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his own *Writings*; But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise

To the great variety of Readers.

wife, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and publish'd them; & so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers *stoln*, and *surreptitious Copies*, maimed and deformed by the frauds & stealths of injurious *Impostors*, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd 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. But it is not our *Province*, who only gather his *Works*, and give them you to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his *wit* can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, & again: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his *Friends*, who, if you need, can be your *guides*: if you need them not, you can lead your selves, and others. And such *Readers* we wish him.

J. Heminge. H. Condell.

AN E P I T A P H

On the admirable Dramatick Poet,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHat need my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd
bones,

The labour of an Age, in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a Starre-ypointing *Pyramid*?

Dear Son of *Memory*, great Heir of *Fame*,
VVhat need'st thou such dull witnesse of thy
Name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a lasting *Monument*:
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring
Art

Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Those *Delphick* Lines with deep Impression
took

Then thou our fancy of her self bereaving,
Dost make us *Marble* with too much con-
ceiving,

And so *Sepulcher*'d in such pomp dost lie,
That *Kings* for such a *Tomb* would wish to die

*Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenick
Poet Mr. VV. Shakespeare.*

THose hands, which you so clapt, goe now
and wring

You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shake-
speares* dayes:

His dayes are done, that made the dainty *Playes*,
VVhich made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth
to ring.

Dry'd is that *Vein*, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and *Phæbus* Clouds his
Rayes:

That Corps, that Coffin now bestick those Bays,
VVhich crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to
this:

VVhere *Fame*, now that he gone is to the Grave,
(Deaths publick Tying-house) the *Nuncius* is.

For though his Line of Life went soon about,
The Life yet of his Lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.

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

The names of the principal *Actors* in all
these *Playes*.



Ill. Shakespeare.

Rich. Burbage.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips.

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

Iohn Lowine.

Samuel Crosse.

Alexander Cook.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Ostler.

Nathan Field.

Iohn Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone.

Ioseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

Robert Gouge.

Richard Robinson.

Iohn Shanke.

Iohn Rice.

A Catalogue of all the Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Book.



The Tempest.

The two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Measure for Measure.

The Comedy of Errors.

Much a do about Nothing Loves Labour's lost.

Midsummer nights Dream

The Merchant of Venice.

As you like it.

The taming of a Shrew.

All's well that ends well.

Twelve night, or what you

The VVinters Tale. [will.

Histories.

The life & death of K. Job.

The life and death of King Richard the 2.

The life and death of King Henry the 4.

The second part of King Henry the 4.

The life of King Henry 5.

The first part of King Henry the 6.

The second part of King Henry the 6.

The third part of King Henry the 6.

The Tragedy of Richard the 3.

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Tragedies.

Troylus and Cressida.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Titus Andronicus.

Romeo and Juliet.

Timon of Athens.

The Tragedy of *Jul. Cæs.*

The Tragedy of *Macbeth.*

The Tragedy of *Hamlet.*

The Tragedy of *K. Lear.*

The Moor of *Venice.*

Anthony and Cleopatra.

The Tragedy of *Cymbeline.*



To the Memory of the deceased Authour
Mr. VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHakespeare, at length thy pious Fellows give
The World thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy Tomb, thy Name must: when that stone is rent
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loathe what's new; think all is prodigie
That is not Shakespear's; ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're believe, or think thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy halfe-sword parlying Yeomans spake
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Mr. *W. Shakespeare*, and his *Works*.

Spectator, this *Lifes Shadow* is; to see
The truer Image and a livelier he
Turn Reader. But, observe his Comick vain,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragick strain,
Then weep; So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

To the Memory of Mr. W. Shakespeare.

WE wonder (*Shakespeare*) that thou went'st so
soon
From the *W*orlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-
room.

We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An *Actors* Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second Part.
That's but an *Exit* of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a *Plaudite*.

J. M.

To the Memory of my beloved the Authour
Mr. VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;
And what he hath left us.

DO draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, 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 ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but ecchoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore, [more?
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
Above th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage.
My Shakespeare rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

*That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgement were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy Peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
And though thou hadst small Latine & less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses, still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature her self was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But*

But antiquated, and deserted lie
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the Fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses Anvile: turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the Fathers face
Lives in his Issue, even so the race
Of Shakespear's mind, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
And despairs day, but for thy Volumes light. [night;

On worthy Mr. SHAKESPEARE,
and his Poems.

A *Mind* reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal *surface* can make things appear
Distant a Thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours just extent.
To out-run *hasty Time*, retrace the *Fates*,
Rowle back the *Heavens*, blow ope the Iron Gates
Of *Death* and *Lethe*, where (confused) lie
Great heaps of ruinous *Mortality*.
In that deep duskie dungeon to discern
A Royal *Ghost* from *Churles*; By art to learn
The *Physiognomie* of shades, and give
Them suddain birth, wondring how oft they live.
What story coldly tells, what *Poets* fain
At second hand, and *picture* without brain
Senselesse and soulelesse *shows*. To give a *Stage*
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As *Plato's* year, and new *Scene* of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd.
To raise our ancient *Soveraignes* from their Herse
Make *Kings* his Subjects, by exchanging *verse*.
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joyes in their *joy*, and trembles at their *rage*:
Yet so to temper *passion*, that our ears
Take *pleasure* in their *pain*; And eyes in tears
Both weep and smile, fearful at plots so sad,

Then

Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that *truth*
VVhich we perceive is *false*; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport-----

-----VVhile the *Plebeian* Imp from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a *world*, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling *pity*, then a rigorous *love*:
To strike up and stroak down, both *joy* and *ire*;
To steer th'*affections*; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolln from our selves-----

This and much more which cannot be exprest,
But by *himself*, his *tongue* and his own *breast*, [*brain*
VVas *Shakespeares* freehold, which his cunning
Improv'd by favour of the *nine-fold train*.

The Buskin'd *Muse*, the Comick *Queen*, the grand
And lowder *tone* of *Clio*; nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious *pair*,
The Silver voiced *Lady*; the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
And she whose praise the *heavenly* body chaunts.

These jointly woo'd *him*, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as *Spouse*, but lov'd as *brother*)
And wrought a curious robe of fable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And

And constant blew, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly Ruffet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch't and embroydered like the painted *Spring*
Each leafe match'd with a Flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works whose thred the *Sisters* spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice.
Here hangs a *mossey Rock*; there playes a faire
But *chiding Fountain* purled: Not the *aire*,
Nor *Clouds*, nor *Thunder*, but were living drawn
Not out of common *Tiffany* or *Lawn*.
But fine materials, which the *Muses* know
And onely know the Countries where they grow.

*Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent; Death may destroy
They say his body, but his Verse shall live
And more then Nature takes, our hands shall give.
In a lesse Volume, but more strongly bound [crown'd
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with Laurel
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meat
In a well-lined vesture rich and neat [it,
So with this Robe they cloathe him, bid him wear
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.*

The friendly admirer of his
Endowments,

J. M. S.



T H E T E M P E S T.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

Master.

Ote-swain.

Botesf. Here Master : What cheere ?

Maſt. Good : Speak to th' Mariners :
fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves a-
groud, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botesf. Hey my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my hearts :
yare, yare : Take in the top-fail : Tend to th' Maſters
whiſtle : Blow till thou buſt thy wind, if room enough.

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

Alon. Good Bote-swain have care : where's the Ma-
ſter ? Play the men.

Botesf. I pray now keep below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon ?

Botesf. Doe you not hear him ? you marre our labour,
Keep your Cabins : you doe aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botesf. When the Sea is : hence, what cares theſe roa-
rers for the name of King ? to Cabine ; ſilence : trouble
us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Botesf. None that I more love then my ſelf. You are
a Counſellour, if you can command theſe Elements to ſi-
lence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not
hand a rope more, uſe your authority : If you cannot,
give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf
ready in your Cabine for the miſchance of the hour, if it
ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts : out of our way I ſay.

Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow : me thinks
he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallows : ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging,
make the rope of his deſtiny our Cable, for our own
doth little advantage : If he be not born to be hang'd, our
caſe is miſerable.

Exit.

Enter Boteswain.

Botesf. Down with the top-Maſt : yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Main-courſe. A plague-----
A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.
upon this howling : they are lower then the weather,

or our office : yet again ? What do you here ? Shall we
give o're and drown, have you a mind to ſink ?

Sebas. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphe-
mous, incharitable Dog.

Botesf. Work you then.

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

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

Botesf. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off
to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet,

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

Botesf. What muſt our mouths be cold ?

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

Sebas. I'm out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou might'ſt lie drown-
ing the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſware againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him. *A confused noiſe within.*
Mercy on us.

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

Anth. Let's all ſink with King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Exit.

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of Sea
for an Acre of barren ground : Long heath, Brown
firrs, any thing ; the wills above be done, but I would ſain
die a dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore ; allay them :
The ſkie it ſeems would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh ! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer : A brave Veſſel

A

(Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to pieces : Oh the cry did knock
Against my very heart : poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Prof. Be collected,

No more amazement : Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the day.

Prof. No harm.

I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one ; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther : Lend thy hand
And pluck my Magick garment from me : So,
Lye there my Art : wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such compassion in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betide to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink :
Sit down, for thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to the bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay : not yet.

Prof. The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell ?
I doe not think thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

Mira. 'Tis farre off.

And rather like a dream, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four, or five women once, that tended me ?

Prof. Thou hadst ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and Abyfine of Time ?
If thou remembre'st ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelve year since (*Miranda*) twelve year since,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father ?

Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my Daughter ; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millain*, and his onely heir :
And Princeesse ; no worfe Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,

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

Or blessed was't we did ?

Prof. Both, both my Girl.

By foul play (as thou sayest) were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O my heart bleeds

To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance : please you, farther ;

Prof. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio* :
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother should
Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy self
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity ; and for the Liberall Arts,
Without a parallell ; those being all my study.
The Government I cast upon my Brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false Uncle
(Doe'st thou attend ?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them : whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping ; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts o'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
And suck't my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not ?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee mark me :

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being retired
Ore-priz'd all popular rate : in my false Brother
Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falshood in it's contrary, as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded
Not onely with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact. Like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his Memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Royalty
With all prerogative : hence his Ambition growing :
Do'st thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To have no Schreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Millain*, Me (poor man) my Library
Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annuall tribute, doe him homage,
Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
The Dukedome yet unbowed (alas poor *Millain*)
To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the Heavens.

Prof. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but Nobly of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes have born bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer fair *Millain*
With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon
A treacherous Army levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millain*, and ith' dead of darknesse
The Ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity :

I not remembring how I cri'd out then
Will cry it o're again : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't

Pro. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's upon's without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :

My tale provokes that question : Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me : nor set
A mark so bloody on the businesse ; but
With colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor sail, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : There they hoist us
To cry to th' Sea, that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' Winds, whose pity sighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me ; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck't the Sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh-water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furnish'd me
From mine own Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,

Sit still, and hear the last of our Sea-sorrow :
Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy School-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princeesse can, that have more time
For vainer hours ; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind ; your reason
For raising this Sea-storm ?

Pro. Know thus far forth ;

By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore : And by my prescience
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop : Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep : 'tis a good dulnesse,
And give it way : I know thou canst not chuse ;
Come away, Servant, come ; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All hail, great Master, grave Sir hail I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be it to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire : to ride
On the curl'd clouds : to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,

Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.

I boarded the Kings ship : now on the Beak,
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement, sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and joyn. *Joves* Lightning, the precursors
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not ; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dead Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coy
Would not infect his reason ?

Ar. Not a soul

But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation ; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell ;
Then all a fire with me the Kings son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leapt ; cri'd hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my spirit :

But was not this nigh shore ?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

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

Ar. Not a hair perished :

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before : and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle :
The Kings son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the Aire with sighs,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,

The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleet ?

Ar. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings ship, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-veit *Bermoothes*, there shee's hid ;
The Mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charm joyn'd to their suffered labour
I have left asleep : and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

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

Pro. How now? moodie?
Which is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou dost: & thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowl Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

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

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

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

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slave, (child,
As thou report'st thy self, was then her servant,
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne: within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as Mill-wheels strike: Then was this Island
(Save for the Sun that he did littour here.
A freckell'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make *Woolves* howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry *Beares*; it was a torment

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

Ar. I thank thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two dayes
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: go take this shape
And hither come in't: go: hence
With diligence.

Pro. Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake. *Exit.*

Mar. The strangeness of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain Sir, I doe not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth thou: speak.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other businesse for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apparition: my quaint Ariel, Nymph.*
Heark in thine ear.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my Mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholsome Fen,
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on yee,
And blister you all o're.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honny-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made'em.

Gal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou can'st first
Thou stroak'st me, & made much of me: would'st give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And shewed thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Cuts'd be I that I did so: All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*: Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rock, whiles you doe keep from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee
(Filt' as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

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

Mir. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine own meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that int't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadst
Deserv'd more than a prison.

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

Pro. Hag-seed hence:
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick thou'rt best
To answer other business: thrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, Ile rack thee with old cramp's,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassalle of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.
Enter Ferdinand and Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel's Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curst'sied when you have, and kist
the wild waves' whist:

Foot it featly here and there, and sweet Sprights bear
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.

Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-Dogs bark,
bough-wawgh.

Ar. Hark, hark, I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer,
cry cockadiddle-dowe.

Fer. Where should this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god 'oth' Island, sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my Fathers wrack.
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Those are pearl's that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, and strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Hark now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mir. What is't a spirit?
Lord, how it look's about: Believe me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit,

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have; such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wrack: and but hee's something stain'd
With grief (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde'em

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

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

Fer. Most sure the god desse
On whom these ayres attend. Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Maid, or no?

Mir. No wonder sir,
But certainly a Maid.

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

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

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear Thee speak of *Naples*: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I weep: my self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alack, for mercy:

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millain*
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Millain*
And his more braver daughter, could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: Dilicate *Ariel*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I fear you have done your self some wrong: A word,

Mir. Why speaks my father so urgently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie move my father
To be enclin'd my way.

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

Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in eithers pow'rs: But this swift business
I must uneasy make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st here usurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spye, 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 have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speak not you for him : he's a Traitour : come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea water shalt thou drink : thy food shall be
The fresh-brook Mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

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

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O dear Father;
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What I say,
My foot my Tutor ? Put thy sword up Traitour,
Who makes a shew, but dar'st not strike : thy conscience
Is possesst with guilt : Come from thy ward,
For I can hear disparin thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Pro. Hence : hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his surety.

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

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

Pro. Come on, obey :
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up :
My Fathers losse, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Maid : all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make use of : space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works : Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell* : follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt doe me.

Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appears by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds, but then exactly doe
All points of my command.

Ar. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come follow : speak not for him, *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry : you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Sailors Wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theam of woe : But for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alonf. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him o're so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On : Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

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

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

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

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

Alon. I prethee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done : The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seem to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So : you'r paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not mis's't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Adr. The aire breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to liye.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks ?

How green ?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

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

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

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

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

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

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

Gon.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affrick, at the marriage of the Kings fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

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

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

Gon. Nor since Widow *Dido's* time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widower *Aeneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

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

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harp.

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

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an Apple.

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

Gon. I, *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widow *Dido*? I, Widow *Dido*.

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

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense: would I had never Married my daughter there: For coming thence My son is lost; and (in my rate) she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne're again shall see her: O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Millain*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brest
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept and oared.
Himself with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th' shore; that ore his wave-worn basis bowed
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

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

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too; and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the fair soul her self
Waigh'd between loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th' beam should bow: we have lost your
I fear for ever: *Millain* and *Naples* have (son,
Mo Widows in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the deer'st o'th' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentlenesse,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather? *Ant.* Very foul

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

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

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

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

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be known: Riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,
Born, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:
No use of Metall, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

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

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth
Of it's own kind, all foyzon; all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection govern Sir:
T' excell' the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And doe you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Prethee no more: thou dost talk nothing to

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not faln flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave metal: you would
lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in
it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musick;

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 dis-
cretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am
very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I find they are inclin'd to doe so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Doe not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant.

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

Alon. Thank you : Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them ?

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

Seb. Why.

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

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :

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

Seb. What ? art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do, and surely

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

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

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

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

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

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebbe,
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O !

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it : how in stripping it
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) doe so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Prethee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee : and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir :

Although this Lord of weak remembrance ; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For he's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

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

Seb. He's gone.

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

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis* : she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post :
The Man i'th Moon's too slow, till new-born chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof, what's past in prologue ; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this ? How lay you ?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is the heir of *Naples*, twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space. whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us back by *Naples* ? keep in *Tunis*.
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps : Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzalo* : I my self could make
A Chough of as deep chat : O, that you bore
The mind that I do ; what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Doe you understand me ?

Seb. Me thinks I doe.

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

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True :

And look how well my Garments sit upon me,
Much feater then before : My Brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir : where lies that ? If 'twere a kybe
I would put me to my slipper : But I feel not
This Deity in my bosome : Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millain*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest : Here lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steel (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall wink for aye might put
This ancient morfell : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milk,
They'l tell the clock, to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear Friend
Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millain*,
I'll come by *Naples* : Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :

And when I rear my hand, doe you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word,

Enter Ariell with Musick and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and lends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

while you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take :

*If of Life you keep a care,
Shake of slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

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

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole herd of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ar. *Prospero*, my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So (King) go safely on to seek thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of wood (a noyse
of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sun sucks up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By ynn-meal a disease: his Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin-shewes, pinch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid'em; but
For every trifle, are they set upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hisse me into madness: Lo, now Lo, *Enter.*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all: and another storm brewing, I hear it
sing i'th wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his
liquor; if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
chuse but fall by pailfulls. What have we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, he smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the

newest poor John: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holy-day fool there but would give a piece of silver:
there, would this monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a
doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Fins like
Armes; warm o' my troth: I doe now let loose my o-
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an *Island*,
that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep un-
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout:
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will
here throwd till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

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

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boat-swain & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate,
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailour go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we Devils here?

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

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some monster of the Isle, with four legs:
who hath got (as I take it) an ague: where the Devil
should he learn our language? I will give him some re-
lief if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sient for any Emperour that ever trod on Neats-Lea-
ther.

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

Ste. He's in his fit now; and do's not talk after the
wisest; he shall taste of my Bottle: if he have never
drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit:
if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take
too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* works upon
thee.

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

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be,-----

But

But he is drown'd ; and these are Devils ; O defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voyces ; a most delicate Monster : his forward voyce now is to speak of his friend ; his backward voyce, is to utter foul speeches, and to detract : if all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague : Come : Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy, mercy : This is a Devil and no Monster : I will leave him, I have no long Spoon,

Tri. *Stephano* : if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me : for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

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

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke ; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano* : I hope now thou art not drown'd : Is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead Moon-Calfes Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm : And art thou living *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd ?

Ste. Prethee doe not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights : that's a brave god, and bears Celestiall liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape ?

How cam'st thou hither ?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither : I escap'd upon a But of Sack, which the Saylor heaved o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here : swear then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Sworn ashore (man) like a Duck ; I can swim like a Duck i'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kisse the Book.

Though thou canst swim like a Duck, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, has't any more of this ?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rock by th' Sea side, where my wine is hid :

How now Moon-Calf, how do's thine Ague ?

Cal. Has't thou not dropt from heaven ?

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her : and I doe adore thee : My Mistressse shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come swear to that : kisse the Book : I will furnish it anon with the new contents : Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster : I afraid of him ? a very shallow Monster : The Man ith' Moon ?

A most poor credulous Monster :

Well drawn Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertill ynh o'th' Isle : and I will kisse thy foot : I prethee be my god.

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

Cal. I'll kisse thy foot. I'll swear my self thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then : down and swear.

Tri. I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed Monster : a most scurvie Monster : I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poor Monster's in drink : An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs : I'll pluck thee Berries : I'll fish for thee ; and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve ; I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow ; and I with my long nayles will dig thee pig-nuts ; shew thee a Jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet : I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

Cal. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here : Here ; bear my Bottle : Fellow *Trinculo* ; we'll fill him by and by again :

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master ; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster : a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban', Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man,
Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster, lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some sports are painfull ; and their labour Delight in them set off : Some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergon ; and most poor matters Point to rich ends : this my mean Task Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but The Mistressse which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures : O she is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed ; And he's compo'd of harshness, I must remove Some thousands of these Logs ; and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction ; my sweet Mistressse Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness Had never like Executor : I forget : But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours, Most busie least, when I doe it.

Mir. Alas, now pray you.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Work not so hard : I would the lightning had Burnt up those Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile : Pray set it down, and rest you : when this burns I will weep for having wearied you : my Father Is hard at study, pray now rest your self,

He's

Hee's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear Mistresse,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to doe.

Mer. If you'll sit down
I'll bear your Logs the while : pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poor worm thou art infected,
This visitation shews it.

Mir. You look wearily.

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

Mir. *Miranda.* O my Father,
I have broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeed the top of Admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world : full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foyle. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of every Creatures best.

Mir. I doe not know
One of my sex ; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine own : Nor have I seen
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my dear Father : how features are abroad
I am skillese of ; but my modesty
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you :
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides your self, to like of : but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein doe forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I doe think a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth : hear my soul speak.
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ; O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I professe with kind event
If I speak true : if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief : I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections : heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mir. At mine unworthinesse that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much lesse take
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekt to hide it self,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bathfull cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may denie me ; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistresse (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My Husband then ?

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

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

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

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

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink
water, not a drop, before ; therefore bear up, and board
'em Servant Monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant Monster ? the folly of this Island, they
say there's but five upon this Isle ; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eyes
are almost set in thy heart.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
Monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
Sack : for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam ere
I could recover the shore, five and thirty Leagues, off
and on ; by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Mon-
ster, or my Standard.

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

Ste. Wee'll not run Monsieur Monster.

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

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe :
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to juggle a Constable : why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was
there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sack
as I to day ? wilt thou tell me a monstrous lye, being but
half a Fish and half a Monster ?

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

Trin

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

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

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineer, the next Tree: the poor Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord: Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

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

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee; I doe not lye.

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

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

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou maist knock a nail into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I doe beseech thy Greatnesse give him blows; And take his Bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him, Where the quick Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a Stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Ste. Doe I so? Take you that, As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lye; Out o' your wits and hearing too?

A pox o' your Bottle, this can Sack and drinking doe: A murrain on your Monster, and the Devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

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

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further: Come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoon to sleep: there thou maist brain him, Having first seiz'd his Books: Or with a Log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a Stake, Or cut his wezand with thy Knife. Remember. First to possesse his Books; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all doe hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books, He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calls them) Which when he has a house, hee'll deck withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his Daughter: he himself Calls her a non-parcil: I never saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lais?

Cal. I Lord, she 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 Queen, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy self shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beat thee: But while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure Let us be jocond. Will you troul the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will doe reason, And reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sings.

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

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy self in thy likeness: If thou beest a devil, tak't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sins.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee, Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine ears: and sometimes voyces, That if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming The clouds me thought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cri'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdome to me, Where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

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

Trin. The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after doe our work.

Ste. Lead Monster, Wee'll follow: I would I could see his Taborer. He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*.

*Exeunt.
Scene*

Scena Tertia.

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders : by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alo. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers : he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : well : let him go.

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

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

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

Solemn and strange Musick; and Prosper on the top (invisible.) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, & inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night : no more.

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

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens : what were these ?

Seb. A living Drollery : now I will believe
That there are Unicorns : that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both :

And what do's else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : Travellours ne're did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me ?

If I should say I saw such Islanders.

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kind then of

Our humane generation you shall find

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well : for some of you there present,
Are worse then Devils.

Alo. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (macks.)
They have left their Viands behind ; for we have sto-
Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

Alo. Not I.

(Boyes)

Gonz. Faith Sir, you need not fear : when we were
Who would believe that there were Mountayneers,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men

Whole heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

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

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quaint device the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drown
Their proper selves : you fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with beinockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted : but remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From Millain did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Son, Alonso.
They have bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musick.)

Enter the shapes again, and dance (with mocks and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou
Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had devouring :
Of my instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kinds have done : my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit-up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

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

Alo. O, it is monstrous : monstrous !
Me thought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me : and the Thunder
(That deep and dreadfull Organ-pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Prosper : it did bafe my Trespasse,
Therefore my Son i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seek him deeper then e're plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their Legions o're

B

Ant.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt
(Like yoyson given to work a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits ; I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now provoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live : who once again
I tender to thy hand : All thy vexations
Were but my trialls of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the rest : here, afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift : O *Ferdinand* ,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I doe believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter :
If thou do'st break her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be ministr'd ,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this Contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, fair Issue, and long life.
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall think, or *Phæbus* feeds are founderd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke ;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own ;
What *Ariell* ; my industrious servant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform : and I must use you
In such another trick : go bring the rabble
(O're whom I give thee power) here, to this place :
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. I : with a twincke.

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

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

Ari. Well : I conceive.

Exit.

Pro. Look thou be true : doe not give dalliance
Too much the reign : the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire ith' blood : be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

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

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a spirit, appear, and perty. *Soft Musick.*
No tongue : all eyes : be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease ;
Thy Turphy Mountains, where live nibbling Sheep,
And flat Medes thetch'd with Stover, them to keep :
Thy banks with pioned ; and twilled brims,
Which spungy *April*, at thy best betrimms ;
To make cold Nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, (groves ;
Being lasse-lorn : thy pole-clipt vineyard :
And thy Sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy self do'st aire, the Queen o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, *Juno*
Here on this grasse-plot ; in this very place (descends.
To come, and sport : here Peacocks flye amain :
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Hail, many coloured Messenger, that ne're
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd downe,
Rich scarp to my proud earth : why hath thy Queen
Summond me hither, to this short grasse'd Green ?

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

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bow,
If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queen ? since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got :
Her, and her blind Boyes scandal'd company,
I have forsworn.

Ir. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* : and her Son
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm, upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vain,
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again,
Her waspish headed Son, has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queen of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister ? go with me
To blesse this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue.

They Sing.

Ju. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly joes, be still upon you,

Juno

*Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, and foyzon plenty,
Barns, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing :
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestick vision; and
Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold
To think these spirits ?

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

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

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

*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.
Ir.* You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmlesse looks,
Leave your crisp channells, and on this green-land
Answer your summons, *Juno* do's command
Come temperate *Nymphs*, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love : be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.
You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly-day : your Rye-straw Hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers (properly habited :) they joyn with
the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end where-
of, Prospero starts suddenly and speaks ; after which to
a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heavily vanish.*

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

Fer. This is strange : your Father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe look (my Son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismaid : be cheerfull Sir,
Our Revells now are ended : These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into aire, into thin aire,
And like the baselesse fabrick of their vision,
The Clowd-capt Towers, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solenm Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stufte
As dreames are made on : and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep : Sir, I am vext,
Bear with my weaknesse, my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd; retire into my Cell,
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

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

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

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

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

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

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the aire
For breathing in their faces : beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project : then I beat my Tabor,
At which like unback't Colts they prickt their eares,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt musick, so I charm'd their eares
That Calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp firzes, pricking gosse, and thorns,
Which entred their frail shins : at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul Lake
O're-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeves. *Ariell.* I go, I go. *Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born-devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick : on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,
Even to roaring : Come, hang on them this line.

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

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may
not hear a foot fall : we now are near his Cell. (Fairy,

Ste. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmlesse
Has done little better then plaid the Jack with us.

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

Ste. So is mine. Doe you hear Monster : If I should
Take a displeasure against you : Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Montter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil,
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance : therefore speak softly,
All's hush't as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to lose our Bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonour in
that (Monster) but an infinite losse.

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

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

Cal. Prethee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou here
This is the mouth o'th Cell : no noife, and enter :
Doe that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I doe begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peer : O worthy *Stephano*,
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee.

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

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster : we know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Exit.

Ste. Put off that gown (*Trinculo*) by this hand I'll have that gown.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (mean

Cal. The dropie drown this fool, what doe you To doat thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake, From toe to crown hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country: Steal by line and levell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

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

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

Ste. *Monster*, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my Kingdome: go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of Dogs, and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariell setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey.

Ari. *Silver*: there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: hark, hark. Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their joynts With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they rore.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magick Robes) and Ariell.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head: My charmes crack not: my spirits obey, and time Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together In the same fashion, as you gave in charge, Just as you left them, all prisoners Sir In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot budge till you release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*, His tears run down his beard like winters drops From caves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my self, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, against my fury Doe I take part: the rarer action is In virtue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further: Go, release them *Ariell*, My Charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ar. I'll fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing-Lakes and And ye, that on the Sands with printless foot (Groves, Doe chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes back: you demy-Puppets, that By Moon-shine doe the green sowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Mushromes, that rejoyce To hear the solemn Curfewe, by whose aid (Weak Masters though ye be) I have bedimn'd The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring war: To the dread rattling Thunder Have I given fire, and lifted Jov's stout Oke With his own Bolt. The strong bas'd promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck't up The Pine, and Cedar. Graves at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magick I here abjure: and when I have requir'd Some heavenly Musick (which even now I doe) To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staffe, Bury it certain fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did ever Plummet sound I'll drown my Book.

Solemn Musick.

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn Aire, and the best comforter, To an unsetled fancy, Cure thy brains (Now uselesse) boil within thy skull: there stand, For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine, Fall, fellowly drops: The charm dissolves apace, And as the morning steals upon the night (Melting the darknesse) so their rising senses Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo*, My true preserver, and a loyall Sir To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly

Didst

Didst thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
Thy Brother was a furtherer in the act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh; and blood,
You, Brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your King: I doe forgive thee,
Unnaturall though thou art: their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy: not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my self present
As I was sometime *Millain*: quickly spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie.
There I crouch when Owles do cry,
On the Bats back I doe flie
after Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the Kings Ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prethee.

Ari. I drink the aire before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearfull Countrey.

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

Alo. Where thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have been) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madnesse held me: this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resign, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

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

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtilties o'th' *Isle*, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his Highnesse frown upon you
And justifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him:

Pro. No.

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call Brother
Would even infect my mouth, I doe forgive
Thy rankest fault: all of them: and require
My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here. who three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

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

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft graze
For the like losse, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest my self content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear losse, have I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queen there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zy bed
Where my Son lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eye doe offices of truth: their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoever you have
Been justified from your fences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millain*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrack't) was landed
To be the Lord on't: no more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: here have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you look in:
My Dukedome since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,
playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. *(wrangle,*

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

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear Son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

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

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

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

(play ?

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres :
Is she the goddess that hath seve'rd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall ;

But by immortall providence, she's mine ;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advise : nor thought I had one : She
Is Daughter to this famous Duke of *Millain*,
Of whom, so often I have heard renoun,
But never saw before : of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness ?

Pro. There Sir stop.

Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this ; look down you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Millain* thrust from *Millain*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples* ; O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting Pillars : In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her Husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himself was lost : *Prospero* his Dukedom
In a poor *Isle* : and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his own.

Alo. Give me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

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

O look Sir, look, hear is more of us !
I prophesied, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not drown : Now blasphemy,
That sweat'st grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by Land ?
What is the newes ?

Boat. The best newes is, that we have safe found
Our King and company : The next : our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave our split,
Is tyte, 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. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
From strange to stranger : say, how came you hither ?

Bot. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you : we were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and severall noises
Of roring, shrieking, howling, glingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd : straight way at liberty ;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship : our Master
Capring to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither,

Ar. Was't well done ?

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

Ar. This is as strange a Maze, as e're men trod
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was ever conduct of : some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,

Do not infect your mind, with beating on
The strangeness of this businesse, at pickt seizure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerfull
And think of each thing well : Come hither spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free :

Untye the Spell : How fares my gracious Sir ?

There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not,

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stohn Apparell.*

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

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

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits indeed ;
How fine my Master is ? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha :

What things are these my Lord *Antonio* ?
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like : one of them

Is a plain Fish, and no doubt marketable,

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This mishapen knave ;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon ; make flowes, and eb's,
And deal in her command, without her power ;
These three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil ;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these Fellows, you
Must know, and own, this Thing of darknesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

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

Seb. He is drunk now :

Where had he Wine ?

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

Tri. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never out of my bones :
I shall not fear flie-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano* ?

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

Pro. You'd be King o' th' *Isle*, Sirrha ?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alo. 'Tis a strange thing as e're I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape : Go Sirrha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions : as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. I that I will : and I'll be wise hereafter,

And

And seek for grace : what a thrice double Ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god ?
And worship this dull fool ?

Pro. Go to, away. (sound it.)

Alc. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train,
To my poor Cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quick away : The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this Isle : And in the morne
Ile bring you to your ship, and so to Naples.

Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
Of these our dear-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millain*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alc. I long

To hear the story of your life ; which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. Ile deliver all,

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royal fleet far off : My *Ariel* (Chick)
That is thy charge : then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw near.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE

spoken by *Prosper.*

Now now my Charm's are all ore-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill or else my project failes,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce : Arts to enchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it self, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene an, an un-inhabited Island.

Names of the Actors.

Aonso, King of Naples.

Sebastain his brother.

Prospero, the rigat Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio his Brother, the usurping Duke of *Millain*.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.

Adrian, and Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a Salvage and deformed Slave.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship

Boat-Swain.

Marriners.

Miranda daughter to Prospero.

Ariel, an ayrie Spirit.

Iris.

Ceres

Iuno.

Nymph's.

Reapers.

} Spirits.

FINIS



T H E

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Valentine, Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to perswade, my loving *Protheus* ;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender days,
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st ; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet *Valentine* adieu.
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou (haply) see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou do'st meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a Love-book pray for thy success ?

Pro. Upon some book I love, Ile pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Story of deep love,
How young *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep Story of a deeper love.
For he was more then over-shoos in love.

Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the Boots ? nay give me not the Boots.

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

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where score is bought with groans:
Coy lookes, with heart-sore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights: (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

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

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your Master, for he Masters you ;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be Cronickled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say ; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels ; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say ; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love, the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That are a Votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.

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

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : Now let us take our leave :
At *Millain* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy succels in love ; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend :
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Millain*.

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

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after Love ;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more ;
I love my self, my friends, and all for love :
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me :
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time ;
War with good counsaile ; set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing, weak ; heart sick with thought.

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

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

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

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

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I a sheep ?

Pro. I doe.

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

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

Sp. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy Master a shepheard.

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

Pro. It shall go hard but Ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seeks the sheep, and not the
Sheep the shepheard ; but I seek my Master, and my
Master seeks not me : therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The Sheep for Fodder follow the Shepheard, the
Shepheard for food follow's not the Sheep: thou for wages
followest thy Master, thy Master for wages follow's not
thee : therefore thou art a sheep.

Sp. Such a nother proof will make me cry Baâ.

Pro. But dost thou hear : gav'st thou my Letter to
Julia ?

Sp. I

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

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

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

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

Sp. Nay Sir, less then a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I mean the Pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over, 'Tis three fold too little for carrying a letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what said she ?

Sp. I.

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

Sp. You mistook, Sir, I said she did nod : And you ask me if she did nod, and I said I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

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

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the Letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why sir, how do you bear with me ?

Sp. Marry sir, the Letter very orderly, Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

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

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

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

Sp. Truly sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

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

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; No, not so much as a Ducklet for delivering your letter : And being so hard to me, that brought your minde ; I fear shee'l prove as hard to you in telling her minde. Give her no token but stones, for shee's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she, nothing ?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paines : (me ; To rectifie your bounty, I thank you, you have Tettern'd In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your self ; And so sir, Ile commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack, Which cannot perish having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a dryer death on shore : I must go send some better Messenger, I fear my *Julia* would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

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

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen, That every clay with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, Ile shew my mind, According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Egliamor* ?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine ; But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio* ?

Luc. Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so, so.

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

Luc. Lord, Lord : to see what folly reigns in us.

Jul. How now ? what means this passion at his name ?

Luc. Pardon dear Madam, 'tis a passing shame, That I (unworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

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

Luc. Then thus : of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a womans reason.

I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him ?

Luc. I : if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire thats closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this Paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia* : say, from whom ?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say : who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir *Valentines* Page : & sent I think from *Protheus*.

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

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

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker :

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There : take the Paper : see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love, deserves more see then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

Exit.

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

It were a shame to call her back again,

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

What 'fool is she, that knows I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view ?

Since Maids in modesty, say No to that,

Which they would have the profferer construe, I.

Fie, fie ; how way-ward is this foolish love ;

That (like a testy Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kisse the Rod ?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here ?

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile ?

My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past.

What hoe : *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladyship ?

Jul. Is't near dinner time ?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And

And not upon your Maid.

Ju. What is't that you.

Took up so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Ju. Why did'st thou stoop then?

Lu. To take a Paper up, that I let fall.

Ju. And is that Paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Ju. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Ju. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:

Give a note, your Ladiship can set.

Ju. As little by such toy's, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light O Love*,

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

Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then?

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

Ju. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Ju. Lets see your song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Ju. You do not?

Lu. No (Madam) 'tis too sharp.

Ju. You (Minion) arr too sawcie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Mean to fill your Song.

Ju. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Lu. Indeed I bid thee base for *Protheus*.

Ju. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:

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

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. *Exit.*

Ju. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to tear such loving words;

Injurious Wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yield it, with your stings;

Ile kiss each several Paper for amends:

Look, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I searsh it with a soveraign kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:

Be calm (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the Letter,

Except mine own name: That some whirle-wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorne *Protheus*, passionate *Protheus*:

To the sweet *Julia*: that Ile tear away:

And yet I will not, fith so pretily

He couples it, to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kifs, embrace, contend, do what you will. *Enter.*

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father stayes.

Ju. Well, let us goe.

Lu. What, shall these Papers lie, like tell-tales here?

Ju. If you respect them; best to take them up.

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

Ju. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink,

Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio Panthion and Protheus.

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

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonn's, to seek preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover Islands farre away:

Some, to the studious Universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travail in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whercon, this moneth I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well, his loss of time,
And now he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your Lordship is not ignorant
How his Companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his Royal Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him
(thither,
There shall he practise Tilts and Turnaments;
Hear sweet discourse, converse with Noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the Emperour;
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* goe:
And in good time, now will we break with him. *Enter.*

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
(*Pro.*
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart,
Here is her oath for love, her honours pawn:

O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves
To seal our happiness with their consents.
Oh heavenly *Julia*.

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

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

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

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

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

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

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end:
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emperours Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiv's,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readinesse to go,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

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

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must go;
Come on *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd,
To hasten on his expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd,
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my Love,
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my Love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Enter.

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

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

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloves 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 decks a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now Sirrah?

Sp. She is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Sp. Your worship sir, or else I mistook.

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

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

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

Sp. She that your worship loves?

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

Sp. Marry by these special marks: first, you have
learn'd (like sir *Protheus*) to wreath your armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Love-Song, like a Robin-red-
breast: to walke alone like one that had the Pestilence:
to sigh like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
weep like a young Wench that had lost her Grandam: to
fast like one that takes dyet: to watch like one that fears
robbing: to speak puling like a Begger at Hallowmasse:
You were wont when you laughed to crow like a Cock:
when you walk'd; to walk like one of the Lions: when
you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd
sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are *Me-*
ramorphos'd with a Mistresse, that when I look on you, I
can hardly think you my Master.

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

Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

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

Val. But tell me: dost thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Sp. She that you gaze on 'o, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Sp. Why sir, I know her not.

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

Sp. Is she not hard favour'd sir?

Val. Not so fair (boy) as well favour'd.

Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Sp. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd?

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

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Sp. Marry sir, so painted to make her fair, that no
man counts of her beauty.

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

Sp. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Sp. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Sp. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Sp. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine
eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont
to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus*, for going un-
garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Sp. Your own present folly, and her passing deform-
itie: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his
Hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your
Hose.

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

Sp. True sir, I was in love with my bed, I thank
you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the
bolder

bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion I stand affected to her:

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

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.

Sp. And have you.

Val. I have.

Sp. Are they not lamely writ?

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

Sp. Oh excellent Motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistris, a thousand good morrowes.

Sp. Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: here's a million of man-
ners.

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

Sil. He should give her interest: and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoyn'd me; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thank you (gentle servant) 'tis very Clerkly done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Val. Madam, they are for you.

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

Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladiship another.

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

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

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow servant. *Exit.*

Sp. Oh Jest unseen: inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my Master being Scribe,
To himself should write the Letter?

Val. How now sir?

What are you reasoning with your self?

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

Val. To do what?

Sp. To be a spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Sp. To your self: why, she woe's you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Sp. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Sp. What need she,

When she hath made you write to your self?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Sp. No believing you indeed Sir:
But did you perceive her earnest?

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

Sp. Why she hath given you a Letter.

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

Sp. And that Letter hath she deliver'd, & there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Sp. He warrant you 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind dis-
cover

Her self hath taught her Love himself to write unto her
All this I speak in Print, for in Print I found it. (Lover
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Sp. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Love can
feed on the aire, I am one that am nourish'd by my vi-
ctuals: and would fain have meat: oh be not like your
Mistress, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not: you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

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

Jul. And seal this bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that hour ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour, some foul mischance
Torment me for my Love's forgetfulness:
My father stayes my coming: answer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia farewell: what, gone without a word?
I, so true love should do: it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Goe, I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poor Lovers dumb, *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping: all the kind of thee *Launces* have this very
fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious
sonne,

Son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court : I think *Crab* my Dog, be the sowrest natured Dog that lives : My Mother weeping : my Father wailing : my Sister crying : our Maid howling : our Cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruell-hearted *Curre* shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pibble-stone, and has no more pity in him then a Dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting : why my Grandam having no eyes, look you, wept her self blind at my parting : nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shooe is my father : no, this left shooe is my father ; no, no, this left shooe is my mother : nay, that cannot be so neither ; yes : it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole : this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a veng'ance on't, there 'tis : Now sir, this staffe is my sister : for look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand : this hat is *Nan* our maide : I am the dog : no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog : oh, the dog is me, and I am my self : I so, so : now come I to my Father ; Father, your blessing : now should not the shooe speak a word for weeping : now should I kisse my Father ; well, he weeps on : Now come I to my Mother : Oh that she could speak now, like a would-woman : well, I kisse her : why there 'tis ; here's my mothers breath up and down : Now come I to my sister ; marke the moan she makes : now the dogge all this while sheds not a tear : nor speakes a word : but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

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

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide, that ever any man tyde.

Panth. What's the unkindest tide ?

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

Pan. Tut man : I mean thoult loose the floud, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service : -----why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue ?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tyde, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide : why man if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my tears : if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighes.

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

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

Pan. Wilt thou go.

Laun. Well, I will go.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Sp. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. I boy it's for love.

Sp. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistress then.

Sp. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, yor are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ?

Val. Hap'ly I do.

Thu. So do Counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not ?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoad you my folly ?

Val. I quoad it in your Jerken.

Thu. My Jerken is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile 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*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then live in your aire.

Val. You have said Sir.

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

Val. I know it well sir, you alwayes endere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off.

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

Sil. Who is that Servant ?

Val. Your self (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships looks, And spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

Val. I know it well sir, you have an Exchequer of words, And I think, no other treasure to give your followers :

For it appears by their bare Liveries

That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more :

Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter, *Silvia*, you are hard beset.

Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good news ?

Val. My Lord I will be thankfull,

To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countreiman ?

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

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. hath he not a Son ?

Val. I my good Lord, a Son ; that well deserves

The honoor, and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

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

We have convers't, and spent our hours together,

And though my self have been an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with Angel-like perfection ;

Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)

Made use, and fair advantage of his dayes :

His years but young, but his experience old :

His head unmellowed, but his judgement ripe ;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

C

He

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

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empress love,
As meet to be an Emperours Councillor:
Well, Sir: this gentleman is come to me.
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while,
I think 'tis no welcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.

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

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

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

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your self,
Upon a homely object love can wink. *Enter.*

Sil. Hiv done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm this welcome, with some special favour,

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

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

Sil. Too low a Mistris for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too, mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy Mistris.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your servant.

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

Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless Mistris.

Pro. I'll die on him that saies so but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless. (you.

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father would speak with

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me: once more, new servant welcome;
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs,
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend upon your Ladiship.

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

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-

Val. And how do yours? (mended.

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
with bitter fasts, with penitentiall groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Lov's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

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

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

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for love delights in praise.

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

Val. Then speak the truth by her, if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Sovereigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistris.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too;
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my Ladies train, least the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the Summer-swellling flower,
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

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

Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing;
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water Nectar, and the Rock pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st) is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you? (hour,

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

Pro. Go on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries; that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Even as one heat, another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another:
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a new object quite forgotten,
Is it mine then, or *Valentine* ans-praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair: and so is *Julia* that I love,

(The

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too- too much.
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazl'd so my reasons light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

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

Laun. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the Hostess say welcome.

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

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Sp. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Sp. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Sp. What, are they broken?

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

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

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

Sp. What an ass art thou, I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou can'st not? My staffe understands me.

Sp. What thou sai'st?

Laun. I, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staffe understands me.

Sp. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under: and understand is all one.

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

Laun. Ask my dog, if he say I: it will: if he say no, it will: if he shake his taile and say nothing, it will.

Sp. The conclusion is then, that it will.

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

Sp. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how sai'st thou that my master is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Sp. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to be.

Sp. Why, thou whorion Ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant: not thy Master.

Sp. I tell thee, my master, is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why I tell thee, I care not, though he burn himself in Love. If thou wilt go with me to the Alehouse, so, if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew; and not worth the name of a Christian.

Sp. Why?

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

Sp. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Iulia*; shall I be forsworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; shall I be forsworn?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn.
And ev'n that Power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and Love bids me for-swear;
O sweet suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Star,
But now I worship a celestial Sun:
Un-heedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learn his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie unreverend tongue to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths:
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Iulia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
If I loose them, thus finde I but their loss,
For *Valentine* my self: for *Iulia*, *Silvia*.
I to my self am dearer then a friend,
For Love is still most precious in it self,
And *Silvia* (witness heaven that made her fair)
Shews *Iulia* but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that *Iulia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* I'll hold an Enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my self,
Without some trechery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a corded-ladder
To climbe celestial *Silvia's* chamber window;
My self in counsel his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot his drift.

C 2

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, *Lucetta*, gentle girl assist me,
And even in kind love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and Engrav'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good mean.
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary
To measure Kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfections as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my souls food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inchly touch of Love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of Love with words.

Luc. I doe not seek to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extream rage,
Least it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The Current that with gentle murmur glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th'enameld stones,
Giving a gentle kisseto every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild Ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your hair.

Jul. No girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick, may become a yough
Of greater time then I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you wear your Farthingale?
Why even what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece (Ma-

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that will be ill-favored. (dam)

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlessse you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have.
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaied a journey?

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

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

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

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

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my fear:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his tears
And instances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

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

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answer not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) awhile,
We have some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Protheus*, whats your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me (undeserving as I am)
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stoln away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would presse you down
(Being unprepared) to your timelesse grave.

Duk. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my self have often seen,
Happly when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court.
But fearing least my jealous aime might erre,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thy self hast now disclos'd to me.
And thou maist perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The key whereof my self have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a mean
How he her Chamber window will ascend,
And with a Corded Ladder fetch her down:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

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

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is coming. *Enter.*

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Va. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

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

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me awhile,
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near: wherein thou must be secret
'Tis not unknown so thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

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

Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her Father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawn my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding Dowre:
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

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

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

Va. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumb Jewels often in their silent kind
More then quick words, doe move a womans mind.

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

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what well contents
(her.)
Send her another: never give her o're,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, '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 fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say,
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though ne're so black, say they have Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

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

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

Val. What lets but one may enter at her Window?

Duk. Her Chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

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

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

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock, I'll get you such a Ladder.

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

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may bear it
Under a Cloak, that is of any length.

Duk. A Cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy Cloak,
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any Cloak will serve the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And here an Engine fit for my proceeding,
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where (senselesse) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest them,
While I (their King) that chisler them imporsune.
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.*

*I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*? this night I will infranchise thee.
'Tis so: and here's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* son)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

To base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And think my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is privileged for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more then for all the favours
Which (all-too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy self.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my self,
And *Silvia* is my self: banish'd from her
Is self from self. A deadly banishment:
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unlesse it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the Nightingale.
Unlesse I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doom,
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life. *Enter Pro. and*

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seek him out. *Launs.*

Laus. Soa-hough, Soa-hough-----

Pro. What seest thou?

Laus. Him we go to find,
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Va. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Va. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Va. Nothing.

Laus. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laus. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laus. Why Sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirrha, I say forbear? friend *Valentine*, a word.

Va. My Eares are stoppt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possesst them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they art harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Va. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Va. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No *Valentine*.

Va. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me.
What is your newes?

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

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Va. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already.
And now excess of it will make me surfer.

Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doom

(Which unreverst stands in effectuell force)

A Sea of melting pearl, which some call teares.
Those at her Fathers churlish feet she tendred,
With them upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands; whose whitenesse so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there.

Val. No more: unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending Anthem of my endlesse dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staffe, walk hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosome of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate,
Come, I'll convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy self)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

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

Pro. Go sirrha, find him out: Come *Valentine*.

Va. Oh my dear *Silvia*, haplesse *Valentine*. *Exeunt.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the
wit to think my Master is a kind of a knave: but that's
all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that
knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a Teem
of horse shall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love;
and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell
my self: and yet 'tis a Milkmaid: yet 'tis not a maid:
for she hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her
Masters maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qua-
lities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare
Christian. Here is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inpri-*
mis, She can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no
more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, there-
fore is she better then a Jade. *Item.* She can milk,
look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

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

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

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

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

Sp. Why man? how black?

La. Why, as black as Ink.

Sp. Let me read them?

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

Sp. Thou liest: I can.

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

Sp.

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
 Sp. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the son of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou can'st not read.
 Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.
 La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.
 Sp. Imprimis she can milk.
 La. I that she can.
 Sp. Item, she brews good Ale.
 La. And thereof comes the proverb: (*blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)
 Sp. Item, she can sowe.
 La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so*)
 Sp. Item, she can knit.
 La. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, When she can knit him a stock?
 Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.
 La. A special vertue: for then she need not to be wash'd and scowr'd.
 Sp. Item she can spin.
 La. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
 Sp. Item, she hath many nameless vertues.
 La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
 Sp. Here follows her vices.
 La. Close at the heels of her vertues:
 Sp. Item, she is not to be fasting in respect of her breath.
 La. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.
 Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
 Sp. That makes amends for her sowre breath.
 Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleep.
 La. It's no matter for that; so she sleep not in her talke.
 Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
 La. Oh villanie! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words is a womans onely vertue: I pray the out with't, and place it for her chief vertue.
 Sp. Item, she is proud.
 La. Out with that too:
 It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be tane from her,
 Sp. Item, she hath no teeth,
 La. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
 Sp. Item, she is curst.
 La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
 Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
 La. If her liquor be good; she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
 Sp. Item, she is too liberall.
 La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse, she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
 Sp. Item, she hath more hairs then wit, and more faults then hairs, and more wealth then faults.
 La. Stop there: I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine twice, or thrice in that Article: rehearse that once more.
 Sp. Item, she hath more hair then wit.
 La. More haire then wit: it may be I'll prove it: The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit: for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then hairs.
 La. That's monstrous; oh that that were out.
 Sp. And more wealth then faults.
 La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
 Sp. What then?
 La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the *North-gate*.
 Sp. For me?
 La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staied for a better man then thee.
 Sp. And must I go to him?
 La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staied so long that going will scarce serve the turn.
 Sp. Why did't not tell me sooner? 'pox on your love Letters.
 La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets: I'll eafter to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.
 Th. Since his exile she hath dispis'd me most, Forsworn my company,, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her:
 Du. This weak impress of love, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.
 How now Sir *Protheus*, is your countreyman (*According to our Proclamation*) gone?
 Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
 Du. My daughter takes his going heavily?
 Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grief.
 Du. So I believe: but *Thurio* thinks not so:
Protheus; the good conceit I hold of thee, (*For thou hast shown some signe of good desert*) Makes me the better to confer with thee.
 Pro. Longer then I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live, to look upon your Grace.
 Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect The match between sir *Thurio* and my daughter?
 Pro. I do my Lord.
 Du. And also I do think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will?
 Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
 Du. I, and perversly, she perseveres so: What might we do to make the girl forget The Love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?
 Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*, With falsehood, cowardize, and poor descent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
 Du. I, but she'll think, that it is spoken in hate.
 Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whome she esteems as his friend.
 Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro.

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

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander 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 do it
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will love sir *Thurio*.

Th. Therefore as you unwind her love from him;
Least it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Prothens*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firm votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you, with *Silvia* may confer at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By wailfull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute was strung with Poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and Stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forake unfounded deeps, and dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shews thou hast been in love.

Th. And thy advice, this night, I'll put in practise:
Therefore sweet *Prothens*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skill'd in Musick.
I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turn
To give the on-set to thy good advice.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

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

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

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speede, and certain Out-laws.

1. *Out-l.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

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

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

Sp. Sir, we are undone; these are the Villains
That all the Travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll hear him.

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

Val. Then know that I have little to lose;

A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:
My riches, are these poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Millain*.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? (saide,

Val. Some sixteen moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

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

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

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

2. *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthfull travel, therein made me happy,
Or else often had been miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wild faction.

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

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace villain.

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any things to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the furie of ungovern'd youth
I thrust from the company of awfull men.
My self was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a Lady,
An heir, and Neice allide unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I flab'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifi'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want.

2. *Out.* Indeed because you are a banish'd man,
There, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we do in the wilderness?

3. *Out.* What sai'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
 2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have of-
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, fer'd.
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On silly women, or poor passengers.
 3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
 Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
 And shew thee all the Treasure we have got;
 Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

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

Pro. Already have I been false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer.
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
 When I protest true loyaltie to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
 And notwithstanding all her suddain quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
 Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, fawneth on her still;
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
 And give some evening Musick to her ear.
Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
 Will creep in service, where it cannot go.
Thu. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do: or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen
 Let's turn; and too it lustily a while.
Ho. Now, my young guest; me thinks you'r allycholly:
 I pray you what is it?
Ju. Marry (niine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
 you shall hear Musick, and see the Gentleman that you
 ask'd for.
Ju. But I shall hear him speak.
Ho. I that you shall.
Ju. That will be Musick.
Ho. Haik, hark.
Ju. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let's hear'em.

Song. *Who is Silvia? what is she?*
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindnes,
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:

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

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
 How do you, man? the Musick likes you not.
Ju. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Ju. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings?
Ju. Not so: but yet
 So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Ho. You have a quick ear. (heart:
Ju. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a flow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musick.
Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Ho. Hark what fine change is in the Musick.
Ju. I: that change is the sight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
Ju. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.
 But *Host*, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
 Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Lanuce* his man told me,
 He lov'd her out of all nick.
Ju. Where is *Lanuce*?
Ho. Gone to seek his dog, which to morrow, by his
 Masters command, he must carry for a present to his
 Lady.
Ju. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not I will so plead,
 That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thank you for your Musick (Gentlemen)
 Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
 You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is ever this,
 That presently you hie you home to bed:
 Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man:
 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
 To be seduced by thy flattery.
 That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
 Return, return, and make thy love amends:
 For me (by this pale queen of night I swear)
 I am so far from granting thy request,
 That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suit;
 And by and by intend to chide my self,
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
 But she is dead.
Ju. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
 For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
 Survives; to whom (thy self art witness)
 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
 To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thy self, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call her thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulchre thine.

Iul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

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

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idol Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

Exeunt.

Iul. Host, will you go?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleep.

Iul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Ho. Marry at my house:
Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Iul. Not so: but it hath been the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
That's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?

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

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow,

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

Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wife, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio* (whom my very soul abhor'd)
Thy self hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did come so near thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love di'de,
Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie;
Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear, he makes aboard;
And for the wayes are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour, I repose.

Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)

But think upon my grief (a Ladies grief)

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows, as the Sea of sands,

To bear me company and go with me:

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pitty much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you,

Wreaking as little what betideth me,

As much, I wish all good befortune you.

When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Eg. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At *Frier Patricks* Cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Eg. I will not fail your Ladiship:

Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamore.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Cur with
him (look you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of
a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or
four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have
taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a pre-
sent to Mistress *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no
sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her
Trencher, and steals her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
thing, when a Cur cannot keep himself in all compa-
nies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes up-
on him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things. If I had not had more wit then he, take a fault
upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd
for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge:
He thrusts me himself into the company of three or
four gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: he
had not been there (bless the marke) a pissing while, but
all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)
what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the
third) hang him up (saies the Duke,) I having been ac-
quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and
goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
(quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry do I
(quoth he) you do him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would do this for his servant? nay, I'll be sworne I have
sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stoln, otherwise
he had been executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for
Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou
think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the trick you
serv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did
not

not I bid the still marke me, and do as I do; when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale; did'st thou ever see me doe such a trick?

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well, And will inploy thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please, I'll do Sir what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-son pezant, Where have you been these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what sayes she to my little Jewel?

La. Marry she sayes your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeed she did not;

Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stoln from me By the hangmans boy in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog As big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get the hence, and find my dog again, Or ne're return again into my sight.

Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here; A slave, that still an end, turn's me to shame.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, Partly that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my busines: For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt: But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour, Which (if my Augury deceive me not) Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently and take this Ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*; She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token: She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks that she lov'd you as well As you do love your Lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love; You doat on her, that cares not for your love. 'Tis pity Love should be so contrary:

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady, I claim the promise for her heavenly Picture: Your Message done, hye home unto my chamber, Where thou shalt find me sad, and solitarie.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd A Fox, to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs;

Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now I am (unhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain; To carry that, which I would have refus'd; To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd. I am my Masters true confirmed love, But cannot be true servant to my Master, Unless I prove false traitor to my self.

Yet will I wooe for him, but yet so coldly, *Enter.* As (heaven it knows) I would not have him speed. *Silvia.*

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my mean To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

Jul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there, Go, give your Master this: tell him from me, One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forgot, Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

In. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not look upon your Masters lines: I know they are stufft with protestations, And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As easie as I do tear his paper.

In. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Si. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times, His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure:

Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

In. She thanks you.

Si. What sai'st thou?

In. I thank you Madam, that you tender her: Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Si. Do'st thou know her?

In. Almost as well as I do know my self.

To think upon her woes, I do protest That I have wept a hundred several times.

Si. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

In. I think she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Si. Is she not passing fair?

In. She hath been fairer (Madam) then she is, When she did think my Master lov'd her well;

She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.

But since she did neglect her looking glass,

And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks;

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

In. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*, When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown,

Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height;

And at that time I made her weep agoon,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* perjury, and unjust flight;
which I so lively acted with my tears:

That my poor Mistress moved there withall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas, (poor Lady) desolate, and left;
I weep my self to think upon thy words:
Here youth: there is a purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistress sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

Exit.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if ere you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.)
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistress love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it self:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I think
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd Perriwig:
Her eyes are grey as grass, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respect in my self,
If this fond love, were not a blinded god?
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall: O thou senseless forme.
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sense in this Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly, for thy mistress sake
That us'd me so, : or else by *Jove*, I vow.
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes;
To make my Master out of love with thee.

Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the Western skie,
And now it is about the very hour
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrick's* Cell should meet me,
She will not fail; for Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: go on (good *Eglamore*)
Our at the Postern by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Fear not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Prothem, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Prothem*, what sayes *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I find her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.)

Thu. I'll wear a Boot, to make it somewhat round.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loath's.

Thu. What sayes she to my face?

Pro. She sayes it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then the wonton lies: my face is black.

Pro. But Pearl's are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are Pearl's, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearl's as put out Ladies eyes.
For I had rather wink, then look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when they talke of war.

But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

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

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

Thu. What sayes she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True: from a Gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now sir *Prothem*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you say saw Sir *Eglamore* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled unto the pezant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamore* is in her companie.

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guest that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession,

At *Patrick's* Cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the Mountain foot

That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamore*,

Then for the love of reck-less *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love

Then hate of *Eglamore* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-laws.

I. Out. Come, come be patient.

We

We must bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her.

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.

But *Moyse* and *Valerius* follow him :

Go thou thither to the West end of the Wood,
There is our Captain : wee'll follow him that's fled,
The thicker is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captain's Cave.
Fear not : he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine* : this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke.
Thurio, Our-lawes.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man ?
This shadowy Desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook then flourishing peopled townes :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes ;
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* :
Thou Gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorn Swain.
What hallowing, and what stirre is this to day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chafe ;
They love me well, yet I have much to doe
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine* : who's this comes here ?

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not ought your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fair look :
(A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And lesse than this I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. How like a dream is this ? I see and hear :
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came :
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

In. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry Lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me :
O heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus* :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one colime look :
Oh, 'tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love, where they're beloy'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's beloy'd :
Read over *Julia*'s heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes ; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury to deceive me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.

Pro. In love,

Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form ;
I'll move you like a Soldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love : force ye.

Sil. Oh heaven.

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine* !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love.
For such is a friend now : Though 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 would'st disprove me:
Who should be trusted now, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome ? *Protheus*,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake :
The private wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst :
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst ?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me :
Forgive me *Valentine* : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't here : I doe as truly suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then am I paid :
And once again, I doe receive thee honest ;
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd :
By Penitence th'Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

In. Oh me unhappy.

Pro. Look to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy ?

Why Wag : how now ? what's the matter ? look up : speak.

In. O good Sir, my Master charg'd me to deliver a Ring
to Madam *Silvia* : which (out of my neglect) was never

Pro. Where is that Ring, Boy ? (done.)

In. Here 'tis : this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see.

Why this is the Ring I gaveto *Julia*.

In. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistook :
This is the Ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam't thou by this Ring ? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

In. And *Julia* her self did give it me.
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? *Julia* ?

In. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roo ?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me,
Such an immodest rayment : if shame live
In a disguise of love ?

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ? 'tis true, oh heaven, were
Man but constant, he were perfect ; that one errour
Fills him with faults : makes him run through all th' sins ;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins :

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come : a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close :

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Iul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize, a prize, a prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear I say : it is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine* ?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia* : and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* give back ; or else embrace thy death :
Come not within the measure of my wrath :
Doe not name *Silvia* thine : if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee : here she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch :
I dare thee, but to breathe upon my Love.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I :
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body, for a Girl that loves him not :
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duk. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empreffe love :
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancell all grudge, repeal the home again,
Plead a new state in thy arrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace, the gift hath made me hap-
I now beseech you (for your Daughters sake) (py :
To grant one Boon that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own 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 reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great imployment (worthy Lord.)

Duk. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee :
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go, we will include all jars,
With Triumphs, Mirth, and all solemnity.

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

Duk. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace than Boy.

Duk. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd :
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your Loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actours.

Duke : Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine. } *The two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }

Antonio : Father to *Protheus*.

Thurio : a foolish rivall to *Valentine*.

Eglamore : Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host, where *Iulia* lodges.

Out-laves with *Valentine*.

Speed : A clownish servant to *Valentine*.

Launce, the like to *Protheus*,

Panthion : servant to *Antonio*.

Iulia : beloved of *Protheus*.

Silvia : beloved of *Valentine*.

Lucetta : Waiting-woman to *Iulia*.

F I N I S.



T H E Merry VVives of W I N D S O R.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

Shallow.

Sir Hugh, perswade me not : I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffes, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire. (Coram.

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace, and

Shal. I (Cousin Slender) and Cust-alorum.

I, and Rato-lorum too ; and a Gentleman born (Master Parson) who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I do, and have done any tims these three hundred yeares.

Slender. All his Successors (gone before him) have don't : and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may : they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well : it agrees well passant : it is a familiar beast to nian, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coat.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz.)

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady : if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures : but that is all one : if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

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

Duan. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot : there is no fear of Got in a Riot : The Council (look you) shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot : take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha ; o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my plain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistresse Anne Page ? she has brown hair, and speaks like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, & silver, is her Grand-fire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham, and Mistresse Anne Page.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred pound ?

Evans. I, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

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

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibility is goot gifts.

Shal. Well let us see honest Mr. Page : is Falstaffe there ?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie ? I doe despise a liar, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true : the Knight Sir John is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers : I will peat the door for Master Page. What ho ? Got blesse your house here.

Mr. Page. Who's there ?

Evans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and here's young Master Slender : that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well : I thank you for my Venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you : much good doe it your good heart : I with'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd : how doth good Mistresse Page ? and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la : with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thank you.

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

M. Page. I am glad to see you good Master Slender.

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale.

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

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

M. Page. A Cur sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog, can there be more said ? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaffe here ?

M. Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could doe a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak,

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

M. Page. Sir, he doth 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 hath : believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

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

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deer, and bro open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers Daughter ?

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

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

Shal. The Council shall know this :

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

Evans. *Pauca verba* ; (*Sir John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts ? good Cabbage ; *Slender*, I broke your head : what matter have you against me ?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Barbury Cheese*.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephistophilus* ?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca* : Slice, that's my humor.

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

Evans. Peace I pray you : now let us understand ; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand ; that is, Master *Page* (*fidelicet* Master *Page*) and there is my self, (*fidelicet* my self) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter.

M. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prief of it in my Note-book, and we will afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with cares.

Evan. The Tevil and his Tam, what phrase is this he heares with ear ? why it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick *M. Slenders* purse ?

Slen. I, by these gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward Shovelboards*, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece, of *Yead Miller* : by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true *Pistol* ?

Evan. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou Mountain Forreigner : Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe : word of denyall in thy labras here ; word of deniall, froth, and scum thou lyest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours : I will say marry trap with you, if you run the nut-hooks humour 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 drunk, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet* and *John* ?

Bar. Why sir (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five fences : fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheer'd : and so conclusions pass the Carreires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latine then too : but 'tis no matter : I'll ne're be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil godly company for this trick : If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, Gentlemen you hear it.

M. Page. Nay daughter carry the Wine in, wee'll drink within.

Slen. Oh heaven : This is Mistress *Anne Page*.

M. Page. How now Mistress *Ford* ?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met : by your leave good Mistress.

M. Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome : come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner ; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here : How now *Simple*, where have you been ? I must wait on my self, must I ? you have not the book of Riddles about you, have you ?

Sim. Book of Riddles, why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last ; a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you : a word with you Coz : marry this, Coz : there is as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made a far off by Sir *Hugh* here : doe you understand me ?

Slen. I Sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall doe that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

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

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cousin *Shallow* says : I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrey, simple though I stand here.

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

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Evan. Marry is it : the very point of it, to *M. An. Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so ; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips : for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth : therefore precisely, can you marry your good will to the maid ?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her ?

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

Evan. Nay got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must :

Will you (upon good dowry) marry her ?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cousin) in any reason.

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

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another : I hope upon familiarity will grow more content : but if you say marry-her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evan.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer : save the fall is in th'ord dissolately : the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I think my Cousin meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang' (la.)

Sh. Here comes fair Mistress *Anne* ; would I were young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your Worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (fair Mistress *Anne*.) (Grace.

Evans. Od's plessed will : I will not be absence at the

An. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir ?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth heartily ; I am very well.

An. The Dinner attends you sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth : go Sirrha, for all you are my man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow* : a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man ; I keep but three men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead : but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

An. I may not go in without your Worship ; they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, I'll eat nothing : I thank you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you sir walk in.

Sl. I had rather walk here (I thank you) I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why doe your dogs bark so ? be there Bears ich' Town ?

An. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrell at it as any man in *England* : you are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not ?

An. I indeed Sir.

Sl. That's meat and drink to me now : I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain : but (I warrant you) the women have so cri'd and shriekt at it, that it past : But women indeed cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

M. Pa. Come gentle *M. Slender*, come: we stay for you.

Sl. I'll eat nothing I thank you Sir.

M. Pa. By Cock and Pye you shall not choose Sir : come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

M. Pa. Come on Sir.

Sl. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keep on.

Sl. Truly I will not go first : truly-la : I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. I'll rather be unmannerly then troublesome : you doe your self wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your wayes and ask of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cook ; or his Laundry ; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well Sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet : give her this letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Mistress *Page* ; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires to Mistress *Anne Page* : I pray you be gone : I will make an end of my dinner ; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol. Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter ?

Ho. What sayes my Bully Rook ? speak Schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host ; I must turn away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (Bully *Hercules*) casheer ; let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperour (*Cesar, Keisar* and *Phaexar*) I will entertain *Bardolfe* : he will draw, he will tap, said I well (Bully *Hector* ?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I have spoke, let him follow : let me see thee froth and live : I am at a word : follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe* follow him, a *Tapster* is a good trade : an old Cloake makes a new Jerkin ; a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh *Tapster*, go, adieu.

Ba. It is a life that I have desir'd : I will thrive.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the Spigot weild

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited.

Ba. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox : his Thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskillfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humour is to steal at a minutes rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call : Steal ? soh : a fico for the phrase.

Fa. Well sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town ?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

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

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol* : (Indeed I am in the Waste two yards about : but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift :) briefly, I doe mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife : I spie entertainment in her : she discourses : she carves : she gives the leere of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour (to be english'd right) is, *I am Sir John Falstaffes*.

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

Ni. The Anchor is deep : will that humour passe ?

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

Pist. As many devils entertain : and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises : it is good: humor me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too : examin'd my part with most judicious illiads: sometimes the beam of her view, guided my foot: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriours with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glasse : here's another Letter to her : She bears the Purse too : She is a Region in *Guiana* : all gold and bounty : I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me : they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both : Go, bear thou this Letter to Mistress *Page* ; and thou this to Mistress *Ford* : we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear Steel ? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no base humour : here take the humour-Letter ; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, bear you these Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinnacle to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, *avaunt*, vanish like hail-stones ; go,
Trudge ; plod away oth' hoof, seek shelter, pack :
Falstaffe will learn the honour of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts ; for gourd, and
Fullam holds : & high and low beguiles the rich and poor,
Tetter I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Ni. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Ni. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or steel ?

Ni. With both the humours, I :

I will discusse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaffe* (Varlet vile)

His Dove will prove : his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not cool : I will incense *Ford* to
deal with poyson : I will possesse him with yellownesse,
for the revolt of mine is dangerous : that is my true hu-
mour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-content*s : I second
thee : troop on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee go to the Cafe-
ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor
Caius comming : if he doe (I'faith) and find any body in
the house, here will be an old abusing of Gods patience,
and the Kings English.

Ru. I'll go watch.

Qu. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night,
(in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-coale fire : An honest,
willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house
withall : and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-
bate : his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is
something peevish that way : but no body but has his
fault : but let that passe. *Peter Simple* you say your
name is.

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master ?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Doe's he not wear a great round Beard, like a
Glovers pairing-knife ?

Si. No forsooth : he hath but a little wee-face ; with a
little yellow Beard : a Cain-colour'd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprited man, is he not ?

Si. I forsooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is between this and his head : he hath fought with a
Warrener.

Qu. How say you : oh, I should remember him : doe's
he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeed doe's he.

Qu. Well, heaven send *Anne Page* no worse fortune :
Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for
your Master : *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish-----

Ru. Out alas : here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent : Run in here, good young
man : go into this Closet : he will not stay long : what
John Rugby ? *John* : what *John* I say ? go *John*, go en-
quire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes
not home : (and downe, downe, adowne'a, &c.)

Ca. Vat is you sing ? I doe not like des toyes : pray
you go and vetch in my Closet, unboyte'n verd ; a Box,
a green-a Box : doe intend vat I speak ? a green-a
Box.

Qu. I forsooth i'll fetch it you :
I am glad he went not in himself : if he had found the
young man, he would have been horn mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, moi foi, il fait for ehando, Je man
voi a le. Cours la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir ?

Ca. *Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peeche quickly :*
Vere is dat knave *Rugby* ?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John* ?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Iack Rugby* :
Come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the
Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot I tarry too long : od's-me : *que ay je
oublie* : dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not
for the varld I shall leave behind.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable* : vat is in my Closet ?
Villanie, La-roon : *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore should I be content-a ?

Qu. The young man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man doe in my Closet : dere
is no honest man dat shall come in my Closet.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmatick : hear the
truth of it. He came of an errand to me from *Parson
Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth, to desire her to-----

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your-tongue, speak-a your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid)
to speak a good word to Mistress *Anne Page*, for my
Master in the way of marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la : but i'll ne're put my finger
in the fire and need not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you ? *Rugby*, ballow me some
Paper : tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu.

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man, I'll do for your Master what good I can : and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scoure, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodics hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that ? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and down late : but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my Master himself is in love with Mistris Anne Page : but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Cai. You, Jack-Nape : givie-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make :--- you may be gone : it is not good you tarry here : by gar I will cut all his two stones : by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

Qui. Alas : he speaks but for his friend.

Cai. It is no matter 'a ver dat : doe not you tell-a-me dat I shall have Anne Page for my self ? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priest : and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon : by gar, I will my self have Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : We must give folks leave to prate : what the good-jer.

Cai. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me : by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door : follow my heels, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall have Anne-fools head of your own : No, I know *Ans* mind for that : that never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Ans* mind then I do, nor can do more then I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fenton. Who's within there, ho ?

Qui. Who's there ; I troa ? Come near the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou ?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske ?

Fen. What news ? how do's pretty Mistris Anne ?

Qui. In truth Sir, and she 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.

Fen. Shall I do any good thinkst thou ? shall I not loose my suit ?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) I'll be sworne on a book she loves you : have not your Worship a wart above your eye ?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that ?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale : good faith, it is such another *Nan* ; (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever oroke bread : we had an hours talke of that wart ; I shall never laugh but in that maids company : but : (indeed) she is given too much to Allicholly and musing, cut for you---well---go to---

Fen. Well : I shall see her to day : hold, there's money for thee : Let me have thy voyce in my behalf : if thou see'st her before me, commend me.---

Qui. Will I ? Ifaith that we will : And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woovers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Farewell to your Worship : truly an honest Gentleman : but Anne loves him not : for I know *Ans* minde as well as another doe's : out upon't : what have I forgot ?

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistol, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallon.

Mis. Page. What, have I scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? let me see ?

Ask me no reason why I love you, for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his Counselor : you are not young, no more am I : go to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I : ha, ha, then there's more sympathy : you love Sack, & so do I : would you desire better sympathy ? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of a Souldier can suffice, that I love thee ; I will not say pity me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase, but I say, love me : By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night : Or any kind of light, with all his might, For thee to fight.
John Falstaffe.

What a *Herod of Fury* is this ? O wicked, wicked world : One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age. To show himself a young Gallant ? what unwayed Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (I'th' devils name) out of my conversation, that dares in this manner assay me ? why, he hath not been thrice in my Company : what should I say to him ? I was then frugall of my mirth : (heaven forgive me :) why I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men : how shall I be reveng'd on him ? for reveng'd I will be ? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mis. Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you : you look very ill.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I'll nere believe that ; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. Faith but you do in my minde.

Mis. Ford. Well : I do then : yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary : O Mistris Page, give me some counsell.

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

Mis. Ford. O woman : if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

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

Mis. Ford. If I would but go to hell, for an eternall moment, or so : I could be knighted.

Mis. Page. What thouliest ? Sir *Alice Ford* ? these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not altar the article of thy Gentry.

Mis. Ford. We burn day-light, here, read, read : perceive how I might be knighted, I shall think the worfe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking ; and yet he would not sweare : praise

praise womens modesty : and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproofe to all uncomelincis, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they do no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeves : What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoar at Windsor ? How shall I be revenged on him ? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own greace : Did you ever hear the like ?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank-space for different names (sue more :) and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what he puts into the presse, when he would put us two : I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount *Pelion* : Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same : the very hand : the very words : what doth he think of us ?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty : I'll entertain my self like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure unlesse he know some strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mis. Ford. Boarding, call you it ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mis. Page. So will I : if he come under my hatches, I'll never to Sea again : Let's be 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 he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes : and my good man too : hee's as farre from jealousy (as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight : Come hither.

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

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs : Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, thy wife is not young.

Pist. He woo's both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot : prevent : Or go thou like Sir *Alecon* with Ring-wood at thy heels : O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir ?

Pist. The horn I say : Farewell : Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night. Take heed, ere summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing. Away sir Corporall *Nim* :

Believe it (*Page*) he speaks sence.

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

Nim. And this is true : I like not the humour of lying : he hath wronged me in some humours : I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her : but I have a sword : and it shall bite upon my necessity : he loves your wife : There's the short, and the long : My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speak it, and I avouch, 'tis true : my name is *Nim* : and *Falstaffe* loves your wife : adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheefe : adieu.

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

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o'th' Town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now *Meg* ?

Mis. Page. Whither goe you (*George* ?) hark you.

Mis. Ford. How now (*sweet Frank*) why art thou melancholly ?

Ford. I melancholly ? I am not melancholly : Get you home, goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now : will you go, *Mistress Page*.

Mis. Page. Have with you : you'll come to dinner *George* ? Look who comes yonder : she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

Qui. I forsooth : and I pray how do's good Mistress *Anne* ?

Mis. Page. Goe in with us and see : we have an hours talke with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford*.

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them ?

Page. Hang 'em slaves : I do not think the Knight would offer it, But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that, Do's he lye at the Garter ?

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

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife : but I would be loath to turn them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily : How now mine Host ?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke : thou'rt a Gentleman Cavalerio Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow : Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, will you go with us ; we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Cavalerio-Justice : tell him Bully-Rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir *Hugh* the Welch-Priest, and *Cain* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Host o th' Garter: a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rook?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I hear the Parson is no Jester: hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Cavaleir?

Shal. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burn'd Sack, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*: onely for a jest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egress and regress, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight: will you go An-heirs?

Shal. Have with you mine Host.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir: I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis here, 'tis here: I have seen the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like Rats.

Host. Here boys, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure soole, and stands so firmly on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I find her honest, I lose not my labour: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the worlds mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have been content (Sir) you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreevs for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemeny of Baboons: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellows. And when Mistress *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul, gratis? at a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picket-hatch*: go, you'll not bear a Letter for me you rogue? you stand upon your honour: why, (thou unconfinable baseness) it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on

the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will ensconce your rags; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrales, and your bold-beating-oaths, under the shelter of your honour? you will not do it? you?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer; what with me:

Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (fair woman) and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistress *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this wayes: I myself dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Mistress *Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship sayes very true; I pray your worship come a little nearer this wayes.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Qui. Are they so? heaven blest them, and make them his servants.

Fal. Well; Mistress *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good creature; lord, lord, your Worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray-----.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*; come, Mistress *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brogght her to such a Canary: yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk, and so rushling I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any womans heart: and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had my self twenty Angels given me this morning, but I despise all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has been Earls: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what sayes she to me? be brief my good shee-*Mercury*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven,

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wor of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: hee's a very jealousie-man; shee leads a very frampold life with him, (good heart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman

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

Qui. Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : *Mistress Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too : and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other : and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man ; surely I think you have charmes, la : yes in truth.

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

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this : has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me ?

Qui. That were a jest indeed : they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed : But *Mistress Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loves : her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page* : and truly *Master Page* is an honest man : never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then she do's : doe what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will : and truly she deserves it ; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, she is one : you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but do so then, and look you, he may come and go between you both : and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness : old folks you know, have discrecion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee-well, commend me to them both : there's my purse, I am yet thy debter : Boy, go along with this woman, this news distracts me.

Pist. This Punck is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more sails, pursue : up with your fights : Give fire : she is my prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jack*) go thy wayes : I'll make more of thy old body then I have done : will they yet look after thee ? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer ? good body, I thank thee : let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one *Master Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom* is his name ?

Barst. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in : such *Broomes* are welcome to me, that ore'flows such liquor : ah, ah, *Mistress Ford* and *Mistress Page*, have I encompassed you ? go to, *via*.

Ford. 'Bless you sir.

Fal. And you sir : would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will ? give us leave Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good *Master Broom*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours : not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my self in

better plight for a Lender, then you are : the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion : for they say, if money goe before, all wayes doe lye open.

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

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help to bear it (*Sir John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak (good *Master Broom*) I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholler : (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may passe with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her : followed her with a doating observance : Ingros'd opportunities to meet her : see'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give me sight of her : not onely bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions : but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a Jewel, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

" Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues ;
" Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your 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 erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all : Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (*Sir John*) here is the heart of my purpose : you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it : there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more ; spend all I have ; onely give

give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwels so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present it self: as she 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 themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattail'd against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your money: next give me your hand: and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford* (Master *Broom*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, even as you came into me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poor Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cud-gell: it shall hang like a Meteor o're the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broom*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soon at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (Master *Broom*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soon at night. *Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to crack with inpatience: who saies this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable termes: and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbasen*, well: yee they are Devils additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Devill himself, hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my Cheese, an *Irishman* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Thief to walke my ambling gelding, than my wife with her self. Then she plots, then she rumi-

nates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect; they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy: eleven o'clock the hour, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three hours too soon, then a minute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Shallow, Slender, Page, Host.

Caius. Jack *Rugby*.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet:

Cai. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he become.

Rug. He is wise Sir: he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier; (*Jack*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear: here's company.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slender. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, four, come for.

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha Bully? what sayes my *Esculapius*? my *Gallen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Urinal: *Hector* of *Greece* (my boy.)

Cai. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay, six or seven, two tree houres for him, and he is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (Mr. Doctor) he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you have your self been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins Mr. *Page*, though I now be old, and of peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Justices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (Mr. *Page*) we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (Mr. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, (Mr. *Page*) Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient Churchman: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice ; a Mounseur Mockwater.

Cai. Mock-water ? vat is dat ?

Host. Mock-water , in our English tongue is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar , then I have as much Mock-water as de Englishman : scui vy-Jack-dog-Priest : by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw ? vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar , me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover , (Bully) but first, Mr. Guest , And Mr. Page, and eek Cavalerio Slender, go you through the Town to Frogmore,

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there, see what humour he is in : and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By gar , me vill kill de Priest, for he speak for a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him di : sheath thy impatience : throw cold water on thy Choller : goe about the fields with me through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farme-house a Feasting : and thou shalt wooe her : Cride-game, said I well ?

Cai. By-gar , me danck you vor dat : by gar I love you : and I shall procure a you de good Guest : de Earl, de Knight , de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page : said I well ?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good : vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now , good Master Slenders, serving-man, and friend Simple by your name ; which way have you look'd for Master Caius , that calls himself Doctor of Phisick.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pitty-wary , the Park-ward ; every way : old Windsor way , and every way but the Town way.

Evans. I most feheemently desire you , you will also look that way.

Sim. I will fir.

Evans. 'Plefs my soul : how full of Chollars I am, and treimpling of minde : I shall be glad if he have deceived me : how melancholies I am ? I will knog his Urinals about his knaves costard , when I have good opportunities for the orke : 'Plefs my soul : *To shallow Rivers to whose falls, melodious Birds sing Madrigalls : There will we make our Peds of Roses : and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow.* Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigall : ---When as I sat in Pabylon : and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Ev. Hee's welcome : *To shallow Rivers, to whose falls :* Heaven prosper the right : what weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, Sir : there comes my Master , Mr. Shallow ; and another Gentleman ; from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you give me my gown , or else keep it in your armes.

Enter All.

Shal. How now Master Parson ? good morrow good Sir Hugh : keep a gamester from the dice , and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. 'Save you good Sir Hugh.

Evans. 'Plefs you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What ? the Sword, and the word ?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson ?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose , this raw-rumatick day ?

Evans. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you : to do a good office , Mr. Parson.

Evans. 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 own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years ; and upward : I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him : Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Phisitian.

Evans. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart : I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why ?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knave besides : a cowardly knave , as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Enter Caius.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons : keep them asunder : here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question : let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-me speak a word with your ear ; wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Evans. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward : de Jack dog : John Ape.

Evans. Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours : I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends : I will knog your Urinal about your knaves Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable, Jack Rugby, mine Host de Farter, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not at de place I did appoint ?

Evans. As I am a Christians-soul , now look you : this is the place appointed , I'll be judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace , I say , Gallia , and Gaul, French, and Welch, Soul-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai.

Ca. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say : hear mine Host of the Garter, Am I politick ? am I subtle ? am I a Machivell ? Shall I loose my Doctor ? No, he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson ? my Priest ? my Sir *Hugh* ? No, he gives me the Proverbs, and the No-verbs. Give me thy hand (Celestial) so : Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you both : I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the issue : come, lay their swords to pawn : Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host : follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha' do I perceive dat ? Have you make-a-de-for of us, ha, ha ?

Evan. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-flog : I desire you that we may be friends : and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall scurvey-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart : he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page* : by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will finite his noddles : pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader : whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heels ?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.)

Mi. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a *Ford*. Well met Mistress *Page*, whether go you.

Mi. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home ?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company : I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mis. Pag. Be sure of that ; two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

M. Page. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe*. (name, sir, ha ?)

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name ; there is such a league between my goodman, and he : is your Wife at *Ford*. Indeed she is. (home indeed ?)

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sick till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains ? Hath he any eyes ? Hath he any thinking ? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them : why this boy will carry a Letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blank twelve score : he pieces out his wives inclination : he gives her folly, motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her : A man may hear this shower sing in the wind ; and *Falstaffes* boy with her : good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming *Mist. Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aie. The clock gives me my Qu,

and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find *Falstaffe* : I shall be rather praised for this, then mock'd, for it is as positive, as the earth is firm, that *Falstaffe* is there : I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot : I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*, And I would not break with her for more money Then I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page*, and my Cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope I have your good will father *Page*.

Page. You have Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you, but my wife (Master Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me : my nurth-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young *M. Fenton* ? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth : he writes verses, he speaks holliday, he smells April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz* : he is of too high a Region, he knows too much : no, he 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 consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner : besides your cheer you shall have sport, I will shew you a Monster : Mr. Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well :

We shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him, I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles ?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Mis. Ford. What *John*, what *Robert*.

Mis. Page. Quickly, quickly : Is the Buck-basket---

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mis. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mis. Pa. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

M. Ford. Marry as I told you before (*John* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders : that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whiffers in *Datchet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will doe it ? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lack no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mis. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?)

Mis. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musker, what news.

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at your back door (*Mis. Ford.*) and requests your company.

Mis. Pa. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to us?

Rob. I, I'll be sworn: my Master knows not of your being here: and hath threatned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mis. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Taylor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mis. Ford. Doe so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mistress Page*, remember you your *Qu*.

Mis. Page. I warrant thee, if I doe not act it, hisse me.

Mis. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jayes. Enter *Fal*.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour.

Mis. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mistress Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mis. Ford. I your Lady Sir *John*? Alas, I should be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mis. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John* My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou would'st make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend; Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mis. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping Haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simplingtime: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

Mis. Ford. Do not betray me Sir, I fear you love *M. Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter Gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reck of a Lime-kill.

Mis. Ford. Well heaven knowes how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind, I'll deserve it.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe, or else I could not be in that mind. Within.

Rob. *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*, here's *Mistress Page* at the door, swearing, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe so, she's a very tatling woman. What's the matter? how now? Enter *Mis. Page*.

Mis. Page. O *Mistress Ford*, what have you done? You'r sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *Mistress Page*?

M. Page. O well-a-day, *Mistress Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

Mis. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mis. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you: How am I mistook in you?

Mis. Ford. Why (alas) What's the matter?

Mis. Page. Your husbands comming hither (woman) with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is here now in the house; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mis. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mis. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here: but 'tis most certain your husband's comming, with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your self clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mis. Ford. What shall I doe? There is a Gentleman my dear friend: and I fear not mine own shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mis. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's here at hand, be-think you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

Mis. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:

I'll in, I'll in: Follow your friends counsell, I'll in.

Mis. Page. What Sir *John Falstaffe*, are these your Letters Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away: let me creep in here: I'll never-----

Mis. Page. Help to cover your Master (boy:) Call your men (*Mistress Ford*) You dissembling Knight.

Mis. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Go take up these cloathes here, quickly: Where's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet-Mead*: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come near: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it: How now? Whether bear you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

Mis. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the Buck: buck, buck, buck, I buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the season too; it shall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keyes, ascend wy Chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant me'll unkennele the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your self too much.

Ford. True (*Master Page*) up Gentlemen: you shall see sport anon: follow me Gentlemen.

Exit.

Evan. This is fery fantastick humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France ; it is not jealous in France.---- *Exeunt.*

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the issue of his search.

Mis. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mis. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mis. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask't who was in the basket?

Mis. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing: so throwing him into the water will doe him a benefit.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest rascal: I would all of the same strain, were in the same distress.

Mis. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaffe's* being here: I never saw him so grosse in his jealousy till now.

Mis. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaffe*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mis. Page. We'll doe it: let him be sent for to morrow by eight a clock to have amends. *Enter All.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mis. Page. Heard you that?

Mis. Ford. You use me well, *Maist. Ford*? doe you?

Ford. I, I, I doe so.

Mis. Page. Heaven make you better then your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mis. Page. You doe your self mighty wrong (*M. Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I must bear it.

Evan. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heaven forgive my sins.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, *M. Ford*, are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor castle*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

Evan. You suffer for a bad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Park, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come wife, come *Mis. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evan. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Cai. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the third.

Ford. Pray you go, *M. Page*.

Evan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowly knave, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Evan. A lowly knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mis. Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love, Therefore no more, turn me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy self.

He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expence, I seek to heal it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wild Societies,

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fen. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come, Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd the (*Anne* :)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Then stamps in Gold, or summes in sealed bags:

And 'tis the very riches of thy self,

That now I aim at.

An. Gentle *M. Fenton*,

Yet seek my Fathers love, still seek it fir,

If opportunity and humblest suit

Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Shal. Break their talk *Mistresse Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't, 'd'slid 'tis but

Shal. Be not dismayd.

(venturing.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speak a word with you.

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O, what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her Coz.

O boy, thou hadst a Father.

Slen. I had a Father (*M. An.*) my Uncle can tell you good jests of him: pray you Uncle, tell *M. An.* the jest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. *Mistresse Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. I that I doe, as well as I love any woman in *Glocestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds Jointure,

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him wooe for himself.

Shal. Marry I thank you for it: I thank you for that; good comfort: she calls you (*Coz*) I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Mistresse Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed: I ne're made my Will yet, (I thank Heaven:) I am not such a sickly creature; I give Heaven praise.

E 2

Anne.

Anne. I mean (M. Slender) what would you with me?

Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may ask your Father, here he comes.

Page. Now Master Slender; Love him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What do's Master Fenton here? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fenton. Nay Master Page, be not impatient.

Mistress Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fenton. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come Master Shallow: Come Son Slender, in; Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

Qui. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fenton. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I doe, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good Mother, doe not marry me to yon fool.

Mistress Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Qui. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mistress Page. Come, trouble not your self good Master Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will, I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in, Her Father will be angry.

Fenton. Farewell gentle Mistress: farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a Fool, and a Physician? Look on Master Fenton, this is my doing.

Fenton. I thank thee: and I pray thee once to night; Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy pains. *Exit.*

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Master Slender had her: or (in sooth) I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Here Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sack, put a tost in't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of burchers Offall; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such a another trick, I'll have my brains tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a New-years gift. The rogues flighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a

blind bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Mistress Quickly Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in som Sack to the Thames water: for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Enter Quickly.

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challes:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

Band. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from Mi. Ford.

Fal. Mistress 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: she do's so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. (promise.)

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans

Qui. Well, she laments sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Doe so. Between nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Exit.

Fal. I marvell I hear not of Master Broom: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now Master Broom, you come to know what hath past between me and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my business.

Fal. Master Broom I will not lie to you, I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly Master Broom.

Ford. How Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. Broom) but the peaking Cornuto her husband (M. Broom) dwelling in a continuall larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kis'd, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to search his house for his wives love.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Fords approach: and in her invention, and Fords wives distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea : a Buck-basket : ram'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broom) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there ;

Fal. Nay, you shall hear (Master Broom) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil, for your good : Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of Fords Knaves, his hindes were call'd forth by their Mistris, to carry me in the name of foul Cloathes to *Datchet-lane* : they took me on their shoulders : met the jealous Knave their Master in the door ; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket ? I quak'd for fear, least the Lunatick Knave, would have search'd it : but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand : well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloathes : But mark the sequell (Master Broom) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths : first, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealons rotten Bell-weather : next, to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their own grease : think of that, a man of my Kidney ; think of that that am as subject to heat as Butter : a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw : it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that serge like a Horseshoe ; think of that : hissing hot, think of that (Master Broom.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate : You'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master Broom : I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus ; her husband is this morning gone a birding : I have received from her another ambassie of meeting : 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Master Broom.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then addresse me to my appointment : Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed : and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her : adiew, you shall have her (Master Broom) Master Broom, you shall cuckold Ford.

Exit.

Ford. Hum : ha ? is this a vision ? is this a dream ? doe I sleep ? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford ; there's a hole made in you best coat (Master Ford :) this 'tis to be married ; this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-baskets : Well, I will proclaim my self what I am : I will now take the Leacher : he is at my house : he cannot scape me : 'tis impossible he should : he cannot creep into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-box : But least the Devil that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places : though what I am, I cannot avoid ; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame : If I have horns, to make one mad, let the proverbe go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mis. Page. Is he at *M. Fords* already think'st thou ?

Qui. Sure he is by this ; or will be presently ; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mis. Page. I'll be with her by and by : I'll but bring my young man here to Schoole : look where his Master comes, 'tis a playing day I see : how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day ?

Eva. No : Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mis. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband sayes my Son profits nothing in the world at his Book : I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither *William* ; hold up your head ; come.

Mis. Page. Come sirrha ; hold up your head ; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Evan. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nouns ?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say od's-Nouns.

Evan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Fair) *William* ?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Qui. *Poulcats* ? there are fairer things then *Poulcats*, sure.

Evan. You are a very simplicity o'man : I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) *William* ?

Will. A Stone.

Evan. And what is a Stone (William ?)

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No ; it is *Lapis* : I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Evan. That is a good *William* : what is he (William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun ; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hac, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo hic, hag, hog* : pray you mark : *Genitivo hujus* : Well, what is your *Accusative case*.

Will. *Accusative hinc*.

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (child) *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Qui. Hang-hog, is Latine for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles (o'man) What is the *Focative case* (William ?)

Will. O, *Vocativo, O*

Evan. Remember *Welliam*, *Focative*, is caret.

Qui. And that's a good root.

Qui. O'man, forbear.

Mis. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your *Genitive case plurall* (William ?)

Will. *Genitive case* ?

Evan. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum*.

Qui. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case ; sic on her : never name her (child) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the child such words : he teaches him to hic, and to hac ; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call horum ; sic upon you.

Evan. O'man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mis. Page. Prethee hold thy peace.

Evan. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui; que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preaches: Go your wayes and play, go.

M. Pa. He is a better Schollar then I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewell *M. Pa.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mis. Ford, Mis. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requitall to a hairs breadth, not onely *Mistress Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. He's a birding (*sweet sir John*.)

Mis. Page. What ho, gossip *Ford*: what ho.

Mis. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *John*. *Enter.*

Mis. Page. How now (*sweet heart*) who's at home besides your self?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No certainly: speak louder.

Mis. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mis. Ford. Why?

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind; so curses all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mis. Ford. Why do's he talk of him?

Mis. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out the last time he search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mis. Ford. How near is he *Mistress Page*?

Mis. Page. Hard by, at streets end, he will be here anon.

Mis. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mis. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him: Better shame then murder.

Mis. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, it'll come no more i'ch Basket: *Enter.* May I not go out ere he come?

Mis. Page. Alas: three of Master *Fords* brothers watch the door with Pistolls, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mis. Ford. There they alwayes use to discharge their Birding-pieces: creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mis. Ford. He will seek there on my word: Neither Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mis. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die Sir *John*, unlesse you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mis. Page. Alas-the-day I know not, there is no womans Gown big enough for him: otherwise he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, a Kerchiffe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts devise something: any extremity, rather then a mischief.

Mis. Ford. My Maids Aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mis. Page. On my word it will serve him: she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd Hat, and her Muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

Mis. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*: *Mistress Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

Mis. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dresse you straight: put on the Gown the while. *Exit.*

Mis. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*: he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mis. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the devil guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mis. Ford. But is my Husband coming?

Mis. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talks of the Basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mis. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mis. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dresse him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mis. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall doe with the Basket: Go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest Varket,

We cannot misuse him enough:

We'll leave a proof by that which we will doe,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We doe not act, that often jest and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mis. Ford. Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your shoulders: your Master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had as lief bear so much Lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (*Master Page*) have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket villain: somebody call my wife: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Rascalls, there's a knot: a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What Wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-

nest

nest clothes you send for to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes Mr. *Ford* : you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks : this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed M. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too sir, come hither Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband : I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I ?

Mis. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said brazen-face, hold it out : Come forth firrah.

Page. This passes.

Mis. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloathes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives cloathes ? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

Mis. Ford. Why man, why ?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket : why may not he be there again ? in my house I am sure he is : my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mis. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a Fleas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford* : This wrongs you.

Evans. M. *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seek, shew no colour of my extremity : Let me for ever be your Table-sport : Let them say of me as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mis. Ford. What hoa (Mistris *Page*) come you and the old Woman down : my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman ? what old woman's that ?

Mis. Ford. Why it is my Maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean : Have I not forbid her my house ? She comes of errands do's she ? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spels, by th' Figure, and such dawbry, as this is, beyond our Element : we know nothing. Come down you Witch, you Hag you, come down I say.

Mis. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman. *Enter Fal.*

Mis. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her : Out of my door you Witch, you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcot, you Runnion, out, out : I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. *Exit Fal.*

Mis. Page. Are you not asham'd ?

I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mis. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her Witch.

Evans. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed : I like not when a o'man has a great peard ; I spie a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow : see but the issue of my jealousy : If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further :

Come Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

Mis. Page. Trust me he beat him most pitifully.

Mis. Ford. Nay by th' Mass that he did not : he beat him most unpitifully, me thought.

Mis. Page. I'll have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung o're the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

Mis. Ford. What think you ? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness 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 Devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mis. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him ?

Mis. Page. Yes, by all means : if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands brain : if they can find in their hearts, the poor unvertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mis. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd, and me thinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mis. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then shape it : I would not have things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the *Germane* desires to have three of your horses : the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the Court : let me speak with the Gentlemen, they speak *English*.

Bar. Sir ? I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay : I'll sawce them, they have had my houses a week at command : I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, I'll sawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant ?

Mis. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt : I rather will suspect the Sun with gold, Then thee with wantonness ; Now doth thy honor stand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretick)
As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more :
Be not extream in submission, as in offence ,
But let our plot go forward : Let our Wives
Yet once again (to make us publick sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow ,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How ? to send him word they'll meet him in the
Park at midnight ? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Evan. You say he hath been thrown into the River :
and has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man : me
thinks there should be terrours in him, that he should not
come : Me thinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no
desires.

Page. So think I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes.
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

M. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the
Hunter (sometime a Keeper here in *Windsor* Forrest)
Doth all the Winter time at still of midnight
Walk round about an Oake, with great ragg'd horns,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the Cattel,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-*Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that doe fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Hernes* Oake :
But what of this ?

Mis. Ford. Marry this is our device,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

M. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little Son, (thus :
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dresse
Like *Urchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, green and white,
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads.
And *Rattles* in their hands ; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song : Upon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flie :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ;
And aske him why that hour of Fairy Revell,
In their so sacred paths, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed *Fairies* pinch him sound,
And burn him with their *Tapers*.

M. Pa. The truth being known,
We'll all present our selves ; dis-horn the spirit ,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne're doe't.

Evan. I will teach the children their behaviours : and
I will be like a Jack-a-napes also, to burn the Knight
with my *Taber*.

Ford. That will be excellent,
I'll go buy them vizards.

Mis. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk would I go buy, and in that time
shall *M. Slender* steal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton* : go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom*,
He'll tell me all his purpose : sure he'll come.

Mi. Pa. Fear not you that : Go get us properties
And tricking for your *Fairies*.

Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

Mis. Page. Go *Mis. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind :
I'll 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 moneyed, and his friends
Potent at Court : he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans,
Caius, Quickly.*

Host. What would'st thou have ? (Boor) what ? (thick
skin) speak, breathe, discusse : brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Fal-*
staffe from *M. Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his
Standing-bed and Truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with
the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new : go, knock and
call : he'll speak like an *Anthrophaginian* unto thee :
Knock I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up
into his Chamber : I'll be so bold as stay sir till she
come down : I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha ? a fat woman ? The Knight may be robb'd :
I'll call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *John* : speak from thy
Lungs Military : Art thou there ? It is thine *Host*, thine
Ephesian calls.

Fal. How now, mine *Host* ?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the comming
down of thy fat woman : Let her descend (Bully) let
her descend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, priva-
cy ? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine *Host*) an old fat woman even
now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you sir, was't not the wife woman of
Brainford ?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you
with her ?

Sim. My Master (Sir) my Master *Slender* sent to her,
seeing her go through the streets, to know (Sir) whether
one *Nim* (Sir) that beguiled him of a chain, had the
chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir ?

Fal. Marry she sayes, that the very same man that be-
guil'd Master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman
her

her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. I, come: quick.

Fal. I may not conceal them (sir.)

Hof. Conceal them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so sir?

Fal. I sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

Hof. Thou art clarkly: thou art clarkly (Sir *John*) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I, that there was (mine *Hof*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out alas (sir) cozonage: meer cozonage.

Hof. Where be my horses? speak well of them var-letto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me of from behinde one of them in a flow of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane*-Devils; three Doctor *Fausstufes*.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) do not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Evan. Where is mine *Hof*?

Hof. What is the matter sir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozen'd all the *Hofs* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-Brooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good wil (look you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well. *Exit. Enter Caius.*

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hof* de *Jarteer*?

Hof. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexity and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de *Famany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Exit.

Hof. Huy and cry (villane) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: flye, run: hu and cry (villaine) I am undone

Exit.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transform'd; and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquer Fishermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-faln as a drid'd Pear: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my self at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough; I would repent: Now? whence come you?

Enter Quickly.

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Devill take one party, and his Dam the

other: and so they shall be both veltow d; I have suffer'd more for their sakes; more than the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to bear.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of then; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten black and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blew? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the Raip-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks for a Witch.

Qui. Sir, let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will say somewhat: (good hearts) what a-do here is to bring you together? Sure one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cros'd,

Fal. Come up into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hof.

Hof. Master *Fenton*, talke not to me, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak: assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a Gentleman) I'll give thee. A hundred pound in gold, more then your loss.

Hof. I will hear you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keep your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth, as her self might be her chuser) Even to my wish; I have a letter from her

Of such contents, as you will wonder at;

The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,

That neither singly can be manifested

Without the shew of both: sat Sir *John Falstaffe*

Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest

I'll shew you here at large (hark good mine *Hof* :)

To night at *Hernes Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairie Queen:

The purpose why, is here: in which disguise

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*

Immediately to marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,

Her mother, (even strong against that match

And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed

That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their mindes,

And at the *Deanry*, where a Priest attends

Straight marry her: to this her Mothers plot

She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath

Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests,

Her father means she shall be all in white;

And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

She shall go with him: her Mother hath intended

(The better to devote her to the Doctor;

For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)

That

That quaint in green, she shall be loose enroab'd,
With Ribands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me,
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Prethee no more prating: go, I'll hold, this is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odde numbers, Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde numbers, either in Nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away I say, time wears, hold up your head and nince. How now M. Broom? Master Broom, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes-Oake*, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broom) as you see, like a poor-old-man, But I came from her (Master Broom) like a poor-old-woman; that same Knave (*Ford* her husband) hath the finest mad Devil of jealousy in him (Master Broom) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of a man (Master Broom) I fear not Goliath with a Weavers beam, (because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haste, go along with me, I'll tell you all (Master Broom:) since I pluckt Geese, plaid Trewant and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (Master Broom) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a'clock.

Page. The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evill but the Devill, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly: goe before into the Park: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

Mis. Page. Fare you well (sir) my husband will not rejoyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-break.

Mis. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch Devil *Hernes*.

Mis. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes* Oak, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mis. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mis. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

Mis. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mis. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their Lechery, Those that betray them do no trechery.

Mis. Ford. The hour draws on: to the Oak, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. 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 bid you: come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath struck twelve: the Minute draws on: Now the hot-bloudied-god assist me: Remember Jove, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy horns. O powerfull Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man, a Beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipo-

omnipotent Love, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose; a fault done first in the forme of a Beast, (O Jove, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, think on't (Jove) a fowle-fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men doe? For me, I am here a *Windsor* Stag, and the fattest (I think) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Jove) or who can blanie me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deer?) My male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut? Let the skie rain Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Green-sleeves, hail-kissing Cornfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

M. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me (sweetheart.)

Fal. Divide me like a Brib'd-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keep my sides to my self, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak 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 noyse?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. *M. Page.* Away, away.

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me Hamn'd, Least the Oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You Moon-shine Revellers, and shades of night. You Orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: Silence you airy toys. Cricker, to *Windsor* Chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept, There pinch the Maids as blue as Bilbery, Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die. I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.

Ev. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the Organs of her fantasie, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy, But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinch them, armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Qui. About, about: Search *Windsor* Castle (Elves) within, and out. Strew good luck (Ouphes) on every sacred room; That it may stand till the perpetuall doome, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The several Chairs of Order, looke you scowre, With joyce of Balme; and every precious flowre, Each fair Instalmient, Coat and sev'ral Crest, With loyal Blazon evermore be blest. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing Like to the *Garret*-Compass in a Ring, Th'expressure that it bears: Green let it be, More fertile-fresh then all the field to see: And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Panse*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowers, purple, blue, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich Embroiderie,

Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies use Elowers for their Characterie, Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clock, Our dance of custome round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Ev. Pray you lock hand in hand, your selves in order set: And twenty Glow-worms shall our Lant-horns be To guide our Measure round about the tree. But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch Fairie, Lest he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worm, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qui. With triall-fire touch me his finger end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain: but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire. About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull Rime, And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinfull phantasie: Fie on Lust and Luxurie: Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with unchast desire.

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I think I have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windsor* Wives? See you these husbands? Do not these fair Okes Become the Forreſt better then the Town?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Mr. Broom, Falstaff's a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave, Here are his horns Master *Broom*: And Master *Broom*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his buck-basket, his Cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to *Mr. Broom*, his horses are arrested for it, *M. Broom*.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet: I will never take you for my Love again, but I will alwayes count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. I, and an Oxe to: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my minde, the sodain surprize of my powers, drove the grossnesse of the folly into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill intployment.

Evans. Sir *John Falstaffe*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to wooe her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sunne and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

Evans. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the raunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

Mist. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and swearings, and staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it self is a Plummet ore me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry sir, wee'l bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have been a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight, thou shalt eat a Possset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee; Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Cajus* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Son? How now? How now son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and shee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been ich' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd mee. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you took the wrong..

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter
By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in green, and cryed Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters Boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Cajus.

Cajus. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozon'd, I ha married one Garsoon, a Boe; oon Pefant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

M. Pa. Why? did you take her in white?

Cajus. I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is stranger: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes M. *Fenton*.
How now M. *Fenton*?

An. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with M. *Slender*?

M. Pa. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor Maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:

Th'offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy:

In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee
joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs runne, all sorts of Deere are
chac'd.

M. Pa. Well, I will muse no further: M. *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport ore by a countrey fire,

Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *John*):

To Master *Broome* you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

MEASURE

For Measure.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

E sca. My Lord.

Duk. Of government, the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your own Science
Exceeds (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work : The nature of our people,
Our *Cities institutions*, and the Terms
For Common Justice, y' are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warp ; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
What figure of us think you, he will bear.
For you must know, we have with speciall soul
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his Depuration all the Organs
Of our own power : what think you of it ?

E sca. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample graee and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your Graces pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo* :

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : Thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy vertues ; they on thee :
Heaven doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves : For if our vertues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not : Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her self the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks and use ; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore *Angelo* :

In our remove, be thou at full, our self :
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart : Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duk. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choyce
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours :
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well :
To th' hopefull execution do I leave you,
Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honour) have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your soul seems good : Give me your hand,
He privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and aves vehement :
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

E sca. Lead forth and bring you back in happinesse.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well.

Exit.

E sca. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottome of my place :
A power I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me : Let us with-draw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

E sca. He wait upon your honour.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2 Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why? 'twas a Commandement to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never was't where Grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; Thou thy self art a wicked villain, despite of all Grace.

1 Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheers between us.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the Lists and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1 Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd-piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a List of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou dost: and indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done my self wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe, As come to—

2 Gent. To what I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand Dollours a year.

1 Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound; as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1 Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: There's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that I prethee?

Bawd. Marry fir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 Gent. *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three dayes his head to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Luc. Believe me this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides you know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the swear, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custome-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you? *Enter Clowne.*

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?

Clow. 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 houses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Baw. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Baw. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground Mistress.

Baw. Why here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellours lack no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your Trade: He be your Tapster still; courage, there will be pitty taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam *Juliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, and two Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th'world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evill disposition, But from *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make us pay down, for our offence, by waight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (so) yet still tis just. *(Straint.)*

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint?

Cla. From too-much liberty, (my *Lucio*) liberty, As surfer is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turnes to restraint: our Natures do pursue

Like

Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirstly evill, and when we drink, we die.

Luc. If I could speak so wisely, under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome,
as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
Claudio?

Cla. What (but to speak of) would offend againe.

Luc. What is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir, you must go.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'l do you any good: Is Lechery so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ in *Juliet*.

Luc. With Childe, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnesse,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up
I stagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have (like unscowr'd Armour) hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowlie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she be in love, may
figh it off: Send after the Duke and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) do me this kinde service:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voyce, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy: bid her self assay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse Dialect,
Such as move men: beside she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand upon grievous im-
position: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be for-
ry should be thus foolishly lost, at a game of Tick-tack:
He to her.

Cla. I thank you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duke. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled, than the aimes and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it.

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost, and witlesse bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travail'd to *Poland*,
(For so I have strew'd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiv'd: Now (pious sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbs for head-strong weeds,) Which for this fourteen years, we have let slip,
Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their childrens sight,
For error, not to use: in time the rod
More mock'd than fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace

To unloose this tyde-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do feare, too dreadfull:

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done
When evill deeds have their permissive passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeed (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and people: Therefore I prethee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exeunt.

F 2

Scena

Scæna Quinta.

*Enter Isabell, and Francisca a Nun.**Isa.* And have you Nuns no farther priviledges?*Nun.* Are not these large enough?*Isa.* Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.*Lucio within.**Luc.* Ho! peace be in this place.*Isa.* Who's that which calls?*Nun.* It is a mans voyce, gentle *Isabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioress*;
Then if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak:
He calls again: I pray you answer him.*Isa.* Peace and prosperity: who is't that calls?*Luc.* Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?*Isa.* Why her unhappy brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.*Luc.* Gentle and faire: your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.*Isa.* Woe me; for what?*Luc.* For that, which if my self might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with Childe.*Isa.* Sir, make me not your story.*Luc.* 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seem the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue, farre from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied and fainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Sainr.*Isa.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.*Luc.* Do not believe it: fewnesse, and truth; 'tis thus
Your brother and his Lover have imbrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednesse, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison: even so her plenteous wombe
Expresteth his full Tilth and Husbandry.*Isa.* Some one with child by him? my Cosen *Juliet*?*Luc.* Is she your Cosen?*Isa.* Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.*Luc.* She it is.*Isa.* Let him marry her.*Luc.* This is the point.The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen (my self being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learne,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an Infinite distance
From his true meane designe: upon his place,(And with full line of his authority)
Governs Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who never feels
The wanton fings, and motions of the sense;
But doth rebare, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Study, and fast.
He (to give feare to use, and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous Law,
As Myce by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unlesse you have the grace, by your faire prayer
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
*Twixt you, and your poor brother.*Isa.* Doth he so,
Seek his life?*Luc.* Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.*Isa.* Alas: what poor
Abilitie's in me, to do him good?*Luc.* Assay the power you have.*Isa.* My power? alas, I doubt.*Luc.* Our doubts are traytors
And makes us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when Maidens sue
Men give like gods: but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions, are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.*Isa.* Ile see what I can do.*Luc.* But speedily.*Isa.* I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
Ile send him certain word of my successe.*Luc.* I take my leave of you.*Isa.* Good sir, adieu.*Exeunt.**Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.**Ang.* We must not make a scat-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custome make it
Their Pearch, and not their terrour.*Esc.* I, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would save, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had Time co-heard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another

Another thing to fall : I not deny
 The Jury passing on the prisoners life
 May in the sworn-twelve have a thief, or two
 Guiltier than him they try ; what's open made to Justice,
 That Justice ceizes ; What knows the Laws
 That thieves do passe on thieves ? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Jewel that we finde, we stoop, and take't,
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own Judgement pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost ?

Pro. Here if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
 Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd ;
 For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage.

Esc. Well : heaven forgive him ; and forgive us all :

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall :

Some Run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good people
 in a Common-weale, that do nothing but use their a-
 bufes in common houses, I know no law : bring them a-
 way.

Ang. How now sir, what's your name ? And what's
 the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Dukes
 Constable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I do leane upon Ju-
 stice sir, and do bring in here before your good honour,
 two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ? Well : What Benefactors are they ?
 Are they not Malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
 they are : But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
 and voyd of all prophanation in the world, that good
 Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well : here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to : What quality are they of ? *Elbow* is
 your name ?

Why do't thou not speak *Elbow* ?

Clow. He cannot sir : he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you sir ?

Elb. He sir, a Tapster sir : parcell Bawd : one that
 serves a bad woman : whose house sir was (as they say)
 pluckt down in the Suburbs : and now she professes a
 hot-house ; which, I think is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife sir, whom I detest before heaven and
 your honour.

Esc. How ? thy wife ?

Elb. I sir : whom I thank heaven is an honest wo-
 man.

Esc. Do't thou detest her therefore ?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she
 that this house, if it be not a Bawds house, it is pittie of her
 life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do't thou know that, Constable ?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a wo-
 man Cardinally given, might have been accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all uncleannesse there.

Esc. By the womans means ?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* means : but as she spit
 in his face, so she defid him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these Varlers here, thou honoura-
 ble man, prove it.

Esc. Do you hear how he misplaces ?

Clow. Sir, she came in great with child ; and longing
 (saying your honors reverence) for New'd Prewynes ; sir,
 we had but two in the house, which at that very instant
 time stood, as it were in a fruit dish, (a dish of some three
 pence ; your honors have seen such dishes) they are not
 China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too, go too : no matter for the dish sir.

Clow. No indeed sir not of a pin ; you are therein in the
 right : but, to the point : as I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being
 (as I say) with child, and being great bellied, and longing
 (as I said) for Prewynes : and having no more in the dish
 (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten
 the rest (as I said) and (as I say) paying for them very ho-
 nelly : for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give
 you three pence again.

Fro. No indeed.

Clow. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred)
 cracking the stones of the foresaid Prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeed.

Clow. Why, very well : I telling you then (if you be
 remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past
 cure of the thing you wot of, unlesse they kept very good
 dyer, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clow. Why very well then.

Esc. Come : you are a tedious fool : to the purpose :
 what was done to *Elbow's* wife, that he hath cause to com-
 plain of ? Come me to what was done to her.

Clow. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I mean it not.

Clow. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honours
 leave : And I beseech you, look into Master *Froth* here
 sir, a man of four-score pound a year ; whose Father
 dyed at Hallowmas : Was't not at Hallowmas Master
Froth ?

Fro. All-hallond-Eve.

Clow. Why very well : I hope here be truths : he Sir,
 sitting (as I say) in a lower Chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch
 of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have
 you not ?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open room, and good
 for Winter.

Clow. Why very well then : I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
 When nights are longest there : He take my leave,
 And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
 Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc. I think no lesse : good morrow to your Lordship.
 Now sir, come on : What was done to *Elbow's* wife, once
 more ?

Clow. Once sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you sir, ask him what this man did to
 my wife.

Clow. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman do to her ?

Clow. I beseech you sir, look in this Gentlemans face :
 good Master *Froth* look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good
 purpose ; doth your honour mark his face ?

Esc. I fir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Dorth your honour see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. He be suppos'd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wise any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand fir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked Varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caytiffe: O thou Varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship thinke me the poore Dukes Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'care, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good Worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caytiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your Worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeare?

Froth. Yes, and't please you fir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, fir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore Widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, fir: *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your Worship: for mine owne parr, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hither to me, M. Tapster: what's your name M. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Esc. What else?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaultiest sence, you are *Pompey* the

great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it being a Tapster, are you not? 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 Bawd? what doe you thinke of the Trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull Trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth in the Citie?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your Worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to feare the Bawds.

Esc. There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this Law hold in *Vienna* ten yeares, Ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your Prophecie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever: no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his Trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeare and a halfe fir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe fir.

Esc. Alas, it hath been great paines to you: they doe you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I doe it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring me in the names of some fixe or seven, the most sufficient of your Parish.

Elb. To your Worships house fir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Just. Eleven, fir.

Esc. I pray you goe home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*, But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft looks so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedy. Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you do; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dream,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To dye for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall dye to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou ask again?

Pro. Left I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doom.

Ang. Go to: let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honors pardon:
What shall be done sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neer her houre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place: and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish means,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio, and Isabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honor,

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honor, (will?)
'Please but your Honor hear me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhorre,
And most desire 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 warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye,
I do beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the Actor.

Isab. Oh just, but severe law:

I had a brother then; heaven keep your honor.

Luc. Give 't not ere so: to him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs dye?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't and do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why so: I that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crown; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slept like him, but he like you
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I touch him: there's the veine.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son;
It should be thus with him: he must dye to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sudden,
Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kirchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serve heaven
With lesse respect then we do minister
To our grosse-selves? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, though it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
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
Looks in a glasse that shews what future evils
Either now, or by remissness, new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pitty.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew Justice;
For then I pitty those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul

And

And do him tight; that answering one foul wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:

Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isa. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself do's, *Jove* would nere be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitst the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Merril: O But man I proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plays such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep: who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luci. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
He's comming: I perceive'r.

Pro. Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our self,
Great men may jest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse soul prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i' right (Gir'e) more o'that

Isab. That in the Captain's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. Art advis'd o'that? more on'r.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it self
That skins the vice o'th top; go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sence
That my sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to morrow.

Isab. Hark, how he bribe you: good my Lord turn

Ang. How? bribe me? (back.)

Isa. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
Th't shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting Maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Go to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what houre to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab. 'Save your Honor. *Exeunt.*

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.

What's this? What's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?

Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doas the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her sowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steal themselves: what! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Even till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provost.

Duk. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I think you are.

Pro. I am the Provost: what's your will, good Frier;

Duk. Bound by my charity, and my blest order;
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.

Enter Julier.

Look here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to do another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do think to morrow.

I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duk. He teach you how you shall araign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. He gladly learne.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it seems your most offencefull act
Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sinne hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwayes toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duk. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must dye to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you, *Benedicite.*

Jul. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pity of him.

Exit.

Exennt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, and think, I think, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing nor my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart: the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravity
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tye the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne,
'Tis not the devills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a sifter, desires access to you,

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens
Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for it self,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnessse?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoonds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a wel-wisht King
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appeare offence: how now faire Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure. (me,

An. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.

Isa. Even so: heaven keep your Honor.

An. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must dye.

Isab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That, his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetnesse, that do coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in-restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now took your brothers life, and to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse,
As she that he hath staid?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body, than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sinnes
Stand more for number, than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in sinne,
To save this brothers life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soul,
It is no sinne at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at perill of your soul
Were equall poize of sinne, and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it; you granting of my suit,
If that be sinne, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: As these black Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed: But mark me,
To be received plain, Ile speak more grosse:
Your brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sitter,
Finding your self desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the Mannacles
Of the all-building Law: and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor Brother, as my self;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keen whips, I'd wear as Rubies,
And strip my self to death, as to a bed,
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then

Ang. Then must your brother dye.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Then that a sifter by redeeming him
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isa. Ignominy in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawfull mercy,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speak not what we mean ;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother dye,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :
Women ? Help heaven ; men their creation marre
In profiting by them : Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold ;
I do arrest your words ; Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*.
And you tell me that he shall dye for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha ? Little honor, to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose : Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, look for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-streicht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee *Isabell* ?
My unsoild name, th'aulterenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reinie,
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for : Redeem thy brother,
By yeelding up thy body to my will,

Or else he must not only dye the death,
But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance : Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false, ore-weighs your true: *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouthes
That bear in them, one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curfie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it draws. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, hee'd yeeld them up,
Before his sifter should her body stoop
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother dye ;
" More than our Brother, is our Chastity.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his mind to death, for his souls rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duk. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo* ?

Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope : I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.

Duke. Be absolute for death : either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourly afflict : Meerely, thou art deaths fool,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurs'd by basenesse : Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm : thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grossely fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy self,
For thou exists on many a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast nor, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgetst. Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moore : if thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For like an Asse, whose back with Ingots bowes ;
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none.
For thine own bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loynes,
Do curse the Gout, Sarpego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the almes
Of palsied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant : what's yet in this
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lye hid moe thousand deaths ; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to dye,
And seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa ? Peace here ; Grace, and good company.

Pro. Who's there ? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Duk. Dear sir, ere long Ile visit you again.

Cla. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And very welcome : look Signior, here's your sister.

Duk. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please.

Duk. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd,
yet hear them. *Exeunt.*

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort ?

Isa. Why,

As all comforts are : most good, most good indeed,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger ;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedy ?

Isa. None but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine :

Cla. But is there any ?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live ;
There is a devillish mercy in the Judge,
If you't implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance !

Isa. I jult, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastidity you had
To a determin'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature ?

Isab. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetuall honor. Dar'tt thou dye ?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dyes.

Cla. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowry rendernesse ? If I must dye,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother : there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voyce. Yes, thou must dye :
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputy,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the fowle : is yet a devill :
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Cla. The Princely, *Angelo* ?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of hell,
The damned body to invelt, and cover
In Princely gardes ; dost thou think *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginity
Thou might'it be freed ?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee ; from this ranke offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow,

Cla. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'll throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thanks dear *Isabell*.

Isa. Be ready *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him.
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it ? sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least,

Isa. Which is the least ?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'de ? Oh *Isabell*.

Isa. What sayes my brother ?

Cla. Death is a fearfull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to dye, and go we know not where,
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world : or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertain thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.

What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beast !

Oh faithlesse Coward ! oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sisters shame ? What should I think,
Heaven shield : my Mother plaid my Father faire :
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Dye, perish : Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
Ile pray a thousand prayers for thy death ;
No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay hear me *Isabell*.

Isa. Oh, fie, fie, fie,
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade ;

Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me *Isabella*.

Duke steps in.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word,

Isa. What is your Will?

Duk. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires : but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honor 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, therefore prepare your self to death : do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must dye, go to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. *Exit.*

Duk. Hold you there : farewell : *Provost*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone : leave me a while with the Maid, my mind promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good : the goodnesse that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodnesse ; but grace being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever faire : the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conva'd to my understanding ; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo* : how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother dye by the Law, than my sonne should be unlawfully born. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo* : if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duk. That shall not be much amisse : yet as the matter now stands, he will avoyd your accusation : he made triall of you only. Therefore fasten your eare on my advisings, to the love I have in doing good ; a remedy presents it self. I do make my self beleve that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit : redeem your brother from the angry Law ; do no staine to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther ; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foule in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and goodnesse never fearfull : Have you not heard speak of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name !

Duk. She should this *Angelo* have married ; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that

perilhed vessell, the dowry of his siter : but mark how heavily this befell to the poor Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kind and naturall : with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry : with both, her combynate-husband, this well seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duk. Lest her in her teares, and dried not one of them with his comfort : swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor : in few words bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake : and he, a marble to her eares, is washed with them but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can she avale?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heal : and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good father.)

Duk. This forenamed Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection : his unjust unkindnesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly : Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point : only referre your selfe to this advantage ; first, that your stay with him may not be long : that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it : and the place answer to convenience : this being granted in course, and now follows all : we shall advise this wronged Maid to steed up your appointment, go in your place : if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence ; and here, by this is your brother saved, your honor unrainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt : if you think well to carry this as you may, the doublenesse of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lyes much in your holding up : haste you speedily to *Angelo* ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction : I will presently to St. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange resides this dejected *Mariana* ; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort : fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

El. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what stufte is here?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law ; a fur'd gowne to keep him warme ; and fur'd with Fox and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way Sir ; blesse you good father Frier.

Duk. And you good brother father : what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too sir: for we have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duk. Fye, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The evill that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back From such a filthy vice: say to thy self, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat away my self, and live: Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stink in some sort, Sir: But yet Sir I would prove—

Duk. Nay, if the devill have given thee proofes for sin Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer: Correction, and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-ster: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good goe a mile on his errand.

Duk. That we were all, as some would seem to be Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of *Caesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Mat-ter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duk. Still thus, and thus: Still worse?

Luc. How doth my dear Morsell? thy Mistris? Pro-cures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, she hath eaten up all her Beefe, and she is her self in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to pri-son Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: go say I sent thee thither: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubt-lesse, and of antiquity too: Baud born. Farewell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turn good husband now Pompey, you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trusty Pompey.

Blesse you Friar.

Duk. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what news abroad Fri-er? What news?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Luc. Go to kennell (*Pompey*) go: What news Fryer of the Duke?

Exeunt.

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperour of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggery he was never born to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression root.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lechery would do no harm in him: Something too crabbed that way, Fryer.

Duke. It is too generall a vice, and severity must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirp it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this down-right way of Creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-miid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his Urine is con-geal'd ice, that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duk. You are pleasant sir, and speak apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take 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 hun-dred Bastards, he would have paid for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duk. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not inclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duk. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duk. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his with-drawing.

Duke. What (*I* prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must be lockt with-in the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you under-stand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duk. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duk. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: The very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need, give him a better bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Souldier: therefore you speak unskillfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duk. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duk. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duk. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duk. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too unhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can do you little harme: You'll for-swear this again?

Luc. He be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* dye to morrow, or no?

Duk. Why should he dye Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tun-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd again: this ungentur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eat Mutton on Fridayes. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though the smelt brown-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

Exit.

Duk. No might, nor greatpesse in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumny The whitest vertue strikes, What King so strong, Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Baud.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Baud. Good my Lord be good to me, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeir in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Baud of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honor.

Baud. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keep-downe* was with child by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Child is a year and a quarter old come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: Go to, no more words. *Provost*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must dye to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pittie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good even, good father.

Duk. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duk. Not of this Country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duk. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it mult cure it. Novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is every dayes newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes, Contended especially to know himself.

Duk. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profest to make him rejoyce. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duk. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed to himself (by the instruction of his frailty) many deceiving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duk. If his own life, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well. *Exit.*

Duk. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his own liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angell on the outward side?
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must apply.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised):
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an old contracting.

Exit.
Alas

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Sono. Take, oh take those lips away,
 that so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes : the break of day
 lights that do mislead the Morn;
 But my kisses bring again, bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and halte thee quick away,
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advise
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musically.
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Duke. 'Tis good : though Musick oft hath such a charm
 To make bad, good ; and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here
 to day ? much upon this time have I promis'd here to
 meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have sat
 here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duke. I do constantly believe you : the time is come
 even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be
 I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your
 self.

Mari. I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duke. Very well mer, and well come :
 What is the newes from this good Deputy ?

Isa. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
 Whose western side is with a Vineyard back't ;
 And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger Key :
 This other doth command a little door,
 Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
 There have I made my promise, upon the
 Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

Isa. I have ran a due and wary note upon't,
 With whispering, and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice ore.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you'reed, concerning her observance ?

Isa. No : none but only a repair in' dark,
 And that I have possesst him, my most stay
 Can be but brief : for I have made him know,
 I have a Servant comes with me along,
 That stays upon me, whose perswasion is,
 I come about my brother,

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
 I have not yet made known to Mariana.

Enter Mariana.

A word of this : what hoa, within ; come forth,
 I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
 She comes to do you good.

Isa. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you perswade your self that I respect you ?

Mari. Good Fryer, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
 Who hath a story ready for your care :
 I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
 The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside ?

Exit.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatness : millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report
 Run with these false, and most contrarious Quests
 Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed ?

Enter Mariana, and Isabell.

Isa. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
 If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
 But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
 When you depart from him, but soft and low,
 Remember now my brother,

Mar. Feare me not.

Duke. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all :
 He is your husband on a pre-contract :
 To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
 Sith that the Justice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go,
 Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Pro. Come hither sirra ; can you cut off a mans head ?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can :
 But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
 And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld me
 a direct answer. To morrow morning are to dye *Claudio*,
 and *Barnardine* : here is in our prison a common executioner,
 who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
 it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your
 Gyves : if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment,
 and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping ;
 for you have been a notorious baud.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawfull baud, time out of
 mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman :
 I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fel-
 low partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson* : where's *Abhorson* there ?Enter *Abhorson*.

Abho. Do you call sir ?

Pro. Sirra, here's a fellow will help you to morrow
 in your execution : if you think it meet, compound with
 him by the year, and let him abide here with you, if nor,
 use him for the present, and dismiss him, he cannot
 plead his estimation with you : he hath been a Baud.

Abho. A Baud Sir ? fie upon him, he will discredit our
 myttery.

Pro. Go too Sir, you waigh equally ; a feather will
 turn the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favour : for surely sir, a
 good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look :
 Do you call sir, your occupation a Myttery ?

Abbo. I, Sir, a Mystery.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery : and your Whores sit, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Mystery : but what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbo. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clo. Proove.

Abbo. Every true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your Theefe, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough : So every true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed ?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him : For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Baud : he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Pro. You sirra, provide your Block and your Axe to morrow, foure a clock.

Abbo. Come on (Baud) I will instruct thee in my Trade : follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir : and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turne, you shall find me y^eare. For truly Sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne.

Exit.

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio* : Th'one has my pittie ; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death, 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine* ?

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltlesse labour, When it lyes starkely in the Travellers bones. He will not awake.

Pro. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare your self. But hark, what noise ? Heaven give your spirits comfort : by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholesomst spirits of the night, Invellop you, good *Provost* : who call'd here of late ?

Pro. Now since the Curphew rung.

Duk. Not *Isabell*.

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio* ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duk. Not so, not so : his life is paralel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice : He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurres on his power To qualifie in others : were he meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous, But this being so, he's just. Now are they come. This is a gentle *Provost*, sildome when The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men : How now ? what noise ? That spirit's posselt with haste, That wounds th'unfisting Postern with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay untill the Officer Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

Duk. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet ?

But he must dye to morrow ?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duk. As neer the dawning *Provost*, as it is, You shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happily.

You something know : yet I believe there comes No countermand : no such example have we : Besides, upon the very siege of Justice, Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare, Profeest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duk. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note, And by me this further charge : That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it, Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow : for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duk. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sinne, For which the Pardoner himself is in : Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is born in high Authority. When Vice makes Mercy ; Mercy's so extended, 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, awakens me With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely : For he hath not us'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's hear.

The Letter.

Whosoever you may hear to the contrary, let *Claudio* be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoone *Barnardine* : For my better satisfaction, let me have *Claudio*'s head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, than we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to do your office, as you will answer it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir ?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone ?

Pro. A *Bohemian* born : But here nurs'd up and bred, One that is a prisoner nine years'old.

Duk. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberry, or executed him ? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Reprieves for him : And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull proof.

Duk. It is now apparent ?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duk. Hath he born himself penitently in prison ? How seems he to be touch'd ?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep, carelessse, wreaklesse, and fearlesse of what's past, present, or to come : insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duk. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none : he hath evermore had the liberry of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke.

Duk. More of him anon : There is written in your brow *Provost*, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard : *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, than *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four dayes respite : for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtship.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what ?

Duk. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do it ? Having the hour limited, and an expresse command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo* ? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duk. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head born to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seen them both, And will discover the favour.

Duk. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it ; Shave the head, and tye the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death ; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duk. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy ?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duk. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duk. Not a resemblance, but a certainty ; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke : you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Pro. I know them both.

Duk. The Contents of this, is the return of the Duke ; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure : where you shall find within these two dayes, he will be here. This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives Letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th'unfolding Statre calls up the Shepherd ; put not your self into amazement, how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head : I will give him a present shrike, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you : Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown.

Cl. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were Mistress

Over-dons own house, for here be many of her old Customers. First, here's young *Mr. Rash*, he's in for a commodity of brown paper, and old *Ginger*, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five Marks ready money : marry then, *Ginger* was not much in request, for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the suit of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some four suits of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here, young *Dixy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spure*, and Master *Starve Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and young *Drop-heire* that kild lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forth-light* the Tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooey* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe Canne* that stabb'd Pors, and I think forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abbo. Sirrha, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Cl. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd ; Master *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats : who makes that noyse there ? What are you ?

Cl. Your friend Sir, the Hangman : You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepey.

Abh. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Cl. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cl. He is coming Sir, he is coming : I hear his Straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the Block, Sirrha ?

Cl. Very ready Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson* ? What's the newes with you ?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers : for look you, the Warrant's come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fittet for't.

Cl. Oh, the better Sir : for he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Look you Sir, here comes your ghostly father : do we jest now think you ?

Duk. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to dye this day, that's certain.

Duk. Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not dye to day for any mans perswasion.

Duk. But hear you :

Bar. Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward : for thence will not I to day.

Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duk. Unfit to live, or dye : oh gravell heart,

G 3

After

After him (Fellows) bring him to the block.

Pro. Now sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duk. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feaver,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* years: his beard, and head
Just of colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre draws on
Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rnde wretch willingly to dye.

Pro. This shall be done (good father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must dye this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shall finde
Your safery manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost* he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him I am neer at home:
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speed.

Exit.

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabell.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*.

Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.

Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithfull verity.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dry your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, (dome,
There to give up their power: if you can pace your wif-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And generall Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your course: who's here?

Enter Luc.

Luc. Good 'even;
Fryer, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would set me
too't: but they say the Duke will be here to Morrow.
By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the old fan-
tasticall Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had
lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to
your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee.

I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir,
if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a Wench with
child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marry did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest, rest you
well.

Luc. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: nay
Friar I am a kinde of a Burre, I shall sicken. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo, and Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions shew much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliver our authorities there?

Esc. I guesse not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an houre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibite their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it be proclaimed betimes i'th morne, Ile call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Esc. I shall sir: fare you well.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd Maide,
And by an eminent Body, that enforce'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her Maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame: would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Duke and Fryer Peter.

Duk. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot,
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavia's* house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Cassius*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to do it,
He says, so vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isa. Besides, he tels me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a Physick
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Fryer *Peter*.—

Isab. Oh peace, the Fryer is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not passe you:

Twice have the Trumpets sounded.

The generous and gravest Citizens

Have hent the gates, and very neer upon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
Citizens at severall doors.*

Duke. My very worthy Cosen, fairly met,
Our old and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy return be to your Royall Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thinkings be to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soul
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thanks
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Du. Oh your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To lock it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with Characters of Brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand
And let the subiect see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you,

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O Royall Duke, vaile your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be brief:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the Devill,
Hear me your self: for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Hear me: oh hear me, here.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I feare me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me, for her brother
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice?

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truly will I speak,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous theefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Du. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckoning.

Du. Away with her : poor soul
She speaks this, in th'infirmity of sense.

Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, than this world,
That thou neglect me nor, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse : make not impossible
That which but seems unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst Caitiffe on the ground
May seem as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute :
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine : Believe it, royall Prince,
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for Badnesse.

Du. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. O gracious Duke
Harp not on that ; nor do nor banish reason,
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of reason :
What would you say?

Isab. I am the sifter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of Fornication
To lose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my brother ; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo* :
For her poor brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Du. You were not bid so speak.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Du. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it : and when you have
A businesse for you self : pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honour.

Du. The warrant's for your self : take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somerhing of my Tase.

Luc. Right.

Du. It may be right, but you are i'th wrong
To speak before your time, proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.

Du. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.

The phraze is to the matter.

Du. Mended again : the matter : proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needlesse by :
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vilde conclusion
I now begin with grieve and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother ; and after much debarement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,
His purpose sursetting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brothers head.

Du. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak't,
Du. By heaven (fond wretch) thou know'st not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hatefull practise : first his Integrity
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off : some one hath set you on :
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice,
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill which is here wrapt up
In countenance : heaven shield your Grace from wo,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Du. I know you'd fain be gone : An Officer :
To prison with her : Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neer us ? This needs must be a practise ;
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Fryer Lodowick*.

Du. A ghostly Father belike :
Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I do not like the man : had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Du. Words against me ? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute : Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy Fryer,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace :
I have stood 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 soyle with her
As she from one ungot.

Du. We did believe no lesse.
Know you that Fryer *Lodowick* which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man Divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman :
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) misreport your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, believe it.

Peter. Well : he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord :

Of a strange Fever: upon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false: and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whensoever he is convented: First, for this woman,
To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confesse it.

Duke. Good Fryer let's hear it:
Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fools.
Give us some seats, Come Cosen *Angelo*,
In this Ile be impartiall: be you Judge
Of your own Cause: Is this the Witnesse Fryer?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew her face, and after speak.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Untill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widdow then?

Mar. Neither my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then: neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Punk: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I do 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.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When Ile depose I had him in mine Armes
With all the effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mar. Nor that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why just my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he neere knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabels*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That took away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnally she says.

Duke. Sirrha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Arg. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: but in chief
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levity: Since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith and honour.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make up Vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's Garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confix'd here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now.

Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice,
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
These poor informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Fryer, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: think't thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Fryer that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint;
Your *Provost* knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly:

And you my Noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; but stirre not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers.

Exit.

Esc. My Lord, wee'll do it thoroughly: Signior *Lucia*,
did not you say, you knew that Fryer *Lodowick* to be a
dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing
but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Fryer a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would
speak with her: pray you, my Lord, give me leave to
question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better than he, by her own report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry Sir, I think, if you handled her privately

She

She should sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Esc. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luc. That's the way : for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistress, here's a Gentlewoman Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the Rascall I spoke of, Here with the *Provost*.

Esc. In very good time : speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they have confes'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place ; and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esc. The Duke's in us : and we will hear you speak, Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh poor souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good night to your redresse : is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too : The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeale, And put your tryall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the Rascall : this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou unreverend and unhallowed Fryer : Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foul mouth, And in the witnesse of his proper eate, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th Duke himself, to tax him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th rack with him : we'll towze you Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose: What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot : the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own : his Subject am I not, Nor here Provinciall : My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I have seen corruption boyl and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew : Laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeits in a Barbers shop, As much in mock, as mark.

Esc. Slander to th'State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord : come hither goodman baldpate, do you know me?

Duke. I remember you sir by the sound of your voyce, I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke?

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably sir?

Luc. Do you so sir : And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must (sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you indeed spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow : did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall : Away with him to prison : Where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison : lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more : away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? help him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir : for sir, why you baldpated lying Rascall : you must be hooded must you? show your knaves visage with a pox to you : show your sheep-biring face, and be hang'd an houre : wilt not off?

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ere mad'st a Duke. First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three : Sneak not away sir, for the Fryer and you, Must have a word anon : lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon : sit you down. We'll borrow place of him ; Sir, by your leave : Ha'st thou or word or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou ha'st, Rely upon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer our.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord. I should be guiltier than my guiltinesse, To think I can be undiscernable, When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold upon my shame, But let my tryall be mine own Confession : Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither *Mariana*, Say : was't thou ever contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office (Fryer) which consummate, Return him here again : go with him *Provost*. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Than at the strangenesse of it.

Duke. Come hither *Isabel*, Your Fryer is now your Prince : As I was then Advertising, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon That I, your vassaile, have imploy'd and pain'd, Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd *Isabel*: And now dear Maid, be you as free to us. Your brothers death, I know, sits at your heart : And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my self, Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Then let him so be lost : Oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose : but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which lives to feare : make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isa. I do my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man; approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour; you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haste still payes haste, and leasure answers leasure;
Like dorch quir like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo* thy fault's thus manifested:
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: else Impuration,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life.
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We do enstate, and widdow you withall,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabel*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
Ile lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her,
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brothers ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabel:

Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dyes for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: Since it is so,
Let him not dye: my brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects
Inrents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an unusuall houre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord, it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office,
Give up your keys,

Pro. Pardon me, Noble Lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it nor,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I wouldst thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hirher, let me look upon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Fryer told me of this man,
Sirra, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'lt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Fryer*, advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives hee's safe,
Metbinks I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Look that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.
I finde an apt remission in my self:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You *Sirra*, that knew me for a fool, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an Ass, a mad man:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had ra-
ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it *Provost* round about the City:
If any woman wrong'd by this lew'd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt'd and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse, do not marry me to a
Whore: your Highnesse said even now, I made you a
Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making
me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her ;
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punk my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duk. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo* :
I have confes'd her , and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behind that is more gratefull,
Thanks *Provost* for thy care , and secrecy,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabell*,
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 us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

The Scène Vienna.

Names of all the Actors.

Vincenzio : the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provost.

Thomas. } 2 Friars.
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to *Claudio*.
Mariana, betrothed to *Angelo*.
Juliet, beloved of *Claudio*.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistress Over-don, a Bard.

FINIS.



The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse,
Faylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Roceed Salinus to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;

The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countermen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pittie from our threatening looks:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countermen and us,
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse Towns:
Nay more, if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at any *Siracusan* Marts and Faires:
Again, if any *Siracusan* born
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him:
Thy substance valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.

Duk. Well *Siracusan*; say in brief the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*?

Mer. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Then I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witnesse, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
He utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidaurium*, till my factors death:
And he great store of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six moneths old,
Before her self (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe arriv'd where I was:
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same Inne,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboard.
A league from *Epidaurium* had we say'd
Before the alwayes winde-obeying deep
Gave any tragick Instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearfull minds
A doubtfull warrant of immediare death;
Which though my self would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come.
And pitteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Fors't me to seek delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other means was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the Ship then sinking-ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as Sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had been 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 either end the Mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streamie,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The Seas wax calme, and we discovered
Two Ships from farre, making main to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, do not break off so,

H

For

For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily rearm'd the merciless to us :
For ere the Ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock,
Which being violently born up upon,
Our helpfull Ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened,
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another Ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpfull welcome to their Shipwrack guests,
And would have rest the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their Bark been very slow of sail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befall of them and thee till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Summers have I spent in farthest *Greene*,
Roving clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* :
Hopelesse to finde, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men :
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To bear th'extremitie of dire mishap :
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not disanull,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee :
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And pass'd sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement :
Yet will I favour thee in what I can,
Therefore Merchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficiall help,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live : if no, then thou art doom'd to die :
Jaylor take him to thy custodie.

Jaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helplesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis, Erotus, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the Town,
Dies ere the weary Sunne set in the West ;
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee ;
Till that Ile view the manners of the Town,
Within this hour it will be dinner time :
Peruse the tradors, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am stiffe and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trusty villain sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests :
What, will you walk with me about the Town,
And then go to the Inne and dine with me ?

E. Mer. I am invited sir to certain Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon, soon at five a clock,
Please you, Ile meet with you upon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time :
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will go loose my life,
And wander up and down to view the Citie.

E. Mer. Sir I commend you to your own content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get :
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseen, inquisitive) confounds himself,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
Inquest of him (unhappie) loose my self.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date :
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon,

E. Dro. Return'd so soon, rather approacht too late :
The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell :
My Mistris made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot because the meat is cold :
The meat is cold because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach :
You have no stomach, having broke your fast :
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

E. Dro. Oh ? six pence that I had a wenfday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper :
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou truit
So great a charge from thine own custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner :
I from my Mistris come to you in post :
If I return I shall be post indeed.

For

For the will scour your fault upon my pate :
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your cook,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houte than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you give no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house, (the *Phoenix* sir) to dinner ;
My Mistris and her sister sties for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money :
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate :
Some of my Mistris marks upon my shoulders :
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris marks? what mistris slave hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my mistris at the *Phoenix* ;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner :
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will nor sir, Ile rake my heels. (hands :

Exit Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some device or other,
The villain is ore-wrought of all my money.
They say this Town is full of cosenage :
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eye :
Dark-working Sorcerers that change the minde :
Soul-killing Witches, that deforme the body :
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mounrebanks :
And many such like liberties of sinne :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner :
Ile to the Centaure to go seek this slave,
I greatly feare my money is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secunda.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus,
with Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good Sister, Let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Master of his libertie ;
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come ; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie than ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lyes out adore.

Adr. Look when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is last with woe :
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules :
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seais,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soul,
Of more preheminance than fish and fowle.
Are masters to their females, and their Lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luci. Not this but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvell though she patise,
They can be meek, that have no other cause :

A wretched soul bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it crie.

But were we burdned with like waight of pain,
As much, or more, we should our selves complain :

So thou that hast no unkinde mate to grieve thee,
With urging helplesse patience would relieve me ;

But if thou live to see like right berefr,
This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be lefr.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie :
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your rardie master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay he's at two hands with me, and that my
two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Besheiw his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistrisse, sure my Master is horn mad.

Adri. Horn mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad,
But sure he is stark mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner ;
He ask'd me for a 1000. marks in gold :
Tis dinner time, quoth I : my gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I : my gold, quoth he :
Will you come, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee villain ?
The Pigge, quoth I, is burn'd : my gold, quoth he :
My mistrisse, sir, quoth I : hang up thy mistrisse ;
I know not thy mistrisse, out on my mistrisse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master, I know, quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistrisse : so that my arrant due unto my
tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H 2

Adri. Back

Adri. Back slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating:
Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus:
You spurn me hence, and he will founn me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *Exit.*

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharp discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blots it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunny look of his, would soon repaire.
But (too unruly Deer,) he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luci. Self-harming jealousy, fie beat it hence.

Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep faire quarter with his bed.
I see the Jewel best enamell'd
Will lose his beauty: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
He weep (what's left) away and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad Jealousie?

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholus Erotes.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seek me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart: see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusan.

How now sir, is your merry humor alter'd?
As you love stroaks, so jest with me again:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not half an houre since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me?

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistress, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou feltest I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry veine,
What means this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious houres.
When the Sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beames;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batte-
ring, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows
long, I must get a sconce for my head, and In-sconce it
too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flouting me, and then wherefore,
for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
time nor reason. Well sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you chollerick, and purchase me
another dry basting.

Ant. Well sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a
time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so
chollerick.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S. Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald
pate of Father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire
that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover
the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, he hath
given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more haire
than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
his haire.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dea-
lers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
seth it in a kind of jollitie.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay

An. Nay not sound ones I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, nor sure in a thing falling.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save 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 prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir : namely, no time to recover haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion : but soft, who wasts us yonder ?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholis*, look strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath some sweet aspects :
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine eare,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand ;

That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste ;

Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, (my Husband) oh how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thy self ?

Thy self I call it, being strange to me :

That undividable Incorporate

Am better than thy deer selfs better part.

Ah do not tear away thy self from me ;

For know my love : as easie maist thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulse,

And take unmingled thence that drop again

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thy self, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou hear I were licentious ?

And that this body consecrate to thee,

By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate ?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?

I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.

I am posselt with an adulterate blot,

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poyson of my flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then faire league and truce with thy true bed,

I live distain'd ; thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame ? I know you not :

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk,

Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,

Wants wit in all, one word to understand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you :

When were you wont to use my sister thus ?

She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio* ?

Drom. By me.

Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse sir with this Gentlewoman :
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

S. Dro. I sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain thou liest, for even her very words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names ?
Unlesse it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode ;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :

Thou art an Elme, my husband, I a Vine :

Whose weaknesse married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate :

If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,

Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,

Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,

Infect thy Sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks, she moves me for her
theame ;

What, was I married to her in my dreame ?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?

What error drives our eyes and eares amisse ?

Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,

Ile entertain the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, Go bid the servants spred for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land, oh spire of spite,

We talk with Goblins, Owles and Elves Sprights ;

If we obey them not, this will insue :

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,

Dromio, thou *Dromios* snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not ?

Ant. I think thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.

'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep ;

Whil'st man and master laughs my woes to scorn :

Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keep the gate :

Husband Ile dine above with you to day,

And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks :

Sirra, if any ask you for your Master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter :

Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd

Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd I

Ile say as they say, and persevere so

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate ?

Adr. I, and let none enter, least I break your pate.

Luci. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balhazar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keep not houres,
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkaner,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me down
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchmet, & the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear:
I should kick being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balhazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. Ant. Oh signior *Balhazar*, either at flesh or fish.
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.

Ant. And welcome more common, for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
ry feast.

Ant. I, to a miggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in goodpart,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cissy, Gillian, Ginn.*

S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-
or, Patch.

Either get thee from the door; or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store,
When one is one too many, go get thee from the doore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my Master
stays in the streer.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell
me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to
day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must nor, come again
when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the
house I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is
Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office
and my name.

The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst bid *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luc. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those
at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luc. Faith no, he comes too late, and so tell your
Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Pro-
verb.

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luc. Have at you with another, that's when? can you
tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an-
swer'd him well.

Ant. Do you hear you minion, you'll let us in I
hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come help, well struck, there was blow
for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knock the door hard.

Luc. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the door
down.

Luc. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
Town?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your Town is troubled with un-
ruly boys.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife sir knave? go get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave would
go sore.

Angelo. Here is neither cheer sir, nor welcome, we
would faine have either.

Baltz. In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the Door, Master, bid them
we come hither.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can-
not get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the
cold.

It would make a man as mad as a Buck to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and Ile break your
knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you sir, and
words are but winde;

I and break it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seems thou want'st breaking, out upon thee
hinde.

E. Dro. Heer's too much, out upon thee, I pray thee let
me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers and fish have
no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile break in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master mean you so;
For

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience fir, oh let it not be so,
Herein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisdom,
Her sober vertue, years and modesty,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not fir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your self alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowe
Against your yet ungalled estimation.
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hou'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided 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 chain I will bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon my hostesse there, good fir make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
He knock else-where, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. He meet you at that place some houre fir hence.

Ant. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:
Let not my sister reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shames Orator:
Look sweet, speak faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:
Beare a faire pretence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his own attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her reade it in thy looks at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well mannaged,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poor women, make us not beleve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,

Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turne; and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet Mistress: what your name is else I
know not;

Nor by what wonder you do bit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy grosse conceit:
Smothered in errors, feeble, shadow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Against my souls pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note
To drown me in thy sisters flood of teares:
Sing Siren for thy self, and I will dote:
Spred ore the silver waves thy golden haire;
And as a bed Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition think,
He guins by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. For gazing on your beames, faire Sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your
sight.

Ant. As good to wink sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy self, mine own selfs better part:

Mine eyes cleere eye, my deere hearts dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy self sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft fir, hold you still:

He fetch my sister to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so
fast.

S. Dro. Do you know me fir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
your man? Am I my self?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thy self.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my self.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy
self?

Dro. Marry fir, besides my self, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. What

Ant. What claime layes she to thee?

Dro. Marry fir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast; not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature lays claime to me.

Ant. What is she?

Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say fir reverence: I have but leane luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry fir, she's the Kitchin wench, and all greafe, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she lives till doomefday, she'll burne a week longer than the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shooe, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweates a man may goe over-shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No fir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hip to hip: she is sphericall like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry fir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her haire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ran between *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh fir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carraets to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the Mole in my neck, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ran from her as a Witch. And I think, if my brest had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, and made me turn i'th wheel.

Ant. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Town to night. If any Bark put forth, come to the Marr,

Where I will walk till thou return to me:

If every one knows us, and we know none, 'Tis time I think to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life, So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

Ant. There's none but witches do inhabite here, And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister Possess with such a gentle soveraigne grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me Traytor to my self: But least my self be guilty to self-wrong, Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chain.

Ang. M. Antipholis.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here's the Chain, I thought to have tane you at the *Porperine*, The Chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ant. What please your self fir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me fir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And soon at supper time Ile visit you, And then receive my money for the Chain.

Ant. I pray you fir receive the money now, For fear you ne're see Chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chain. I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such Golden gifts: Ile to the Marr, and there for *Dromio* stay, If any Ship put out, then strait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I have not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by *Antipholis*, And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a Chain: at five a clock I shall receive the money for the same: Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you save: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day :
But soft I see the Goldsmith ; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio.

Eph. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chain,
But neither Chain nor Goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your Chain weighs to the utmost Raccar,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money :
Besides I have some business in the Town,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chain to her your
self.

Ant. No, bear it with you, least I come not time
enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will ? Have you the Chain about
you ?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may return without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chain :
Both winde and tide stays for the Gentleman,
And I to blame have held him here too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mer. The houre steals on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me, the Chain :

Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now
Either send the Chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chain, I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance,
Good sir say, where you'll answer me, or no :
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you ? Why should I answer you ?

Gold. The money that you owe me for the Chain.

Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chain.

Gold. You know I gave it you half an houre since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me much to
say so.

Gold. You wrong me sir in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite,

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-
bey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay that I never had :
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arrest him, Officer
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparantly.

Off. I do arrest you sir, you hear the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah you shall buy this sport as deer,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*.
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Bark of *Epidamium*,
That stays but till her Owner comes aboard,
Then sir she bears away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have brought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The Ship is in her trim, the merry winde
Blows faire from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your self.

Ant. How now I a Madman ! Why thou peevish sheep,
What Ship of *Epidamium* stays for me ?

S. Dro. A Ship you sent me to, to hier wastage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soon,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Bark.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your eares to list me with more heed :
To *Adriana* Villain hie thee Straight :

Give her this key, and tell her in the Desk

That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistry,

There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it :

Tell her, I am arrested in the streer,

And that shall baile me : hie thee slave, be gone,

On Officer to prison, till it come.

Exeunt.

S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Donsabell* did claime me for her husband,
She is too big I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will :
For servants must their Masters minds fulfill.

Exit.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so,
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no :
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case ?
Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adri. He meant he did me none : the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adri. And true he swore, though yet forsworne he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adri. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adri. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adri. Did'st speak him faire ?

Luc. Have patience I beseech.

Adri. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where :
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,

Stigma.

Stigmaticall in making, worse the minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I think him better than I say :
And yet would herein others eyes were worse :
Far from her nest the Lapwing cryes away ;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here, go : the desk, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio* ? Is he well ?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar limbo*, worse than hell :
A devill in an everlasting garment hath him ;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel :
A Feind, a Fairie, pirtileffe and ruffe :
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe,
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands :
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgement carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter, he is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested ? tell me at whose suite ?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested, well ;
but he's in a suite of buffe which rested him, that I can tell :
Will you send him Mistris redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it Sister : this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

That he unknown 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 chain, a chain, do you not hear it ring ?

Adria. What, the chain ?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone :
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any hour meet a Sergeant, a turns back for very fear.

Adri. As if time were in debt : how fondly do'st thou reason ?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If I be in debt and theif, and a Sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter Luciana.

Luc. Go *Dromio*, there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come sister, I am prest down with conceit :
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholis Siracusan.

An. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And every one doth call me by my name :
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithall took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio, Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for : what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd ?

Ant. What gold is this ? What *Adam* do'st thou mean ?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise : but that *Adam* that keeps the prison ; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall : he that came behinde you sir, like an evill Angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No ? why 'tis a plain case : he that went like a Base Viole in a case of leather : the man sir, that when Gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and rests them : he sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance : he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his Mace, than a Moris Pike.

Ant. What 't thou mean'st an Officer ?

S. Dro. I Sir, the Serjeant of the Band : he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his Band : one that thinks a man alwayes going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolery :

Is there any Ship puts forth to night ? may we be gone ?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since that the Bark *Expedition* put forth to night, and then, were you hindred by the Serjeant to carry for the *Hoy Delay* ; Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions :
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well mer, well mer, Master *Antipholis* :
I see sir, you have found the Goldsmith now :
Is that the Chain you promis'd me to day ?

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan* ?

Ant. It is the devill.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the devils dam :
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench : It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne : ergo, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marveilous merry sir.
Will you go with me, wee'll mend our dinner here ?

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meate, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. Why *Dromio* ?

S. Dromio. Marry he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devill.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, (as you are all,) a forcereffe ? (ping ?
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chain you promis'd,
And Ile be gon sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of bloud, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone: but she more covetous, would have a chain: Master be wise, and if you give it her, the devill will shake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir, my Ring, or else the Chain, I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride says the Pea-cock, Mist'ris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad. Else would he never so demean himself, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the same he promis'd me a Chain; Both one and other he denies me now: The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance, Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that being Lunatick, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My Ring away. This course I fittest choose, For forty Duckets is too much to loose.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jaylor.

An. Fear me not man, I will not break away, Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money To warrant thee as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the money. How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Money for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villain for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whorson senselesse Villain.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an Ass.

E. Dro. I am an Ass indeed, you may prove it by my long eares. I have served him from the hour of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warme, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return, nay

I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar woont her brat, and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a School-master, called Pinch.

Ant. Come go along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mist'ris *respite finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjuror, Establish him in his true sence againe, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery and how sharp he looks,

Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Satan, hous'd within this man To yeeld possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad,

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poor distressed soul.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this companion with the saffron face Revell and feast it at my house to day, Whil'st upon me the guiltie doors 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 remaind untill this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doors lockt up, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doors were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not she her self revile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her self revil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. *Certis* she did, the Kitchen vestall scorn'd you:

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. It's good to smooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his veine, And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Money to redeem you, By *Dromio* here, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Money by me? Heart and good will you might, But surely Master not a ragge of Money.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets?

Adri. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witness with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mist'ris, both Man and Master is posselt. I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou lock me forth to day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband lock thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M. I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in ail,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails Ile pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

*Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:
He strives.*

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neer me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What, wilt you murder me, thou Jaylor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you
shall not have him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

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,
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd.
Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappy strumper.

Dro. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villain, wherefore dost thou mad
me?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
master, cry the devill.

Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they
talk.

Adr. Go bear him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offi. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.

Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckers.

Adr. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meet him with a Chain,

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come Jaylor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusan with his Rapier drawn,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Run all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

Ant. Come to the Centaure, fetch our stufte from
thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay here this night, they will surely do
us no harm: you saw they spake us faire, give us gold:
me thinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountain of mad flesh that claims mariage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay here still, and turn
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our stufte aboard. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly, yonder as I think he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio again.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore (most monstrously) to have.
Good sir draw neer to me, Ile speak to him:
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble.
And not without some scandall to your self,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly,
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These eares of mine thou know'st did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honour, and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

*Exeunt to the Priorie.
Enter*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack at Sea,
Buried some dear friend, hath not eise his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Ad. Why so I did.

Ab. I, but not rough enough.

Ad. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Ad. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Ad. It was the copie of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Theam:
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 venomous clamours of a jealous woman,
Poysons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou sai'st his meat was saw'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals makes ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madnesse?
Thou say'st his sports were hindred by thy brawles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But muddy and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy Husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildely.
Why hear you those rebukes, and answer not?

Ad. She did berray me to my own reproof,
Good people enter and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Ab. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Ad. I will attend my Husband, be his Nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attourney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholsome Sirrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers.
To make of him a formal man again:

It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Ad. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holinesse
To separate the Husband and the Wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Ad. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise untill my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess. *Exeunt*

Enter Merchant and Goldsmith.

Mer. By this I think the Diall points at five:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.

Gold. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Enter Adriana and Lucio.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.
Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Syracuse bareheaded, with the Headsmen, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Ad. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letters) this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse took him,
That desprately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed,
Anon, I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away: till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him thence.

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee mgag'd a Princes word,
When thou did'st make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me :
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Mistress, Mistress, shift and save your self,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of pudled myre to quench the hair ;
My Mr. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Scissors nicks him like a fool :
And sure (unless you send some other present help)
Between them they will kill the Conjuror.

Ad. Peace fool, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him-Mistress: flee, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing : guard with
Halberds.

Ad. Ay me, it is my husband : witness you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter E. Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me Justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep skars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me Justice.

Mer. Fat. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote, I see my son *Antipholis* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that woman
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ; (there:
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury :
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That She this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doors up-
on me.

Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault : say woman didst thou so ?

Ad. No, my good Lord. My self, he, and my Sister,
To day did dine together : so befall my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Ne're may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn,
In this the Mad man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advis'd what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it : for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chain,
Which God he knows, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pefant home
For certain Duckets : he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her sister and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates : Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd Villain ;
A meer Anatomy, a Mountebank,
A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharp-looking-wretch ;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth took on him as a Conjuror :
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was posselt. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
I gain'd my freedom ; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him :
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chain of thee, or no ?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the Chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine,
Heard you confess you had the Chain of him ;
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you :
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
I never saw the Chain, so help me heaven :
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad he would not plead so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch't that Ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey here ?

Cur. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange : Goe call the Abbess
ther.

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

Exit.

Enter one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the summe that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely *Syracusau* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bond man *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he I thank him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Fath. I am sure both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selves we doe remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches Patient*, are you Sir?

Father. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull hours with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voyce?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou.

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fat. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I doe not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Fat. Not know my voyce! oh times extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my onely Son
Knowes not my feeble Key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory:
My winking lamps some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf eares a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my Son *Antipholis*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Syracusa* Boy,
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my Son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Syracusau*, twenty yeares
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne're saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess with Antipholis Syracusan,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two 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 decipher them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my old Master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak old *Egeon*, if thou be't the man
That had'st a Wife once call'd *Emilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if thou be't the same *Egeon*, speak:
And speak unto the same *Emilia*.

Duke. Why here begin this Morning story right:
These two *Antipholis*, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wrack at Sea,
These are the Parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fat. If I dream not, thou art *Emilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that Son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them I cannot tell,
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first

S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,

Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so doe I, yet did she call me so:
And this fair Gentlewoman here
Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Goldsmith. That is the Chain Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you sir for this Chain arrested me.

Gold. I think I did Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money Sir to be your bayle
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errours are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawn I for my Father here.

Duk. It shall not need, thy Father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one dayes error,
Have suffered wrong. Go, keep us company.

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty three yeares have I been gone in travell
Of you my Sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:

The Duke my Husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with me,
After so long grief such Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart I'll Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manner the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S. Dro. Maist, shall I fetch your stufte from shipboord?

E. An. Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbarck'd.

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me, I am your Master *Dromio.*

Come go with us, we'll look to that anon,

Embrace thy Brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your Masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, and not my bro-
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth, (ther:
Will you walk in to see their Gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a question, how shall I try it.

S. Dro. We'll draw Cuts for the Signiority, till then,
lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like Brother and Brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.





Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his Daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a Messenger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the achiever brings home full numbers: I find here that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine* called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by *Don Pedro*, he hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lamb the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better bettered expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leo. Did he break out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kind overflow of kindnesse: there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the Warrs, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the Army of any sort.

Leo. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his Bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Uncles fool reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these Warrs? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior *Benedick* too much, but he'll meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady, in those wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good Soldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good Soldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, stuf with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuf man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry War betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse. For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every moneth a newsworn Brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burn 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 Devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the Pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Doe good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and John 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. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge more willingly : I think this is your daughter.

Leo. Her Mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt, that you askt her ?

Leo. Signior *Benedick*, no, for then were you a Child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, we may guesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her self : be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*, no body marks you.

Ben. What my dear Lady Disdain I are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick* ? Courtiesie it self must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is Courtiesie a turn-coat, but it is certain I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not an hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happinesse to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious Sutor, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow, then a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a Predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well you are a rare Parrat-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better then a Beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer : but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a Jade's trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all : *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick* ; my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all, I tell you we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn, let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your Brother ; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on ?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedick and Claudio.

Claudio. *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato* ?

Ben. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest young Lady ?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement ? or would you have me speak after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Claudio. No, I prethee speak in sober judgement.

Ben. Why I faith me thinks she's too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were she other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I doe not like her.

Claudio. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her ?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a Jewell ?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speak you this with a sad brow ? Or doe you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter : Come, in what Key shall a man take you to go in the Song.

Claudio. In mine eye, she is the sweetest Lady that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without Spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her Cousin, and she were not possest with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December : but I hope you have no intent to turn husband have you ?

Claudio. I would scarce trust my self, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this ? in faith hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? shall I never see a Batchellor of threescore again ? goe to I faith, and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays : look, *Don Pedro* is returned to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro, John the Bastard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonato* ?

Benedick. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be 'secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so (but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance) he is in love, with whom ? now that is your Graces part : mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short Daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so : but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate Heretick in the despight of beauty.

Claudio. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her : that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me : because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my self the right to trust none : and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love : prove that ever I loose more bloud with love, then I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penn, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the signe of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as the time shall try : In time the savage Bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bulls horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, Here is good horse to hire : let them signifie under my signe, Here you may see *Benedick* the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earth quake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours, in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixth of *Iuly*. Your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mock not, mock not ; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

Exit.

Clau. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard Lesson, that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any son my Lord ?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his onely heir. Dost thou affect her, *Claudio* ?

Clau. O my Lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a souldiers eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love : But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant : in their rooms Come thronged soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words : If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it, And I will break with her : wast not to this end, That thou beganst to twist so fine a story ?

Clau. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know loves grief by his complexion ! But lest my liking might too sodain seem, I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader then the The fairest grant in the necessity : (floud?) Look what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lovest, And I will fit thee with the remedy, I know we shall have revelling to night, I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*, And in her bosome I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong incounter of my amorous tale : Then after, to her father will I break, And the conclusion is, she shall be thine, In practise let us put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son : hath he provided this musick ?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leo. Are they good ?

Old. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover : they shew well outward : the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine : the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that he loved my neece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this ?

Old. A good sharp fellow, I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leo. No, no : we will hold it as a dream, till it appear it self : but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true : go you and tell her of it : cosins, you know what you have to do, O I cry you mercy friend, go you with me and I will use your skill, good cosin have a care this busie time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good year my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad ?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou saist thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a mortall medicine to a mortifying mischief : I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no mans jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no mans leisure : sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may doe it without controulnient, you have of late

late stood out against your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self, it is needfull that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain, I am trusted with a muffell, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it for I use it onely. Who comes here? what news *Borachio*.

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischief on? What is he for a foole that betroth's himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper Squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chick, how come you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheer is the greater that I subdued, would the Cook were of my mind: shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Pedro.

Actus Secundus.

Exeunt.

Claudio. *Benedick*, disher, his wife, *Hero* his daughter, and *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, &

Claudio. Is she not a model? *John* here at supper?

Ben. Doe you question

doe, for my simple true judgment, a gentleman looks, I never can me speak after my custome, as'd an hour after. their sex?

ly disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Their half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *Johns* mouth, and halfe Count *Johns* melancholly in Signior *Benedick*'s face-----

Beat. With a good legge and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brot. Infaith she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short horns, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leona. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard is lesse then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is less then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the Bearherd and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meet me like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to Saint *Peter*: for the heavens, he shews me where the Batchellers sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Brot. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes faith, it is my cosens duty to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of cold wayward marke? no uncle, I'll none: *Adams* sons are brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kined.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cosin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer, for hear me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suit is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastickall) the wedding mannerly modest, (as a measure) full of state and anchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leona.

Leon. Cofin you apprehend paffing fhrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye uncle, I can fee a Church by day light.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, and Balthazar, or dumb John, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My vifor is *Philemons* rooffe, within the houfe is love.

Hero. Why then your vifor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mask. So would not I for your own fake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mask. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mas. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Mas. And God keep him out of my fight when the dance is done: answer Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the Clerk is answered.

Urfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthony*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Urfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeited him.

Urfu. You could never doe him fo ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Urfula. Come, come, doe you think I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mummie, you are he, graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why is the Princes jester, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in devising impossible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Doe, doe, hee'l but break a comparifon or two on me, which peradventur (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saved, for the foole will eat no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeant.

Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diffwade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

Ioh. Come, let us to the banquet. *Exit. manet. Clau.*

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*, But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*:

'Tis certain so, the Prince woo's for himself:

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the Office and affairs of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,

Let every eye negotiate for it selfe,

And trust no Agent: for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charmes, faith melteth into bloud:

This is an accident of hourly prooffe,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio*,

Clau. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you were the Garland off? About your neck, like an Usurers chain? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest Droyer, so they sell Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho no! you strike like the blind-man, 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Exit.

Bene. Alas poor hurt soul, now will he creep into sedges: but that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me: the Princes fool! Ha? it may be I goe under that title, because I am merry: yet but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the word into her person, and so gives me out: well, ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Ben.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholly as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a School-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stoln his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misus'd me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest; with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks poyniards, and every word stabs me: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed, she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talk not of her, you shall find her in the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would conjure her, for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the worlds end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch you a hair off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three words conference with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Ladies tongue. *Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one marry once before he won it of me, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Clau. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Clau. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor metry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I besworn, if he be so, his conceit is false: here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your Qu.

Clau. Silence is the perfectest Herald of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thank it, poore foole it keeps on the windy side of care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather 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, unlesse I might have another for working-dayes, your Grace is too costly to wear every day: But I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my mother cryed, but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was borne: cosins God give you joy.

Leona. Neece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholly element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and wak't her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leona. O lord, my Lord, if they were but a week married,

married, they would talk themselves mad.

Prince. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to goe to Church?

Claudio. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leona. Not till monday, my dear son, which is hence a iust seven night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us, I will in the *interims*, undertake one of *Hercules* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection, th' one with th' other, I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leona. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claudio. And I my Lord.

Prince. And you too gentle *Hero*.

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cosin to a good husband.

Prince. And *Benedicke* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the onely love-gods, go with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exeunt.

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Borachio. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any bar, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Borachio. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Borachio. I think I told your Lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Borachio. I can at any unseasonable 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 marriage?

Borachio. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Borachio. Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, look you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Borachio. Goe then, find me a meet houre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discovered thus: they will scarcely believe this without triall: offer them instances which shall bear no lesse likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mean time, I will fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borachio. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently goe learn their day of marriage.

Exit.

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already sir.

Exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laugh't at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love, and such a man is *Claudio*, I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walkt ten mile a foot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose (like an honest man and a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes: may I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapon her: fair, or I'll never look on her: milde, or come not near me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God, ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iack Wilson.

Prince. Come, shall we hear his this musick?

Claudio. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is, As hush't on purpose to grace harmony.

Prince. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himself?

Claudio. O very well my Lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthazar*, we'll hear that song again.

Balthazar. O good my Lord, take not so bad a voyce, To slander musick any more then once.

Prince.

Prince. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woo's,
Yet will he swear he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine airc, now is his soul ravish't, is it
not strange that sheeps guts should hale souls out of
mens bodies? well, a horse for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no 'faith, thou sing'st well enough for
a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howl'd
thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as lieve have heard
the night-raven, come what plague could have come af-
ter it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray
thee get us some excellent musick: for to morrow night
we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can my lord. *Exit. Balthazar.*

Prince. Doe so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*
was in love with Signior *Benedicke*?

Claudio. O I, stalker on, stalker on, the foul fits. I did ne-
ver think that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderfull, that she
should so doat on Signior *Benedicke*, whom she hath in
all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to think
of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection,
it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claudio. Faithlike enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counter-
feit of passion, came so neer the life of passion as she dis-
covers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shews she?

Claudio. Bait the hook well, the fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? she will sit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Claudio. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
have thought her spirit had been invincible against all
assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially
against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-
bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot sure hide him-
self in such reverence.

Claudio. He hath tane th' infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath she made her affection known to *Be-
nedicke*?

Leonato. No, and swears she never will, that's her
torment.

Claudio. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter sayes: shall
I, sayes she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn,
write to him that I love him?

Leo. This saies she now when she is beginning to
write to him, for shee'll be up twenty times a night, and
there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet
of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, and reading it over,
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claudio. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,
railed at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write
to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him,
saies she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he
writ to me, yea though I love him, I should.

Claudio. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,
sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, pray's, curses, O
sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the
extasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is
sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her
self, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by
some other, if she will not discover it.

Claudio. To what end? he would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poor Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an alms to hang him,
she's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion,)
she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and bloud combating in
so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that bloud
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause,
being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me,
I would have daft all other respects, and made her half
my self: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and hear what
he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Cla. *Hero* thinks surely she will die, for she saies she
will die, if he love her not, and she will die ere she
make her love known, and she will die if he wooe her,
rather then she will bate one breath of her accustomed
crossness.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
love,

love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happinesse.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my mind verv wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a must necessarily keep peace, if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrell with fear and trembling.

Prin. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jeasts he will make: well I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her wear it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first,

Prin. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spred for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a dumb shew: let us send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt.

Ben. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seem to pity the Lady: it seems her affections have the full bent: love me? why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd, they say I will bear my self proudly, If I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection: I did never think to marry, I must not seem proud, happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is fair, 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, I may chance have some odde quirks and remains of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were married: here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, she's a fair Lady, I doe spie some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner.

Ben. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, then you take pains to thank me; if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choak a daw withall: you have no stomach Signior, fare you well.

Exit.

Ben. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I took no more pains for those thanks, then you took pains to thank me, that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks: if I do not take pity of her I am a villain, if I do not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* run thee to the parlour, There shalt thou find my Cousin *Beatrice*, Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*, Whisper her ear, and tell her I and *Ursula* Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou over-heardest us, And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where hony-suckles ripened by the sun Forbid the sun to enter: like favourites, Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To listen to our purpose, this is thy Office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant presently. *Exit.*

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must onely be of *Benedick*, When I do name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more then ever Man did merit, My talk to thee must be how *Benedick* Is sick in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter, Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made, That onely wounds by hear-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now, Is couched in the woodbine coverture, Fear you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then goe we near her that her ear lose nothing, Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it: No truly *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wild, As Haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure, That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So sayes the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreat me to acquaint her or it, But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urf. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prouder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Mis-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection;
'he is so self-indear'd.

Urf. Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fear'd.
But she would spell him backward: if fairfac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds,
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She would mock me into aire, O she would laugh me
Out of my self, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedick* like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it, hear what she will say.

Her. No, rather I will goe to *Benedick*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To stain my cofin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may imppoisn liking.

Urf. O doe not do your cofin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedick*,

Her. He is the only man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my dear *Claudio*.

Urf. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it ere he had it:
When are you married Madam?

Her. Why every day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Urf. She's tane I warrant you,
VVe have caught her Madam?

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,

Some *Cupids* kills with arrows, some with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lives behind the back of such,
And *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragen*.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a foile in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat
and forbid him to wear it, I will onely be bold with
Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and the tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,
his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in love.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood
in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants
money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Ben. Well, every one cannot master a grief, but he
that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unlesse he
have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he
is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear
he is.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is
no believing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings;
What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seen him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath been seen with
him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already
stuffed tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the losse
of a beard.

Prince. Nay a rubs himself with Civit, can you smell
him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
love.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear
what they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept
into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yes is this no charm for the tooth-ake, old signior, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby horses must not hear.

Prin. For my life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Prin. In private?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bast. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart) hath hope to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Clau. Who! *Hero*!

Bast. Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyal?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say she were worse, think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with me to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Clau. May this be so?

Prin. I will not think it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough, and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Prin. O day untowardly turned?

Clau. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Bast. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seen the sequele.

Exeunt.

Enter Dogbery and his companion with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-cole*, for they can write and reade.

Dog. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man, is the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.

Watch. 2. Both which Master Constable

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity; you are thought here to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch. 2. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are ridde of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleep then talk, we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stoln: well, you are to call at all the Ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him; by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of his company.

Verg. You have bin alwaies call'd a mercifull man partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a Child cry in the night, you must call to the Nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the Nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the Child wake her with crying, for the Ewe that will not hear her Lamb when it baes, will never answer a Calf when it bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you Constable are to present the Princes own person, if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I think a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statutes, he may stay him, marry not without the Prince be willing, for indeed the Watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birlady I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your fellows counsells, and your own, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we hear our charge, let us go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonatoes* door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night, adieu, be vigilant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, sir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mals and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this Pent-house, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shews thou art unconfirm'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 mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool, but see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has been a vile thief this seven yeares, a goes up and down like a Gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not hear some body?

Con. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. See'st thou not (I say) what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot-

blooms, between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* soldiers in the rechie painting, sometimes like god *Bell's* priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven *Hercules* in the smircht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparell then the man; but art not thou thy self giddy 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 wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Hero's* gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; she leans nie out at her mistris chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly: I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don John*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my Master knew she was *Margaret*, and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home again without a Husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right master Constable, we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in a Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a lock,

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth I warrant you.

Con. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Con. A commodity in question I warrant you, come wee'll obey you.

Exeunt.

Enter Hero and Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Vrsula* wake my Cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Vrsu. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Vrsu. Well.

Mar. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg* I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your Cousin will say so.

Hero. My Cousin's a fool, and thou art another, i'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your Gown's a most rare fashion ifaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millains* Gown that they praise so.

Hero. O that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a Night-Gown in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts, round, underborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine quaint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavie.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking do not wiest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, ask my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune me thinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burdén,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye light alove with your heels, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clock cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the starre.

Beat. What means the fool trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their hearts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stufte! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profeft apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap, by my troth I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have some moral in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thissell, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dresse me good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.

Enter Leonata, and the Constable and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Marry sir I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Marry this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Const. Dog. Goodman *Verges* sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin between his browes.

Headb. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier then I.

Const. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Const. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Dukes Officers, but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the City, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Headb. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Headb. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves, as any in Messina.

Const. Dog. A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men rides an horse one must ride behind, an honest soul yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Const. Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Const. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprehended two aspitious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. [exit.]

Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them. I am ready.

Dough. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the Goale: we are now to examine thosemen.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dough. We will spare for no wit I warrant you here's

here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jaile.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bassard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come Frier Francis, be brief, onely to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their patticular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither my Lord to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leon. To be married to her, Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Ben. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier: father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely son as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unlesse you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: There *Leonato*, take her back again,

Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover it self withall
Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not swear
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leon. What do you mean my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own prooffe,
Have vanquisht the resistance of your youth,
And made defeat of her virginity.

(her;

Clau. I know what you would say: if I have known
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And to extenuate the forehead sin: No *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seem to me as *Diana* in her Orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your bloud,
Than *Venus*, or those pampered animals,
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince why speak not you?

Prin. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee to do as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset,
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Clau. Marry that can *Hero*,

Hero it self can blot out *Heroes* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that hour my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
My self, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberal villain
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in seeret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Clau. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,
For thee Ile lock up all the gates of Love,
And on my eye-lids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cousin, wherefore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let us go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Ben. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think, help uncle,

Hero. Why *Hero*, Uncle, Signior *Benedick*, Frier.

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cosin *Hero*?

Fri. Have comfort Lady.

Leo. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not open thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame's
My self would on the rearward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chide I, for that at frugall Natures frame?
One too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gate's,
Who sinned thus, and mix'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derive's it self from unknown loins,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd.
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self, was to my self not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is fall'n
Into a pit of Ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beat. O on my soul my cosin is belied.

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No truly: not, although untill last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie, and *Claudio* would he lie
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Hear me a little, for I have onely been silent so
long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by no-
ting of the Lady, I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shame's,
In Angel whiteness bear away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimentall seal doth warrant
The tenure of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor dignity,
If this sweet Lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not adde to her damnation
A sin of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd,

At hour's unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Prince.

Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wisdom's be mislaid in this:
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toiled in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: If they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in means, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause a while,
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter here the Princess (left for dead)
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaph's, and do all rites,
That appertain unto a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry this well carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall hear she dyed upon his words,
Th' Idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination.

And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit:
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Then I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Ben. Signior *Leonato*, let the Friar advise you,
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you, is
not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but
believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confess nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me, and I will
make him eat it that saies I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it, I pro-
test I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour, I was a-
bout to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no love in
you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villain, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, bear her in hand untill they
come to take hands, and then with publick accusation,
uncovered slander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I
were a man? I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, she is slandered,
she is undone.

Bene. Bet?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surely a princely testi-
mony, a goodly Count-Comfect, a sweet Gallant surely,
O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melt-
ed into curtesies, valour into complement, and men are
onely turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as *Hercules*, that onely tells a lie, and swears it:
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a
woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way thou swear-
ing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count *Claudio* hath
wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough. I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I
will kiss your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Claudio*
shall render me dear account: as you hear of me, so
think of me: go comfort your cousin, I must say she is
dead, and so farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Town
Clerk in gowns.*

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Cowley. O a stoole and cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the Malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amined, let them come before Master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before me, what is
your name friend?

Bor. *Borachio*.

Kemp. Pray write down *Borachio*. Yours sirra.

Conr. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kemp. Write down Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai-
sters, do you serve God: masters, it is proved already
that you are little better then false knaves, and it will go
near to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
selves?

Conr. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your ear sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a
tale: have you writ down that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you go not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the esteest way, let the watch
come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don John* the Prin-
ces brother was a villain.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *John* a villain: why this
is flat perjury, to call a Princes brother villain.

Bor. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy look, I
promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry that he had received a thousand Du-
kats of *Don John*, for the accusing the Lady *Hero* wron-
fully. *Kemp.*

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Const. Yea by th' Masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch. 1. And that Count *Claudio* did mean upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoln away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this sodainly died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*; I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Princes Officers *Coxcomb*: come, bind them; thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an asse: No thou villain, thou art full of piety as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, bring him away: O that I had been writ down an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your self, And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief, Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsell, Which falls into mine ears as profitless, As water in a sieve: give not me counsell, Nor let no comfort else delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine. Bring me a father that so lov'd his childe, Whose joy of her is over-whelm'd like mine. And bid him speak of patience, Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk, With-candlewasters: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience: But there is no such man, for brother, men Can counsell, and give comfort to that grief, Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it, Their counsell turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptiall medicine to rage, Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred, Charme ache with ayre, and agonie with words. No, no, 'tis all men's office, to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow: But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsaile, My griefs cry louder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and blood, For there was never yet Philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ake patiently, How ever they have writ the stile of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Broth. Yet bend not all the harme upon your self, Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will do so, My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is belied, And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Bro. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my Lords?

Prin. We have some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! well, fare you well my Lord, Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, doe not quarrell with us, good old man.

Bro. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler thou: Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Clau. Marry bestrew my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear, Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me, I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool, As under priviledge of age to brag, What I have done being young, or what would doe, Were I not old: know *Claudio* to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent Child and me, That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, And with grey hairs and bruise of many dayes, Doe challenge thee to triall of a man, I say thou hast beli'd mine innocent Child. Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, And she lies buried with her ancestors: O in a tombe where never scandall slept, Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Clau. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord, I'll prove it on his body if he dare, Despight his nice fence, and his active practice, His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Clau. Away, I will not have to doe with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child, If thou kill'st me boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win

Win me and wear me, let him answer me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy: come follow me
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your selfe, God knows I lov'd my neeces;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they wey, even to the utmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly and show outward hidiousness,
And speak of halfe a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But was true, and very full of prooffe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prince. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leon. No! come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo,

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man he went to seek.

Clau. Now Signior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord:

Prin. Welcome Signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Clau. We had like to have had our two noses snap'd
off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had
we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for
them.

Ben. In false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seek you both.

Clau. We have been up and down to seek thee, for
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would fain have it
beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been
beside their wit, I will bid thee draw, as we do the min-
strells draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he looks pale, art thou
sick, or angry?

Clau. What? courage man: what though care kil'd a
cat, thou hast mettle enough to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the carere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you choose another
subject.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was
broke croſs.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Clau. God bleſs me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villain, I jest not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protect your cowardise: you have
kill'd a sweet Lady, and her death shall fall heavy on
you, let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.

Prin. What, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to calves
heads and a Capon, the which if I do not carve most cu-
riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cock too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, goes easily.

Prin. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the
other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies she, a great
gross one: nay said I, a good wit: just said she, it hurts
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said
she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
that I believe said she, for he swore a thing to me on
munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
shee an houre together trans-shape thy particular ver-
tues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
proprest man in Italy.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if she
did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly, the
old man's daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he
was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the salvage Bulls hornes
on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Clau. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells *Bene-
dick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leave you now to your gossip-like humor, you breake
jest as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your company, your brother
the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you,
kill'd a sweet and innocent Lady: for my Lord Lack-
beard there, he and I shall meet, and till then peace be
with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and I'll warrant you,
for the love of *Beatrice*.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Constable, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, she
shall ne're weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Bo-
rachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done:

Con. Marrie

Const. Marry sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they have belyed a Lady, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. First I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what's their offence, sixt and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claudio. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Whom have you offended maisters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incensed me to slander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marry her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, then repeat over to my shame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claudio. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me rich for the practice of it.

Prin. He is compos'd of treachery.

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claudio. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath informed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maisters, do not forget to specifie when time and place shall serve, that I am an Ass.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maister *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain, thou belist thy selfe; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it: I thank you Princes for my daughters death, Record it with your high and worthy deeds, 'Twas bravely done; if you bethink you of it.

Claudio. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak, choose your revenge your selfe, Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin, yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soul nor I, And yet to satisfie this good old man,

I would bend under my heavy waight, That hee'll enjoyn me too.

Leon. I cannot bid your daughter live, That were impossible; but I pray you both. Possess the people in *Messina* here, How innocent she died, and if your love Can labour ought in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upoh her tombe, And sing it to her bones, sing it to night: To morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my son in law, Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copie of my childe that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us, Give her the right you should have giv'n her cosin, And so dies my revenge.

Claudio. O noble sir! Your overkindness doth wring tears from me, I do embrace your offer, and dispose For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your coming; To night I take my leave: this naughty man Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*, Who I believe was packt in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soul she was not, Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me, But alwayes hath been just and vertuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offender did call me asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in Gods name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Const. Your worship speaks like a most thankfull and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Bor. Farewell my Lords, we look for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not fail.

Claudio. To night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, wee'll talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Ben. Pray thee sweet Mistriss *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I alwayes keep below stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maids.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs.

Exit Margaret.

Ben. And therefore will come. The god of love that sits above, and knows me, and knows me how pittifull I deserve; I mean in singing, but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imployer of panders, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even rode of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turned over as my poor self in love: marry I cannot shew it in rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but badie, an innocents rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for school, fool, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not born under a riming Planet, for I cannot wooe in festivall tearms:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Ben. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foul words and foule winde, and foule winde is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkissed.

Ben. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evill, 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?

Ben. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I think, alas poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Ben. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his own tombe ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bells ring, and the Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that think you?

Ben. Question, why an hour in clamour and a quarter in thewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worne (his conscience) finde no impsdiment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own vertues, as I am to my self so much for praising my self, who I my self will bear witness is praise worthy, and now tell me how doth your cosin?

Beat. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam you must come to your Uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falsly accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightily abused, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news Signior?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap; and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Uncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death in gnerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tombe,

Praising her when I am dombe.

Claudio. Now musick sound and sing your solemne hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight,

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tombe they goe:

Midnight assist our moan,

Help us to sigh and gorau.

Heavily, heavily.

Graves yawn and yield your dead.

Till death be uttered,

Heavenly, heavenly.

(this right.)

Le. Now unto thy bones good night, yearly will I do

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out, The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Claudio. Good morrow masters, each his severall way

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds, And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed;

Then

Then this tor whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Ben. Marg. Urs. Old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the errour that you heard debated.

But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;

Although against her will as it appears,

In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd.

To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and young Gentlemen all,

Withdraw into a Chamber by your selves,

And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd:

The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your Brothers daughter,

And give her to young *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Frier, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Ben. To bind me, or undoe me, one of them:

Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,

Your Neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Ben. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,

From *Claudio* and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Ben. Your answer sir is Enigmatical,

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,

I'th state of honourable marriage,

In which good I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my help.

Enter Prince and Claudio with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*,

We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Clau. He hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedick*, why what's the matter?

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.

Clau. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:

Tush, fear not man, we'll tip thy hornes with gold,

And so all *Europe* shall rejoyce at thee,

As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull *Jove* sir, had an amiable low,

And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

And got a Calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I doe give you her.

Clau. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand,

Before this Frier, and swear to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* died, but I doe live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero's* death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chappell let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Ben. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why, no more then reason.

Ben. Why then your Uncle, and the *Prince*, & *Claudio*,
have been deceived, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love me?

Ben. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cofin *Margaret* and *Ursula*
Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nye dead for me

Ben. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cofin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her,

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in thy cofins hand, stoln from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Ben. A miracle, here's our own hands against our
hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee
for pitty.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
yield upon great perswasion, and partly to save your life,
for as I told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedick* the married man?

Ben. I'll tell thee what *Prince*: a Colledge of witty-
crackers cannot flout me out of my humour, dost thou
think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man
will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing hand-
some about him: in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I
will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say
against it: and therefore never flout at me, for what I have
saide against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-
clusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten
thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-
bruis'd, and love my cofin.

Clau. I had well hoped thou would'st have denied *Bea-
trice* that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life,
to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou
wilt be, if my Cofin doe not looke exceeding narrowly
to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance
ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,
and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. First, of my word, therefore play musick. *Prince*,
thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no
staffe more reverend then one tip'd with horn. *Enter Mess.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight.

And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Ben. Think not on him till to morrow, I'll devise
thee brave punishments for him: strike up Pipers. *Dance.*



Love's Labour's lost.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his Sythes keen edge,
And make us heires of all eternitie.

Therefore brave Conquerors (for so you are)
That warre against your own affections,
And the huge Army of the worlds desires;
Our late Edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,*
Have sworn for three years tearm to live with me,
My fellow Schollers, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule here.

Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworn to doe,
Subsctibe to your deep oathes, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three years fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throws upon the grosse worlds baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much (dear Liege) I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As not to see a woman in that tearm,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food:
And but one meal on every day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day.
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

Ferd. Your oath is past to passe away from these.

Biron. Let me say no my Liege, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three years space.

Long. You swore to that *Biron*, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else we should not know. (sense.)

Bir. Things hid and bard (you mean) from common

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or study where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath.

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If studies gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know,
Swear me to this, and I will ne're say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why? all delights are vain, and that most vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,

As painfully to poar upon a book,

To seek the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light seeking light, doth light beguile:

So ere you find where light in darknesse lies,

Your light growes dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heavens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks:

Small have continual plodders ever wonne,

Save base authority from others Books.

These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,

That give a name to every fixed starre,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that walk, and wor not what they are,

Too much to know, isto know nought but fame:

And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well he's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the Corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The Spring is near, when Green Geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first born Infants of the Spring.

Bir. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Than with a Snow in *May's* new fangled shows:

But like of each thing that in season grows,

So you to study now it is too late,

That were to climbe ore the house t' unlock the gate.

Ferd. Well, sit you out: goe home *Biron*: adue.

Bir. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarisme spoke more,

Then for that Angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the pennance of each three years day.

Give me the Paper, let me read the same,

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

Ferd. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.

Bir. Item, That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four dayes agoe.

Bir. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of loosing her tongue.

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Bir. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty:
A dangerous Law against gentility.

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman with
in the term of three years, he shall endure such
publick shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly
devise.

Bir. This article my Liege your self must break,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your self to speak;
A Maid of Grace and compleat Majesty,
About surrender up of *Aquitaine*
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the adinired Princessse hither.

Ferd. What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot,
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as Towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Ferd. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lie here on meer necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years space:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might mastered, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall break for me,
I am forsworn on meer necessitie.

So to the Laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me:

But I believe although I seem so lorn,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Travellor of *Spain*,

A man in all the world new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue,

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony:

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutinie.

This child of fancie, that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:

From tawny *Spain* lost in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I.

But I protest I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Bir. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, Fashions own Knight,

Long. *Costard* the swain, and he shall be our sport,

And so to studie, three years is but short.

Enter a Constable with *Costard* with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes own person.

Bir. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my self reprehend his own person, for I am his
Graces *Tharborough*: But I would see his own person in
flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Con. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:

There's villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching
me.

Ferd. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us pa-
tience.

Bir. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.

Bir. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to
climb in the merrinesse.

Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Faquesetta*.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and form, following sir all those
three. I was seen with her in the Mannor house, sitting
with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into
the Parke: which put together, is in manner and form
following. Now sir, for the Manner; is the manner
of a man to speak to a Woman; for the Forme in some
forme.

Bir. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God
defend the right.

Ferd. Will you hear this Letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an Oracle.

Clow. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after
the flesh.

Ferd. **G**reat Deputy, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my souls earths God, and bodies fostering Patron:

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight:

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is, besieged with sable coloured melancholly, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physick of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betook myself to walk: the time when? about the sixth hour, when Beasts most graze, Birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground which? which I mean I walk upon, it is ycleped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where, where I mean I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow white Pen the Ebon-coloured Ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where: it standeth North North-East and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I see that low spirited Swain, that base Minnow of thy mirth, (*Clown.* Me?) that unlettered small-knowing soul, (*Clow.* Me?) that shallow vassal (*Clow.* Still me?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (*Clow.* O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict & Continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clown. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a child of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more understanding, a woman: him, I (as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Ant. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessell of thy Laws fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriana de Armado

Bir. This is not so well a I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Ferd. I the best for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clown. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clown. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a years imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clown. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clow. This was no Damosel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clown. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

Ferd. This Maid will not serve your turn sir.

Clown. This Maid will serve my turn sir.

Ferd. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with Branne and Water.

Clown. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Ferd. And Don Armado shall be your Keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd ore, And goe we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. *Exeunt.*

Bir. Ile lay my head to any good mans Hat, These oathes and Lawes will prove an idle scorn. Sirra, come on.

Clown. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true Girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and untill then sit down sorrow.

Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page.

Brag. Boy, What sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great sign sir, that he will look sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the self-same thing, dear Imp.

Boy. No, no, O Lord sir, no,

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy, my tender Juvenal?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Brag. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Boy. Why tender Juvenal? Why tender Juvenal?

Brag. I spoke it tender Juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How mean you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Brag. Thou pretty, because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quick.

Boy. Speak you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quick.

Brag. I doe say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Brag. I have promis'd to study 3 years with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an hour sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Brag. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ase amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three. *Bra.* True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, and how easie it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confesse I am in love and as it is base for a Souldier to love: so am I in love with a base Wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd courtesie. I think scorn to sigh, ne thinks I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have been in love?

Boy. *Hercules*, Master.

Brag. Most sweet *Hercules*: more authority dear Boy, name more; and sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson*, Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Town Gates on his back like a Porter; and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong-joynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying Gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampson*'s Love my dear *Moth*?

Boy. A woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the Sea-water Green sir.

Brag. Is that one of the four complexions?

Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Green indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, me thinks *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a green wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My Fathers wit, and my Mothers tongue assist me.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be known:
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possesse the same,
Which native she doth owe:

A dangerous rime Master against the reason of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet, some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ o're, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe love that Countrey Girl that I took in the Parke with the rationall Hind *Costard*: she deserves well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better Love then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit growes heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light Wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clown, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but he must fast three dayes a week: for this Damsell, I must keep her at the Park, she is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I doe betray my self with blushing: Maid.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maid. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With that face?

Brag. I love thee.

Maid. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maid. Fair weather after you.

Come *Jacquetta*, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clow. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clow. I am more bound to you then your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Con. Take away this Villain, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let me not be pent up sir, I will be fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Devil. There is no evil Angell but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* But-shaft is too hard for *Hercules* Club, and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turn Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in Folio.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider whom the King your Father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Enbassie.
Your self, held precious in the worlds esteem,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*: the plea of no lesse weight
Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigall of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making Graces dear,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of Chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painfull study shall out-wear three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moving fair Soliciter:
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious businesse, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his Grace.
Hast, signifie so much, while we attend,
Like humble visag'd Sutors his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
fellows with this virtuous Duke?

Lor. *Longavile* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Lad. I knew him Madam at a Marriage Feast,
Between *L. Perigort*, and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandy* saw I this *Longavile*,
A man of soveraign parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soul of his fair virtues glosse,
(If virtues glosse will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will:
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, is't so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short liv'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Lad. 2. The young *Dumain*, a well accomplish'd youth,

Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue loved.
Most power to doe most harm, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alanzoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.

Birone they call him but, a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never spent an hours talk withall.
His eye begets occasion for wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his fair tongue (conceits Expofitor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged cares play Trewant at his Tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his Competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meet you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavile, Dumain, and Birone.

Here comes *Navarre*.

Nav. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of *Navar*.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I
have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine.

Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Na. Hear me dear Lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forsworn.

Nav. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it will, and nothing else.

Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out House-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath my Lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold,

To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

Nav. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,

For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Bir.

Bir. I know you did,

Rosa. How needles was it then to ask the question ?

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Bir. What time a day ?

Rosa. The houre that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask.

Rosa. Fair falls the face it covers.

Bir. And send you many lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay then will I be gone.

Fer. Madam, your father here doth intimate.

The paiment of a hundred thousand Crowns,
Being but th'one half of an intire sum,
Disburfed by my father in his wars,
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more : in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty :
But that it seems he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid,
An hundred thousand Crowns, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crowns,
To have his tittle live in *Aquitain*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitain*, so guelded as it is.
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
From reasons yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confesse receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

Fer. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word :
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from speciall Officers,
of *Charls* his Father.

Fer. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

Fer. It shall suffice me ; at which interview,
All liberall reason would I yield unto :
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As Honor, without breach of Honor may
Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
You may not come fair Princess in my gates,
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house :
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace.

Fer. Thy own wish, wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soul sick ?

Boy. Sick at the heart.

La. Ro. Alack let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good ?

La. Ro. My Phisick sayes I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife.

Boy. Now God save thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word : what Lady is that same ?

Boy. The heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well. *Exit.*

Enter Longaville.

Long. I beseech you a word : what is she in the white ?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light : I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her self,

To desire that were a shame.

Lon. Pray you sir, whole daughter ?

Boy. Her mothers, I have heard.

Lon. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended.

She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended :

She is a most sweet Lady.

Exit Long.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Birone.

Bir. What's her name in the Cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome sir, adieu.

Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Birone*, the merry mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

Lad. Ma. Two hot Sheeps Mary ;

And wherefore not Ships ? *(llps.)*

Boy. No sheep (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on your

La. You sheep and I pasture : shall that finish the jest ?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.

My Lips are no Common though severall they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom ?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.

This civil war of wits were much better used
On *Navarre* and his book-men, for here 't is abused.

Boy. If my observation (which very seldome lyes
By the hearts still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boy. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boy. Why all his his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed :
 His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be,
 All senses to that sence did make their repair,
 To feel onely looking on fairest of fair :
 Me thought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy: (glast,
 Who tending their own worth from whence they were
 Did point out to buy them along as you past.
 His faces own margent did coat such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
 I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
 And you give him for my sake, but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyer* is disposed.
Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
 I onely have made a moun of his eye, (disclos'd,
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lye.
Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest
 skillfully.
Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learns news
 of him.
Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
 ther is but grim.
Boy. Doe you hear my mad wenches?
Lad. 1. No.
Boy. What then, doe you see?
Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Braggart, and Boy.
 Song.

Brag. Warble childe, make passionate my sence of
 hearing.

Boy. Concolinell.-----

Brag. Sweet Ayer, goe tenderesse of years: take
 this Key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him fe-
 stinately hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my
 Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Brag. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to jigge off a tune
 at the tongues end, canary to it with the feet, humour
 it with turning up your eye: sigh a note and sing a note,
 sometime through the throat: if you swallowed love
 with singing, love sometime through the nose, as if you
 snuft up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-
 like o're the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on
 your thinbelly doublet (like a Rabbet on a spit) or your
 hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
 and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
 these are complements, these are humours, these betray
 nice wenches that would be betraid without these, and
 make them men of note: do you note men that most are
 affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my pen of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobby-horse is forgot.

Brag. Call'st thou my love Hobby-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobby-horse is but a Colt, and
 your Love perhaps, a Hackny:

But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
 prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without,
 upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your
 heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because
 your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love
 her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
 at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swain, he must carry me a
 letter.

Boy. A message well simpathiz'd, a Horse to be embas-
 sadour for an Ass.

Brag. Ha, ha, What sayest thou?

Boy. Marry sir, you must send the Ass upon the Horse,
 for he is very slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning pretty ingenious, is not Lead a
 mettall heavy, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gun?

Brag. Sweet smoak of Rhetorick,
 He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
 I shoote thee at the Swain.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Exit.

Brag. A most acute Juvenal, voluble and free of grace,
 By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
 Most rude melancholly, Valour gives the place.
 My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page, and Clown.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in
 shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle, no *Lenvoy* be-
 gin.

Clow. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no salve, in
 the male sir. O sir, Plantan, a plain Plantan: no *Lenvoy*,
 no *Lenvoy*, or Salvesir, but Plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy silly
 thought, my spleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me
 to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me my starres, doth the
 inconsiderate take *salve* for *Lenvoy*, and the world *Lenvoy*
 for a *salve*?

Pag. Doe the wise think them other, is not *Lenvoy*
 a *salve*. (plain,

Arm. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
 Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been fain.
 Now will I begin your morral, and do you follow with
 my *Lenvoy*.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose: would you de-
 sire more?

Clow. The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's
 flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast as loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Arma. Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for a *Lenvoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a *Plantan*:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arma. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken
in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you senciably,

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speak that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshould, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty.
Enfreedoming thy person; thou wert Immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, and
in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear
this significant to the countrey Maid *Jaquenetta*: there
is remuneration, for the best ward of nine honors, is re-
warding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.---- *Exit.*

Pag. Like the sequell I.

Signior *Costard* adieu.

Clow. My sweet ounce of mans flesh, my in-cony Jew:
Now will I look to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-
things: There farthings remuneration, What's the price
of this yncle? i. de. no, I'll give you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it's remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crown. I will never buy and sell out of this
word.

Enter Birone.

Bir. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may
a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry sir, half penny farthing.

Bir. O, Why then three farthings worth of Silk.

Cost. I thank your worship, God be wy you.

Bir. O stay slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Clow. When would you have it done sir?

Bir. O this after-noon.

Clow. Well, I will do it sir: Fare you well.

Bir. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why villain, thou must know it first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this after-noon,

Hark slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the Park,

And in her train there is a gentle Lady:

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, ask for her:

And to her white hand see thou doe commend

This seal'd up counsell. There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Guerdon, O sweet Guerdon, better then remun-
eration, a leavenpence-farthing better: most sweet guer-
don. I will do it fir in print: guerdon. remuneration.

Exit.

Bir. O! and I forsooth in love,

I that have been loves whip?

A very beadle to a humerous sigh: A Critick,

Nay a night-watch Constable.

A dominiering pedant o're the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblind waiward Boy,

This signior *Junio*s gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed soveraign of sighes and groans:

Liedge of all loyterers, and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Plackers, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperator and great generall

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And wear his colours like a Tumblers hoope?

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife,

A woman, that is like a Germane Clock,

Still a repairing: ever out of frame,

And never going a right, being but a Watch:

But being watch'd, that it may still go right.

Nay to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:

And among three, to love the worst of all,

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow.

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes.

I, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guard.

And I to sigh for her: to watch for her!

To pray for her, go to: it is a plague

That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect.

Of his almighty dreadfull little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan,

Some men must love my Lady, and some *Joan*.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princess, a Forrester, her Ladies,
and her Lords.*

Prin. Was that the King that spur'd his horse so hard,
Against the steep unrising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Who e're a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice.
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, then again say no.
O short liv'd pride. Not fair? alack for woe.

For Yes

For. Yes Madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glass) take this for telling true :
Fair payment for foul words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foul, shall have the praise.
But come, the Bow : Now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill :
Thus will I save my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pitty 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 grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, to praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor Dears blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Doe not curst wives hold that self-soveraignty
Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o're their Lords ?

Prin. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Clown.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have
no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, and the tallest : it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will sir ? What's your will ?

Clo. I have a Letter from Monsieur Birone,
To one Lady Rosaline,

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter : He's a good friend of
Stand aside good bearer. (mine.)

Boyet, you can carve,
Break up this Capon.

Boy. I am bound to serve.

This Letter is mistook : it importeth none here :
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the Wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible : true
that thou art beateous : truth it self that thou art
lovely : more fairer then fair, beautifull then beautious,
truer then truth it self : have comiseration on thy heroi-
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King
Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
ger *Zenelophon* : and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici : Which to Anatomize in the vulgar, O
base and obscure vulgar ; *videlicet*, He came, Saw, and o-
vercame : he came one ; see two ; overcame three.
Who came ? the King. Why did he come ? to see. Why

did he see ? to overcome. To whom came he ? to the
Begger. What saw he ? the Begger. Who overcame
he ? the Begger. The conclusion is victory : On whose
side ? the Kings : the captive is enrich'd : On whose side ?
the Beggars. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall : On whose
side ? the Kings : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command
thy love ? I may. Shall I enforce thy love ? I could.
Shall I intreat thy love ? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
change for rags ? roabs : for tittles ? titles : for thy selfe ?
me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
every part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean Lion roar,
Gainst thee thou Lamb, that standest as his prey :
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then ?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feather is he that indited this
Letter ? What vain ? What Weathercock ? Did you ever
hear better ?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o're it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court ;
A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter ?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it ?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord, to which Lady ?

Clo. From my Lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter ? who is the shooter ?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beauty.

Rosa. Why she that bears the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns taht year miscarry.

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Dear ?

Rosa. If we choose by horns, your self come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mari. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boy. But she her self is hit lower :
Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy,
as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a woman when Queen *Guinever* of *Brittain* was a little
weech, as touching the hit it.

Rosa.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot :
And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both
did hit.

Boy. A mark, O mark but that mark : a mark sayes
my Lady.

Let the mark have a prick in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, ifaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hee'l ne're hit the
clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is
in.

Clo. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the
Pin

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow
foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir, challenge her
to boule.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing : good night my good
Owle.

Clo. By my soul a Swain, a most simple Clown.

Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I have put him down.

O my troth most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armado ath to side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.

To see him kifs his hand, and how most sweetly a will
fwear :

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heavens, it is a most pathetical nite.

Sowla, Sowla.

Exeunt.

Showt within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Dear was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the ear of *Cælo* the sky : the welken the heaven, and a-
non falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the
land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly Master *Holofernes*, the epythites are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least : but sir I assure
ye, it was a Buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation : yet a kind of an-
suation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere* : as
it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were
his inclination after his undressed, unpollished, unedu-
cated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathe-
rest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo*
for a Deer.

Dul. I said the Deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* ; O thou mon-
ster ignorance, how deformed doest thou look ?

Nath. Sir he hath never fed on the dainties that are
bred in a book.

He hath not eat paper as it were :

He hath not drunk ink.

His intellect is not replenished, he is onely an animal,
onely sensible in the duller parts : and such barren plants
are set before us, that we thankfull should be : which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that do fructifie in us
more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain; indiscreet, or
a foole ;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men : Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not
five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. *Distissima* goodman *Dull*, *Distissima* goodman
Dull.

Dull. What is *distinna* ?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The Moon was a month old when *Adam* was no
more. (score.

And wrought not to five-weeks when he came to five-
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Ent. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Ex-
change.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the pollution holds in the Exchange :
for the Moon is never but a month old : and I say be-
side that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princess kild.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporall
Epitaph on the death of the Dear, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the Dear, the Princess kill'd a Pric-
ket.

Nath. *Perge* good Master *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall
please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something effect the letter, for it argues
facility.

*The praisfull Princeß pearst and prickt
a pretty pleasing Pricket,*

*Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.*

*The Dogs did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket :*

*Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.*

*If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fifty sores O sorell :*

*Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple : simple, a fool-
ish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These
are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourisht 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 Sonns 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 bersule*, If their Sonns be ingenuous, they
shall

shall want no instruction : If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a foul Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clown.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow Master Parson.

Nath. Master Parson, *quasi persone*? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry Master Schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Nath. Of persing a Hog'shead, a good cluster of conceit in a turp of Earth, fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine : 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as read me this Letter, it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho* : I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Fausse precor gelida, quando, pecus omne sub umbra, ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*, *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piacech*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut resolla misa*. Under pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* saies in his, What! my soul verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me hear a stasse, a stanza, a verse, *Lege domine*.

If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee I'll faithfull prove.

Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Study his byas leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice,

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Joves* lightning bears, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,

That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Pedro. You find not the apostrophes, and so misse the accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poësie caret : *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary is nothing : So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider : But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Jaqu. I sir, from one Mounseieur *Birone*, one of the strange Queens Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauntious Lady, Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the party written to the person written unto.

Your Ladiships in all desired employment, *Birone*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berown* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queens : which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweet, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much : stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duty, adieu.

Maia. Good *Costard* goe with me ;

Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girl.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously : and as a certain father saith-----

Ped. Sir, tell not me of the father, I doe fear coulourable colours. But to return to the Verses, did they please you Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Peda. I doe dine to day at the fathers of a certain Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Child and Pupill, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beseech your Society.

Nath. And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe invite you too, you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Birone with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Biro. The King he is hunting the Dear, I am coursing my self.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pitch, pitch thar defiles ; defile, a foul word : Well, set thee down sorrow ; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I thee fool : Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep : Well proved again a my side. I will not love, if I doe, hang me : ifaith I will not. O but her eye : by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her to her eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye and lye in my throat. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallicholly : and here is part of my Rime, and here my mallicholly. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clown bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it : sweet Clown, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groan.

He stands aside.

The King entreteth.

King. Ay me.

Bir. Shot by heaven : proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast chumprt him with thy Birdoolt under the left pap : in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kiss the golden Sun gives not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose, As thy eye beams when their fresh Rayes have smot The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows, Nor shines the silver Moon one halfe sobright, Through the transparent bosome of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light : Thou shin'st in every tear that I doe weep, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee, So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Doe but behold the tears that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will shew :

But

But doe not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excell,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. The King steps aside.

What! Longavile? and reading: listen ear.

Bir. Now in thy likenesse one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn.

Bir. Why he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.

Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? (know,

Bir. I could put thee in comfort: not by two, that I
Thou makest the triumphry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Loves Tiburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my love,
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O! Rimes are guards on wanton Cupids hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same shall go. *He reads the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?*

Bir. This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity.
A green Goose, a Goddesse, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this! (Company?) Stay.

Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demy God, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools secrets heedfully o're eye.
More Sacks to th' Mill! O heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd; four Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine Kate.

Bir. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bir. By earth she is not: corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber hairs for fowl hath Amber coted.

Bir. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Bir. Stoop I say, her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. I as some dayes, but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too, good Lord.

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feaver she
Raigns in my bloud, and will remembered be.

Bir. A Feaver in your bloud! why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more I'll read the Ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

*On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spi'd a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Velvet, leaveth the wind,
All unseen, can passage find.
That the Lover sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heavens breath.
Aire (quoth he) thy cheeks to blow,
Aire, would I might triumph so.
But alack my hand is sworn,
Ne're to pluck thee from thy throne:
Vow alack for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Doe not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee.
Thou for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortall for thy Love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting pain,
O would the King, Birone, and Longavile,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my fore-head wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. Dumaine, thy Love is far from charity,
That in Loves grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush I know,
To be o're-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not love Maria, Longavile,
Did never Sonnet for her fake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes achwart
His loving bosome, to keep down his heart.
I had been closely shrowded in this bush.

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ay me, sayes one! O Jove, the other cries!
Her hairs were Gold, Cristall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth,
And Jove for your Love would infringe an oath.
What will Birone say when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear.
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that are most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your tears,
There is no certain Princessse that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrells like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much o're shot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beam doe find in each of three.
 O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen:
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jygge?
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the Boyes,
 And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy grief? O tell me good *Dumain*.
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy pain?
 And where my Lieges? all about the breast.
 A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest,
 Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest. I that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in:
 I am betray'd by keeping company
 With men, likemen of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minutes time,
 In pruning me? when shall you hear that I will praise a
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a
 breast, a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so.

Bir. I post from Love. good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Clown.

Jaque. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certain treason.

Kin. What makes treason here?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
 The treason and you go in peace together.

Jaque. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
 Our person misdoubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. *Birone*, read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
 Where hadst thou it.

Jaque. Of *Costard*.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what mean you? why dost thou tear
 it?

Bir. A toy my Liege, a toy: your grace needs not
 fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.

Dum. It is *Birones* writing, and here is his name.

Bir. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to
 doe me shame.

Bir. Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lackt me fool, to make up
 the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in Love, and we deserve to dye.
 O dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true, we are four: will these Turtles be
 gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Exit.

Clo. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traytors stay.

Bir. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us embrace:
 As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
 Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot crosse the cause why we were born:
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What did these rent lines shew some love of
 thine?

(Rosaline,

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
 That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
 Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her Majesty?

Kin. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My Love (her Mistress) is a gracious Moon,
 She (an attending Starre) scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Birone*.
 O, but for my Love, day would turn to night,
 Of all complexions the cul'd sovereignty,
 Doe meet as at a Fair in her fair cheek,
 Where severall Worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants, that want it self doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
 Fie painted Rhetorick, O she needs it not,
 To things of tale, a sellers praise belongs:

She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.
 A withered Hermit, five score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new born,
 And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancy.

O tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.

Kin. By heaven, thy Love is black as Ebony.

Bir. Is Ebony like her? O word divine?

A Wife of such Wood were felicity.

O who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

Kin. O paradoxe, black as the badge of hell,
 The hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night:

And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my Ladies browes be deckt,

It mourns, that painting an usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the dayes,

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,

Paints it self black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimney-sweepers black.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Aethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your Mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their Colours should be washt away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washt to day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so dear.

Lon. Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face see.

Bir. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Bir. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

Kin. Then leave this chat, and good *Birone* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torn.

Dum. I marry there, some flattery for this evill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devill.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O 'tis more then need.

Have at you then affections, men at armes,
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies,
And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworn his Book.
Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, 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 Books, the Academs,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, universall plodding, poysons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long action tires
The sinnowy vigour of the traveller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:
And study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a Vow to study, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our Books:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In Leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbeis as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keep the brain:
And therefore finding barren practizers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Lovers ear will hear the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt,
Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty *Bacchus*, gross in taste,
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.
Subtill as a *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his hair.

And when Love speaks, the voyce of all the gods,
Make heaven drowlie with the harmony.

Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his Ink were tempred with Loves sighs:

O then his lines would ravish savage ears;
And plant in Tyrants milde humility,

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,

That shew, contain, and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in ought proves excellent:

Then fools you were these women to forswear:

Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdoms sake, (a word that all men love)

Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men:

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:

Or Womens sake, by whom we men are men,

Let us once loose our oaths, to find our selves,

Or else we loose our selves, to keep our oaths:

It is religion to be thus forsworn,

For Charity it self fulfills the Law;

And who can sever love from Charity?

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them Lords:
Pell, mell, down with them: but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sun of them.

Lon. Now to plain dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girls of France?

Kin. And win them too; therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them at their Tents.

Bir. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his fair Mistress: in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them:

Such as the shortness of the time can shape,

For Revels, Dances, Masks, and merry hours,

Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corn,

And Justice alwayes whirls in equall measure:

Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,

If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull.

Ped. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Cur. I praise god for you sir, your reasons at dinner
have been sharp and sententious: pleasant without scur-
rillity, witty without affectation, audacious without im-
pudency, learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a compa-
nion of the Kings, who is intitled, nominated or called,
Don Adriano de Armato.

Ped. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptory; his tongue filed, his eye am-
bitious; his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour
vain, ridiculous, and thraconicall. He is too picked,
too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-
grinate, as I may call it.

M 2

Curat.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithet,

Draw's out his Table book.

Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasies, such insociable and point devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubt fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Cause, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abominable: it insinuateth me of infamy: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scarch, 'twill serve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. Vides-ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudeo.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quare Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most military sir, salutation.

Boy. They have been at a great feast of Languages, and stole the scraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy Master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flap-dragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horn-book: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Peda. Ba, pueritia with a horn added.

Page. Ba most silly Sheep, with a horn: you hear his learning.

Ped. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels, if You repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Ped. I will repeat them: a e I.

Page. The Sheep, the other two concludes it ou.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteraneum, a sweet tutch, a quick venew of wit, snip snap, quick and home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Ped. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Ped. Thou disputes't like an Infant: goe, whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clown. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger-bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O, and the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make me? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Ped. Oh, I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *unguem*.

Brag. Artf-man preambulat, we will be singled from the barbarous. Doe you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountain?

Ped. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountain.

Ped. I doe *sans question*.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Pavillion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, choice, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar; I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee, remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate and most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seen the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but, sweet heart, I doe implore secrecy, that the King would have me present the Princeesse (sweet chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodain breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Ped. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Ped. *Josua*, your self: my self, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain (because of his great limme or joint) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the *Page Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpose.

Page. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Ped. I will play three my self.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Ped. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or will play on

on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Princeß, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in,
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: look you, what I
have from the King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this: yes, as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on *Cypids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand yeais a boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne're be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholly, sad and heavy,
And so she died: had she been light like you,
Of such a merry nimble stirring spirit,
She might have been a Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your dark meaning mouse of this light
word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Rosa. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kat. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th dark.

Kut. So doe not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Prin. Well banded both, a set of wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you have a favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Birone*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand faires.

O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as Ink: a good conclusion.

Kat. Fair as a text B. in a Copy book.

Ros. Ware pensils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Prin. A pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrows:
But *Katharine*, what was sent to you
From fair *Dumain*?

Kath. Madam, this Glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes Madam: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longaville*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart
The Chain were longer, and the Letter short?

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our Lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Birone* I'll torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th' week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootless rimes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with jests.
So pertaunt like would I o'refway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the help of School,
And wits own grace to grace a learned Fool?

Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravities revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O, I am stab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madam, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd.
Muste your Wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flye hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That chargeth their breath against us? Say scout, say.

Boy. Under the coole shade of a Syccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When loe to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold adrest
The King and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:

That by and by disguis'd they will be here.

Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,

That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,

Action and accent did they teach him there

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear.

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Pefence majestically would put him out:

For, quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not evill:

I should have feard her, had she been a devill.

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before.

Another with his finger, and his thumb,

Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.

The third he caperd and cryed, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,

To check their folly passions, solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They doe, they doe; and are apparel'd thus,

Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, and I gues,

Their purpose is to parlee, court, and dance,

And every one his Love-feat will advance
Unto his several Mistresse: Which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
Woove contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then, wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is onely my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosome shall
To Loves mistook, and so be mockt withall:
Upon the next occasion that me meet
With Visages displayed to talke and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne're come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport overthrow:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

*Enter Blackmoors with musick, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Pag. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Bir. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever
turn'd their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turn their back to him.

Bir. Their eyes villain, their eyes.

Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out.

Bir. True, out indeed.

Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirit, vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Bir. Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Bir. They will not answer to that Epithite,
You were best call it Daughter-beamed eyes.

Pag. They doe not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectnesse? be gone you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers?

Know their minds *Boyet*.

If they do speak out language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

Boy. What would you with the Princes?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She sayes you have it, and you may be gone.

Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Bir. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears her self.

Ros. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a Moon and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds doe.
Vouchsafe bright Moon on these thy starres to shine,
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne,

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Moonshine in the water,

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:
Thou bidst me beg, this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play musick then: nay you must doe it soon,
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moon.

Kin. Will you not dance: How come you thus e-
stranged?

Ros. You took the Moon at full, but now she's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the Man.

Ros. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it:
Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Ros. Onely to part friends.

Curtie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prise your selves then: what buyes your company?

Ros. Your absence onely.

Kin. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu,
Twice to your Visor, and half once to you.

Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Bir. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and Milk, and Sugar: there is three.

Bir. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmfey; well run dice:
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cog.
Ile play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin.

Prin. Gall, bitter.
Bir. Therefore meet.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Lady:
Mar. Say you so? Fair Lord;
 Take you that for your fair Lady.
Dum. Please it you,
 As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
 And would afford my speechlesse vizard half.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calf?
Long. A Calf fair Lady?
Mar. No, a fair Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your half:
 Take all and wean it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Look how you But to your self in these sharp
 mocks,
 Will you give horns chaff Lady? Doe not so.
Mar. Then die a Calf before your hornes doe grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher hears you cry.
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 As is the Razors edge, invisible:
 Cutting a smaller hair then may be seen,
 Above the sense of fence so sensible:
 Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
 Fleeter then arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more my inaids, break off, break
 off.
Bir. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure scoffe.
Kin. Fare-well madde Wenches, you have simple
 wits. *Exeunt.*
Prin. Twenty adieus my frozen Muscovites.
 Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath's puff
 out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, Kingly poor flout.
 Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?
 Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:
 This pert *Birone* was out of count'nance quite.
Ros. O! They were all in lamentable cases.
 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Birone* did swear himself out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
 No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.
Kat. Lord *Longaville* said I came ore his heart:
 And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Quallm perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Prin. Goe sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps,
 But will you hear; the King is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick *Birone* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longaville* was for my service born.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as bark on tree.
Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses give eare,
 Immediately they will again be here
 In their own shapes: for it can never be,
 They will disgest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?
Boy. They will, they will, God knows,
 And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
 Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
 Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be under-
 stood.
Boy. Fair Ladies masks, are Roses in their bud:
 Dismask, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt perplexity: What shall we do,
 If they return in their own shapes to wooe?
Ros. Good Madam, if by me you ll be advis'd,
 Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd:
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse gear:
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow shewes, and prologue vildely pen'd,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our Tent to us.
Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Rots runs ore the Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Fair sir, God save you. Where's the Princeesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
 Please it your Majesty command me any service to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Bir. This fellow picks up wit as Pigeons pease,
 And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please.
 He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares
 At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires:
 And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve:
 Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
 He can carve too, and lisse: Why this is he,
 That kiss away his hand in courtesie.
 This is the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice
 In honourable tearmes: Nay he can sing
 A mean most meanly, and in Ushering
 Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet:
 The staires as he treads on them kisse his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as Whale his bone.
 And consciences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the duty of hony-tongued *Boyes*.
Kin. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
 That put *Armadoes* Page out of his part.

Enter Ladies.

Bir. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou,
 Till this mad-man shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
Kin. All haile sweet madam, and fair time of day.
Prin. Fair in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.
Kin. Construe my speeches better if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave;
Kin. We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The

The vertue of your eye must break my oath.

Pr. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:

For vertues office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfullied Lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not to be your houses guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oathes, vow'd with integrity.

Kin. O you have liv'd In desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so my Lord, it is not so I swear,

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A messe of Russians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Prin. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam speak true. It is not so my Lord:

My Lady (to the manner of the dayes)

In curtesie gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

In Russian habit: Here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace: and in that hour (my Lord)

They did not blesse us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would faine have drink,

Bir. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish, when we greet

With eyes best seeing, heavens fiery eye,

By light we lose light: your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich: for in my eye---

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine.

Bir. I cannot give you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous ease,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are descried,

They'll mock us now down right.

Duk. Let us confesse and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnesse

ladde?

Ros. Help hold his brows, he'll swoond: why look you

pale?

Sea-sick I think, comming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the starres down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Here stand I, Lady, dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen 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-boys tongue,

Nor never come in vizards to my friend,

Nor wooe in rime like a blind-harpers song,

Taffata phrases, filken tearms precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation,

I doe forswear them, and I here protest,

By this, white Glove (how white the hand. God knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kerfies noes.

And to begin Wench, so God help me law,

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans, Sans, I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

Ile leave it by degrees: both, let us see,

Write *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts 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 both I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undoe us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Bir. Peace, for I will not have to doe with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.

Bir. Speak for your selves, my wit is at an end.

Kin. Teach us sweet Madam, for our rude transgression, some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?

Kin. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

Kin. Upon mine honour no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

Kin. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline*,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World: adding there moreover,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

Kin. What mean you Madam?

By my life, my troth.

I never swore this Lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: But take it fir again.

Kin. My faith and this, to th' Princess I did give,

I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she wear,

And Lord *Birone* (I thank him) is my dear.

What? Will you have me, or your Pearle again?

Bir. Neither of either, I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't: Here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,

Told

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the sign of the.
Now to our perjury, to adde more terror,
We are again forsworn in will and error.
Much upon this it is : and might not you
Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Doe not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier ?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand between her back fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our Page out : goe, you are allow'd
Die when you will, a smock shall be your throw'd.
You leer upon me, do you ? There's an eye
Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this car-
reere beene runne.

Bir. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Clown.

Welcome pure wit, thou prat'st a fair fray.

Clo. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three ?

Clo. No fir, but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so fir, under correction fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us fir, I can assure you fir, we know what
we know : I hope three times thrice fir.

Bir. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction fir, we know where-untill it
doth amount.

Bir. By *Jove*, I alwayes took three threes for nine.

Clo. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your li-
ving by reckoning fir.

Bir. How much is it ?

Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir
will shew where-untill it doth amount : for mine own
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor
man) *Pompon* the great fir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

Clo. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompey* the
great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of the
Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Bir. Goe, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Clo. We will turn it finely off fir, we will take some
care.

King. Birone, they will shame us :
Let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-prooffe my Lord : and 'tis some
policy, to have one shew worse then the King and his
company.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay my good Lord, let me ore rule you now ;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies, in the Zeal of that which it presents :
Their form confounded, makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Bir. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my fair sweet honey Monarch :
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastickall :
Too too vain, too too vain. But we will put it (as they
say) to *Fortunna delaguar*. I wish you the peace of mind
most royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies ;
He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swain *Pompey* the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Indas Machabens* : And if these four Wor-
thies in their first shew thrive, these four will change
habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Bir. The Pedant, the *Braggart*, the Hedge-Priest, the
Fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again,
Cannot prich out five such, take each one in's vain.

Kin. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I *Pompey* am.

Boy. You lye, you are not he.

Clo. I *Pompey* am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Bir. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.

I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* surnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great fir : *Pompey* surnam'd the great.
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lass of
France.

If your Ladiship would say thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks great *Pompey*.

Clo. 'Tis not so much worth : but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little fault in great.

Bir. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the best
Worthy.

Enter Curate, for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the worlds
Commander.

By East, West, North, and South, I spread my conquer-
ing might :

My *Schutchior* plain declares that I am *Alisander*.

Boy. Your nose saies no, you are not :

For it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling
Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid :

Proceed good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worlds
Commander

Boy. Most true, 'tis right : you were so *Alisander*.

Bir. *Pompey* the great.

Clo. Your servant and *Costard*.

Bir. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Clo. O fir, you have overthrow *Alisander* the con-
queror : you will be serap'd out of the painted cloth for
this.

this : your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Run away for shame *Alifander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alifander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speak their minde in some other sort.

Clo. Stand aside good Pompey.

Exit Clo.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*, And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus* : *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority,

Ergo, I come with this Apology.

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy.

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.

Judas I am yclipped *Machabens*,

Dum. *Judas Machabens* clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?

Ped. *Judas* I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.

Ped. What mean you sir?

Boy. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this.

Boy. A Cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coyn, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flask.

Bir. Saint Georges half Cheek in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Bir. I, and worn 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.

Bir. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have outfac'd them all.

Bir. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is an As, let him goe:

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the *Ass* to the *Iude*: give it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas poor *Machabens*, how hath he been baited.

Enter Braggart.

Bir. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boy. But this is *Hector*?

Kin. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd,

Lon. His leg is too big for *Hector*,

Dum. More Calf certain.

Boy. No; he is hest indued with the small.

Bir. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent *Mars*, of Launces the almighty, gave *Hector* a gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Bir. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. The Armipotent *Mars*, of Launces the almighty, Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Illion*;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight: yea From morn till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longaville* rein thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the rein: for it runs against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my device;

Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sence of hearing.

Birone steps forth.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loves here by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This *Hector* far surmounted *Hanniball*.

The party is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quick by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.

Bir. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bir. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees, more Atees stir them, or stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bir. I, if I have no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I doe challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; I'll slash, I'll do it by the sword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. I'll doe it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Pag. Master, let me take you a button hole lower Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what mean

mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combate in my shirt.

Du. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

Bra. The naked truth of it is, I have no Shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was enjoined him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, I'll be sworn he wore none; but a Dishelout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorry Madam, for the newes I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your Father.

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Bir. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Bra. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madam not so, I doe beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords For all your fair endeavours and entreats: Out of a new sad-soul, that you vouchsafe, In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide, The liberall opposition of our spirits, If over-boldly we have born our selves, In the converse of breath (your gentlenessse Was guilty of it.) Farewell worthy Lord: An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue. Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks, For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreame parts of time, extreame forms All causes to the purpose of his speed: And often at his very loose decides That, which long processe of time could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesie of Love: The holy suit which faine it would convince, Yet since Love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purposed: since to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome profitable, As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Bir. Honest plain words, best pierce the eares of grief And by these badges understand the King, For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oathes: your beauty Ladies Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents. And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous: As Love is full of unbefitting strains, All wanton as a child, skipping and vain. Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye. Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl, To every varied object in his glance: Which parry-coated, presence of loose Love Put on by us, if in your heavenly eycs, Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities, Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults, Suggested us to make: therefore Ladies Our love being yours, the error that Love makes Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false, By being once false, for ever to be true To these that make us both, fair Ladies you, And even that falshood in it self a sin, Thus purifies it self, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love: Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love.

And in our maiden council rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie, As bumbast, and as lining to the time: But more devout then these are our respects Have we not been, and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our Letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ref. We did not coate them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour, Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time me thinks too short, To make a world-with-out end bargain in; No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much, Full of dear guiltinesse, and therefore this: If for my Love (as there is no such cause) You will doe ought, this shall you doe for me, Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed To some forlorn and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world: There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signs Have brought about their annuall reckoning. If this austere insociable life, Change not your offer made in heat of blood: If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your Love, But that it bear this triall, and last love: Then at the expiration of the year, Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts, And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine, I will be thine: and till that instant shut My wofull self up in a mourning house, Raining the teares of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou doe deny, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the others heart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would deny; To flatter up these powers of mine with rest, The sudden hand of death close up mine eye: Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Ref. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd, You are attaint with fault and perjury: Therefore if you my favour mean to get, A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest; But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, fair health, and honesty; With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelve-month and a day,

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my Lady come :

Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn agen.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelve-moneths end,

I'll change my black Gown, for a faithfull friend.

Son. I'll stay with patience : but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my Lady? Mistressse, look on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye :

What humble suit attends thy answer there,

Impose some service on me for my Love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Birone*,

Before I saw you : and the worlds large tongue

Proclaims you for a man repleat with mocks,

Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts,

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercy of your wit,

To weed this Wormwood from your fruitfull brain,

And therewithall to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won ;

You shall this twelve-moneth term from day to day,

Visit the speechlesse sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches : and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce this pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosa. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jests prosperity, lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,

Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns ; continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withall.

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyfull of your reformation.

Bir. A twelve-moneth? Well : befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelve-moneth in an Hospitall.

Prin. I, sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play :

Jack hath not Jill : these Ladies courtesie

Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come Sir, it wants a twelve-moneth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Brag. I will kisse thy Royall finger, and take leave.

I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the

Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteem'd greatnesse, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will doe soe.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring : the one maintained by the Owle,

The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,

And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue :

And Lady-Smocks all silver white,

Doe paint the Medowes with delight,

The Cuckow then on every Tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten Straws,

And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks :

When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,

And Maidens bleach their summer Smocks :

The Cuckow then on every Tree

Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear.

Winter.

When Isckles hang by the wall,

And Dick the Shepheard blows his nail ;

And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,

And Milk comes frozen home in pail :

When blood is nipt, and wayes be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to-who.

A merry note,

While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.

When all about the Wind doth blow,

And coughing drownes the Parsons Saw :

And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,

And Marrians Nose looks red and raw :

When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowl,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to-who :

A merry note,

While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.

Brag. The words of *Mercury*,

Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo* :

You that way ; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



A Midsummers nights D R E A M.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Now fair Hippolita, our nuptiall hour
Drawes on apace : four happy dayes bring in
Another Moon : but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moon wanes ? She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans revenue.

Hip. Four dayes will quickly steep themselves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time :
And then the Moon, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philostrate,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turn melancholly forth to Funerals :
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries :
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus* : what's the newes with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosome of my child :
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by Moon-light at her window sung,
With faining voyce, verses of faining love,
And stoln the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, Nofegayes, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace,
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of *Athens*,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia* ? be advis'd fair Maid.
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 form in wax
By him imprinted : and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it :
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is.
But in this kind, 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 eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I doe entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts :
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore fair *Hermia* question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood.
Whether (if you yield not to your Fathers choyce)
You can endure the livery 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 Moon,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N

Her.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwished yolk,
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon,
The sealing day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship.
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your Fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Dianes* Altar to protest
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her Fathers love, *Demetrius* :
Let me have *Hermias* : doe you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander* : true, he hath my Love ;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possesse : my love is more then his :
My fortunes every way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am below'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedars* Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soul : and she (sweet Lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof :
But being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arme your self,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will ;
Or else the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheer my Love ?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along ;

I must employ you in some businesse

Against our nuptials, and conferre with you
Of something, nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my Love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?
How chance the Roses there doe fade so fast ?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by Tale or History,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse ! too high to be enthrall'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight ! too old to be engag'd to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell ! to choose love by anothers eye.

Lys. Or if there were a simpaty in choise,
War, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary, as a sound :

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heaven and earth ;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jawes of darknesse to devoure it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have been ever crost ;
It stands as an Edict in destiny :

Then let us teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customary crosse,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighs,
Wishes and teares, poor Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion ; therefore hear me *Hermia*,
I have a Widow Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great revenue, and she hath no Child :
From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me as her onely Son :
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the sharp Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steal forth thy Fathers house to morrow night :
And in the Wood, a league without the Town,
(Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To doe observance for a morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the voves 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 meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise Love : look here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair *Helena*, whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you fair : O happy fair !
Your eyes are load-starrs, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to Shepherds ear,
When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds appear,
Sicknesse is catching : O were favour so,
Your words I'de catch, fair *Hermia* ere I go,
My ear should catch your voyce, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,
Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love. (skill.)

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move.

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine. (mine.)

Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were

Her. Take comfort : he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my self will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into Hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night when *Phæbe* doth behold.
Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearl, the bladed grasse
(A time that Lovers flights doth still conceal)
Through *Athens* gate, have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld;
There my *Lysander*, and my self shall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and strange companions,
Farewell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keep word *Lysander*, we must starve our sight,
From lovers food, till mortow deep midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you.

Exit Lysander.

Hel. How happy some, o're othersome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermiaes* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath loves mind of any judgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
Because in choise he often is beguil'd,
As waggish boyes themselves in game forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermiaes* eyne,
He hail'd down oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermiaes* flight:
Then to the Wood will he to morrow night,
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snowt the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qu. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutchesse, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the Play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Qu. Marry our Play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nick Bottom* are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true perfonning of it: if I doc it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vein, a tyrants vein: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I have a Beard coming.

Qu. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voyce, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbie* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute* you *Thisbie*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling*, the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbies* Mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father; *Snug* the Joyner, you the Lyons part; and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Qu. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that, I will doe any mans heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare again, let him roare again.

Qu. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers son.

Bottom. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roare and twere any Nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day ; a most lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake 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 tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French-crown colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Town, by Moon-light, there we will rehearse : for if we meet in the City, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a Bill of properties, such as our Play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale, through bush, through briar, Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire, I doe wander every where, swifter then the Moons sphere ; And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her orbs upon the The Cowslips tall, her pensioners be, (green. In their gold coats : spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairy favors, In those freckles, live their favors, I must go seek some dew drops here, And hang a pearl in every cowslip ear. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, I'll be gon, Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Rob. The King doth keep his Revels here to night, Take heed the Queen come not within his sight, For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stoln from an Indian King, She never had so sweet a changeling, And jealous *Oberon* would have the child Knight of this train, to trace the Forrests wild. But she (per-force) with-holds the loved boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy. And now they never meet in grove, or green, By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen, But they doe square, that all their Elves for fear Creep into Acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he, That fright the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern, And bootlesse make the breathlesse hyswife chern, And sometime make the drink to bear no barme,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm, Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*, You doe their work, and they shall have good luck. Are not you he ?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright ; I am that merry wanderer of the night : I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile, When I a fat and Bean-fed Horse beguile, Neighing in likeness like a silly foal, And sometimes lurk I in a Gossips bole, In very likeness of a roasted crab : And when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale, Sometime for three-foot stool, mistaketh me, Then slip I from her bum, down topples she, And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe. And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear, A merrier hour was never wasted there. But room Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my Mistressse : Would that we were gone.

Enter King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moon-light, Proud *Titania*.

Qu. What, jealous *Oberon* ? Fairy skip hence. I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord ?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady : but I know When thou wast stoln away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of *Corin*, fate all day, Playing on pipes of Corn, and versing love To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here Come from the farthest steep of *India* ? But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon* Your buskin'd Mistressse, and your Warriour love, To *Theseus* must be Wedded, and you come, To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame, *Titania*, Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita* ? Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus* ? Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night From *Peregina*, whom he ravished ? And make him with fair Eagles break his faith With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa* ?

Qu. These are the forgeries of jealousy, And never since the middle Summers spring Met we on hill, in dale, Forrest, or mead, By paved fountain, or by rushe brook, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawles thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious fogges : Which falling in the Land, Hath every petty River made so proud, That they have over-born their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the green Corn Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard : The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crows are fatted with the murrion flock,

The nine mens morris is fild up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or caroll blest ;
Therefore the Moon (the governess of fouds)
Pale in her anger, washes all the air ;
That Rheumatick diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see,
The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyems* chin and Icie crown,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
Is as in mockry set. The spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension,
We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* cros her *Oberon* ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a Votress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* air, by night
Full often she hath gossip by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders of the fload,
When we laught to see the sails conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde :
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall of that boy did dye,
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Qu. Perchance till after *Thesens* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moon-light revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away :
We shall chide down right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither ; thou remembrest
Since I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mear-maid on a Dolphins back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their Shpears,
To hear the Sea-maids musick.

Pu. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou could'st not).
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft

Quench in the chaff beams of the warry Moon
And the imperiall Votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little western flower :
Before, milk-white : now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once,
The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will mak a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Pa. I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
Exit.

Ob. Having once this juyce,
I'll watch *Titania*, when she is a sleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing when she waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, bear, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it, with the foul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lisander*, and fair *Hermia* ?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stoln into this wood ;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get the gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? do I speak you fair ?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more ;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniell ; spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; onely give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be used as you do your dog ?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your self
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my priviledge : for that
It is not night when I do see your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apoll flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Town, and Field.
You do me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandall on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove.
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Pu. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank where the wilde time blows,
Where the Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with Eglantine,
There sleeps *Titania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the juyce of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, then she upon her love;
And look thou meet me, ere the first Cock crow.

Pu. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. *Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Qu. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the musk rose buds,
Some war with Reremise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggs be not seen,
Newts and blind wormes do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomele with melodie,*

*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla lulla, lullaby
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm.
Come our lovely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.*

2. Fairy.

*Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near:
Worme nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.*

1. Fairy.

*Hence away, now all is well:
One aloofe, stand Centinell.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear,
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the woods;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*: finde you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-room me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and curtesie
Lie further off in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelor, and a maid,
So far be distant, and good night sweet friend:
Thy love ne're alter till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed, sleep give thee all his rest.

Her. With half that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Puck.

They sleep.

Pu. Through the Forrest have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maid:
And here the maiden sleeping found,

On

On the dank and durty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-curtessie.
Churle upon the eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberen*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Say, though thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will go.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, where'soe'er she lies:
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
If so, my eyes are ofner wash't then hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear.

For beasts that meet me, runne away for fear,

Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,

Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?

But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:

Dead or asleep? I see no bloud, no wound,

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent *Helena*, nature here shews art,

That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart,

Where *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:

What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?

Yet *Hermia* still loves you, then be content,

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:

Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:

And reason sayes you are the worthier Maid.

Things growing are not ripe untill their season:

So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,

And touching now the point of humane skill,

Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,

And leads me to your eyes, where I orelook

Loves stories, written in Loves richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Ist not enough, ist not enough, young man,

That I did never, no nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius* eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth you do)

In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.

But fare you well: perforce I must confesse,

I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia* sleep thou there,

And never maist thou come *Lysander* near:

Exit.

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to a stomach brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated: but the most of me,
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helena*, and to be her Knight.

Exit.

Her. Help me *Lysander*, help me, do thy best.

To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest.

Aye me, for pittie, what a dream was here?

Lysander look, how I do quake with fear:

Me-thought a serpent eat my heart away,

And yet sate smiling at his cruell prey.

Lysander, what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,

What out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?

Alack where are you? speak and if you hear:

Speak of all loves: I swoound almost with fear.

No, then I well perceive you are not nye,

Either death or you Ile find immediately.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Par, par, and here's a marvailous convenient
place for our rehearfall. This green plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorn brake our tyring house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*;

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw
a sword to kill himself: which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe 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 seem to say,
we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Piramus*
is not kill'd indeed: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom*
the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it
shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be asfear'd of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Maisters, you ought to consider with your selves,
to bring in (God shield us) a Lion among Ladies, is a
most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wild
fowle then your Lyon living: and we ought to look
to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face
must be seen through the Lions neck, and he himself
must speak through. saying thus, or to the same defect:
Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request

request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon-shine that night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Alinanack, find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Enter Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon may shine in at the casement.

Qu. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (sayes the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster; or some Lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Pyramus*, and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mothers son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor:
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Qu. Speak *Pyramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious favors sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours favors sweet,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear.

But hark, a voice: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. *Exit Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thisb. Must I speak now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
Ile meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* tomb.

Pet. *Ninus* tomb, man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tire.

Thisb. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire;

Pir. If I were fair, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flie masters, help.

The Clowns all Exeunt.

Puck. Ile follow you, Ile lead you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometimes a hound: (bryer,
A hogge, a headlesse Bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, Bear, fire, at every turn. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Asses head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afear'd. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your own, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an asses of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and will sing that they shall here I am not afraid.
The Woodcock, so black of hew.

With Orenge-tawny bill.

The Throistle, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
never so?

Tita. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing again,

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinks mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together, now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood, do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers doth sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossnesse so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, and four Fairies.

Fair. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tit. Be-

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steal from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs.
And light them at the fiery-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beames from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him Elves, and doe him courtesies.

1. *Fai.* Hail mortall, hail.

2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy heartily, I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peaf. Pease-blossoms.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistresse Squash, your Mother, and to Master Peascod your Father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed; I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moon me thinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when she weeps, weep every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Mistresse with a monster is in love,
Near to her clofe and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping houre,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thissie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimick comes: when they him spie,
As wild-Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffed-pated choughs, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellows flie,
And at our stamp, here o're and o're one falls;
He murther cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Titania wak't, and straight way lov'd an Ass.

Ob. This falls out better then I could devise:
But hast thou yet latched the *Athenians* eyes,
With the love juyce as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I took him sleeping (that is finisht too)
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o're shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too:

The Sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and so displease
Her brothers noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murthered him,
So should a murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your steem cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.

Oh, once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
Could not a worm, an Adder doe so much?

An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung,

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lysanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrows heaviness doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lie down.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true-loves fight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate, o're-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million fall, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, go swifter then the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here,
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear,

Rob. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bow.

Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the skie.
When thou wak'st if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck,

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we rheir fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortalls be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one.
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in
Scorn and derision never comes in teares: (*scorn?*)
Look when I vow I weep, and vowes so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O devillish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermiaes*. Will you give her o're?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give her o're.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Ama.*

Dem. O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what? my love, shall I compare thine eyne,
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fann'd with the Eastern wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princeesse of pure white, this seal of blisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must joyn in souls to mock me too?

If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so?
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals, to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poor maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor souls patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermiaes* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I doe love, and will doe to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If e're I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wife sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine ear (I thank it) brooght me to that sound,
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? (to go?)

Lysan. Why should he stay whom Love doth presse?

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungratefull maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me, with this foul derision?

Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed time,
For parting us; O, and is all forgot?

All school-dayes friendship, child-hoods innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But a union in partition,

Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first life, coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To joyn with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddesse, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love (so rich within his soul)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
This you should pity rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. I, doe, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouthes upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, hear my excuse,
My love, my soul, fair *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, doe not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell no more then she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.
Helena, I love thee, by my life I doe;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that sayes I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can doe.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiops*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou but; vile thing set loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude?

What change is this, sweet Love?

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Doe you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth; and so doe you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you doe me greater harm then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?

Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lysander*?

I am as fair now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the Gods forbid)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker-blossome,
You thief of love; What have you come by night,
And stoln my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine ifaith:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statutes, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speak,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me, I was never curst:

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardize;

Let her not strike me: you perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower then my self,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower? hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, doe not be so bitter with me,

I evermore did love you *Hermia*,

Did ever keep your counsells, never wronged you,

Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,

I told him of your stealth unto this Wood.

He followed you, for love I followed him,

But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,

She was a vixen when she went to schoole,

And though she be but little she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarf,

You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grassie made,

You Bead, you Acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistress, all this coyl is long of you.
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands then mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away.

Exeunt.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so far blamelesse proves my enterprize,
That I have nointed an *Athenian's* eyes,
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seek a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
The starry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as black as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o're their browes, death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creep;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitlesse vision,
And back to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire doe thee imply,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For nights-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-ways and floods have buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear least day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning love have oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Eastern gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with fair blessed beames,
Turns into yellow gold, his salt green streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them
up and down: I am fear'd in field and town. *Goblin*, lead
them up and down: here comes one.

Enter Lysander

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou begging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for Wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Re. Follow my voyce, wee'll try no manhood here. *Exit.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *Shifting places.*
That faine am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lie down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
If ever I thy face by day-light see. *(dear,*
Now go thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By dayes approach look to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest,
And sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrows eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. *Sleep.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day,
Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleep sound,
I'll apply your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou rak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Countrey Proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

They sleep all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clown, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's *Pease Blossome*?

Pease. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-Blossome*. Where's Moun-
sieur *Cobweb*.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounseur *Cobweb*, good Mounseur get your wea-
pons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-Bee
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseur bring me
the hony bag. Doe not fret your self too much in the
action, Mounseur; and good Mounseur have a care the
hony bag break not, I would be loth to have you over-
flown with a hony-bag signior. Where's Mounseur
Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Clow. Give me your newse, Mounseur *Mustard*,
Pray you leave your curtesie good Mounseur.

Mus. What's your will?

Clow. Nothing good Mounseur, but to help Cavalero
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseur, for
me thinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my hair do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet
love?

Clow. I have a reasonable good ear in musick. Let us
have the tongues and the bones.

Musick Tongs, Rurall Musick.

Tita. Or say sweet Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clow. Truly a peck of Provender; I would munch
your good dry Oats. Me thinks I have a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no sel-
low.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease.
But I pray you let none of your people stir me, I have
an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

O how I love thee! how I dote on thee?

Enter Robin Goodfellow, and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin:

Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde tearms beg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes,
And gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dians bud, or Cupids flower,

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

Oh how mine eyes doe loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleep; of all these find the sense.

Tita. Musick, ho musick, such as charmeth sleep.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou awak'st, with thine own fools eyes
peep. (me

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hand with
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And blest it to all fair posterity.

There shall these paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Fair King attend, and mark,

I doe hear the morning Lark

Ob. Then my Queen in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compass soon,
Swifter then the wandring Moon.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,

Sleepers lie still.

○

With

With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt.
Winde Horns.*

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his train.

Thes. Go one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd ;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Love shall hear the musick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Western valley, let them go ;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will fair Queen, up to the Mountains top,
And mark the musickall confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bayed the Bear
With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With eais that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollawed to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly* ;
Judge when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these ?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being here together,

Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The right of May ; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
horns.

Horns and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good morrow friends : Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes thus gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity,

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But as I think (for truly would I speak)
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord : you have enough ;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head :
They would have stoln away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent ;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in fury hither followed them ;
Fair *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon :
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food :
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met ;
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens* ; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So me-thinks :
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake ; lets follow him, and
by the way let us recount our dreams.

Bottomes Wakes.

Exit Lovers.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most fair *Piramus*, Hey ho, *Peter Quince* ?
Flute the Bellows-mender ? *Snout* the Tinker ? *Starv-
ling* ? Gods my life ! Stoln hence, and left me asleep : I
have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit
of man, to say, what dream it was. Man is but an Assle,
if he goe about to expound this dream. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter
Quince* to write a ballet of this dream, it shall be called
Bottomes Dream, because it hath no bottom ; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-
adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starvling.

Qui. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house ? Is he come
home yet ?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tran-
ported.

This. If

Thisb. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*. able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, 'he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour, for a sweet voice.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

This. O sweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile 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. *Bottome*, O most couragious day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meet presently at the Palace, every man look ore his Part: for the short and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, pare his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lion's claws. And most dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick; for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, goe away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egæus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speak of

This. More strange then true. I never may believe These antick fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men, have such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends.

The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more devils then vast hell can hold; That is the mad-man. The Lover, all as frantick, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknown: the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some fear How easie is a bush suppos'd a Bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancies images, And grows to something of great constancy; But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

This. Here come the loyers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy, and fresh dayes of Love Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to us,

Wait in your royal walks, your boord, you bed.

This. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three houres: Between our after supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What Revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call *Egæus*.

Egæus. Here mighty *Theseus*.

This. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What mask? What musick? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Eg. There is a brief how many sports are rife: Make choice of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harp.

This. We'll none of that. That have I told my love In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

Lys. The riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*, Tearing the Thraſian ſinger in their rage?

This. That is an old device, and it was plaid When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror,

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of Learning, late deceaſt in beggery.

This. That is ſome Satyr keen and criticall, Nor ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief Scene of young *Piramus*, And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

This. Merry and tragical? Tedious, and brief? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Eg. A Play there is my Lord, ſome ten words long, Which is as brief, as I have known a Play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.

And tragicall my noble Lord it is: For *Piramus* therein doth kill himſelf. Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears, The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

This. What are they that do play it?

Eg. Hard handed men, that work in Athens here, Which never labour'd in their minds till now; And now have toiled their unbreathed memories With this ſame Play, againſt your Nuptials

This. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ; Unless you can find sport in their intents, Extremely stretcht, and cond with cruell pain, To doe you service.

Thes. I will hear that play. For never any thing, Can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it. Go bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'recharged ; And duty in his service perishing.

Teef. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He sayes, they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing : Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ; And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect Takes it in might, not merrit.

Where I have come, great Clearks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes ; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practiz'd accent in their fears, And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweet, Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome : And in the modesty of fearfull duty, I read as much, as from the ratling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love therefore, and tong-tide simplicity, In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Ega. So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest.

Duk. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter Prologue.

Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good will. To shew our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then, we come but in despight. We do not come as minding to content you, Our true intent is. All for your delight, We are not here. That you should here repent you, The Actors are at hand ; and by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knows not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on the Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chain : nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is the next ?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ; This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain. This man with lyme and rough-cast, doth present Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder : And through walls chink (poor souls) they are content To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder. This man with Lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth moon-shine. For if you will know, By moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn To meet at *Ninus* toomb, there, there to wooe :

This grizly beast (which *Lyon* hight by name) The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by night, Did scare away, or rather did affright : And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ; Which *Lyon* vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall, And finds his gentle *Thisbies* Mantle slain ; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast, And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry shade, His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain. At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak,

Dem. No wonder, my Lord : one *Lion* may, when many *Asses* doe.

Exit Lion, Thisby, and Moon-shine.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall, That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall : And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a crannied hole or chink : Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* Did whisper often, very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth shew, That I am that same *Wall* ; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearfull Lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire *Lime* and *Hair* to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discoursed, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the *Wall*, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd night, O night with hue so black, O night, which ever art, when day is not : O night, O night, alack, alack, alack, I fear my *Thisbies* promise is forgot. And thou O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall, That stands between her fathers ground and mine, Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. Thanks courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this. But what see I ? No *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs, Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.

Thes. The wall me-thinks being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, Is *Thisbies* cue ; she is to enter, and I am to spy Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you ; yonder she comes.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, For parting my fair *Pyramus*, and me.

My cherry lips have often kist thy stones ; Thy stones with *Lime* and *Hair* knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a voyce ; now will I to the chink, To spy and I can see my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby* ?

This. My love thou art, my Love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace, And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisb. I kisse the walls hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wile thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me straight way?

Thisb. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so ;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Duk. Now is the morall down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stufte that ere I heard.

Duk. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duk. If we imagine no worie of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here comes two noble beasts, in a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion, and Moon-shine,

Lion. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner am
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions damme :
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lif. This Lion is a very Fox for his valor.

Duk. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Duk. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valor : for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the hornes on his head.

Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moon present : My self, the man i'th Moon doth seem to be.

Duk. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it else the man i'th Moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dut. I am weary of this Moon ; would he would change.

Duk. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moon ; I, the man in the Moon ; this thorn bush, my thorn bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne : for they are in the Moon. But silence, here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thisb. This is old *Ninnies* tomb : where is my love ?

Lion. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Duk. Well run *Thisby*.

Dut. Well shone Moon.

Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanishht.

Enter Piramus.

Pir. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
I thank thee Moon, for shining now so bright :
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.

But stay : O spite ! but mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes doe you see ! How can it be !

O dainty Duck : O Deer !

Thy mantle good ; what stained with blood !

Approach you Furies fell :

O Fates ! come, come : Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duk. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
Would goe near to make a man look sad.

Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame ?
Since Lion vild hath here desflour'd my Deer :
Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound : Out sword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus* :

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight,

Now, die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him : for he is but one.

Lys. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duk. With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Assle.

Dut. How chance the Moon-shine is gone before ?

Thisby comes back, and finds her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duk. She will find him by starre-light.
Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a *Piramus* : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A Moth will turn the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.)

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet

Dem. And thus she means, *videlicet*.

Thisb. Asleep my Love ? What, dead my Dove ?

O *Piramus* arise :

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ? Dead, dead ? A tomb
Must cover my sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheeks

Are gone, are gone : Lovers make mone :

His eyes were green as Leeks.

O sisters three, come come to me,

With hands as pale as Milk,

Lay them in gore, since you have shored

With sheeres, this thred of silk.

Tongue not a word : Come trusty sword :

Come blade ; my brest imbrue :

And farewell friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. I, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbies* garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Revels; and new jollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry *Lions* roars,
And the *Wolf* beholds the *Moon*:
Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple *Hecates* team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darknesse like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house,
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies with their train.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowfie fire,

Every Elfe and fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now untill the break of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blest be;
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots in *Natures* hand:
Shall not in their issue stand,
Never mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate.
And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Robin. If we shadows have offended,
Think but (this and all is mended)
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And As I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Puck* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

F I N I S.



The MERCHANT of VENICE.

Actus Primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anth. **I**N sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me : you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn : and such a Want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sail
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the floud,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the gras to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a winde too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiss her buriall ; should I go to Church
And see the ho'y edifice of stone,
And not berthink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad :

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fic, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither ! then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me,

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business call on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when ?

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.

Lord. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Anthonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time

I pray you have in minde where we must meet,

Bass. I will not fail you.

Grat. You look not well Signior *Anthonio*,
You have too much respect upon the world :
They loose it that do buy it with much care,
Believe me you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter : let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with wine,
Then my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the Jaundies.

By

By being peevish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O my *Antonio*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speak, would almost damme those ears
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools:
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly bait
For this fool Gudgeon, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare yee well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumb wife men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare you well, I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible *Exit.*

Anth. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grains
of wheat hid in two bushells of chaff: you shall seek all
day ere you finde them, and when you have them, they
are not worth the search.

Anth. Well: tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you *Antonio*
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*
I owe the most in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stands as you your self still doe,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self same flight
The self same way, with more advised watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood prooffe,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Anth. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do to me more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what should I do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues: sometimes from her eyes,
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*:

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four windes blow in from every coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholchos* strand,
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I mony, nor commodity
To raise a present sum, therefore go forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*.
Go presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Porti. By my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I see, they are as sick that surfeit with
too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small
happinesse therefore to be seated in the mean, superflui-
ty comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives
longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easie as to know what were good
to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor mens
cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that fol-
lowes his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty
what were good to be done, then be one of the twenty
to follow mine own teaching: the brain may devise lawes
for the bloud, but a hot temper leaps o're a cold decree,
such a hare is Madnesse the youth, to skip o're the meshes
of good counsell the Cripple; but this reason is not in
fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the word
choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse
whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curb'd
by thee will of a dead father: is it not hard *Nerissa*, that
I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men
at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lot-
tery that he hath devised in these three chests of Gold,
Silver, and Lead, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses

chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warunt is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suiters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shew himself: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid false with Smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown (as who should say and you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounseieur Le Boun?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man, in truth I know it is sinne to be a mocker, but he! why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habit of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, a if a Tassell sing, he falls straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and sweat that I have a poor penny-worth in the *English*: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumb show? how odly he is suited, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy* his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *Frenchman* became his surety, and seald under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germain* the Duke of *Saxonyes* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vildely in the afternoon when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to perform your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee let a deep glass of Rennish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the devill be within, and the temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing *Nerissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of these

Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their hame, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence: and wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mounforrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady,

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. The four strangers seek you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint; and the complexion of a devill, I had rather he should strive me then wive me. Come *Nerissa*, sirra go before; whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May yousted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats for three months, And *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I understand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boards, Sailers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I mean Pyrats; and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand Ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Jew.

Jew. I will be assured I may : and that I may be assured, I will bethink me, may I speak with *Antonio*.

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the devill into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

What news on the Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.
I hate him, for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*,
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Even there where Merchants most do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the near guess of my memory
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand Ducats: what of that?
Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouth's.

Anth. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custome: is he yet posselt
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand Ducats.

Anth. And for three month's.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: but let me see, but hear you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor, I, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, mark what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himself were compriz'd
That all the eanelings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob's* hier, the Ewes being ranck,
In end of Autumn turned to the Ram's,
And when the work of generation was,
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillfull shepherd pil'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stuck them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in yeanning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.

Anth. Mark you this *Bassanio*,
The devill can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evill soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats, 'tis a good round summe.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me misbeliever, cur-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys, you say so:
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold, moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spuin'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, for when did friendship take
A breed of barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you storm,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show,
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Anth. Content in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefs, or Goats. I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the Ducats straight:
See to my house left in the fearful guard
Of an unchristy knave: and presently
I'll be with you.

Exit.

Anth. Hye thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turn
Christian, he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villains mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My Ship's come home a month before the day.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Morocchio a tawny Moor all white, and three or
four followers accordingly, with *Portia*,
Nerissa and their train.
Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature Northward born,
Where *Phœbus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell the Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I swear)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not sely led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my self
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your self (renowned Prince) then stood as fair
As any commer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitar

That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solymán*,
I would o're-stare the sternest eyes that look:
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth:
Pluck the young sucking Cubs from the shee Bear,
Yea, mock the Lion when he roars for prey
To win the Lady. But alas the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And dye with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'd amongst men.

Cornets.

Exeunt.

Enter Clown alone.

Clow. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run
from this Jew my Master: the fiend is at mine elbow,
and attempts me, saying to me, *Job*, *Launcelet Job*, good
Launcelet, or good *Job*, or good *Launcelet Job*, use
your legs, take the start, run away: my conscience sayes
no; take heed honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Job*,
or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Job*, doe not runne,
scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most couragi-
ous fiend bids me pack, *fi* sayes the fiend, away sayes
the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde sayes
the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about
the neck of my heart, sayes very wisely to me: my ho-
nest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans son, or ra-
ther an honest womans sonne, for indeed my father did
something smack, something grow too; he had a kind of
taste; well, my conscience saies *Launcelet* budge not, budge
sayes the fiend, budge not sayes my conscience, conscience
say I you counsell well, fiend say I you counsell well,
to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Jew
my Master, who (God blesse the mark) is a kinde of
devill; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled
by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the devill him-
self: certainly the Jew is the very devill incarnation,
and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard
conscience, to offer to counsell me to stay with the Jew;
the fiend gives the more friendly counsell: I will runne
fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will
runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Master young-man, you I pray you, which is the
way to Master Jewes?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who
being more then sand-blind, high gravell blind, knows
me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you which is
the way to Master Jewes.

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turn-
ing

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jewes house.

Gob. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*, mark me now, now will I raise the waters; talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*?

God. No Master sir, but a poor mans son, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo* Master *Launcelet*, talk not of master *Launcelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very stafte of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staff or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead.

Laun. Do you not know me Father,

Gob. Alack sir I am sand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your sonne, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will not.

Gob. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Jewes man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Murgery* indeed, I'll be sworn if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine own flesh and bloud: Lord worships might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail then I have on my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Master's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries, if I serve not him, I will runn as farre as God has any ground. O

rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blefs your worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my son sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy sir, but the rich Jewes man that would siras my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Laun. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (savin your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is.

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to my self, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man yet poor man my Father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit, *Shylock* thy Master spoke with me this day, And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jewes service, to become The follower of so poor a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylock* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy sonne, Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My lodging out, give him a Livery More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head well: if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune; go too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing, a leaven widdowes and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clown.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* think on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Return in haste, for I do feast to night My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee gone.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done hercin.

Exit Leonardo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon.

Leon. Yonder sir he walks.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Bas. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bas. Why then you must : but hear thee Gratiano ;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where they are not known, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour
I be misconsterd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me,
If I doe not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Bas. No that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment : but fare you well,
I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jessica and the Clown.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a devil
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse ;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee,
And Lancelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell : I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.

Clo. Adieu, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweet Jew, if a Christian did not play the
knave and get thee, I am much deceived ; but adieu, these
foolish drops doe somewhat drown my manly spirit :
adieu. *Exit.*

Jes. Farewell good Lancelot.
Alack, what hainous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving Wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solania.

Lo. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers,

Sol. 'Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a clock, we have two hours
To furnish us ; friend Lancelot what's the newes ?

Enter Lancelot with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signifie.

Lo. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-newes in faith.

La. By your leave sir.

Lor. Whether goest thou ?

La. Marry to bid my old Master the Jew to sup to
night with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her, speak it privately :

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night ?

I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clown,*

Sal. I marry, i'll be gone about it straight.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano at Gratiãos lodging
Some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we doe so. *Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from fair Jessica ?

Lo. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suit she hath in readinesse :
If e're the Jew her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake ;
And never dare misfortune crosse her foot,
Unlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Jew :
Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Fair Jessica shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clown.

Jew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio ;
What Jessica, thou shalt not gurmardize
As thou hast done with me : what Jessica ?
And sleep, and snore, rend apparell out.
Why Jessica I say.

Clo. Why Jessica.

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I doe not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Jessica,
There are my Keyes : but wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. Jessica my girle,
Look to my house, I am right loath to go,
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you sir go, my young Master
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. 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 felt a bleeding on black Monday
last.

last, at six a clock ith' morning, falling out that year on Ashwednesday was four year in th'afternoon.

Shy. What are their masks? hear you me *Iessica*, Lock up my doores, and when you hear the Drum And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife, Camber not you up to the Casements then, Nor thrust your head into the publick street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces: But stop my houses eares, I mean my Casements, Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I swear, I have no minde of feasting forth to night: But I will go; go you before me sirrah, Say I will come.

Clow. I will go before sir.
Mistresse look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jew's eye.

Shy. What sayes that fool of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-slow in profit, but sleeps by day
More then the wild-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut doors after you, fast bind, fast
finde,

A proverbe never stale in thrifty minde.

Exit.

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a Daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*
Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pigeons flie
To steal loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the Horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How lik a younger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall she doth return
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Lean, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereaf-
ter.

Loren. Sweet friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for Wives
I'll watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my Father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica above.

Ief. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Love.

Ief. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Ief. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains,
I am glad 'tis night, you doe not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ief. What, must I hold a Candle to my shame?
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 sweet,
Even 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 *Bassanio's* feast.

Ief. I will make fast the doors and guild my self
With some more Ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my Hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self:
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*.

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clock, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be under sail, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gain what men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth 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 shall I know if I doe choosse the right?

Por.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mar. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions, back again :
What sayes this leaden casket ?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what ? for lead ?

This casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shewes of dross,

I'll then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What sayes the Silver 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 even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the Lady :

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding :
But more then these, in love I doe deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but choose here ?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire :
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her :

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vast wildes
Of wide Arabia are as through fares now

For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The watery Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraign spirits, but they come

As o're a Brook to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that Lead contains her ? 'twere damnation
To think so base a thought, it were too grosse

To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave :
Or shall I think in Silver she's immur'd

Being ren time undervalued to tri'd gold ;
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jem

Was set in worse then gold ! They have in *England*
A Coin that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt upon :
But here an Angell in a golden Bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the Key ;
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my form lie there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell ! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a written scrowl ;

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that sold ;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold ;
Guildd timber doe wormes infold :
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd :
Fare you well, your suit is cold,*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,

Then farewell heart, and welcome frost :

Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtains, go :
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* under sail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was under sail ;
But there the Duke was given to understand

That in a *Gondilo* were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets ;
My Daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter,

Fed with a Christian, O my Christian Ducats !
Justice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter ;

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stoln from me by my Daughter,

And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter : justice, find the Girl,

She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.
Sal. Why all the Boyes in *Venice* follow him,

Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats,
Sol. Let good *Antonio* look he keep his day

Or he shall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembered,

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught :

I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you hear,
Yet doe not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return : he answered, doe not so,

Stubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the *Jew's* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there ;
And even there his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.
Sal. I think he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.
Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa and a Serviter.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choofe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd :
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath to observe three things ;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose, next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wooe a Maid in way of marriage :
Lastly, if I doe fail in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope : gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.

What sayes the golden chest, ha, let me see :
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire :
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the fool multitude that choofe by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which payes not to th interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty.

I will not choofe what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear :
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchast by the merit 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 seed of honour ? And how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnish't : Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert ; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will read it :
How much unlike art thou to *Portia* ?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings ?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fools head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Po. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

The fire seven times tried this,

*Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choofe amiss,
Some there be that shadows kisse,
Such have but a shadowes blisse :
There be fools alive I wis
Silver'd o're, and so was this :
Take what Wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here,
With one fools head I came to wooe,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth :
O these deliberate fools when they do choofe,
They have the wisdom by their wit to loofe.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the curtain *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady ?

Por. Here, what would my Lord ?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an Ambassadour of love.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly Summer was at hand ,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am half a feard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him :
Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto ?

Sal. Why yet it lives there unchecked, that *Antonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship
lie buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest
woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept
for the death of a third husband : but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of
talk, that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antho*. O that
I had a title good enough to keep his name company !

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath
lost a ship.

Sal.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the Devil crosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her Judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my Daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, then between Jet and Ivory, more between your bloods, then there is between red wine and rhennish: but tell us, doe you hear whether *Antonio* have had any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalta, a beggar that was us'd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him look to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curstie, let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge, he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimentions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is? if you prick us, doe we not bleed? if you tickle us, doe we not laugh? if you poyson us, doe we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by a Christian example? why revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction,

Enter a man from Antonio.

Gentlemen, my Master *Antonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genova*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Frankford*; the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand Ducats in that, and other preci-

ous, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her care: would she were heaft at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why then losse upon losse, the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too, *Antonio* as I heard in *Genova*.

Shy. What, what, what, ill luck, ill luck.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true?

Tu. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in *Genova*.

Tu. Your daughter spent in *Genova*, as I heard, one night fourscore Ducats,

Shy. Thou stick'st a Dagger in me, I shall never see my gold again, fourscore Ducats at a sitting, fourscore Ducats:

Tu. There came divers of *Antonio's* Creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkis, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of Monkies.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, go *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he ought of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their train.

Por. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong I lose your company; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you, and you know your self, Hate counsells not in such a quality; But least you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought; I would detain you here some moneth or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be, so may you misse me, But if you doe, you'll make me with a sin, That I had been forsworn: Beshrew your eyes, They have o're-lookt me and divided me, One half of me is yours, the other halfe Mine own I would say: but first mine, then yours, And so all yours; O these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights, And so though yours, not yours (prove it so) Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long, but 'tis to peize the time, To ich it, and draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Baf. Let me choofe,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack *Baffanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Baf. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :
There may as well be amity and life,

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love,
Por. I, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Baf. Promise me life, and I'll confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Baf. Confesse and love
Had been the very summe of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance :

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will find me out.
Nerrissa and the rest, stand all aloof,
Let musick sound while he doth make his choyce,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musick then ? Then musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch : Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bride-grooms ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more love
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives :
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit : Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live, with much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musick.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himself.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head :*

How begot, how nourished.

It is engendred in the eyes,

With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,

In the cradle where it lies :

Let us all ring Fancies knell.

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell,

All. Ding, dong, Bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of evil ? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament :
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts ;

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayres of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* ?
Who inward searcht, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Make them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambois with the winde
Upon supposed fairnesse, often known
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beautilous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty : In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moves me more than eloquence,
And here choofe I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair :
And shuddring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy exasie,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here ?

Fair *Portias* counterfeit. What demy god
Hath come so near creation ? move these eyes ?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends : here in her haire
The Painter plays the Spider and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then Gnats in Cobwebs : but her eyes,
How could he see to doe them ? having made one,
He thinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave it selfe unfurnisht : Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowle,
The continent, and summary of my fortune.

*Then that choofe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choofe as true.*

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,

And hold your fortune for your blisse,

Turn you where your Lady is,

And claim her with a loving kisse.

A gentle scrowle ; Fair Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes :
Hearing applause and univerfall shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.

So thrice fair Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see my Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my self alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my self much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my self,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich, that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is summe of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlesioned Girl, unschoold, unpractiz'd:
Happy is this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn: happier then in this
She is nor bread so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair Mansion, Master of my Servants,
Queen o're my self, and even now: but now
This House, these Servants, and this same my self
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this Ring,
Which when you part from, loose or give away,
Let it preface the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a Wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can look as swift as yours:
You saw the Mistis, I beheld the Maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission,
No more pertains to me my Lord than you;
Your fortune stood upon the caskers there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heat untill I sweat again,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her Mistresse.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*.

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bas. And doe you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne're win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio

Bas. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither.
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and Countermen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
Hee did intreat me past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord.
And have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bas. Ere I ope this Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,
Nor well, unlesse in mind: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from *Venice*?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*,
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,

That steals the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek,
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am half your self,
And must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet dear Lady,
Rating my self at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeed
I have ingag'd my self to a dear friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his mee enemy
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?

Hath

Hath all his ventures fail'd ! what not one hit !
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From, *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring Rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countermen,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him : and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bas. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies : and one in whom
The ancient *Romane* honour more appears
Then any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew ?

Bas. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend :
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my self mean time
Will live as Maids and Widows ; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day :
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer,
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the Letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, & since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death : notwithstanding use your pleasure, if your love doe not perswade you to come, let not my Letter.

Por. O love ! dispatch all businesse and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e're be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio,
and the Jaylor.*

Jew. Jaylor, look to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.
Jaylor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet good *Shylocke*.

Jew. I'll have my bond, speak not against my bond,
I have sworn 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 justice : I doe wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

Jew. I'll have my bond, I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessours : follow not,
I'll have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit. Jew.*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootlesse prayers :
He seeks my life, his reason well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, a man of Portiaes.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my Lord your Husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That doe converse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit,
Which makes me think that this *Antonio*
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 soul,
From out the state of hellish cruelty.
This comes too near the praising of my self,
Therefore no more of it : here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands,

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Untill my Lords return ; for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* here,
Untill her husband and my Lords return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now layes upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my self.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Ies. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well *Jessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still : take this same Letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Mantua*, see thou render this.
Into my Cousin's hand, *Doctor Bellario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traneēt, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to *Venice* ; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Pa. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of, we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us ?

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack ; I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voyce, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not doe withall : then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them ;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell
That men shall swear I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelvemonth : I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a leud interpreter ?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke Gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Iessica.

Clown. Yestruly ; for look you, the sins of the Father

are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you,
I fear you, I was alwayes plain with you, and so now I
speak my agitation of the matter : therefore be of good
cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one
hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a
kind of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that I pray thee ?

Clow. Marry you may partly hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Jew's Daughter.

Ies. That were a kind of bastard hope indeed, so the
sins of my Mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I fear you are damned both by Fa-
ther and Mother, thus when I shun *Scilla* your Father, I
fall into *Charibdis* your Mother ; well, you are gone both
wayes.

Ies. I shall be saved by my Husband, he hath made
me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans enow before, e'ne as many as could well live one by
another : this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we shall not
shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. I'll tell my Husband *Lancelot* what you say, here
he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Lancelot*, if
you thus get my Wife into corners ?

Ies. Nay you need not fear us *Lorenzo*, *Lancelot* and
I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in
heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter : and he sayes
you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in
converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of
Porke.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the Common-wealth
than you can the getting up of the Negroes belly : the
Moore is with Childe by you *Lancelot*.

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason : but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is
indeed more then I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word, I think
the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and
discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats :
go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner ?

Clow. That is done sir, they have all stomacks ?

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you, then
bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done too sir, onely cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover than sir ?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ; I pray
thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go
to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat
and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the
meat sir, it shall be covered, for your comming in to din-
ner sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall go-
vern. *Exit Clown.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suted ;
The fool hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words, and I doe know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a trickhe word
Defie the matter : how cheer'st thou *Jessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Jes. Past all expressing, it is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he doe not mean 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 *Portia* one; there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?

Lor. I will anon, first let us go to dinner?

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talke,
Then howsomere thou speak'st 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano.*

Duk. What, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Du. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, void, and empty
From any dramme of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath tane great pains to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull means can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I doe oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the door, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty,
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tarters never train'd

To offices of tender courtesie,

We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have posselt your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.

You'll aske me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive

Three thousand Ducats? I'll not answer that:

But say it is my humour; Is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats

To have it bair'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:

And others, when the Bag-pipe sings i'th' nose,

Cannot contain their Urine for affection.

Masters of passion swayes it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rendred

Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?

Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?

Why he a woollen Bag-pipe: but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame,

As to offend himself being offended:

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing

I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus

A loosing suit against him? Are you answered?

Bas. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bas. Doe all men kill the thing they doe not love?

Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Jew. What, would'st thou have a Serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you think you question with a Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood be at his usuall height,

Or even as well use question with the Wolfe,

The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: when you behold,

You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines

To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:

You may as well doe any thing most hard,

As seek to soften that, than which what harder?

His Jewish heart. Therefore I doe beseech you

Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,

But with all brief and plain conveniency

Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducats here is six.

Jew. If every Ducat in six thousand Ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a Ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,

You use in abject and in slavish part,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burthens? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallars

Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The slaves are ours. So doe I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My Lord, here staves without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Du. Bring us the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Bas. Good, cheer *Antonio*. What man, courage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flock,
Meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.

My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soale, but on thy soul harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Woolf, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell soul fleet;
And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed Damme,
Infus'd it self in thee: For thy desires
Are Woolvisish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond:
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speal so loud:
Repair thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and Learned Doctor in our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court shall hear *Bellario's* Letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your
Letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your
messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthasar*: I acquainted
him with the Case in controversie, between the Jew and
Antonio the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Books to-
gether: he is furnished with my opinion, which bettered
with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot

enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to
fill up your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you, let
his lack of yeares be no impediment to let him lack a re-
verend estimation: for I never knew so young a body, with
so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance,
whose triall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthasar

Du. You hear the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here (I take it) is the Doctor come.

Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am inform'd throughly of the Case.

Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Du. *Antonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.

Por. Doe you confesse the bond?

Ant. I doe.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercy seasons Justice. Therefore Jew,
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we doe pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o're,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice beares down truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To doe a great right, doe a little wrong.
And curbe this cruell devil of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And

And many an error by the same example ;
Will rush into the state : It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how doe I honour thee.

Por. I pray you look upon the bond.

Jew. Here 'tis most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my Soul ?
No not for *Venice*.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the Merchants heart ; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge :
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement : By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

An. Most heartily I doe beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is :
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Judge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Jew. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks ?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge ?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so : Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh ?

Jew. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleed to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so exprest : but what of that ?

'Twere good you doe so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say,

Ant. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am faine to this for you :
For herein fortune shewes her self more kind
Then is his custome. It is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of such a misery, doth she cut me off :
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceffe of *Antonio's* end :
Say how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death :
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love :
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt,
For if the Jew doe cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life it self,
But life it self, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a Wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house. (ter

Jew. These be the Christian husbands : I have a daugh-
Would any of the stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh :
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiscate
Unto the State of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright Judge.

Mark Jew, O learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thy self shalt see the Act :
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice.
And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale doe turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew,
Now infidell I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it :
I'll stay no longer question.

Por.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst :
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too
Thou had contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant : and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy self,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it :
For half thy wealth, it is *Antonio's* ;
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. I, for the state, not for *Antonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you doe take the prop
That doth sustain my house : you take my life.
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Antonio* ?

Gra. A Halter *Gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content : so he will let me have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death, unto 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
Here in the Court of all he dies posselt
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*, and his Daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me.
And I will sign it.

Duk. 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 Gallows, not to the Font. *Exit.*

Duk. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not :
Antonio gratifie this Gentleman,
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his train.

Bass. Most worthy Gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withall.

Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my self well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me far, and therefore I will yield,
Give me your Gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And for your love I'll take this Ring from you,
Doe not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this ?

Bass. This Ring good sir, alais it is a trifle,
I will not shame my self to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now me thinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the value,
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find 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 thinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was given me by my Wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That excuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your Wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me : well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your Wives commandment.

Bass. Go *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Antonio's* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jews house our, give him this deed,
And let him sign it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our Husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'retane :
My Lord *Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be ;
His Ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylock's* house,

Grati. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :

Q

I'll

I'll see if I can get my Husbands Ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings away to men ;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too :
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The Moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse : in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents
Where *Cresseid* lay that night

Jes. In such a night.
Did *Thisbie* fearfully o're-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wild Sea banks, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an Unthrif Love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. In such a night.
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vowes of faith,
And ne're a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come :
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Mes. A friend. (friend?)

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistress will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*, she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her ?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid,
I pray you is my Master yet return'd ?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But go we in I pray thee *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistress of the house.

Enter Clown.

Clow. Sola, sola : wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls ?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, and Mrs. *Lorenza*,

Lor. Leave hollowing man, here. (sola, sola.)

Clo. Sola, where, where ?

Lor. Here ?

Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master,
with his horn full of good newes, my Master will be here
ere morning sweet love.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter : why should we go in ?
My friend *Stephano* signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistress is at hand,
And bring your musick forth into the aire,
How sweet the Moon-light sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of Musick
Creep in our eares ; soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony :
Sit *Jessica*, looke how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortall souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it :
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pierce your Mistress eare,
And draw her home with Musick.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet Musick.

Play Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For doe but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthfull and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of Musick touch their eares,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of musick : therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew teares, stonies, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no Musick in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted : marke the Musick.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How farre that little candle throws his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (die?)

Ner. When the Moon shone, we did not see the can-

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Untill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it self, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters : musick, hark.

Musick.

Ner. It is your musick Madam of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day ?

Ner. Silence bestowes that virtue on it Madam,

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

When

When neither is attended : and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goote is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Wren ?
How many things by season, season'd are.
To their right praise, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musick ceases.

Lor. That is the voyce,
O: I am much deceiv'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the Cuc-
kow by the bad voyce.

Lor. Dear Lady welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their coming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day :
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the Sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light Wife doth make a heavy Husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me,
But God sort all : you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moon I swear you doe me wrong,
In faith I gave it to the Judges Clerk,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you doe take it, Love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poetic was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetrie
Upon a Knife ; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poetic or the value :
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clerk : but well I know
The Clerk will ne're wear hair on's face that had it,

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.

Ner. If, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy self, the Judges Clerk,
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 plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stuck on with oatches upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands :
I dare be sworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too : and then the boy his Clerk
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bas. If I could adde a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it : but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. And even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne're come in your bed
Untill I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet *Portia*;

If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure ?

Por. If you had known the virtue of the Ring,
Or half her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring :
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any tearmes of Zeale : wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony :
Nerrissa teaches me what to believe,
I'll die for't, but some Woman had the Ring ?

Bas. No by mine honour Madam, by my soul
No woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring ; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away :
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet Lady ?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give thee worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e're come near my house,
 Since he hath got the Jewell that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberall as you,
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
 If you doe not, if I be left alone,
 Now by mine honour which is yet mine own,
 I'll have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clerk: therefore be well advis'd
 How you doe leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
 For if I doe, I'll marre the young Clerks pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrells.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
 You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
 And in the hearing of these many friends
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes
 Wherein I see my self.-----

Por. Mark you but that?
 In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
 In each eye one, swear by your double self,
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but hear me.
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for thy wealth,
 Which but for him that had your husbands Ring
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
 And bid him keep it better then the other.

Ant. Here Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this Ring.

Bas. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
 For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
 For that same scrubbed boy the Doctor's Clerk
 In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
 In Summer, where the wayes are faire enough:
 What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
 Here is a Letter, read it at your leisure,
 It comes from *Padua* from *Bellarion*.
 There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clerk. *Lorenzo* here
 Shall witnesse I set forth as soon as you,
 And but even now return'd: I have not yet
 Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,
 And I have better newes in store for you
 Than you expect: unseale this Letter soon,
 There you shall find three of your Argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this Letter.

Anth. I am dumbe.

Bas. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clerk, that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clerk that never means to doe it,
 Unlesse he live untill he be a man.

Bas. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
 For here I read for certain that my ships
 Are safely come to *Rhodes*.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and I'll give them him without a fee.
 There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
 From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift
 After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Loren. Fair Ladies you drop Manna in the way
 Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
 And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
 Of these events at full. Let us go in,
 And charge us there upon interrogatories,
 And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first interrogatory
 That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworn on, is,
 Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
 Or go to bed, now being two hours to day,
 But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
 Till I were couching with the Doctors Clerk.
 Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
 So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* Ring.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.



As you like it.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand Crowns, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keeps at schoole, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stayes me here at home unkept: 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 fair with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his Hindes, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you here;

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What marre you then sir?

Orla. Marry sir, I am helping you to marre that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours with idleness.

Oli. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orla. O sir, very well: here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before home sir?

Orla. I, better then him I am before, knowes me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

of my father in me, as you; albeit I confesse your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy.

(this.

Orla. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest Son of sir *Rowland de Boyes*: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that sayes such a father begot villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue, for saying so, thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet Master be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go I say.

Orla. I will not till I please: you shall hear me: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou doe? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, then becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. *Exit Oli. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your ranknesse, and yet give no thousand crowns neither: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship.

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Duke's Wraftler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraftling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounseur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Char. There's no newes at the Court sir, but the old newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords

Lords have put themselves into a voluntary exile with him, whose Lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter be banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes Daughter her Cousin so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she would have followed their exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his own Daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Charl. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: to-morrow, sir, I wastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foyle him, as I must for mine own honour if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite: I had my self notice of my Brothers purpose herein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell the *Charles*, It is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look too't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he doe not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poyson, to entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speak it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee, as he is, I must blush, and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wastle for prize more: and so God keep your worship. *Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gaeffer: I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soul (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this waster shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*; I show more mirth then I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember my extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heir? for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose* be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from *Fortunes* Office to *Natures*: *Fortune* reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of *Nature*.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when *Nature* hath made fair a creature, may she not by *Fortune* fall into the fire? though *Nature* hath given us wit to flout at *Fortune*, hath not *Fortune* sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed *Fortune* is there too hard for *Nature*, when *Fortune* makes *Natures* naturall, the cutter off of *Natures* wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not *Fortunes* work neither, but *Natures*, who perceiving our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this *Naturall* for our whetstone: for alwayes the dullness of the fool, is the whetstone of the wits. How now *Wit*, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistressse, you must come away to your father,

Cel. Were you made the Messenger?

Clow. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now I'll stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnies, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this Knight swearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredrick* your Father loves.

Ros. My Fathers love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation, one of these dayes.

Clo. The more pity that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew; Here comes Moun-
sieur Le Ben.

Enter Le Ben.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable.
Boon-jour Mounſieur le Ben, what newes?

Le Ben. Fair Princess,
You have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Ben. What colour Madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees,

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a crowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Thou lookest thy old sinell.

Le Ben. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wraſtling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Wraſtling.

Le Ben. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Ben. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Ben. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks: Be it known unto 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 in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their Father, making such pitifull dole over them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Mounſieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Ben. Why this that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his sides? Is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wraſtling Cofin?

Le Ben. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for wraſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants

Duk. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated, His own perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Ben. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he lookes successfully.

Duk. How now daughter, and Cofin:
Are you crept hither to see the wraſtling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give us leave.

Duk. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: In pity of the challengers youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither good Mounſieur *Le Ben.*

Duk. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Ben. Mounſieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraſtler?

Orl. No fair Princess: he is the generall challenger, I come but as others doe, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsell you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do young Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wraſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes go with me to my triall; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall doe my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eek-out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall try but one fall.

Char. No I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily perswaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mockt before: but come your wayes.

Ros. Now *Hercules*, be thy speed young man,

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *They Wraastle.*

Ros. Oh excellent young man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Ben. He cannot speak my Lord.

Duk. Bear him away:

What is thy name young man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the youngest son of *Sir Rowland de Boyes*.

Duk. I would thou had'st been son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed, Had'st thou descended from another house: But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be *Sir Rowlands* son, His youngest son, and would not change that calling To be adopted heir to *Fredrick*.

Ros. My Father lov'd *Sir Rowland* as his soul, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle *Cosin*,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him: My Fathers rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserv'd, If you do keep your promises in love, But justly as you have exceeded all in promise, Your Mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

Wear this for me: one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. Shall we go *Coze*?

Cel. I: fare you well fair Gentleman,

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up Is but a quintine, a meer livelesse block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride sell with my fortunes I'll ask him what he would: Did you call Sir? Sir, you have wraстled well, and overthrown More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you go *Coze*?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well.

Exit.

Or. What passion hangs these waights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown Or *Charles*, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Ben. Good sir, I do in friendship counsell you To leave this place; Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That he misconsters all that you have done: The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed More suits you to conceive, then I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you sir; and pray you tell me this, Which of the two was daughter to the Duke, That here was at the Wraстling?

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners, But yet indeed the taller is his daughter, The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle To keep his daughter company, whose loves Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sisters: But I can tell you, that of late this Duke Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neice, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her vertues, And pittie her, for her good fathers sake; And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady Will suddenly break forth: Sir, fare you well, Hereafter in a better world then this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! Thus must I from the smoke into the smother, From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother, But heavenly *Rosaline*.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Celia, and Rosaline.

Cel. Why *Cosin*, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* have mercy, Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, my words are too precious to be cast away upon cures, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two *Cosins* 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?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, *Cosin*, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery, if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petti-coats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wraстle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wraстler then my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you: you will try in time in

in despite of a fall : but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible on such a sudden, you should fall into so strange a liking with old Sir *Roxlands* youngest son ?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Son dearly ? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth not he deserve well ?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and doe you love him Because I doe. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Uncle !

Duk. You Cousin,
Within these ten dayes if that thou bee'st found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace.
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :
If with my self I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust I am not) then dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your Highnesse.

Duk. Thus do all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it self ;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor ;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends ?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnesse took his Dukedome,
So was I when your highnesse banish'd 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 Liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign hear me speak.

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse,
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eat together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Inno's* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duk. She is too subtil for thee, and her smoothness
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pittie her :
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vertuous
When she is gone : then open not thy lips, (ous
Firm, and irrevocable is my doombe,
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Liege,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duk. You are a foole : you Neice provide your self,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatnesse of my word you dye.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poor *Rosaline*, whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change father ? I will give thee mine :
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cousin,
Prethee be cheerefull ; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? *Rosaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred ? shall we part sweet girle ?
No, let my Father seek another heir :
Therefore devise with me how we may flye,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out :
For by this heaven (now as our sorrowes pale ;)
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my Uncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maids as we are) to travell forth so far ?
Beauty provoketh theeves sooner then gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smutch my face,
The like do you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man,
A gallant curtellax upon my thigh,
A bore-spear in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a marshall outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name then *Joves* own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimes*,
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court :
Would he not be a comfort to our travell ?

Cel. He'll go along o're the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to wooe him ; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight : now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke Senior : Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forresters.*

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile :
Hath not old custome made this life more sweet

Then

Then that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons' difference, as the Ice phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it baits and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
(This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Duk. Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled foolies
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches goard.

1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholly *Iaques* grieves at that,
And in that kinde swears you do more usurp
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antick roop peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestred Stag
That from the hunters aim had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy foole,
Much maik'd of the melancholly *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duk. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The Flux of company: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never staves to greet him: I, quoth *Iaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and this our life, swearing that we
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duk. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing Deer.

Duk. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2. *Lor.* I'll bring you to him straight.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke with Lords

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her,
The Ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their Mistris.

2. *Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hesperia, the Princessse Gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrestler
That did but lately foile the synowly *Charles*,
And she believes where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me.
I'll make him finde him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quaille,
To bring again these foolish runawayses.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my young master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*? Why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies,
No more do yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitours to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors: within this rooffe,
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the son
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means,
To burn the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he fail of that

He

He will have other means to cut you off ;
I overheard him : and his practises :
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why whither *Adam* would'st thou have me go ?

Ada. No matter whither, for you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce (food,
A theevish living 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 bloody brother.

Ada. But do not so : I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under you father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame ;
And unregarded age in corners thrown,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,
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 look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashfull forehead woo,
The means of weaknesse and debility,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly ; let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antick world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed :
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee :
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy wayes, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Ada. Master go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty,
From seventy years, till now almost fourscore
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to dye well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena,
and Clown, alias Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits ?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not weary.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort

the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
self couragious to a pettycoat ; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, then
bear you : yet I should bear no crosse if I did bear you,
for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more soole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin, and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone* : look you who comes
here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guesse : for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guesse ;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ere like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so :
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so heartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

Exeunt.

Ros. Alas poor Shepheard ! searching of their wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine : I remember when I was in love, I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for
coming a nights to *Jane Smile* and I remember the kis-
sing of her batlet, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty
chopt hands had milk'd ; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods,
and giving her them again, said with weeping tears,
wear these for my sake : we that are true Lovers, run into
strange capers ; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all na-
ture in love, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne're be ware of mine own wit, till
I break my shins against it.

Ros. Love, love, this Shepheards passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with
me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any food,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla ; you Clown.

Ros. Peace fool, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elie are they very wretched.

Ros.

Ros. Peace I say; good even to you friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prethee, Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this Desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young Maid with travell much oppressed,
And fain for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheer the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wrecks to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides his Coat, his Flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voyce most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young Swain that you saw here but ere-while.

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the Cottage, and the pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

*Under the greenwood tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turn his merry Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Mounseieur *Iaques*.

Jaq. I thank it: More, I prethee more,
I can suck melancholly out of a song.

As a Weazel sucks eggs: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voyce is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:

Come, more, another stanza: Call you'em stanza's?

Amy. What you will Mounseieur *Iaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they own me nothing. Will you sing.

Amy. More at your request, then to please my self

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank

you: but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will drink under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him: He is too disputeable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.

Come, warble, come.

Song.

Altogether here.

*Who doth ambition shun,
and loves to live i'th Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see, no enemy,
But Winter, and rough Weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amy. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it doe come to pass,
That any man turn Ass:
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can: if I cannot, I'll raile against all the first born of Egypt.

Amy. And I'll go seek the Duke,
His banquet is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Adam. Dear Master, I can go no further:
O I dye for food. Here lye I down,
And measure out my grave. Farewell kinde master.

Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee!
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little.

If this uncouth Forrest yield any thing savage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:

Thy conceit is nearer death, then thy powers.

For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while

At the armes end: I will here be with thee presently,

And if I bring thee not something to eat,

I will give thee leave to dye: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.

Well said, thou look'st cheerely,

And I'll be with thee quickly: yet thou liest

In the bleak aire. Come I will bear thee

To some shelter, and thou shalt not dye

For lack of a dinner,

If there live any thing in this Desert.

Cheerely good *Adam*.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like out-laws.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of jarres, grow Musically,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres :
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poor friends must wooe your company,
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool : I met a fool i'th Forrest,
A motley fool (a miserable world :)
As I doe live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow fool (quoth I :) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a Diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clock :
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess :
'Tis but but an hour ago, since it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fools should be so deep contemplative :
And I did laugh, sans intermission.
An hour by his Diall. Oh noble fool,
A worthy fool : Motley's the onely wear.

Du. Sen. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool : one that hath been a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage : He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a fool,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my onely suite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have :
And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why sir must they so ?
The why is plain, as way to Parish Church :
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seem senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of a fool.

Invest me in the motley : Give me leave
To speak my minde, and I will through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I doe, but good ?

Du. Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
For thou thy self hast been a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it self,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party :
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weary very meanes doe ebbe.
What woman in the City doe I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it doe him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself : if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here ?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kinde should this Cock come of ?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress ?
Or else a rude despiser of good manneis,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first, the thorny point
Of bare distress, that hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth civility : yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture : But forbear, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must die.

Du. Sen. What would you have ?
Your gentleness shall force, more then your force
Move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern command'ment. But what e're you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholly boughs,
Loose, and neglect the creeping hours of time :
If ever you have look'd on better dayes :
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to Church :
If ever sate at any good mans feast :
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bush, and hide my Sword.

R.

Duke.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have seen better dayes,
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pittie hath engendred :
And therefore sit you down in gentlenesse,
And take upon command, what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministred,

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limpt in pure love : till he be fust suffic'd,
Opprest with two weak evils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Du. Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

Ja. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meerly Players ;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes.
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell,
And shining morning face, cieeping like Snailc
Unwillingly to Schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull Ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oathes, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
Even in the Canons mouth. And then, the Justice
In fair round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifis
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantalooone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voyce,
Turning again toward childish trebble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull history,
Is second childishnesse, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome : set down your venerable burden,
and let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Ad. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too : I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes :
Giue us some musiek, and good Cousin, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly,
Most friendship is faining ; most Loving meer folly :
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly,*

*Frieze, frieze, thou bitter skie, that dost not bite so nigh
as benefits forgot :*

*Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharp,
as friend remembred not,*

Heigh ho, sing &c.

Du. Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father : the Residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy Master is :
Support him by the arme : give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Du. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not see an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present : but look to it,
Find out thy brother wherefoe're he is,
Seek him with Candle : bring him dead, or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our Territory.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, doe we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this :
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors
And let my Officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his House and Lands :
Doe this expediently, and turn him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queen of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this Forrest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnest every where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she: *Exit.*

Enter Corin and Clown.

Co. And how like you this Shepherds life *M. Touchstone?*
Cl.

Clo. Truly Shepherd, in respect of it self, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a Shepherds life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (look you) it fits my humour well: but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Has't any Philosophy in thee Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep: and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the Sun: That he that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher. Was't ever in Court Shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickednesse is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, Shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*: those that have good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. Why, doe not your Courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of Mutton as wholsome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come:

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over; with the surgery of our Sheep: and would you have us kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Civet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes-meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: learn of the wife and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth then Tarre; the very uncleanly flux of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepherd.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit for me, I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no mans happiness; glad of other mens good, content with my harme; and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, and my Lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattell, to be a Bawd to a Bell-weather, and to betray a shee-Lamb of a twelvemoneth to a crooked-pated old Cuckoldly Rammie, out

of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damnd for this, the devil himself will have no Shepherds; I cannot see how thou should'st scape.

Cor. Here comes Mr. Ganymed, my new Mistresses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to western Inde,
no jewel is like Rosalinde,
Her worth being mounted on the winds,
through all the World beares Rosalinde
All the Pictures fairest Linde,
are but black to Rosalinde:
Let no face be kept in minde,
but the most fair Rosalinde.

Clo. I'll rime you so, eight yeates together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping houres excepted: it is the right Butter-womens rank to Marker.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lack a Hinde.
Let him seek out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Winter Garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to Cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest meat hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loves prick, and Rosalinde.

This is the very false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your self with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th countrey: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the Medler.

Clo. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a Writing,

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert be,
for it is unpeopled? Noe:

Tongs I'll hang on every tree;
that shall civil sayings shew.

Some, how brief the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated vowes,
'twixt the souls of friend, and friend,

But upon the fairest bowes,
or at every sentence end;

Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that read, to know

This quintessence of every sprize,
heaven would, in little shew.

Therefore heaven Nature chang'd,
that one body should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently disfill'd

*Helen's cheeks, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Majesty :
Attalanta's better part ;
sad Lucretia's Modesty.
Thus Rosalinde of many parts,
by Heavenly Synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of Love have you wearied your Parishioners withall, and never cri'd, Have patience good people.

Cel. How now ! back friends : Shepherd go off a little : go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these Verses ?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the Verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter : the feet might bear the Verses.

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine dayes out of wonder, before you came : for look here what I found on a Palme tree ; I was never so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tis you, who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck : change your colour ?

Ros. I prethee who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet again wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discovery. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and speak apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle : either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of Gods making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat ? or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will be thankfull ; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tript up the Wrestlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking : speak sad brow, and true maid :

Cel. I'faith (*Coz*) 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando* ?

Cel. *Orlando*.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I doe with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How look'd he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? And when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first : 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size : to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell ? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrestled ?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomes as to resolve the propositions of a Lover : but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Joves* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pittie to see such a sight ; it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee : it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Doe you not know I am a woman, when I think, I must speak : sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me ont, Soft, comes he not near ?

Ros. 'Tis he, sling by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had lief have been my self alone.

Orl. And so had I : but yet for fashion sake I thank you too, for your society.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I doe desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. *Rosalinde* is your loves name ?

Orl. Yes, Just.

Jaq. I doe not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers : have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond them out of rings.

Orl. Not so : but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sit down with me, and we two will raile against our Mistresse the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my self against

against whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue: I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I will speak to him like a sawcie Lacky, and under that habit play the knave with him: doe you hear

Orl. Very well, what would you? (*Forrester.*)

Ref. I pray you, what i'th a clock?

Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clock in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers places, with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, whom doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowte: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wastefull Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withall.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Whom stayes it still withall?

Ref. With Lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: nere in the skirts of the Forrest, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an old religious Unckle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in love, I have heard him read many Lectures against it, I thank God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principall, they were all like one another, as half-pence are, every ones fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that Fancy-inonger, I would give him some good counsell, for he seems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ref. There is none of my Unckles marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which case of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ref. A lean cheek, which you have not: a blew eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard, is a younger brothers revenue) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man, you are rather a point device in your accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the Lover of any other. (*I Love.*)

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe

Ref. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you Love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to doe, than to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind* I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Love is meerly a madnesse, and I tell you, deserves as well a darke house, and a whip, as mad men doe: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I professe curing it by counsell.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Mistresse: and I set him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantasticall, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part cattel of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him: then entertain him, then forswear him: now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my Suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madnesse, which was to forswear the full stream of the world; and to live in a nook meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your Liver ascleer as a sound sheeps heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would: but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my Coat, and wooe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will ; Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you : and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you live : Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me *Rosalind* : Come sister will you go ? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown, Audrey, and Jaques.

Clow. Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goates, *Audrey* : and now *Audrey* am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us : what features ?

Clow. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then *Jove* in a thatch'd house.

Clow. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, understanding : it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room : truly, I would the Gods had made the Poeticall.

Aud. I doe not know what Poeticall is : is it honest in deed and word : is it a true thing ?

Clow. No truly : for the truest Poetry is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetry : and what they swear in Poetry, may be said as Lovers, they doe feign.

Aud. Doe you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall ?

Clow. I doe truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest : Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

Clow. No truly, unlesse thou wert hard-favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have Honey a sawce to Sugar.

Jaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clow. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clow. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness ; Slutishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clow. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearfull heart, stagger in this attempt : for here we have no Temple but the Wood : no assembly but Horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods ; right : Many a man has good Horns, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting ; hornes, even so poor men alone :

No, no, the noblest Deer hath them as huge as the Ras-call : Is the single man therefore blessed ? No, as a wall'd Town is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchellour : and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horn more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver* : Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell ?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman ?

Clow. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed : I'll give her.

Clow. Good even, good M. what ye call't : how doe you Sir, you are very well met : godild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir : Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley ?

Clow. As the Oxe hath his bow fir, the horse his curb, and the Falkon his bells, so man hath his desire, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a beggar ? Get you to Church, and have a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but joyn you together, as they joyn Wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunk pannell, and like green timber, warpe, warpe.

Clow. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marry me well : and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me.

And let me counsell thee.

Clow. Come sweet *Audrey*,

We must be married, or we must live in bawdrey : Farewell good M. *Oliver* : Not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver* leave me not behind thee : But winde away, be gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter ; ne're a fantasticall knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Doe I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that teares doe not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then *Judas's* : Marry his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour :

Your Cheffenut was ever the onely colour :

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of *Diana* : a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ref. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ref. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

Ref. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is : besides, the oath of a Lover is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando* ?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that spurres his horse but on one side, breaks his staffe like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes here ?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistress and Master, you have enquired. After the Shepheard that complaind of love, Whom you saw sitting by me on the Turffe, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepheardes That was his Mistress.

Cel. Well : and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid Between the pale complexion of true Love, And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ref. O come, let us remove, The sight of Lovers feedeth those in love : Bring us to this sight, and you shall say He prove a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvins and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe*, Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness ; the common executioner, Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard, Falls not the axe upon 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 flie thee, for I would not injure thee : Thou tel'st me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frail't, and softest things ; Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers. Now I do frown on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee : Now counterfeit to swoond, why now fall down, Or if thou can'st 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 remains Some scar of it : Lean but upon a rush, The Cicatrice and capable impressure Thy Palme some moment keeps : but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be near) You met in some fresh cheek the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That Loves keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou near me : and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not, As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ref. And why I pray you ? who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once Over the wretched ? what though you have no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you Then without Candle may go dark to bed : Must you be therefore proud and pittiless ? Why what means this ? why do you look on me ? I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of natures sale-work ? 'ods my little life ; I think she means to tangle mine eyes too : No faith, proud Mistress, hope not after it, 'Tis not you inkie browes, your black silk hair, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream That can entame my spirits to your worship. You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy South, puffing with winde and rain, You are a thousand times a proper man Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children : 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her, And out of you she sees her self more proper Then any any of her lineaments can show her : But Mistris, know your self, down on your knees And thank heaven, fasting for a good mans love ; For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets : Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer, Foul is most foul, being foule to be a scoffer. So take her to thee, Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together, I had rather hear you chide then this man wooe.

Ref. He's fal'n in love with your foulness, and she'll Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast As she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce Her with bitter words : why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in love with me, For I am falsder then vov'es made in wine : Besides, I like you not : if you will know my house ; 'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by : Will you go Sister ? Shepheard ply her hard :

Come

Come Sister, Shepherdess, look on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come to our flock.

Exit.

Phe. Deed Shepheard, now I finde thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah : what sayest thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow, and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousness:

Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love,
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which earst was irksome to me
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence.
Then thine own gladness, that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon. (while?)

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lusty red
Then that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
I have more cause to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:

I marvell why I answer'd not again,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
I'll write to him a very ranting Letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Go with me, *Silvius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalinde, and Celia,, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquaint-
ed with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abomi-
nable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern
censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholly, which
is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastical;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholly of mine own, com-
pounded of many simples, extracted from many objects,
and indeed the sundrie contentions of travells, in
which my often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-
rous sadness.

Ros. A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason
to be sad: I fear you have sold your own Lands, to see
other mens; then to have seen much, and to have nothing,
is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather
have a fool to make me merry, then experience to make
me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good-day, and happiness, dear *Rosalinde*.

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talk in blank
verse. Exit.

Ros. Farewell Mounseur Traveller: look you lisp,
and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your
own Countrie: be out of love with your nativity, and al-
most chide God for making you that countenance you are;
or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gundello. Why
how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you
a lover? and you serve me such another trick, never
come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair *Rosalinde*, I come within an hour of my
promise.

Ros. Break an hours promise in love? he that will di-
vide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part
of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love,
it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth'
shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me dear *Rosalinde*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. Of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, he
carries his house on his head: a better joynture I think
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why horns: which such as you are fain to be be-
holding to your wives for: but he come armed in his for-
tune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horn-maker : and my *Rosalinde* is veruious.

Ref. And I am your *Rosalinde*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalinde* of a better leer then you.

Ref. Come, wooe me, wooe, me : for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to consent : What would you say to me now, and I were your very, very *Rosalinde* ?

Orl. I would kifs before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravel'd, for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kifs : very good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleantiest shift is to kifs.

Orl. How if the kifs be deni'd ?

Ref. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistress ?

Ref. Marry that should you if I were your Mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit ?

Ref. Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your suit.

Am not I your *Rosalinde* ?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person, I doe.

Ref. No faith, die by Attorney : the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man dyed in his own person (*videlicet*) in a love cause : *Troilus* had his brain dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though *Hero* had turn'd Nun ; if it had not been for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Sestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalinde*, of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a flie : but come, now I will be your *Rosalinde* in a more comming-on disposition : and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, *Rosalinde*.

Ref. Yes faith will I, Fridayes and Saturdayes, and all

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ref. I, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou ?

Ref. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marry us : give me your hand *Orlando* : What doe you say sister ?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Go too : will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalinde* ?

Orl. I wil.

Ref. But when ?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ref. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalinde* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalinde* for wife.

Ref. I might ask you for your Commission, But I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have posselt her ?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ref. Say a day, without the ever : No, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they wooe, December when they wed : Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives : I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against rain, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will doe that when you are dispos'd to be merry : I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my *Rosalinde* do so ?

Ref. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement : shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole : stop that, 'twill flie with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt ?

Ref. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed,

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ref. Marry to say, she came to seek you there : you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue : O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her self, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres, *Rosalinde*, I will leave thee.

Ref. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Ref. I, go your wayes, go your wayes : I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less : that flattering tongue of yours wonne me : 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o'clock is your houre.

Orl. I sweet *Rosalinde*.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God inend me, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will think you the most patheticall break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalinde* : so adieu.

Ref. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu.

Exit.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate :

prate : we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz : my pretty little coz, that thou did'st know how many fathome deep I am in love : but it cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomelesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and borne of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love : I'll tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando* : I'll go finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deer ?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman Conquerour, and it would do well to set the Deers horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory ; have you no song Forrester for this purpose ?

Lord. Yes Sir,

Jaq. Sing it : 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have that kil'd the Deer ?

His Leather skin, and horns to wear :

Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this bur-

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn, (then;

It was a crest ere thou wast born,

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalinde and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock ? And here much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you with pure love, and troubled brain.

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth To sleep : look who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth, My gentle *Phebe*, bid me give you this : I knew not the contents, but as I guess By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use, as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenure ; pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience her self would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, bear this, bear all : She saies I am not fair, that I lack manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not love me Were man as rare as Phenix : 'od's my will, Her love is not the Hare that I did hunt, Why writes she so to me ? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it,

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand, A free-stone coloured hand : I verily did think That her old gloves were one, but 'twas her hands : She has a huswifes hand, but that's no matter : I say she never did invent this letter, This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boyfisterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers : why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian : womens gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant rude invention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance : will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet : Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me : mark how the tyrant writes.

Read. *Art thou god, to shepheard turn'd ? That a maidens heart hath burn'd ?* Can a woman rail thus.

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. *Read.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart, War'st thou with a womans heart ?* Did you ever hear such railing ? *Whiles the eye of man did wooe me, That could do no vengeance to me.* Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eie Have power to raise such love in mine, Alack, in me, what strange effect Would they work in mild aspect ? Whiles you chid me, I did love, How then might your prayers move ? He that brings this love to thee, Little knowes this love in me : And by him seal up thy minde, Whether that thy youth and kinde Will the faithfull offer take Of me, and all that I can make, Or else by him my love deny, And then I'll study how to dy.

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas poor Shepheard,

Ros. Doe you pittie him ? No, he deserves no pittie : wilt thou love such a woman ? what to make thee an instrument, and play false strings upon thee ? not to be endur'd. Well, go your way to her ; (for I see Love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her ; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her : if you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, (if you Wherein the Purlews of this Forrest stands.

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place down in the neighbour bottom
The rank of Oziars, by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand, bring you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep 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 years: the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestowes himself
Like a ripe sister: But the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalinde*,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present it self
Under an old Oak, whose bows were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with drie antiquity:
A wretched ragged man, ore-grown with hair
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and guilded snake had wreath'd it self,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under whose bushes shade
A Lioness, with udders all drawn drie,
Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seem as dead:
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnaturall
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever then revenge,
And nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the Lioness:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
There stript himself, and here upon his arme
The Lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cri'd in fainting upon *Rosalinde*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in his blood, unto the Shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalinde*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:

I pray you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?
You lack a mans heart.

Ros. I do so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeit-
ed, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited:
heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great re-
stimony in your complexion, that it was passion of ear-
nest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but I faith, I should have been a woman
by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I: for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalinde*.

Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend
my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Audrie.

Clo. We shall finde a time *Audrie*, patience gentle
Audrie.

Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
old gentlemen saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrie*, a most vile
Mar-text. But *Audrie*, there is a youth here in the For-
rest layes claim to you.

Aud. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me
in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown, by
my

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Andrey*.

And. God ye good ev'n *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee be cover'd. How old are you Friend?

Will. Five and twenty Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A fair name. Was't born i'th Forrest here?

Will. I sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I sir, I have a pretty wit,

Clo. Why, thou sayest well, I do now remember a saying: The foole doth think he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himself to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetorick, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore you Clown, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is company, of this female: which in the common is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clown thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policy: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seeks you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Andrey*, trip *Andrey*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And loving woote? and wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor sudden consenting: but say with me, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revenue, that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a Shepheard.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your wedding be to morrow: thither will I Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, Here comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God save you brother,

Orl. And you fair sister.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarfe

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought my heart had been wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thraasonicall brag, of, I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees, have they made a pair of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalinde*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge: infomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labour for a greater esteem then may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can doe strange things: I have since I was three year old convert with a Magitian, most profound in his heart, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what straights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'tt thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I doe, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentlenesse, To shew the Letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despightfull and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithfull Shepheard, Look upon him, love him: he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighes and teares, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty and obfervance, All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all triall, all obfervance: And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Or. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why doe you speak too? Why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moon: I will help you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'll be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman I'll meet: so fare you well, I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Cl. To morrow is the joyfull day, *Audrey* to morrow will we be married.

Au. I doe desire it withall my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world?

Here come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Well met honest Gentleman.

Cl. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in tunc, like two Jip-sies on a horse.

Song.

*It was a Lover, and his Lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the green cornfield did passe,
In the spring time; the onely pretty rang time,
When Birds doe sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the spring.
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown'd with the prime.
In spring time, &c.*

*Between the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
These pretty Countrey folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower,
In the spring time, &c.*

Cl. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1. *Pa.* You are deceiv'd Sir, we keep time, we lost not our time.

Cl. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voyces. Come *Audrey*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Dost thou believe *Orlando*, that the boy Can doe all this that he hath promised?

Or. I sometimes doe believe, and sometimes doe not, As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*, You will bestow her on *Orlando* here? (her.

Du. Sen. That would I, had I Kingdomes to give with

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Or. That would I, were I of all Kingdomes King

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you doe refuse to marry me, You'll give your self to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ros.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even :
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter,
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter :
Keep you your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me to wed the Shepheard :
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Sen. I doe remember in this Shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Or. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest born,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his Uncle,
Who he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Arke. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my 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 swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flattered a Lady, I have bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three Tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that tane up ?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrell was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause ? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like : I presse in here, sir, amongst the rest of the Countrey copulatives to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage bindes and blood breakes : a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will : rich honestly dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your Pearl in your Oyster.

Du. Sen. By my faith he is very swift, and sententious.

Clo. According to the fooles bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause : How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause ?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed : (bear your body more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir : I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtiers beard : he sent me word, If I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the minde it was : this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself : this is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement : this is call'd the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true : this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : this is call'd the counter-check quarrellsome : and so to the lie circumstantiall, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall :

nor he durst not give me the lye direct : and so we measured swords, and parted

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrell in print, by the book : as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous : the second, the Quip modest : the third, the Reply churlish : the fourth, the Reproof valiant : the fifth, the Countercheck quarrellsome : the sixth, the Lye with circumstance : the seventh, the Lye direct : all these you may avoid, but the Lye direct : and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If ; as, If you said so, then I said so : and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the onely peace-maker : much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Du. Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Musick.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
atone together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Tea brought her hither.

That thou mightst joyn her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I give my self, for I am yours.

Or. To you I give my self, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, why then my love adieu.

Ros. I'll have no Father, if you be not he :

I'll have no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not she.

Hy. Peace hoa : I bar confusion,

*Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To joyn in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and and you, no crosse shall part ;

You and you, are heart in heart ;

You, to his love must accord,

Or have a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to foul weather :

Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we sing,

Feed your selves with questioning :

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Junos crown,

O blessed bond of boord and bed :

*Tis Hymen peoples every town,

High wedlock then be honoured :

Honour, high honour and renown

To Hymen, God of every Town.

Du. Sen. O my dear Niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two :
I am the second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day,
Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,
Addrest a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, 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 crown bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I doe engage my life.

Du. Sen. Welcome young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding :
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let us doe those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrew'd dayes and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-faln dignity,
And fall into our Rustick Revelry :
Play Musick, and you Brides and Bride-grooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' Measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd :
You to your sonner Honour, I bequeathe
Your patience, and your virtue well deserves it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit :
You to your land, and love, and great allies :
You to a long, and well-deserved bed :
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd : So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.

Du. Sen. Stay, *Jaq.*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have,
I'll stay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin these rights,
As we doe trust, they'll end in true delights.

Res. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue:
but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the
Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush,
'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to
good wine they do use good bushes : and good Playes
prove the better by the help of good Epilogues : What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor
cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play ?
I am not furnish'd like a Beggar, therefore to beg will
not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and I'll be-
gin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play, as
pleases you : And I charge you (O men) for the love
you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none
of you hates them) that between you, and the women, the
Play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as
many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions
that lik'd me, and breaths that I desir'd not : And I am
sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make currt'sie, bid
me farewell. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.



The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hostesse, Christopher Sly.

Beggar.

I'le pheeze you in faith.
Host. A pair of Stocks you Rogue.
Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conquerour*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world *fl de*: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by *S. Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift *Borough*, I'll answer him by Law: I'll not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train:

Lo. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds, *Brach Merriman*, the poor Currie is imbest, And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*, Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault, I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord, He cried upon it at the meekest losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent; Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and look unto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See doth he breathe?

2. Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies. Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes, Would not the Beggar then forget himself?

1. Hun. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest: Carry him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, And burn sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweet: Procure me Musick ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speak, be ready straight (And with a low submissive reverence)

Say, what is it your Honour will command:

Let one attend him with a silver Bason

Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,

Another bear the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say, wilt please your Lordship cool your hands.

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And aske him what apparell he will wear:

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,

And that his Lady mourns at his disease,

Perfwade him that he hath bin Lunatick,

And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames

For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:

This doe, and doe it kindly; gentle sirs,

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbandd with modesty.

1. Hun. My Lord, I warrant you we will play our part, As he shall think by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trampets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Travelling some journey) to repose himself here.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, Players That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come near: Now fellows, you are welcome.

Pla. We thank your Honour.

Lor. Doe you intend to stay with me to night?

2. Pla. So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaid a Farmer's eldest son, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I have forgot your name: but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your Honour meanes.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his Honour never heard a Play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sir,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Pla. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one,
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to *Baietholmew* my Page,
And see him drest in all suits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, doe him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such duty to the Drunkard let him doe:
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie,
And say: What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love.
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a womans gift
To rain a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will doe well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close convey'd)
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye:
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a Servingman.

I know the boy will well usurpe the grace,
Voyce, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they doe homage to this simple peasant,
I'll in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason & Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. *Ser.* Will't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack

2. *Ser.* Will't please your Honour taste of these Con-

serves?

3. *Ser.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Slie*, call not me Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sack in my life: and if you give me any Conserve, give me Conserve of Beef: ne're ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more Doublets

then Backs: no more Stockings then Legges: nor no more Shooes then Feet, nay sometimes more Feet then Shooes, or such Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

Beg. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Christophero Slie*, old *Slie's* son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a Pedler, by education a Card-maker, by transmutation a Bear-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Ask *Marrian Hacker* the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not: if she say I am not liv'd on the score for sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's-----

1. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacy. (house.

Oh Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence the abject lowly dreamies:
Look how thy servants doe attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have Musick? Heark, *Apollo* playes, *Musick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walk: we will bestow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with Gold and Pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast Hawkes will soare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy Gray-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: I, fleetier then the Roe. (swift

2. *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with winde.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Jo*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As lively painted, as the deed was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weep,
So workinantly the blood and teares are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Lady far more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. *Man.* And till the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o're-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or doe I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I doe not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Slie*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o'th' smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Will't please your Mightinesse to wash your hands ?

Oh how we joy to see your wits restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are :
These fifteen yeares you have bin in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteen yeares, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1. *Man.* Oh yes, my Lord; but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the Hostesse of the House,
And say you would present her at the Leet,
Because she brought Stone-Jugs, and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacker*.

Beg. I, the womans maid of the house.

3. *Ma.* Why sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord ?

Beg. Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my Wife ?

La. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her ?

Beg. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband ?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alce Madam, or Jone Madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies.

Beg. Madam Wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about some fifteen year or more.

Lady. I, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, servants leave me and her alone :
Madam undresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two :
Or if not so, untill the Sun be set.

For your Physicians have expressly charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long :
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames again : I will
therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honours Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy,
For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marry I will, let them play, it is not a Comen-

ty, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick ?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufte.

Beg. What, household stufte ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't :

Come Madam Wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall ne're be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardy*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world :
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of Philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happinesse,
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine :
I am in all affected as your self,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet Philosophy.
Onely (good master) while we doe admire
This virtue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks I pray ;
Or so devote to *Aristotles* checks,
As *Ovid* be an out-cast quite abjur'd :
Balke Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talke,
Musick and Poetic use, to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you :
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane :
In brief sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou advise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertain
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this ?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine and Bianca, Gremio a Pantalonne, Horrenso a Suitor to Bianca, Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know :
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherine*,

Because

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To court her rather. She's too tough for me,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kat. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a tale of me among'st those mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,

Unless you were of gender milder mould.

Kat. I faith sir, you shall never need to fear,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not; her care shall be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us,

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush'd maister, heres some good pastime toward,
That wench is stark mad or wonderfull froward.

Luc. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaviour and sobrietie.

Peace *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said Maister, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne're the lesse my girle.

Kat. A pretty peat, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc. Heark *Tranio*, thou maist hear *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolv'd:
Go in *Bianca*,

And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musick, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schöolemaisters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine own children, in good bringing up,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

Kat. 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.

Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so
good, here's none will hold you: Our love is not so
great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together, and
fast it fairly out. Our cake's drow on both sides. Fare-
well: yet for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can
by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
the delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I Signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd
parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both: that
we may yet again have access to our fair Mistress, and

be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one
thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister,

Gre. A husband: a devill.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say a devill: Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, though
her father be very rich, any man is so very a foole to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*; though it passe your patience and
mine to endure her lewd alarms, why man, there be
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them,
Would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse every
morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten
apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it
shall be so forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping
Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his young-
est free for a husband, and then have too't afresh: Sweet
Bianca, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest,
gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best
horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would through-
ly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of
her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucencio.

Tra. I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse to confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burn, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I achieve not this young modest girle:
Councell me *Tranio*, for I know thou can'st:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister,
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm?

That mortall eais might hardly endure the din,
Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to move;
And with her breath she did perfume the aire,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you love the Maid;
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has he closely men'd her up,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with sisters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he :
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio*.

Tra. Maister, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will beschoole-maister,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friendes,
Visit his Countrey-men, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or maister: then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be maister, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In brief sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be serviteable to my son (quoth he)
Although I think 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, 't achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay how now, where are
you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stol'n your clothes,
or you stol'n his, or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah come hither, 'tis no time to jest.
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here to save my life,
Puts my apparell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deseried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daugh-
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your maisters, I ad-
vise you use your manners discretely in all kind of com-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in

all places else, your maister *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy self execute,
To make one 'mong these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficieth my reasons are both good and weighty,

Exeunt. The Presenters above speaks.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not mind the
play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lad. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam
Lady: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. *Verona*, for for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortentio: and I trow this is the house:
Here sirra *Grumio*, knock I say.

Gru. Knock sir? whom should I knock? Is there any
man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knock you here sir?

Pet. Villain I say knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knaves pate.

Gru. My Maister is grown quarrellsome:
I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith sirra, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the ears.

Gru. Help mistress help, my maister is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirra villain.

Enter Hortentio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you
all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trovatto, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorato si-
guior mio Petruchio.*

Rise *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service,
look you sir: He bid me knock him, and rap him sound-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peep
out? Whom would to God I had well knock't at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A sencelesse villain: good *Hortentio*,
I bad the rascall knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens: speak you not
these words plain? Sirra, Knock me here: rap me here:
knock me well, and knock me soundly? And come you
now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirra, be gone, or talk not I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient trusty pleasant servant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortentio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I have thrust my self into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsell :
And yet I'le promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich : but th'art too much my friend,
And I'le not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortentio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and therefore, if thou know
One riche nough to be *Petruchio*'s wife :
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, as curst and shrew'd
As *Socrates Zantippe*, or a worse :
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in time. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* :
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay look you sir, he tells you flatly what his
minde is : why give him Gold enough, and marry him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as
two and fifty horses. Why nothing comes amiss, so mo-
ney comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stopt thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can *Petruchio* help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauntions.
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my fate far worse then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortentio peace : thou know'st not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough :
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well :
I will not sleep *Hortentio* till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you sir let him go while the humour lasts.
A my word and she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would doe little good upon him. She
may perhaps call him half a score Knaves, or so : Why
that's nothing ; and he begin once, he'll raile in his rope
tricks. I'le tell you what sir, and she stand him but a
little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see with-
all then a Cat : you know him not sir.

Hir. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,

For in *Baptista*'s keep my treasure is :
He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever *Katherine* will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curst, have got a husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master.
Well seen in Musick, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by her self.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised

Gru. Here's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folks
how the young folks lay their heads together. Mai-
ster, maister, look about you : Who goes there ? ha.

Hor. Peace *Gremio*, it is the rivall of my Love.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have peus'd the note.
Heark you sir, I'le have them very fairly bound,
All books of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other Lectures to her :
You understand me. over and beside

Signior *Baptista*'s Liberality
I'le mend it with a Largeess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd.
For she is sweeter then perfume it self
To whom they go to : what will you read to her ?

Luc. What ere I read to her, I'le plead for you,
As for my Patron, stand you so assur'd ;
As firmly as your self were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you ; unlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an Assc it is.

Pet. Peace sirra.

Hor. Gru. mum : God save you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortentio*.
Trow you whither I am going ? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoole-master for the fair *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man : For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in Poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shall I no whit be behinde in duty
To fair *Bianca*, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love,
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'le tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Upon

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curst *Katherine*,
Yea and to marry her, if her dowry please,

Gre. So said, so done; is well:

Horcentio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, Maisters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, saist me so, friend? What Countreyman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Butonio's* son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, too't a Gods name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you wooe this Wilde-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. Will he wooe her? I: or I'll hang her,

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little dinne can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff up with winds,
Rage like an angry Boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heavens Artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a Chefs-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, fear boyes with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. *Horcentio* haik:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My minde presumes for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Rio. He that ha's the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he *Biondello*.

Gre. Heark you sir, you mean not her to-----

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. Not if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not shee.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Horcentio*.

Tra. Softly my Maisters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well may one more fair *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all.

Lu. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a Jade.

Pet. *Horcentio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold, as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

Tra. No sir, but hear I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me (insooth)
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Untill the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the ice, and do this seek,
Atchieve the elder: set the younger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say well, and well you do conceive,
And since do you profess to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratific this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack, in signe wherof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carowles to our Mistress health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* O excellent motion: fellowes let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Benvenuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kat. Of all thy sutors here I charge thee tell
whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kat. Minion thou lye'st, is't not *Horcentio*?

Bian. If you affect him sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Kat. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you envy me so?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prethee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

Kat. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her.*

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poor girl she weeps:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For sh me thou Hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why do'st thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kat. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd,
Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What in my sight? Bianca get thee in. Exit

Kat. What will you not suffer me: Nay I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, lead Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a mean man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter, call'd Katerina, fair and vertuous?

Bap. I have a daughter sir, call'd Katerina,

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio, give me leave.

I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modesty:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine.
Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. Y're welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katerina, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her.
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale Petruchio, I pray let us that are
poor petitioners speak too? Baccare, you are marvailous
forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbours: this is a gift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to express
The like kindness my self, that have been
More kindly beholding to you than any:

Free leave give unto this young Scholler, that hath
Been long studying at Rhemes, as cunning
In Greek, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musick and Mathematicks:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinks you walk like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That being a stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and vertuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that wooe,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latine books,
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name: of whence I pray.

Tra. Of Pisa sir, son to Vinsentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think your selves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe,
Yow know my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heir to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twenty thousand Crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she survive me,
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptory as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou wooe, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. I, to the prooffe, as Mountains are for windes,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortentio with his head broke.

Bap.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, If I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou can'st not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moist impatient devilish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) I'll fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vilde tearms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lusty Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankfull for good turns:
Signior *Petruchio*; will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. I attend her here.
And wooe her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she raile, why then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning Roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

Kat. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Katherine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My self am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.

Kat. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you
hither.

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kat. A joyn'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kat. No such Jade sir as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.

Kat. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my waight should be.

Pet. Should be, should: buzz.

Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Kat. I, for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, I'faith you are too
angry

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kat. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a Waspe does wear his
sting? in his taile.

Kat. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kat. Yours if you talk of tales, and so fare well.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kat. That I'll trie. *She strikes him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuffe you, if you strike again.

Kat. So may you loose your armes,
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy books.

Kat. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comblelike Cock, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kat. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay come *Kate*; come; you must not look so
fowre.

Kat. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not
fowre.

Kat. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kat. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face.

Kat. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too young for you.

Kat. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kat. I care not.

Pet. Nay hear you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you if I tarry; Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar,
For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring time flowers.
Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look a scance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh stand'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kat. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a Grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate;
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kate. Yes, keep you warine.

Pet. Marry so I mean sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife: your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter *Baptista*, *Gremio*, *Trayno*.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild *Kat* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other household *Kates*:
Here comes your father, never 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 sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one halfe Lunatick,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your self and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn:
For patience she will prove a second *Grisel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kat. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first. (first.)

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she sayes she'll see thee hang'd

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then good night our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chioose her for my self,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
She hung about my neck, and kisse on kisse
She vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hands,
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra*. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, Sunday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine aray,

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a Sunday.

Exit *Petruchio*, and *Katherine*.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suiter first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse,

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I;

Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry,
Skipper stand back, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both (strife,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.

Say Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and Ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My Hangings all of *Tirian* Tapestry:
In Ivory Coffers I have stuf't my Crowns:
In Cypress Chefts my Arras Counterpoints;
Costly apparell, Tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turkey Cushions boft with Pearl,
Vallens of Venice Gold, in needle-work:
Pewter and Brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my Farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the Paile,
Six score fat Oxen standing in my Stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
My self am struck in yeares I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is heirs,
If whil't I live she will be onely mine.

Tra. That onely came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my Fathers Heir and onely Son,
If I may have your daughter to my Wife,
I'll leave her Houses three or four as good
Within rich *Pisa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the year
Of fruitfull Land, all which shall be her Joynter
What, have I pinch't you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the year of Land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in *Marsellis* roade:
What, have I choak't you with an Argosie?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'Tis known my Father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasse
And twelve rite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what e're thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your Father make her the assurance,

T

She

She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavill: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On Sunday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:

Now on the Sunday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:

If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. *Exit.*

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I fear thee not:

Sirra, young Gamester, your Father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waining age

Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy,

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind my boy. *Exit.*

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 master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Doe get their children: but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward sir,
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall?

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
That give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in Musick we have spent an hour,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usuall pain?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choyce:
I am no breeching schollar in the schooles,
I'll not be tied to hour, nor pointed times,
But learn my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Hefe Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigcia tel-
lus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-
centio, hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigcia tel-
lus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*,
regia, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile
the old Pantaloune.

Hort. Madam, thy instruments 'in tune.

Bian. Let's hear, oh fie, the treble jarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic that si-
mois*, I know you not, *hic est sigcia tellus*, I trust you not
hic steterat priami, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, pre-
sume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.

Luc. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is,
Now for my life that knave doth court my love,
Pedafoote, I'll watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his Grandfather.

Hort. I must believe my Master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:

Good master take it not unkindly pray
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Bian. You may go walk, and give me leave a while,
My Lessons make not musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must wait
And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Musician groweth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath been taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gaineth long ago.

Hort. Yet read the gamoth of *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Gamoth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

Cfant, that loves me with all affection:

D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes have I,

Elams, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamoth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nick. Mistresse, your Father prayes you leave your
And help to dresse your sisters Chamber up, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet Masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.

Hort. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca,
and others, attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we hear not of our Son in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forc't
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudes-y, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure:
I told you I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes and proclaim the banns,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poor *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Upon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had never seen him though.
Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not newes to hear of *Petruchio's* com-

Bap. Is he come? *Coming?*

Bio. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thy old newes?

Bio. Why *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat and an
old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, an-
other lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the Town
Armory, with a broken hilt, and chaplesse: with two
broken points: his horte hip'd with an old mothy sad-
dle, the stirrups of no kindred: beside posselt with the
glanders, and like to nose in the chine, troubled with the
Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls,
sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure
of the Fives, stark spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawn
with the Bots, Waid in the back, and shoulder-shotten,
neer leg'd before, and with a halfe checkt Bit, and a
headstall of sheeps leather, which being rest ain'd to
keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and
now repaired with knots: one girth six times piec'd, and
a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for
her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there
piec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. Oh sir, his Lacky, for all the world Caparison'd
like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a
kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and
blew list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies
prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in
apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or gentlemans
Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odde humor prickshim to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Kap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and
a man is more then one and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants, who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well aparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or some unusuall prodig?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come unprovided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An ey-sore to our solemne fellivall.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither to unlike your self?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear,
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digresse,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withall.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes,
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit he.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth even thus: therefore ha done with words.
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.

But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morow to my Bride?
And seal the title with a lovely kisse. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before I imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Biancas* steps so narrowly:

'Twere good me thinks to steal our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my master's sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e're I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bride-groom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curst then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a devil, a devil, the devils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lamb, a Dove, a fool to him:

I'll tell you sir *Lucentio*: when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by gogs woons quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the book,
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bride-groom took him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and book, and book and Priest,
Now take them up (quoth he) if any list.

Tra. What said the Wench when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook: for why, he stamp'd and swore.

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him:

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if
He had been aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a storme; quast off the Muscadell,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's face:
Having no other reason, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
His sops as he was drinking: This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kist her lips.
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church did echo: and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame, and after me,
I know the rout is coming; such a mad marriage
Never was before: hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play

Musick plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
I know you think to dine with me to day, (pains,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather go then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient sweet and virtuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kate. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horse:

Gr. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not go to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my self,
The door is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
For me, I'll not be gone till I please my self,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Go to the feast, revell and domineer;
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own,

She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field, my barn,
My horse, my oxen, my ass, my any thing,
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he,

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves,
Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a man:

Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
I'll buckler thee against a Million, *Exeunt P. & K.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bidn. That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no junkets at the feast: *Lucentio*,
you shall supply the Bridegrooms place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen let's go.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters,
and all foul wayes: was ever man so beaten? was ever
man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before
to make a fire, and they are coming after to warme
them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very
lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of
my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a
fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warme
my self: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
will take cold: Holla, holla *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no
greater

greater a run, but my head and my neck. A fire good *Cur.*

Cur. Is my Master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Grum. Oh I, *Curtis*, I; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Grum. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath ram'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away you three-inch fool, I am no beast.

Grum. Am I but three inches? Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our Mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Grum. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Grum. Why Jack boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Grum. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cook, is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee what newes?

Grum. First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fain out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knock at your eare, and beseech listening: now I begin, Inprimis we came down a foule hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Grum. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he heat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me: how he swore, how she pray'd, that never pray'd before: how I cri'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grum. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Su-*

gersop and the rest: let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garteis of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my masters horse tail; till they kisse their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you hear ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Grum. Why she hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Grum. Thou it seems that calls for company to countenance her

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five servingmen

Grum. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Jos. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Follow *Grumio*.

Nath. Hew now old lad.

Grum. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things near?

Nat. All things are ready, how near is our master?

Grum. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not-----Cocks passion silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What no man at door to hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*.

All Ser. Here, here sir, here sir.

Pet. Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir. You loggerheaded and unpollisht grooms: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudge, Did I not bid thee meet me in the Parke, And bring along the rascall knaves with thee?

Grum. *Nathaniel's* coat sir was not fully made, And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink't i'th heel: There was no Link to colour *Peter's* hat, And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*, The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly, Yet as they are, they come to meet you.

Pet. Go rascalls, go and fetch my supper in. *Ex Ser.* Where is the life that late I led? Where are those? Sit down *Kate*. And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter servants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweet *Kate* be merry. Off with my boots, you rogues: your villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Our you rogue, you pluck my foot awry, Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. Be merry *Kate*: Some water here: what ho.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence, And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither: One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water? Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily: You horson villain will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave :
Come *Kate* sit down, I know you have a stomach,
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I ?
What's this, Mutton ?

Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat :
What dogs are these ? where is the rascall Cook ?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :
You heedlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.
What, doe you grumble ? I'le be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you Husband be not so disquiet,
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollerick,
Then feed it with such over-rosted flesh :
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for company.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nash. *Peter*, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her Chamber, making a sermon of continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates, that she (poor soul) knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and sits as one new risen from a dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My Faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bait, and beat, and will not be obedient :
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not :
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'le find about the making of the bed.
And here I'le fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets :
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, I'le raile and brawle,
And with the clamour keep her still awake :
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus I'le curbe her mad and head-strong humour.
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that Mistresse *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Luc. Now Mistresse, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What Master read you first, resolve me that ?

Luc. I read, that I professe the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove sir master of your art.

Luc. While you sweet dear prove mistresse of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders marry, now tell me I pray,
you that durst swear that your mistresse *Bianca* lov'd me
in the World so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightfull Love, unconstant woman kind,
I tell thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion ;
Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca*, and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kisse and court : Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to wooe her more, but doe forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withall.

Tra. And here I take the like unsained oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would intreat,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainfull Haggard,
And so farewell Signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistresse *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Lovers blessed case :
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you jest, but have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistresse we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tra. I'faith he'll have a lusty Widow now,
That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. I, and he'll taine her.

Bian. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole : what is there such a place ?

Tra. I mistresse, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bian. Oh master, master, I have watcht so long,
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*.

Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome.
Travell you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marry God forbid,
And come to Padua, carelesse of your life?
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well sir, to do you curtesie,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, In Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Look that you take upon you as you should,
You understand me sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the City:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptista's* daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you,
Go with me sir to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

Grum. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my fathers door,
Upon entreaty have a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a Neats foot?

Kat. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too phlegmatick a meat.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd?

Kat. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell, I fear 'tis chollerick.

What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard?

Kat. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grum. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.

Grum. Nay then I will not, you shall have the Mustard,
Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*.

Kat. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then the Mustard without the Beef,

Kat. Go get the gone, thou false deluding slave.

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat,
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortentio with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*, what sweeting, all amorst?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kat. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here Love, thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meat my self, and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindnesse merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not:
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here take away the dish.

Kat. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

Kat. I thank you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all *Hortentio*, if thou lovest me:

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;

Kate eat apace; and now my hony Love,

Will we return unto thy fathers house,

And revell it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffs and Cuffs, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarffs, and Fanns, and double change of brav'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knav'ry.

With hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Comic

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you sir?

Fel. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dish: Fie, fie 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kat. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen were such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Kat. Why sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have endur'd me, say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou sai'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pye,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown, why I: come Tailor let us see't,
O mercy God, what masking stufte is here?
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-Tart?
Here snip, and nip, and cut, and slash and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shop:

Why what a devils name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
I'll none of it: hence, make your best of it.

Kat. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She sayes your Worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyesst, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thred:
Away thou Rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-meet thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my Master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry sir with needle and thred.

Tai. But did you not request to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave
not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee,
I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid
him cut it to pieces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why here is the note of the fashion to testifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lyes in's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. Imprimis, a loose bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bot-
tome of brown thred: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and
that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give
me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall have no
odd's.

Pet. Well sir in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy masters use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my Mistress's
gown for thy masters use.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take up my Mistress's gown unto his masters use.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortentio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid:
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow,
Take no unkindnesse of his hasty words:

Away I say, commend me to thy Master. *Exit, Tai.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the minde that makes the body rich.

And as the Sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the Jay more precious then the Lark,

Because his feathers are more beautifull?

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou accounted'st it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolick, we will hence forthwith:

To feast and sport us at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see, I think 'tis now some seaven a clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kat. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do.

You are still crossing it ; first let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I doe,
I shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so: this gallant will command the fun.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Near twenty yeares ago in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus* :
'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such austerity as longeth to a Father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you : but sir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him : sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your duty thoroughly. I advise you :
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista* ?

Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,
And that you look't for him in *Padua*.

Tra. That's a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptista* : set your countenance sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio : and Pedant booted
and bear-headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happily met :
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son : sir by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him ; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I sir upon some agreement,
Me shall you finde most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed :
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well :
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both d.semble deeply their affections :
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dowre,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied, and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have many servants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you sir
There doth my father lie : and there this night

We'll passe the businesse privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently,
The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes we well :

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
straight :

And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart.

Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way,
We come, one messe is like to be your cheer,
Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio, and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello* ?

Biond. You saw my Master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that ?

Biond. Faith nothing : but has left me here behind
to expound the meaning, or morall of his signs and to-
kens.

Luc. I pray the moralize them.

Biond. Then thus : *Baptista* is safe talking with the de-
ceiving Father of a deceitfull Son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the sup-
per.

Luc. And then ?

Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Luke's* Church is at your
command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a
countefeit assurance : take you assurance of her. *Cum pri-
vilegio ad Imprimendum solum*, to th' Church take the
Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses :
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell forever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an
afternoon as she went to the Garden for Parsley to
stuftea Ra bit, and so may you sir : and so adieu sir, my
Master hath appointed me to go to Saint *Luke's* to bid
the Priest be ready to come against you come with your
appendix.

Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt :
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a Godsname, once more toward eu
Fathers.

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moon :

Kate. The Moon, the Sun : it is not Moon light
now.

Pet. I say it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mothers Son, and that's my self,

It

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your fathers house :
Go on, and fetch our horses back again,
Ever more crost and crost, nothing but crost,

Hor. Say as he sayes, or we shall never go,

Kat. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a ruff Candle,
Hence forth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the Moon.

Kat. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay then you lye : it is the blessed Sun.

Kat. Then God be blest, it is the blessed Sun,
But sun it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moon changes even as your minde :
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy wayes, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not unluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away :
Tell me sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman :
Such war of white and red within her cheeks :
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee :
Sweet *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hor. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.

Kat. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad ?
Happy the Parents of so fair a childe ;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Pet. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou sai'st he is.

Kat. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That have been so hedazled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green :
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do good old grandfire, and withall make known
Which way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyfull of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amas'd me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son :
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath inarried : wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman :
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like present travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee father so it is.

Pet. Come go along and see the truth hereof.
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart :
Have to my Widdow, if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flye *Biondello*, but they may chance to need
thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*

Bion. Nay faith, I'll see the Church a your back, and
then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.

Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio
with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir heres the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,
My Fathers bears more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go,
I think I shall command your welcome here ?
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. *Knock.*

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder.
Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate ?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir ?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two to make merry withall.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall
need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in
Padua : doe you hear sir, to leave frivolous circum-
stances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father
is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with
him.

Ped. Thou liest, his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why how now gentleman : why this is flat kna-
very to take upon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain, I believe he means to
cozen some body in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together, God
send'em good shipping : but who is here ? mine old Ma-
ster *Vincentio* : now we are undone and brought to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crackhemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you, no sir : I could not forget you, for
I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'st thou never
see thy Masters father, *Vincentio* ?

Bion.

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marry sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? *He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help; here's a mad man will murder me.

Peda. Help, son, help signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controversie.

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortal God's: oh fine villain, a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the University.

Tra. how now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearle and gold: I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a Sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, pray what doe you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onely son and heir to the Lands of me signior *Vincenzio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh he hath murdered his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carry this mad knave to the Jayle: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth comming.

Vin. Carry me to the Jayle?

Gre. Stay officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed signior *Baptista*, least you be conicatch'd in this businesse: I dare swear this is the right *Vincenzio*.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the Jayle with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Tix. thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd: oh monstrous villain.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*.

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincenzio*.

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine cine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me if not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town, And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my self enforst him to;

Then pardon him sweet Father for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villains nose that would have sent me to the Jayle.

Bap. But do you hear sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will:

Vin. Fear not *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dogh, but I'll in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the scaft.

Kat. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Pet. First kiss me *Kate*, and we will.

Kat. What in the midst of the street?

Pet. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kat. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's home again: Come firra let's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kiss, now pray thee Love stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come my sweet *Kate*.

Better once then never, for never too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincenzio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and Widow: The Serving men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last though long, our jarring notes agree, And time it is when raging war is come,

To smile at scapes and perils overblown:

My fair *Bianca* bid my father welcome,

While I with selfe same kindnesse welcome thine:

Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katherina*,

And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banquet is to close our stomachs up

After our great good cheer: pray you sit down,

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* fears his *Widdow*.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sencible, and yet you misse my sence: I mean *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kat. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: kisse him for that, good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning.
Kat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her *Kate*.
Hor. To her Widdow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee lad.
Drinks to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick witted folks?
Gre. Believe me sir, they But together well:
Bian. Head, and but an hasty witty body, Would say your Head and But were head and horn.
Vin. I Mistress Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay that you shall not since you have begun: Have at you for a better jest or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your Bow. You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Pet. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tra. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound, Which runs himself, and catches for his Master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir, that you hunted for your self: 'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird good *Tranio*,
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little gall'd me I confesse: And as the Jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it main'd you too, out-right.
Bap. Now in good sadness for *Petruchio*, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance, Let's each one send unto his wife, And he whose wife is most obedient, To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twenty Crowns.
Pet. Twenty Crowns.
I'll venture so much of my Hawk or Hound, But twenty times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go Biondello, bid your Mistress come to me:

Bion. I go. *Ex in.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self, *Enter Biondello.*
How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you word That she is busie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? she's busie, and cannot come: is that an answer?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too: Pray God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreat her, nay then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid sir, do what you can, *Enter Biondello.*
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you have some goodly Jest in hand, She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come: Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd: Sirra *Gremio*, go to your Mistress, Say I command her to come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherine*,
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and *Hortentio's* wife?
Kat. They sit conferring by the Parlor fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither, if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry peace it boads, and love, and quiet life, An awfull rule, and right supremacy: And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee good *Petruchio*; The wager thou hast won, and I will adde Unto their losses twenty thousand Crowns, Another dowry to another daughter, For she is chang'd as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet, And show more signe of her obedience, Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.
See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives As prisoners to her womanly perswasion: Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not, Off with that bable, and through it underfoot.
Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly passe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*, Hath cost me five hundred Crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my duty.
Pet. *Katherine*, I charge thee tell these headstrong women, what duty they owe to their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling..

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kat. Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy governour.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, whirle-winds shake fair buds,
And in no sence is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soveraign: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse traitour to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre where they should kneel for peace:
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toyl and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward unable wormes,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weak, our weaknesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are,
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it doe him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse me

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy wayes, old Lad, for thou shalt ha'e.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, we'll to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Hortens. Now go thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

F I N I S.



All's well that ends well.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ros. And in going Madam, weep o're my Father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it up where it wanted, rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisicians, Madam, under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceffe, but onely the losing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! how sad a passage 'tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honesty, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the Kings sake, hee were living, I think it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His sole child my Lord, and bequeathed to my over-looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie,

and atchieves her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations, Madam, get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveliehood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go to, no more, least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have-----

Hel. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentations is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excesse makes it soon mortall.

Ros. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertram*, and succeed thy Father In manners as in shape: thy blood and virtue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then use: and keep thy friend Under thy own lifes key. Be checkt for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy hand. Farewell my Lord, 'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best. That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven blese him: Farewell *Bertram.* *Exit.*

Ros. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your mistresse, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell pretty Lady, you must hold the credit of your Father.

Hel. O were that all, I think not on my Father, And these great tears grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*. I am undone, there is no living, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should love a bright particular starre, And think to wed it, he is so above me In his bright radiance and collaterall light,

Must

Mst I be comforted, not in his sphere ;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it self :
The Hinde that would be mared by the Lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague
To see him every hour sit and draw
His arched arrows, his hawking eye, his curles
In our hearts table : heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Mst sanctifie his Relick. Who comes here ?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtues steely bones
Looks bleak ith cold wind : withall, full oft we see.
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you fair Queen.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. I : you have some stain of souldier in you : Let
me aske you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how
may we harrocado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginity though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak : unfold us some warlike resi-
stance.

Par. There is none : Man setting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Blesse our poor Virginity from Underminers,
and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Vir-
gins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being I down down, Man will quickli-
er be blown up : marry in blowing him down again, with
the breach your selves made, you lose your City. It is not
politick, in the common-wealth of Nature, to preserve
virginity. Losse of Virginity, is rationall encrease, and
there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost.
That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Vir-
ginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by
being ever kept, it is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion :
away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die
a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't, 'tis against the rule
of Nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to ac-
cuse your Mothers : which is most infallible disobedience.
He that hangs himself is a Virgin : Virginity murders
it self, and should be buried in high-ways out of all
sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Na-
ture. Virginity breeds mites, much like a Cheese, con-
sumes it selfe to the very pairing, and so dies with feed-
ing his own stomach. Besides, Virginity is peevish,
proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most
inhabited sin in the Cannon. Keep it not, you can-
not choose but loose by't. Out with't : within ten yeares
it will make it self two, which is a goodly increase,
and the principall it self not much the worse. Away
with't.

Hel. How might one doe sir, to loose it to her own
liking ?

Par. Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it
likes. 'Tis a comoditie will lose the glosse with lying.
The longer kept, the lesse worth : Off with't while 'tis
vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginity like
an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly
futed, but unfutable, just like the brooch and the tooth-
pick, which were not now : your Date is better in your
Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheek : and your
virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French
wither'd Peares ; it looks ill, it eats drily, marry 'tis a wi-
ther'd Pear : it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wi-
ther'd Pear. Will you any thing with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet :

There shall your Master have a thousand loves ;
A mother, and a mistresse, and a friend,
A Phoenix, Captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddesse, and a soveraign,
A Counsellor, a Traitresse, and a Dear :
His humblest ambition, proud humility :
His jarring, concord : and his discord, dulcet :
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he :
I know not what he shall, God send him well.
The Court's a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith ?

Hel. That I with well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer born,
Whose baser starres doe shut them up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritable starre.

Par. Under Mars I.

Hel. I especially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The waters hath so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrogade I think rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight,

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When fear proposes safety :

But the composition that your valour and fear makes in
you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear-
well.

Paroll. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer
thee acutely : I will return perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers' counsell, and un-
derstand what advice shall thrust upon thee, else thou
diest in thine unthankfulnessse, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell : When thou hast leisure, say thy
prayers : when thou hast none, remember thy Friends :

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee :
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves doe lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated skie
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hie,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyn like likes ; and kisse like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sence, and doe suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love ?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit.*

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th' cares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. *Lo. G.* So 'tis reported sir.

Kin. Nay 'tis most credible, we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Cousin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentino* will move us
For speedy aide: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seem
To have us make deniall.

1. *L. G.* His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

Kin. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes :
Yet for our Gentleinen that nican to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo. E.* It may well serve
A nursery to our Centry, who are sick
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Parolles.

1. *Lo. G.* It 'tis the Count *Rossillion*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou beat'st thy Fathers face,
Frank Nature rather curious then in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee : Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too : welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tri'd our souldiership : he did look farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steal on,
And wore us 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 young Lords : but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity 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
Clock to it self, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe :
So in approofe lives not his Epiraph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him : he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I hear him now) his plausive words
He scatter'd not in cares, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear : Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heel of pastime
When it was out : Let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuffe
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things dildain ; whose judgements are
Meer fathers of their garments : whose constancies
Expire before their fashions : this he wish'd.
I after him, doe after him wish too :
(Since I, nor wax, nor honic can bring home,) I
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some Labourers room.

2. *L. E.* You're loved Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place I know't, how long ist, Count,
Since the Physician at your fathers died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths sinceiny, Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme : the rest have worn me out
With severall applications : Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clown.

Con. I will now hear, what say you of this Gentlewo-
man.

St. Madam, the care I have had to even your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeavours, for then we wound our modesty, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deservings, when of our selves
we publish them.

Con. What do's this knave here ? Get you gone sirra :
the complaints I have heard of you, I doe not all believe,
'tis my slownesse that I doe not : for I know you lack not
folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make
such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poor
fellow.

Con. Well sir.

Clo. No Madam,
'Tis not so well that I am poor, though many
of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I have your Ladyships good will to go the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will do as we may.

Conn. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Conn. What case?

Clo. In *Isbels* case and mine own: service is no heritage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a by body, for they say *Barns* are blessings.

Conn. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt Marry?

Clo. My poor body Madam requires it, I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs goe that the devill drives.

Conn. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Conn. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been (Madam) a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Conn. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out a friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Conn. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a weary of: he that eats my Land, spares my teame, and gives me leave to Inne the crop: if I be his Cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyssam* the Papist, howsomeere their hearts are sever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Dear i'th Heard.

Conn. Thou wilt ever be a foule mouth'd and calunious knave.

Clo. A prophete, I Madam, and I speak the truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeat, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destiny, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

Conn. Get you gone sir, I'll talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speak.

Conn. Sirrah tell my Gentlewoman I would speak with her, *Hellen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*?

Fond done, done fond, was this King *Priam's* joy?

With that she sigh'd as she stood, *bis*.

And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Conn. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is the purifying a'th song: would God would serve the world so all the year, we'd finde no fault with the rithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and we might have a good woman born but o're every blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well, a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one.

Conn. You'll be gone sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that should be at a womans command, and get no hurt done, though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the Surplis of humility over the black Gown of a big heart: I am going forsooth, the business is for *Hellen* to come hither.

Exit.

Conn. Well now.

Stew. I know (Madam) you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Conn. Faith I do: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and she her self without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her then I think she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to her selfe her own words to her own ears: she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sence: her matter was, she loved your Son: Fortune she said was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might onely, where qualities were levell: Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e're I heard Virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withall: sithence in the losse that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Conn. You have discharg'd this honesty, keep it to your selfe; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could never believe nor misdoubt: pray you leave me, shall this in your bosome, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old Conn. Even so it was with me when I was young: If ever we are natures these are ours, this thorn Doth to our Rose of youth rightly belong: Our blood to us, this to our blood is born, It is the show and scale of natures truth, Where loves strong passion is imprest in youth, By our remembrances of dayes foigone, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none: Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Ol. Conn. You know, *Hellen*, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Mistress.

Ol. Conn. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed mother,

Methought you saw a serpent, what's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwomb'd mine; 'tis often seen Adoption strives with nature, and choise breeds A native slip to us from foraine seeds: You ne're oppress me with a mothers groan, Yet I expresse to you a mothers care: (Gods mercy maiden) do's it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this distempered messenger of wet,

The many colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

-----Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Ol. Con. I say I am your Mother.

Hel. Pardon Madam,

The Count *Rossillion* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honoured name:

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my dear Lord he is, and I:

His servant live, and will his vassall die:

He must not be my brother.

Ol. Con. Nor I your Mother.

Hel. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your Son were not my brother,

Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for; then I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister, can't no other,

But I Your daughter, he must be my brother.

Ol. Con. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse; what pale agen?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness I now I see

The mistrie of your loveliness, and finde

Your salt tears head, now to all sence 'tis gross:

You love my son, invention is a sham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for look, thy cheeks

Confess it 'tone to th'other, and thine eyes

See it is so grossly shown in thy behaviour,

That in their kinde, they speak it, onely sin

And hellish obstinacy tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew:

If it be not, forswear't: how ere I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for mine a vaile

To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam pardon me.

Con. Do you love my Son?

Hel. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Con. Love you my Son?

Hel. Do not you love him Madam?

Con. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess

Here on my knee, before high heavens and you,

That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your

Sonne:

My friends were poor but honest, so's my love:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not.

By any token of presumptuous suit,

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be:

I know I love in vain, strive against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intenable Sive

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to loose still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

Th Sun that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no no more. My dearest Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my love.

For loving where you do; but if your self,

Whose aged honour cites a vertuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of loving,

Wish chafly; and love dearly, that your *Dian*

Was both her self and love. O then give pity

To her whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to loose;

That seeks not to finde that, search implies,

But riddle like; lives sweetly where she dies.

Con. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris*?

Hel. Madam I had.

Con. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell true, by grace it self I swear:

You know my Father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience, had collected

For generall sovereignty: and that he will'd me

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost.

Con. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

Hel. My Lord, your son, made me to think of this;

Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conversation of my thoughts,

Happily been absent then.

Con. But think you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aid;

He would receive it? He and his physicians

Are of one minde, He, that they cannot help him:

They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit

A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off

The danger to it self.

Hel. There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't

Of his profession, that his good receipt,

Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By th' luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honour

But give me leave to success, I'd venture

The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By such a day and houre.

Con. Do'st thou believ't?

Hel. I Madam knowingly.

Con. Why, *Hellen*, thou shalt have my leave and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in Court, I'll stay at home

And pray Gods blessing unto thy attempt:

Be gone to morrow, and be sure of this:

What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for
the Florentine warre: Count Rosse, and*

Parolles. Flourish Cornets.

King. Farewell young Lords; these warlike principles

Do not throw from you; and you my Lords farewell:

Share the advice betwixt you, if both gain, all

The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,

And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to return
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confes he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege: farewell young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy French men: let higher *Italy*
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest question shrinks: finde what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L. G. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

King. Those girls of *Italy*, take heed of them,
They say our French, lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you serve.

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hither to me. (us.)

1. *Lo. G.* Oh my sweet Lord that you will stay behind

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2. *Lo. E.* Oh 'tis brave warrs.

Par. Most admirable, I have seen those warrs.

Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away bravely.

Rossill. I shall stay here the forchorse to a smock,
Creeking my shooes on the plain Masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heaven, I'll steale away.

1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it Count.

2. *Lo. E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lo. G.* Farewell Captain.

2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*.

Par. Noble *Heroes*; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparks and lustrous, a word good mettalls. You
shall finde in the Regiment of *Spinii*, one Captain *Spu-*
rio his Cicatrice, with an Emblein of war here on his sini-
ster cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: 'say to
him I live, and observe his reports of me.

L. G. We shall noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices, what will ye do?

Ross. Stay: the King.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the Noble
Lords, you have restrain'd your self within the List of too
cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear
themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate;
eat, speak, and more under the influence of the most
receiv'd starre, and though the devill lead the measure,
such are to be followed: after them, and take a more di-
lated farewell.

Ross. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewie
sword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up. (pardon,

L. Laf. Then here's a man stands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And ask't thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crofs, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall fox?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to araise King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convoy my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakness: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*.

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too; or take of thine
By wondring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither,

King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your wayes.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your wayes,
This is his Majesty, say your minde to him,
A traitor you do looke like, but such traitors
His Majesty seldome fears, I am *Cressids* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well. *Exit.*

King. Now fair one, do's your business follow us?

Hell. I my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hell. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receipts he gave me, namely one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practise
And of his old experience, th'onely darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine own two: more dear I have so,
And hearing your high Majesty istouch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear fathers gift, stands chief in power;
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The Congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransome nature
From her unaydible estate: I say me must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure maladie
To empericks, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senceless help, when help past sence we deem.

Hell. My

Hell. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to bear me back again.

Kin. I cannot give thee lesse to be call'd gratefull:
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes, hath judgement shown,
When Judges have been babes, great floods have flown
From simple sources: and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the great'st been denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

Kin. I must not hear thee, fare thee well kind maid,
Thy pains not us'd, must by thy self be paid,
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard:
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by shewes:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostor, that proclaim
My self against the levill of mine aime,
But know, I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring.
Ere twice in murke and occidentall damp,
Moist *Hesperus* hath quenched her sleepy Lamp:
Or four and twenty times the Pilots glasse
Hath told the thievish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirm, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sicknesse freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A stumpe's boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, no worse of worst extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Me thinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, wherein an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sence saves another way:
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happinesse and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate:
Sweet practiser, Thy Physick I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hell. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied, let me die,

And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I help, what doe you promise me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it even?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.

Hell. Then shalt 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 blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

Kin. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choyce of thine own time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relie:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse, and Clown.

Lady. Come on, sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my self highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speci-
all, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the
Court?

Clow. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any man-
ners, he may easily put it off at Court: he that cannot
make a legge; put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-
thing, has neither legges, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed
such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court,
but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clow. It is like a Barbers Chair, that fits all buttocks,
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the biawn-buttock,
or any buttock.

Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attourney,
as your French Crown for your Taffaty Punk, as *Tibs*
Rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a Pancake for Shrove-
tuesday, a Morris for May day, as the naile to his hok,
the Cuckold to his Horn, as a scolding Quean to a rang-
ling Knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friar's mouth, nay, as
the Pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitnessse for
all questions?

Clow. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
stable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Clow. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske me if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harm
to learn.

Lady. To be young again if we could: I will be a
fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your an-
swer.

Lady.

I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poor friend of yours; that loves you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thick, thick, spare not me.

La. I think sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you

La. You were lately whipt, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir, spare not me.

La. Do you cry, O Lord sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your, O Lord sir, is very sequest to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whip-pink if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I ne're had worse luck in my life in my, O Lord sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serves well agen.

La. And end; sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this, And urge her to a present answer back, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son, This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much employment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legs.

La. Hast you agen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall person, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, enconfering our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ref. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquish'd of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a-----

Ol. Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just you say well: so would I have said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed if you will have it in the shewing, you shall read it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the very same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: for me I speak in respect-----

Par. Nay 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the-----

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weak-----

Par. And debile minister great power; great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to

be made, then onely the recovery of the King, as to be----

Ol. Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman sayes: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her to a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I think so.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court, Sir, my preserver, by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banish'd sence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Bachelors, stand at my bestowing, Ore whom both Sovereigne power, and fathers voice I have to use; thy frank election make, Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and vertuous Mistis; Fall when love please: marry to each, but one.

Ol. Laf. I'de give bay curral, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well: Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, restor'd the King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maid, and therein wealthiest, That I protest; I simply am a maid: Please it your Majesty, I have done already: The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me.

King. We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused; Let not white death sit on thy cheeks for ever, We'll ne're come there again. Make choice and see;

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly, And to impartiall *Jove*, that God most high Do my sighes stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choice, then throw A deaus-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour sir; that flames in your fair eyes, Before I speak too threateningly replies: Love make your fortunes, twenty times above Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, Which great *Jove* grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turk to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take, I'll never do you wrong for your own sake: Blessing upon your voves, and in your bed Finde faire fortune, if you ere wed.

Ol. Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'll none have

have her: sure they are bastards to the English, the French
ne're got em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so,

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure my father
drunk wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth
of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take, but I give
Me and my service, ever whil'ft I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, she's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife my Liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business, give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

Kin. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, what she hat's done
for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why
I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sick-
ly bed.

Ber. But follows it my Lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poor Physicians daughter my wife? Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis onely Title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
In differences of mightie. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st)
A poor Physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of Virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropstied honour, Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vileness is so:
The property by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair,
In these, to Nature she's immediate heir:
And these breed honour: that is honours scorn,
Which challenges it self as honours born,
And is not like the fire: Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers: the meer word's a slave
Debosht'd on every tombe, on every grave:
A lying Trophée, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maid,
I can create the rest: Virtue, and she
Is her own dowre: Honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive to
choofe.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert: that can'st not dream,
We poizing us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam: That wilt not know,
It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which travells in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims.
Or I will throw thee from my cares for ever
Into the staggers and carelessse lapse
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Looking upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pitty. Speak thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fancie to your eyes, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
Was in my nobler thoughts, most base: is now
The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand.
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize: If not in thy estate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract: whose Ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy lov's to me Religious: else, do's erre.

Exeunt.

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, comment-
ing of this wedding.*

Laf. Doe you hear Monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-
cantation.

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Master?

Laf. I, is it not a Language I speak?

Par. A most haish one, and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts master is of
another stile.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are
too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which
title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well doe, I dare not doe.

Laf. I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty
wise fellow. If thou didst make tollerable vent of thy tra-
vel, it might passe: yet the scarfes and the banners a-
bout thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing
thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now found
thee, when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou
good for nothing but taking up, and that thou're scarce
worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon
thee.

Laf. Doe not plunge thy self too far in anger, least
thou hasten thy triall: which is, Lord have mercy on
thee for a hen; so my good window of Lattice, fare thee
well, thy casement I need not open, I look through thee.
Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I, withall my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack a'th contrary. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him (by my life) if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pittie of his age then I would have of-----I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new Mistress.

Par. I most unfainedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my Master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The devill it is, that's thy master. Why doeest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honour, if I were but two houres younger, I'de beat thee: methink'ft thou art a generall offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure my Lord.

Laf. Go to sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcie with Lords and honorable personages, then the commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ros. Undone, and forfeited to carts for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Ros. Although before the solemn Priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th wars.

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be known: too'th wars my boy, too'th wars:

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksie wicksie here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her armes
Which should sustain the bound and high curves
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other Regions,
France is a stable, we that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore to th' warre;

Ros. It shall be so, I'll 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 speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these balls bound, there's noise in it. 'Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so. *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Cl. She is not well, but yet she ha's her health, she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given she's very well, and want's nothing i'th world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what do's she ayle, that she's not very well?

Cl. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One that she is not in heaven, whither God send her quickly: the other that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you my fortunate Ladie,

Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them still. O my knave, how do's my old Lady?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Cl. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave.

Cl. You should have said sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before th'art a knave: this had been truth sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty foole, I have found thee.

Cl. Did you finde me in your self sir, or were you taught to finde me.

Cl. The search sir was profitable, and much Fool may you finde in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

A very serious business calls on him :
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint :
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'reflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a'th king,
And make this hast as your own good proceeding
Strengthened with what Apologie you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come, sirrah.

Exit Par.

Exit.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordship thinks not him a
souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord, and of very valiant approuse.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I took this Larke
for a bunting.

Ber. I doe assure you my Lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is dan-
gerous, since I cannot find in my heart to repent : Here
he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will pursue the
amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir who's his Tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, he sir's a good work-
man, a very good Tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horse, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of
a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uses a known
truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should be once
heard, and thrice beaten. God save you Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindnesse between my Lord and
you Monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my
Lords displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and
spurres and all: like him that leaps into the Custard, and
out of it you'll run again, rather then suffer question for
your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and believe this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut : the soul
of this man is his cloathes : Trust him not in matter of
heavy consequence : I have kept of them tunic, and know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better
of you, then you have or will deserve at my hands, but we
must doe good against evill.

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why doe you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I doe know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have sir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting, onely he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvell *Helena* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business, therefore am I found

So much unsettled : This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreat you,
For my respects are better then they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater then shewes it self at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two dayes ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres have fail'd
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go : my haste is very great. Farewell :
Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law do's vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foes doe sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse,

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord :
Where are my other men ? Monsieur, farewell. *Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whil't I can shake my sword, or hear the drumme :
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two French-
men, with a troop of Souldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard
The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrell
Upon your Graces part : black and fearfull
On the opposer.

Duk. Therefore we marvell much our Cousin France
Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Council frames,
By self unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Du. Be it his pleasure.

Fre. G. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come here for Physick.

Du. Welcome shall they be :
And all the honours that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle : you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell.
To morrow to the field.

Enter Countesse and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd, as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very
melancholly man.

Con. By what observance I pray you ?

Clow. Why he will look upon his boot, and sing : mend
the Ruffe, and sing : aske questions, and sing : pick his
teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this trick of me-
lancholly sold a goodly Mannor for a long.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Clow. I have no mind to *Isbell* since I was at Court.
Our old Ling, and our *Isbels* a'th Countrey, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court : the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Lad. What have we here ?

Clow. In that you have there.

Exit.

A Letter.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-Law : she hath recove-
red the King, and undone me : I have wedded her, Not
bedded her, and sworn to make the Not eternall. You
shall hear I am run away ; know it before the report come.
If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a
long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.*

This is not well (rash and unbridled boy,)
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maid too virtuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clown.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavy newes within between
two souldiers, and my young Lady.

La. What is the matter ?

Clow. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort, your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought
he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd ?

Clow. So say I, Madam, if he run a way ; as I hear he
does ; the danger is in standing to't ; that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Here they
come will tell you more. For my part, I onely hear your
son was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you, good Madam ;

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Doe not say so.

La. Think upon patience ; pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quiiks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you ?

French G. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Flo-
rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came :
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam, here's my Passport.

*When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which ne-
ver shall come off and shew me a child begotten of chy
body, that I am father to, then call me husband : but
in [such a] Then [I write a] Never.]*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you th's Letter, Gentlemen ?

1. *G.* I, Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorry
for our paines.

Old. La. I prethee, Lady, have a better cheer,
If thou engross'st, all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son,
But I doe wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he ?

French G. I, Madam.

La. And to be a soldier !

French G. Such is his noble purpose, and believ'e
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claimes.

La. Return you thither ?

French E. I, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,
'Tis better.

1. *a.* Finde you that there ?

Hel. I, Madam.

French E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand happily,
which his heart was not consenting to.

La. Nothing in France untill he have no wife :
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourly Mistresse. Who was with him ?

French E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman : which I
have some times known.

La. Parolles, was it not ?

French E. I, my good Lady, he.

La. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My Son corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

French E. Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of
that, too much ; which holds him much to have.

La. Y're welcome, Gentlemen, I will entreat you
when you see my son, to tell him that his sword can ne-
ver winne the honour that he looses : more I'll entreat

X

you

you written to bear along.

Fren. G. We serve you, Madam, in that, and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw near?

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France untill he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all again: poor Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countrey, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the event

Of the none sparing warre? And is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the marke

Of smoaky Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire;

Fly with false aime, move the still-piercing aire

That stings with piercing, doe not touch my Lord:

Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.

Who ever charges on his forward brest,

I am the Caitiffe that doe hold him to it,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so affected. Better 'twere

I met the ravine Lyon when he roat'd

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rossillion*,

Whence honour but of danger winnes a scarre,

As oft it looses all. I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although

The aire of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To console thine ear. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poor thief) I'll steal away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,
Drumme and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The Generall of our Horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ross. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength, but
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Du. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistress.

Ross. This very day,

Great *Mars*, I put my self into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy Drumme; hater of love. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Countesse and Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would doe, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Read it agen.

Letter.

*I am S. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare foot plod I the cold ground upon
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*

*Write, write, that from the course of warre,
My dearest Master, your dear son, may hie,
Blesse him at home in peace, whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I his despightfull Juno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death, and me,
Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharp stings are in her mildest words?

Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me, Madam,

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'retane: and yet she writes

Pursuit would be but vain.

La. What Angel shall

Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,

Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest Justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,

To this unworthy husband of his wife,

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,

That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,

Though little he doe feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger,

When haply he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return, and hope I may that she

Hearing so much will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sence

To make distinction: provide this Messenger:

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,

Grief would have teares, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt.

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, her daughter, *Violenta*
and *Mariana*, with other
Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,

For if they doe approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported,

That he has taken their great'st Commander,

And that with his own hand he slew

The Dukes brother: we have lost our labour,

They are gone a contrary way: harke,

You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come let's return again,

And suffice our selves with the report of it.

Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,

The honour of a Maid is in her name,

And no Legacy is so rich

As honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour

How you have been solicited by a Gentleman

His Companion.

Maria

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parrolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle: beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all the engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them, & the misery is example, that so terrible shewes in the wrack of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me,

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope so: look here comes a Pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another; I'll question her. God save you Pilgrim, whether are you bound?

Hel. To *S. Jaques le grand*.

Where doe the Palmers lodge, I doe beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afaire.*

Wid. I marry is't. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I think I know your hostesse
As ample as my self?

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came I think from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a Countiman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that hears most nobly of him.
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsomere he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. I surely, meer the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but couresly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated, all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poor Lady.

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I right good creature, wherefoe're she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might doe her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

Hel. How doe you mean?

May be, the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in such a suit,

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Army.

Ma. The gods forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest son,

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his Lady,
I would poyson that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with scarfes. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battell.

Par. Loose our drumme? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Look he has spied us.

Wid. Marry hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troop is past: Come Pilgrim, I will bring
You, where you shall host: Of injoynd penitents
There's four or five, to great *S. Jaques* bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.*

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him to't: let him
have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordship find him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Doe you think I am so farre
Deceived in him?

Cap. E. Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as
my Kinsman, he's a most notable Coward, an infinite
and endlesse Liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner
of no one good quality, worthy your Lordships enter-
tainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too
farre in his virtue which he hath not, he might at some
great and trusty businesse, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try
him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you hear him so confidently undertake
to doe.

Cap. E. I with a troop of *Florentines* will suddenly sur-
prize

Prize him ; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemy : we will binde and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents : be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he doe not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit upon his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any 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 bottom of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drumm's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur ? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme ! Is't but a drumme ? A drumme so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service, it was a disaster of warre, that *Caspar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our successe : some dishonour we had in the losse of that drumme, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is seldome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have stomach to't, Monsieur : if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemmaes, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortall preparation : and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be, my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy souldier-ship, Will subscribe for thee : Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to

undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himself to doe, and dares better be damn'd then to do't.

Cap. G. You doe not know him, my Lord, as we doe, certain it is, that he will steal himself into a mans favour, and for a week escape a great deale of discoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why doe you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he do's addresse himself unto ?

Cap. E. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to night ; for indeed he is not for your Lordships respect.

Cap. G. We'll make you some sport with the Fox ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew* ; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Cap. E. I must go look my twigs, He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent 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 fair creature, Will you go see her ?

Cap. E. With all my heart, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hellen, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall loose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be faine, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businessees, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so from word to word : and then you cannot By the good aide that I of you shall borrow, Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you, For you have shew'd me that which well approves Y're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus farre, Which I will over-pay, and pay again When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Layes down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her : let her in fine consent As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it : Now this important blood will naught deny, That she'll demand : a ring the County weares, That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents,

Since

Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choyce : yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How e're repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seems as wonne,
Desires this Ring ; appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her self most chastly absent : after this
To marry her, I'll adde three thousand Crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthinesse : It nothing steeds us
To chide him from our eeves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed ;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other
souldiers in ambush.*

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this
hedge corner : when you sally upon him, speak what ter-
rible Language you will though you understand it not
your selves, no matter : for we must not seem to under-
stand him, unlesse some one among us, whom we must
produce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Captain let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him ? knowes he not
thy voyce ?

1. Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linie-woollic hast thou to speak to
us again ?

1. Sol. E'n such as you speak to me.

Lo. E. He must think us some band of strangers, i'th
adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all
neighbouring Languages : therefore we must every one
be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak
one to another : so we seem to know, is to know straight
our purpose : Chough's language, gabble enough, and
good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seem ve-
ry politick. But couch hoa, here he comes, to beguile
two houres in a sleep, and then to return and swear the
lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock : Within these three houres 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have
done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries
it. They begin to smoak me, and disgraces have of late
knock'd too often at my door : I find my tongue is too
fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before

it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my
tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first that e're thine own tongue was
guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake
the recovery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I
must give my self some hurts, and say I got them in ex-
ploit : yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say,
came you off with so little ? And great ones I dare not
give, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my self ano-
ther of *Bajazeths* Mules ; if you prattle me into these pe-
rils.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what he is, and
be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve
the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not doe.

Par. Or to drown my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the
Citadell.

Lo. E. How deep ?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
believed.

Pa. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would
swear I recover'd it.

Lo. E. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Doe not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Baskos thromuldo beskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be here German or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undoe the Florentine.

Int. *Baskos vauvado,* I understand thee, and can speak
thy tongue : *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seventeen ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revanacha dulce.

Lo. E. *Ofceorbidulchos voliverco.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
to gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes : Nay, I'll speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I doe not, damn me.

Int. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

A short Alarum within.

X 3

Exit.

Lo. E.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muf-
Till we doe hear from them. (feld

Sol. Captain I will.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Inform on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L. E. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt.

Exit.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition : but fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument :
When you are dead you shall be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern :
And now you should be as your Mocher was
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My Mother did but duty, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that :

I prethee doe not strive against my vowes :
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Doe thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve us

Till we serve you : But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our Thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our barenesse.

Ber. How have I sworn.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true :
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse : then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Joves great attribute,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oathes,
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding
To swear by him whom I protest to love
That I will work against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :

Be not so holy cruell : Love is holy,
And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you doe charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thy self unto my sick desires,
Who then recovers, Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th world,
In me to loose.

Dia. Mine Honour's such a Ring,
My Chastitie's the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed down from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th world,
In me to loose. Thus your own proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,
Hy house, my honour, yea my llfe be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window :

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an houre, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this Ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger in the night, I'll put
Another Ring, that which in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then fail not : you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Be. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. *Exit.*

Dia. For which, live long to thank both heav'n and me,
You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would wooe,
As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have the like oathes : He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead : therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since French-men are so braide,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid :
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sin,
To cozen him that would unjustly win. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captains, and some two or three Souldiers.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I have deliver'd it an houre since, there is
something in't that stings his nature : for on the reading
it, he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting
displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you
shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I
am the grave of it.

Cap. E. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman
here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, and this night
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour : he hath
given her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himself
made in the unchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion, as we are our
selves, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerly our own traitors. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale
themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends : so he
that in this action contrives against his own Nobility in
his proper streame, o're-flows himself.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trum-
peters of our unlawfull intents ? We shall not then have
his company to night ?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight : for he is dieted to his
houre.

Cap. G. That approaches agace : I would gladly have
him see his company anathomiz'd, that he might take

a measure of his own judgements, wherein so seriously he had set his counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the mean time, what hear you of those Warres?

Cap. E. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travell higher, or retrun again into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, sir, so should I be a great deal of this act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jacques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her grief: in fine; made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her own Letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the 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 verity.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, we drown our gain in tears, the great dignity that this valour hath here requir'd for him; shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The web of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your maister?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall be no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Cap. G. They cannot be too sweet for the Kings tartness, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteen busineses, a months length a piece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my Convoy, and between these main parcells of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your

Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue between the Foole and the Souldier. Come; bring forth this counterfeit module; 'has deceived me, like a double-meaning Prophecier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's fate i'th stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Cap. G. I have told your Lordship already: The stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk, he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stocks: and what think you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patiente to hear it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

Int. He calls for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

Cap. *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this Monsieur *Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theoricke of war in the knot of his scarf and the practise in the chap of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set down, for I'll speak truth.

Cap. G. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true, Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty,

fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred each: Mine own Company, Chitopher, Van-mond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassocks, least they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions: and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set down: you shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'th Camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in warre: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing sums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him, a was a Butchers Prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves foole with childe, dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cap. G. Nay look not so upon me: we shall hear of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other day, to turn him out a'th baud. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadness I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Count's a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rossillion, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

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 lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he swears oaths; bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he never payes the score:

Half won is march well made, march and well make it,

He ne're payes after-debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kifs.

For count of this, the Count's a Foole I know it, Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

*Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.*

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Army with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, sir, by the Generals looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: Not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'th stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and ravishments he paralels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths, breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a foole: drunkenness is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty, he ha's every thing that an honest man should not have: what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drum before the English Tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Countrey, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, For a Cardew he will sell the sec-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaille from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Cap. E. Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'n a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evill. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runnes any Lackey, marry in coming on, he ha's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I, and the Captain of his horse Count Rossillion,

Int. I'll whisper with the Generall, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums, onely to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition

sition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger : yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

Int. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use : therefore you must die. Come heads-man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends :

So look about you, know you any here ?

Coun. Good morrow noble Captain.

Lo. E. God blefs you Captain *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captain.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew* ? I am for *France*.

Cap. G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compell it of you, but fare you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captain all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ?

Int. If you could finde out a Countrey where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. *Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankfull : if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this : Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live : who knows himself a braggart Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an Ass. Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* live Safest in shame : being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive ; There's place and means for every man alive, I'll after them.

Enter Hellen, Widow, 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 surety : 'fore whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele. Time was I did him a desired office Dear almost as his life, which gratitude Through stinty Tartars bosome would peep forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His grace is at *Marsellis*, to which place We have convenient convoy : you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good Lord the King, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistress Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your love : Doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughters dowre, As it hath fated her to be my motive

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When sawcy trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loaths, for that which is away, But more of this hereafter : you *Diana*, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you : But with the word the time will bring on summer, When Briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp : we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us, All's well that ends well, still that fines the Crown ; What ere the course, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt cassara fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble-Bee I speak of.

Lad. I would I had not known him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature bad praise for creating, If she had partaken of my flesh and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thousand fallers ere we light on such another herb.

Cl. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet Margerom of the faller, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs you knave, they are nose-hearbs.

Cl. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, sir, I have not much skill in grace.

La. Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or a foole ?

Cl. A foole, sir, at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

La. Your distinction.

Cl. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

La. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Cl. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

La. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Cl. At your service.

La. No, no, no.

Cl. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

La. Whose that, a Frenchman ?

Cl. Faith, sir, a has an English main, but his fishony is more hotter in France then here.

La. What Prince is that ?

Cl. The black prince, sir, *alias* the prince of darkness, *alias* the devi I.

La. Hold thee, there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Cl.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwayes loved a great fire, and the maister I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: soine that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy wayes, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon em, sir, they shall be Jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him, by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawcinesse, and indeed he has no pace, but he runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your son was upon his return home. I moved the King my maister to speak in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self gracious remembrance did first propose; his Highnesse hath promis'd me to do it, and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marselles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. It joyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me; till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face, whether there be a scar under't or no, the Velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

La. A scar nobly got:
Or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see
Your son I pray you, I long to talk
With the young noble souldier.

Clo. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it. But since you have made the dayes and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Behold you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a Gentleman a stranger.

This man may help me to his Majesties ear, If he would spend his power. God save you sir:

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not false From the report that goes upon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not here sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Then is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we loose our pains.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gent. Marry as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your self to be well thank't
what e're falls more. We must to horse again, Go, go,
Exeunt.

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. Good M. *Levatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloathes: but I am now, sir, muddled in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee, allow the winde.

Par. Nay you need not to stop your nose, sir: I speak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your Metaphor stink, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prechee stand away : a paper from fortunes close-stooke, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Here is a purre of Fortunes, sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat ; that ha's falne into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes muddied withall. Pray you, sir, use the Carp as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave, I do pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd

Laf. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her self, is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a Cardcue for you : Let the Justices make you and fortune friends ; I am for other businessse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more : Come you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more then one word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand : How does your drum.

Par. O my good Lord, your were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I insooth ? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devill : one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me, I had talk of you last night, though you are a foole and a knave, you shall eat, go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Jewell, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it : but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past, my Liege, And I beseech your Majesty to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, Ore-bears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, But first I beg my pardon : the young Lord Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady, Offence of mighty note ; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes : whose words all ears took captive, Whose deep perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition : Let him not ask our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then oblivion, we do bury Th'incensing relicks of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender ; and inform him So 'tis our will he should

Gent. I shall my Liege.

King. What sayes he to your daughter, Have you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't

Kin. I am not a day of season, For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once : But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames, Dear Sovereigne, pardon me.

Kin. All is whole, Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top : For we are old, and our quick'st decrees Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege, at first I stuck my choise upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue : Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, Which wrapt the line of every other favour, Scorn'd a fair colour, or exprest it stoln, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object, Thence it came, That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my self, Since I have lost, have lov'd ; was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd :

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt : but love that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sencer, turns a sowre offence, Crying, that's good that's gone : our rash faults Make triall price of serious things we have, Not knowing them, untill we know their grave. Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust, Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust : Our own love waking, cries to see what's done, While shamefull hate sleeps out the afternoon. Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*, The main consents are had, and here we'll stay To see our widdowers second marriage day : Which better then the first, O dear heaven blefs, Or, ere they meet in me, O Nature ceas.

Laf. Come on my son, in whom my houses name Must be disgisted : give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

Kin. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Old La. Son, on my life
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring again.

Kin. *Plutus* himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures mystery more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellens*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your self,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unlesse she gave it to your self in bed,
Where you have never come: or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honour,
And mak'st conjecturall fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so.
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereigne.

Whether I have been too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short,
To tender it her self. I undertook it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her businesse looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breef, it did concern
Your Highnesse with her self.

A Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count
Rossillion a Widdower, his vov'es are forfeited to me, &
my honors paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking
no leave, and I follow him to this Countrey for Justice:
Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a se-
duer flourishes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a son in Law in a fear, and toulc
him for this. I'll none of him.

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discov'ry, seek the tutors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-ferd the life of *Hellen* (Lady)
Was fowly snatch'd.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

Kin. I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you flye them as you swear them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parolles.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suit, as I understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

Kin. Come hither, Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vov'es, and those are mine:
You give away my self, which is known mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Then for to think that I would sinke it here.

Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought, it lies.

Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he do's think
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Camp.

Dia. He do's me wrong, my Lord: If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Doe not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Camp
If I be one.

Old La. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that Jemme
Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That Ring's a thousand proofs.

Kin. Me thought you said
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ros. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and deboish'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speak a truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ros. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insuit comming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate; she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ros. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ros. My Lord, I doe confesse the Ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your Master:
(Which on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my Master hath been an
honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

Kin. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did he love this
woman?

Par. Faith sir, he did love her, but how!

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a Knave and no Knave, what an

equivocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesties com-
mand.

Laf. He's a good drunime, my Lord, but a naughty
Oratour.

Dia. Doe you know he promis't me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more then I'll speak.

Kin. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty: I did go between
them, as I said, but more then that, he loved her; for in-
deed he was mad for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to
speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

Kin. Thou hast spoken all already, unlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence,
Therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I, my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she 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 doe not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Unlesse thou tell'st me where thou had'st this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail my Liege.

Kin. I think thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By *Jove* if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

Kin. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She do's abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay, Royal sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himself,
Though yet he never heard me, here I quit him.
He knowes himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the true Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No, my good Lord,

Y

'Tis

'Tis but the shadow of a Wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ros. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And look you, here's your Letter : this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine, now you are doubly wonne ?

Ros. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you.
O, my dear mother, doe I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weep anon :
Good *Tom Drumme*, lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, wait on me home, I'll make sport with
thee : Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest aide,
Thou keepest a Wife her self, thy self a Maid.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resolv'dly more leisure shall expresse :
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

THe King's a Beggar, now the Play is done.
All is well ended, if his suit be wonne,
That you expresse content : which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. *Ex. om.*

F I N I S





Twelve-Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Musick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excess of it : that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain agen, it had a dying fall :
O, it came o're my ear, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of Violets ;

Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so e're,
But falls into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord ?

Du. What *Curio* ?

Cur. The Hart.

Du. Why so I doe, the Noblest that I have :
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruell hounds,
E're since pursue me. How now, what newes from her ?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid doe return this answer :
The Element it self, till seven yeares heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view :
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chambers round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brothers dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of this fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her. When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all suppli'd and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self same king :
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when cannopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola a Captain, and Saylor.

Vio. What Countrey (Friends) is this ?

Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what should I doe in *Illyria* ?

My Brother he is in *Elizium*,

Perchance he is not drown'd : What think you, Sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were saved.

Vio. O my poor Brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance.

Affure your self, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our droving boat : I saw your brother
Most provident in perill, binde himself,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Mast, that liv'd upon the sea :
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphins back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold :

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey ?

Cap. I, Madam, well ; for I was bred and born
Not three houres travell from this very place ?

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino* ! I have heard my Father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a moneth ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones doe, the lesse will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That di'd some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also di'd : for whose dear love
(They say) she had abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Y 2

Till

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compassse,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prethee (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aide.
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
life.

Mar. By my troth, sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier
a nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine your self within the
modest limits of order.

To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer then I am:
these cloathes are good enough to drink in, and so be
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them
selves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yester day: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be her

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*? (wooe?)

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he has three thousand Ducats a year.

Ma. I, but he'll have but a year in all these Ducats:
He's a very fool, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'll say so: he playes o'th *Viol-de-gam-*
boyes, and speaks three or four languages word for word
without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he
hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in
quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would
quickly have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-
ctors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that adde moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: I'll drink to

her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink
in *Illyria*: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
drink to my Neece, till his brains turn o'th' toe, like a
parishi top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here
comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now Sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*.

And. Blessè you fair Shrew:

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

An. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

And. Good Mistrisse *Mary*, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost is, front her, boord
her, wooe her, assaile her.

An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Mar. Fare you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou
mightst never draw sword agen.

And. And you part so Mistrisse, I would I might
never draw sword agen. Fair Lady, doe you think you
have fools in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to th' Buttry barre, and let it drink.

An. Wherefore (sweet heart?) what's your Meta-
phor?

Mar. It's dry sir.

An. Why I think so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Ma. A dry jest, sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my finger ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

Tob. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canary: when
did I see the so put down?

And. Never in your life, I think, unlesse you see
Canary put down: me thinks sometimes I have no more
wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
am a great eater of beef, and I believe that do's harm to
my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. I'll ride
home to morrow, Sir *Toby*.

To. *Pur quoy*, my dear knight?

An. What is *pur-quoy*? Doe, or not doe? I would I
had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in
fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O had I but follow-
ed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not cool my

An. But it becomes me well enough, do'st not? (nature.

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: and I hope
to see a hufwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith I'll home to morrow, sir *Toby*, your Neece
will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one, she'll none
of me: the Count himself here hard by, woos her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, she'll not match above
her degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I have
heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't man.

And.

And. I'll stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest mind i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kick-shawses, Knight?

And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a Curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress *Malspieture*? Why dost thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walk should be a Jigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sink-a-pace: What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocken. Shall we sit about some Revels?

To. What shall we doe else: were we not born under *Taurus*?

And. *Taurus*? That's sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is legges and thighes: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola, in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours?

Val. No believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Count.

Duk. Who saw *Cesario* ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Du. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*, Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the Booke even of my secret soul.

Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her, Be not deny'd access, 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 sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather then make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I doe speak with her (my Lord) what then?

Duk. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear 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 aspect.

Vio. I think not to, my Lord:

Duk. Dear Lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeares, That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt For this affaire: some four or five attend him, All if you will: for I my self am best When least in company: prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll doe my best

To wooe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife, Who e're I wooe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where good Mistresse *Mary*?

Mar. In the warres, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it: and those that are fooles, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold: or if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* flesh, as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that think they have thee, doe very oft prove fooles: and I that am sure I lack thee, may passe for a wise man. For what sayes *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee, Lady.

Ol. Take the fool away.

Clo. Doe you not hear fellowes, take away the Lady.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry fool: I'll no more of you, besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses, is but patcht with sin, and sin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower; The Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cuculus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you doe it? -

Clo. Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*, Good my Mouse of virtue answer.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Ol. Good fool, for my brothers death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his soul is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more fool you (*Madona*) to mourn for your Brothers soul; being in heaven. Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall doe, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decays the wife, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladiship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains then a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unlesse you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fooles, no better then the fooles *Zanies*.

Ol. O you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deem Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he doe nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he doe nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desire to speak with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Malvo.

Now you see, sir, how your fooling growes old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull, *Jove* cramme with brains, for here he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honour halfe drunk. What is he at the gate, Cousin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle Herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cousin, Cousin, how have you come so early by this Lethargy?

Tob. Lethery, I desie Lethery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad man: One draught above heat makes him a foole, the second mads him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seek the Crowner, and let him sit o' my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drown'd: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the mad man.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady, he's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told so: and he sayes he'll stand at your door like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Ol. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage and yeares is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a pescod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly: One would think his mothers milk were scarce out of him.

Old. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vail: come throw it o're my face, We'll once more hear *Orsino's* Embassie.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty. I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Ol. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that

I may proceed in speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

Ol. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self: for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to hear you. If you be not mad; be gone: if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle, sir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear: I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a maiden-head: to your ears, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.

We will hear this divinity. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes your Text?

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. 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. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures own sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers scedules of my beauty. It shall be Inventoried and every particle and utensile labell'd to my will: As, Item, two lips indifferent red, Item, two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what your are, you are too proud: But if you were the devill, you are fair:

My Lord and Master loves you: O such love Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-parill of beauty.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord do's know my mind; I cannot love him, Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth; In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and shape of nature, A gracious person, But yet I cannot love him: He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my masters flame, With such a suffring, such a deadly life: In your deniall, I would find no fence; I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you doe?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabline at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dread of night: Hollow your name to the reverberate hills, And Make the babling Gossip of the aire, Cry out, *Olivia*: O you should not rest Between the elements of aire, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot love him: let him send no more, Unlesse (perchance) you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it; Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no-feed post, Lady; keep your purse, My Master, not my self, lacks recompence. Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love. And let your fervour like my Masters be, Plac'd in contempt: Farewell fair cruelty.

Exit.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman. I'll be sworne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft, Unlesse the Master were the man. How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feele this youth's perfections, With an invisible, and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here Madam, at your service.

Ol. Run after that same peevish Messenger, The Counts man: he left this Ring behind him, Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, I'll give him reasons for't by thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe ;
What is decreed, must be : and be this so.

Finis, Actus primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antonio, and Sebastian.

An. Will you stay no longer : nor will you not that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my starres shine darkly over me ; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils 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. No sooth, sir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to express my self : you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Redonigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a sister, both born in one houre : if the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houres before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

An. Alas the day !

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautifull : but though I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a minde that envy could not but call fair : She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

An. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

An. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me : I am bound to the Count *Orsino's* Court, farewell.

Exit.

An. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee : I have made enemies in *Orsino's* Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there : But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go :

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at severall doors.

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Countess *Olivia* ?

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

in a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lords taking of this : receive it so.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her : and her Will is, it should be so return'd : If it be worth stooping for : there it lyes, in your eye : if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no Ring with her : what means this Lady ? Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her :

She made good view of me, indeed so much, That sure me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger :

None of my Lords Ring ? Why, he sent her none ?

I am the man, if it be so 'tis,

Poor Lady, she were better love a dream :

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes :

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be :

How will this fadge ? My Master loves her dearly,

And I (poor monster) fond as much on him :

And she (mistaken) seems to doat on me :

What will become of this ? As I am a man,

My state is desperate for my maisters love ;

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poor *Olivia* breath ?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Tob. Approach Sir *Andrew* : not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And Nay by my troth I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A false conclusion : I hate 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 betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four Elements ?

An. Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler, let us therefore eat and drink, *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clown.

An. Here comes the foole, ifaith.

Cl. How now my hearts : did you never see the Picture of we three ?

To. Welcome asse, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctiall of *Queubus* : twas very good ifaith : I sent thee six pence for

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impericos thy gratillity: for *Malvolio's* nose is no Whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaidons are no bottle ale houses.

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is six pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight give a--

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O Mistress mine, where are you roming?

O stay and hear, your true loves coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further pretty sweeting.

Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Every wise mans son doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure,
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious, ifaith.

To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? shall we rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will draw three souls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

An. And you love me, let's doo't: I am a dog at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knave knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. Shall I never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sing.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I confanguinous? Am not I of her blood: tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. O twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the love o'God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voyce? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keep time sir in our Catches. Sneek up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can seperate your self and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou think because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S. Anne*, and Ginger shall be hot i'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Go sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A Slope of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give means for this uncivill rule; she shall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a mans a hungry, to challeng him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver 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 Mounseur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritane,

An. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The dev'll a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser, an affection'd Afs, that Cons State without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himself: so cram'd (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expresture of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Niece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a device.

An. I hav't in my nose too.

To. He shall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

That they come from my Niece, and that she's in love with him-

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

An. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physick will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall find the Letter: observe this construction of it: For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

To. Good night *Penthesilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst need send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foul way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'll go burn some Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morrow friends; Now good *Cesario*, but that piece of song, That old and Antick song we heard last night; Me thought it did relieve my passion much, More then light aires, and recollected termes Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here (so please your Lordship) that should sing it.

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Fesse the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Lady *Olivia's* Father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. *Musick plays.*

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me?
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speak masterly,
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What years is't?

Vio. About your years my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let still the woman take

An elder then her self, so wears she to him:

So swaves she leuell in her husbands heart:

For boy, however we do praise our selves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Then womens are.

Vio. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy love be younger then thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Roses, whose fair flower

Being once displaid, doth fall that very houre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:

To dye, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio, and Clown.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:

Mark it *Cesario*, it is old and plain;

The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free maids that weave their tread with bones,

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clow. Are you ready Sir?

Du. I prethee sing.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid,

Fie away, fie away breath,

I am slain by a fair cruell maid.

(pare it.)

My shroud of white, stuck all with Ew, O pre-

My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet

On my black coffin, let there be strown:

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where

Sad true lover never find my grave, so weep there.

Du. There's for thy pains.

Clow. No pains sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clow. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clow. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffara, for thy mind is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancy put to Sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Du. Let all the rest give place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her my love (more noble then the world)

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her I told as giddily as fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Jems

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her:

You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can abide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfer, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i'th bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shews are more then will: for still we prove
Much in our voves, but little in our love.

Du. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theam:

To her in haste? give her this Jewell: say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let
me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly
Rascally sheep-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man; you know he brought me out
of favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we
will foole him black and blew, shall we not, Sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pitty of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villain: How now my Nettle
of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's*
coming down this walk, he ha's been yonder i'the Sun
practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour:
observe him for the love of Mockery: for I know this Letter
will make a contemplative Idiot of him. Close in the
name of jesting, lye thou there: for here comes the Trowt,
that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once
told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come
thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my
complexion. Besides she uses me with a more exalted

respect, then any one else that follows her. What should
I think on't?

To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cock of him, how he jets under his advan'd plumes.

And. 'Slight, I could so beat the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*,
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fye on him Jezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: look how imagina-
tion blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sit-
ting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Velvet gown: having come from a day bed, where I
have left *Olivia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after
a demure travaile of regard: telling them I know my
place, as I would they should do theirs: to ask for my
kinsman *Toby*.

To. Bolts and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance
winde up my watch, or play with some rich Jewell: *Toby*
approaches; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawn from us with cares,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofin *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast
me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech:

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

To. Our scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we break the sinews of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's me I warrant you:

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me foole.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fa. Now is the Woodcock near the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate read-
ing aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these be her
very C's, her W's, and her T's, and thus makes she her
great P's. It is in contempt to question her hand.

And. Her C's, her W's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good Wishes:
Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the im-
pressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winns him, Liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Jove knowes I love, but who, Lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

To. Marry hang thee brock.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucress wife, With bloudless stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison has she dress'd him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obstruction in this, and the end; What should that Alphabeticall position portend, If I could make that resemble something in me? Softly; *M.O.A.I.*

To. O, I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. *M.* *Malvolio*, *M.* Why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O.* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or I'll cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heels, 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 me, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: Some are become great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness put upon em. Thy faces upon their hands, let thy blond and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say remember, go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes fingers: Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will read politick Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point-devise, the very man. I do now foole my selfe, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my legge being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of conjunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my starres, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-garter'd

even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my starres be praised. Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose to know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prethee. Jove I thank thee, I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

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 wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at a tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

An. I faith, or either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it work upon him?

To. Like *Aqua-vita* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unfuteable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.-----

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devill of wit.

And. I'll make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir, I do live by the Church: for, I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the King lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, sir: To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certain: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeed, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo.

Clo. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and canst for nothing.

Clo. Not so, fir, I doe care for something: but in my conscience, fir, I doe not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* fool?

Clo. No indeed, fir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, fir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pitchers are to Herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove* in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, fir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, fir; begging, but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, fir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is cut of my Welkin, I might say, Element, but the word is over-worn.

Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And to doe that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, check at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit: But wise mens folly faln, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saye you Gentleman.

Vio. And you fir.

And Dieu vous guard Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous ausie vostre serviteur.

And. I hope, fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece, fir, I mean she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges, fir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges doe better understand me, fir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I mean to go, fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens rain Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, rain Odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voyce, Lady, but to your own

most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Ol. Let the Garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand, fir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servants name, fair Princeesse.

Ol. My servant, fir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement: Y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* (youth.)

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servants servant is your servant, Madam.

Olivia. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you. I had you never speak again of him; But would you undertake another suit? I had rather hear you, to solicit that, Then Musick from the spheares.

Vio. Dear Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did hear, A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse My self, my servant, and I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you in a shamefull cunning Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th'unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving Enough is shewn, a Cipresse, not a bosome, Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen: O world, how apt the poor are to be proud? If one should be a prey, how much better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraides me with the waste of time. Be not afraid good youth, I will not have you; And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest: Your wife is like to reap a proper man: There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladiship: You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you doe think you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, then I am? I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deal of scorn, looks beautifull? In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murderous guilt shewes not it self more soon, Then love that would seem hid: Loves night, is noon. *Cesario*, by the Roses of the Spring, By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing, I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide :
Doe not extort thy reasons from this clause ,
For that I woove, thou therefore hast no cause :
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter ;
Love sought, is good ; but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good Madam, never more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come again : for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart, which now abhorres to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Tob. Thy reason dear venome, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Marry I saw your Neece doe more favours to the
Counts Serving-man, than ever she bestow'd upon me :
I saw't i'th Orchard.

Tob. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that ?

And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward
you.

And. 'Slight ; will you make an Ass of me ?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oathes of
judgement, and reason.

Tob. And they have been grand Jury-men, since be-
fore *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver :
you should then have accosted her, and with some excel-
lent jests (fire-new from the mint) you should have bang'd
the youth into dumbnesse : this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this oppor-
tunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an Ickle on a Dutchmans beard, unless you doe re-
deem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
policy.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
Policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

Tob. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis
of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with
him, hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note
of it, and assure thy self, there is no love-Broker in the
world, can more prevail in mens commendation with
women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

To. Go write it in a martiall hand, be curst and brief :
it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of
invention : taunt him with the license of Ink : if thou
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the

sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England* :
set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in
thy Ink, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter :
about it.

And. Where shall I find you ?

Tob. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Tob. I have been dear to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him ; but you'll
not deliver't.

Tob. Never trust me then : and by all meanes stirre
on the youth to an answer. I think Oxen and wain-ropes
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
and you find so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the
foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth beares in his visage
no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Tob. Look where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your
selves into stitches, follow me ; yond gull *Malvolio* is
turn'd Heathen, a very Renegatho ; for there is no chris-
tian that meanes to be saved by believing rightly, can
ever believe such impossible passages of grossnesse. He's
in yellow stockings.

Tob. And cross'd garter'd ?

Mar. Most villanously : like a Pedant that keeps a
Schoole i'th Church : I have dogg'd him like his murthe-
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt,
to betray him : He does smile his face into more lines,
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis : I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Lady will
strike him : if she doe, he'll smile, and tak't for a great
favour.

Tob. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian, and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Anth. I could not stay behind you : my desire
(More sharp then filed steel) did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealousy, what might befall your travell,
Being skilless in these parts : which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks :
But were my worth, as is my conscience firm,

You

You should find better dealing : what's to doe ?
Shall we go see the reliicks of this Town ?

Ant. To morrow, fir, best first go see your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,

I pray you let us satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That doe renown this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :

I doe not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I tane here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffick's sake
Most of our City did. Onely my self stood out,
For which if I be laps'd in this place
I shall pay deare.

Seb. Doe not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, fir, here's my purse.
In the South Suburhes at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Town, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase : and your store
I think is not for idle Markets, fir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I doe remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him, he sayes he'll come :
How shall I feast him ? What bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, then hegg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud : Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio* ?

Mar. He's coming, Madam :
But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt, Madam.

Ol. Why, what's the matter, does he rave ?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile : your
Ladiship were best to have some guard about you, if he
come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madnesse equall be.
How now *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha.

Ol. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :
This does make some obstruction in the blood :
This crosse-gartering, but what of that ?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is : Please one, and please all.

Ol. Why ? How dost thou man ?

What is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my
legges : It did come to his hands, and Commands shall
be executed. I think we doe know the sweet Roman
hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. To bed ? I sweet heart : and I'll come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee : why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How doe you, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. At your request :

Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldnesse
before my Lady ?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse : 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanest thou by that *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Some are born great.

Ol. Ha ?

Mal. Some achieve greatnesse.

Ol. What say'st thou ?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse-garter'd.

Ol. Crosse-garter'd ?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made ?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Ol. Why this is very Midsummer madnesse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Count *Or-
sino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back : he at-
tends your Ladiships pleasure.

Ol. I'll come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my
Cousin *Toby*, let some of my people have a speciall care of
him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my
Dowry.

Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho, doe you come near me now : no worse
man then Sir *Toby* to look to me. This concurs direct-
ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appear stubborn to him : for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough, sayes she : be oppo-
site with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue
tang with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick
of singularity : and consequently sets down the manner
how : as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in
the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limde
her, but it is *Jove* doing, and *Jove* make me thankfull.
And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd
to : Fellow ? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fel-
low. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme
of a scruple ; no scruple of a scruple ; no obstacle ; no in-
credulous or unsafe circumstance : What can be said ?
Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full
prospect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of
this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z 2

To

To. Which way is he in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possesse him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is't with you sir? How is't with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha. does she so?

To. Go to, go to: peace, peace: we must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe you, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What man, despise the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Doe you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then I'll say.

Mal. How now Mistress?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you move him?

Fa. No my gentleness, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my havock? how dost thou chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliat.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter.

Exit.

To. I'st possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an unprofitable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room and bound. My Neece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

And. I, is't? I warrant him: doe but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire in thy mind why I doe

call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't. (*Law.*

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the

To. Thou comm'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-lesse,

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keep o'th windy side of the Law: good.

To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon our souls. He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir *Andrew*: scout me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st swear horribly: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit.

To. Now will not I deliver this Letter: for the behaviour of the young Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment between his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find that it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia, and Viola.

F. Here he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Exeunt.

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unchary on't:

There's something in me that reproves my fault:

But such a head-strong potent fault it is:

That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion beares, Goes on my Master's griefs.

Ol. Here, wear this Jewell for me, 'tis my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And I beseech you come again to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that I'll deny,

That (honour sav'd) may upon asking give.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my Master.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that,

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to morrow: fare-thee-well,

A Fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit.

Enter Toby, and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio.

Vio. And you, sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not : but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end : dismount thy Tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'll find it otherwise I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard : for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withall.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl ; soules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher : Hob, nob, is his word : giv't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour : belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no : his indignation derives it self out of a very compunct injury, therefore get you on, and give his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked : for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman till my return. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, doe you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilfull, bloody, and fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria* : will you walk towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir Knight : I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby, and Andrew.

Tob. Why man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a fiasco : I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all : and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable : and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

To. I, but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seen him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

I'll give him my horse, gray Capiter.

Tob. I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his heels.

To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honours sake have one bout with you : he cannot by the Duello avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Souldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I doe assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword : if this young Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him desie you.

Tob. You sir ? Why, what are you ?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet doe more Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

Tob. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold : here come the Officers.

Tob. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

And. Marry will I sir : and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, doe thy Office.

2. *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Or.*

Ant. You doe mistake me, sir.

(sino.)

1. *Off.* No sir, no jot : I know your favour well : Though now you have no sea-cap on your head : Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you : But there's no remedy, I shall answer it :

What will you doe ? now my necessity Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot doe for you, Then what befalls my self : you stand amaz'd. Be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindnesse you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something : my having is not much, I'll make division of my present with you : Hold, there's half my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ? Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack perswasion ? Doe not tempt my misery, Least that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindneses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none.

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,

Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themſelves !

2. Off. Come, ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, (here,

Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love ;

And to his image, which me thought did promiſe

Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. Off. What's that to us, the time goes by : Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this god :

Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature ſhame,

In Nature there's no blemiſh but the mind :

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o're-flouriſh'd by the devil.

1. Off. The man growes mad, away with him :

Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on.

Exit.

Vio. Me thinks his words doe from ſuch paſſion ſtie,

That he believes himſelf, ſo doe not I.

Prove true imagination, oh prove true,

That I dear brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian* : Well
whiſper o're a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian* : I my brother know

Yet living in my glaſſe : even ſuch, and ſo

In favour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate : Oh if it prove,

Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. *Exit.*

Tob. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare : his diſhoneſty appeares, in leaving his friend
here in neceſſity, and denying him : and for his coward-
ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in
it.

And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

To. Doe, cuſſe him ſoundly, but never thy ſword.

And. And I doe not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Tob. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet. *Ex.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sebastian, and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not ſent for
you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held our iſaith : No, I doe not know you,
nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
ſpeak with her : nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*,
nor this is not my noſe neither : nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe, thou
know'ſt not me.

Clow. Vent my folly : He has heard that word of ſome
great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my fol-

ly : I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a
Cockney : I prethee now ungird thy ſtrangenefſe, and
tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady : ſhall I vent to her
that thou art coming ?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh Greek depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe
payment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand : theſe Wiſe-
men that give fooles money get themſelves a good report,
after fourteen yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now, ſir, have I met you again : there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad ?

To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o're the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight : I would not
be in ſome of your coats for two-pence.

To. Come on, ſir, hold.

And. Nay let him alone, I'll go another way to work
with him : I'll have an action of Battery againſt him, if
there be any law in *Illyria* : though I ſtrook him firſt,
yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Tob. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young
ſouldier, put up your iron : you are well fleſh'd : Come
on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what ? Nay then I muſt have an ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

Tob. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners ne're were preach'd : out of my ſight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*.

Rudesby be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy fair wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this uncivil, and unjuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And hear thou there, how many fruitleſſe pranks

This Ruſſian hath borch'd up, that thou thereby

Maſt ſmile at this : Thou ſhalt not chooſe but go :

Doe not deny, beſhrew his ſoul for me ;

He ſtarted one poor heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this ? How runs the ſtream ?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame :

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleep.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'd'ſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown, and this
beard ; make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate ;
doe it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whil'ſt.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelf
in't, and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in
ſuch

such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student : but to be said an honest man, and a good House-keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a carefull man, and a great Schollar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jove blesse thee, M. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby* for as the old Hermit of *Prage*, that never saw Pen and Ink, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorbodack*, that that is, is : so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson ; for what is that, but that ? and is, but is ?

To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The Knave counterfeits well : a good Knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there ?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man ? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies ?

Tob. Well said, M. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good Sir *Topas*, doe not think I am mad : they have laid me here in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan : I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the Devil himself with curtesie : say'st thou that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparent as Baricadoes, and the clear stones toward the South-North, are lustrous as Ebony : and yet complaineest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad ; Sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madam, thou errest : I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzell'd then the Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, thou Ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more mad than you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wild-fowle ?

Mal. That the soul of our Grandam, might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : remain thou still in darknesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a Woodcock, lest thou dispossesse the house of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

Tob. To him in thine own voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Neece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so ?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and Pen, Ink, and Paper : as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio* ?

Mal. I, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd : I am as well in my wits (fool) as thou art.

Clo. But as well : then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have here propertied me : keep me in darknesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the Minister is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens restore : endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble bable.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good Sir *Topas* : Marry Amen. I will sir, I will sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool help me to some light, and some Paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am : good fool, some Ink, Paper, and Light : and convey what I will set down to my Lady : it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or doe you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne're believe a madman, till I see his I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink. (brains,

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,

I'll be with you again :

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your need to sustain.

Who with Dagger of Lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries ah ha, to the Devil :

Like a mad Lad, pair thy nailes Dad,

adieu good man Devil.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl she gave me, I doe feel't, and see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant,
 Yet there it was, and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the Town to seek me out,
 His counsell now might do me golden service,
 For though my soule disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the Ladies mad ; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable-bearing
 As I perceive she do's: there's something in't
 That is deceiveable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well
 Now go with me, and with this holy man
 Into the Chantry by: there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roose,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule
 May live at Peace. He shall conceale it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth, what do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heaven so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*
Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'st me, let me see this Letter.

Clow. Good M. *Fabian* grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clow. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence desire
 my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Du. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends ?

Clow. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how do'st thou my good
 Fellow ?

Clow. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
 for my friends.

Du. Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clow. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be ?

Clow. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an Ass of me,
 now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Ass: so that by my
 foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my
 friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
 your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why
 then the worse of my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clow. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
 one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clow. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
 you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counsell.

Clow. Put your Grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
 and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
 dealer: there's another.

Clow. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the
 old saying is, the third Payes for all: the triplex sir, is a
 good tripping measure, or the bells of *S. Bennet* sir, may
 put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of me at this
 throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to
 speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may
 awake my bounty further.

Clow. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen.
 I go sir, but I would not have you to think, that my de-
 sire of having is the sin of covetousness: but as you say sir,
 let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue me.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan, in the smoak of War:
 A bawbling Vessell was he Captain of,
 For shallow draught and Bulk unprizable,
 With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
 With the most noble bottome of our Fleet,
 That very envy, and the tongue of losse
 Cri'd fame and honour on him: What's the matter ?

1. Off. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*
 That took the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
 And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
 When your young Nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Thief,
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou in termes so bloody, and so dear
 Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. *Orsino*: Noble sir,
 Be pleas'd that I shake of these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was Thief, or Pyrate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingratefull Boy there by your side,
 From the rude seas inrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem: a wrack past hope he was:
 His life I gave him, and did there to adde
 My love without retention, or restraint,
 All this is dedication. For his sake,
 Did I expose my self (pure of his love)
 Into the danger of this adverse Town,
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to pertake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deni'd be mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not half an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Town?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *interim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, and attendants.

Du. Here comes the Countess, now heaven walks on earth:

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness,
Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Du. Gracious *Olivia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after Musick.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant my Lord.

Du. What to perverseness? you uncivill Lady
To whose ingrate, and unuspicious Altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to the Egyptian Thief, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly) but hear me this:
Since you to none regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the Marble-breasted Tyrant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crown'd in his Masters spight.
Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

Vio. And I most jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,
More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my Love.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who do's beguile you? who do's do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whither my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe: what thou do'st know
Hath newly past, between this youth, and me.

Priest. A contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou, and (I henceforth) may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not swear,
How little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, and one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the love of God your help,
I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this Sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devill incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to doo'e by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clown.

And. If a bloody Coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe, Here comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how is't with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sor, did'st thou see Dick Surgeon for?

Cl. O he's drunk sir above an houre ago: his eyes were at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havock with them?

And. I'll help you Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

To. Will you help an Ass-head, and a Coxcombe, and a Knave: a thin-fac'd Knave, a Gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman :
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voyce, one habit, and two persons
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Antonio*, O my dear *Antonio* !
How have the hours rack'd, attd tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of your self,
An ample cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be a Deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd :
Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
What Countreyman ? What name ? What Parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* : *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :
So went he suited to his watery tombe :
If spirits can assume both forme and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the Wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest go even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My Father had a Moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And did that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre :
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jum p
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this Town,
Where lye my Maiden weeds : by whose gentle help,
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and his Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have been mistook :
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood :
If this be so, as yet the glasse seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear
And all those swearing keep as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Vio. The Captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my Maids garments : he upon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian
A most exacting frenzie of mine own,
From my remembrance, clearly banish his.
How does he sirrah ?

Clo. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves
end as well as a man in his case may do : has here writ a
letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning.
But as a mad mans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skills not
much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the Foole de-
livers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam,*

Ol. How now, art thou mad ?

Clo. No Madam, I do but read madnesse : and your
Ladiship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee read it i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona : but to read his right wits, is
to read thus : therefore, perpend my Princess, and give
ear.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it : Though you have put me into
darknesse, and given your drunken Cozen rule over me,
yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-
ship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the
semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my self much right, or you much shame : Think of me
as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this ?

Clo. I Madam.

Du. This favours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd. *Fabian*, bring him hither :
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown th'alliance on't, so please you,
Here 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 far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master, for so long :
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Mad man ?

Ol. I my Lord, this same : How now *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio* ? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seale, not your invention :
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling and crosse garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon 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 dark house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious geck or gull,
That ere invention plaid on ? Tell me why ?

Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse, much like the Character :
But out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter : prethee be content,
This practise hath most shrewdly past upon thee :
But when we know the grounds and authours of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam hear me speak,
And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my self, and *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her :
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter then revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poor Foole how have they baffel'd thee ?

Clo. Why some are born great, some atchieve great-
nesse, and some have greatnesse thrown upon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one Sir *Topas* sir, but that's

all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but do you
remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal,
and you smile not he's gag'd : and thus the whistle-gigge
of time, brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

Ol. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
He hath not told us of the Captain yet,
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn Combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man :)
But when in other habits you are seen.
Orsino's Mistress, and his fancies Queen.

Exeunt.

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tine Boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the rain :
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to mans estate
with hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and theeves men shut their gate,
for the rain, &c.*

*But when I came at last to wive,
with hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
for the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
with he, ho, &c.
With Tospots still had drunken heads,
for the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world be gon,
with hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'll strive to please you every day.*

F I N I S.



The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamnus.

Arch.

IF you shall chance *Camillo* to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my Services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed——

Cam. 'Beseech you——

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence——in so rare——I know not what to say——We will give you sleepy Drinks, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Beleeve me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over kind to *Bohemia*: They were train'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessaries, made separation of their Society, their encounters (though not personal) have been royally attorneyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shook hands, as over a Vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppos'd Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child, one that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had on.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenus, Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long again Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for peperiety, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands more, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow: I am question'd by my fears of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seve'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'll part the time between's then: and in that Ile no gain-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so: There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'th' world So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were (in your Love) a whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both, Farewell (our brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill You had drawn Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bohemia*'s well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaim'd, say this to him. He's bear from his best ward.

Leo. VVell said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, VVee'll thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your Royal presence, ile adventure The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, ile give him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Guest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good heed) *Leontes*, I love thee not a jarre o'th' Clock, behind

A 2

VVhat

VVhat Lady she her Lord. You'l stay?

Pol. No, Madam,

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber voves : but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going : verily
You shall not go; a Ladies verily is
As potent as a Lords. VVill you goe yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a Guest : so you shall pay your Fees
VVhen you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then Madam :

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
VVhich is for me lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostesse, come, ile question you
Of my Lords tricks and yours, when you were boys :
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. VVe were (fair Queen)

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. VVas not my Lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. VVe were as twin'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun
And bleat the one at th'other : what we chang'd,
VVas innocence, for innocence : we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did : had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne're been higher rear'd
VVith stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's : for
In those unfledg'd daies, was my wife a Girle;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eies
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot :
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queen and I are Devils : yet go on,
Th'offences we have made you do, wee'l answer,
If you first sinn'd with us : and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you tript not
VVith any, but with us.

Leo. Is he wonne yet?

Her. Hee'll stay, (my Lord)

Leo. At my request, he would not :

Hermione (my dearest) thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. VVhat have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me : cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon char.
Our praises are our wages, You may ride's
VVith one soft kiss a thousand Furlongs, ere
VVith Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goal:

My last good deed was to intreat his stay.

VVhat was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were *Grace*,
But once before I spake to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me hav't : I long.

Leo. VVhy, that was when

Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand :
And clap thy self, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis *Grace* indeed.

VVhy lo-you now; I have spoke to th'purpose twice :
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :

To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me : my heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on : derives a Liberty
From heartinesse, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And wee'l become the Agent : 't may; I grant :
But to be padling palmes, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse : and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deer : oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. I my good Lord.

Leo. I'fecks :

VVhy that's my Bawcock : what has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captain,
We must be neat; not neat, cleanly Caprain;
And yet the Steer, the Heyfer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Upon his palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes if you will (my Lord)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I have
To be full, like me : yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing, But were they false
As o're dy'd Blacks, as VVind, as VVarers; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain.
Most deare'st, my Collop : Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'st with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou maist co-joyn with something, and thou dost,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Browes)

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction,
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray its folly?
It's tenderesse? and make it self a pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boys face, me thoughts I did recoyl
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernel
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)

Here's all my exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My Parasite; my Souldier: States-man; all
He makes a *July's* day, short as *December*,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that should thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione.*
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young Rover, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'd be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe to, goe to.

How she holds up the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Inch thick, knee deep; ore head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mocher plaies, and I
Play too: but so disgrac'd a parr, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinks she has been sluy'd in's absence
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbour (by
Sir *Smil*, his Neighbour:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Baricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His businesse more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queens entreaty.

Leo. At the Queens be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is; it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For the conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks, Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I think most understand
Bohemia staies here longer.

Leo. H?

Cam. Staies here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistriis.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearst things to my hearr, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I, from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Gameplaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doing of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance; 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By it's own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horn) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think)

My Wife is slippery ? if thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eies, nor ears, nor thought, then say
My wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My Sovereign Mistriſs clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'threw my heart,
You never spoke, what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek ? is meating Noses ?
Kissing with in-side Lip ? stopping the Carier
Of Laughter, with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing Clocks more swift ?
Hours, Minutes ? the Noon, Midnight ? and all eies
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would unseen 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 these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cut'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt. a mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eies at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasſe.

Cam. Who do's infect her ?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eies
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
(Their own particular Thrifts) they would do that
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may't see
Plainly, as Heaven sees earth, and earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, thou mightſt be-spice a Cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink:
Which draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not work
Mal'ciouſly, like poison ? but I cannot
Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So Sovereignly being honourable.)
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot:
Doſt think I am so muddy, so unsetled,
To appoint my self in this vexation ?
Sully the purity and whitenesse of my sheers
(Which to preserve, is sleep: which being spotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps)
Give scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine)

Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must beleeve you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highnesse
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt advise me.
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
He give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleir
As friendship wears at Feasts, keep with *Bohemia*
And with your Queen: 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 haſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'tt thine own.

Cam. He do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. *Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me!
What case stand I in ? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let villany it self forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy Starre reign now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*

Pol. This is strange: me thinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hoy! most royal Sir.

Pol. What is the news i'th'Court ?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath one him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary complement, when he
Waſting his eies to th'contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your self, what do you know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with t.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?
Make me not fighted like the Basilisque.

I have

I look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*.
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like expedienc'd, which no less adorns
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If nor, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think Honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both your self, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an Instrument
To vice you to'r, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best:
Turn then my freshest Reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest Nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Star in Heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsel) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, then question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos, and threes, at several Posternes,
Clear them o'th' City: For my self, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this discovery lost.) Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my Parents, I
Have uttered Truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemned by the Kings own mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart i'ns 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 ago. This Jealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him: Why his Revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear ore-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane suspicion. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Hermione*, *Mamillius*, Ladies: *Leontes*,
Antigonus, Lord.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a half-Moon made with a Pen.)

2 Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a Ladies Nose
That ha's been blew, but not her eye-brows.

Lady. Heark ye,
The Queen (your Morher) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these daies, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulk (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit down, come-on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit down: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear. *Enter L.*

Leon. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scow'r so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just Censure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he crackes his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I have drunk, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discovered my Design, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd, then so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you
Have too much bloud in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworn you would believe my saying,
How e're you lean to th' Nayward.

Leo. You (my Lords)

Look on her, mark her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest: Honourable:
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumny doth use; Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will fear
Vertue it self) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
She's an Adulteress.

Her. Should a Villain say so,
(The most replenish'd Villain in the world)
He were as much more Villain: you (my Lord)
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook (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 use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I have said
She's an Adulteress, I have said with whom:
More; She's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her self,
But with her most vild Principal; that she's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold't Titles, I, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Privy 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.

Leo. No: If I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Center is not big enough to bear
A School-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speak for her, is afar-off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. Ther's some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Tears down: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me: and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highness
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistress
Has deserv'd Prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this Action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.

Leo. Go do our bidding: hence.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do (Sir) lest your Justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your Son.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay down, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of Heaven, and to you (I mean
In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it prove

She's ocherwise, Ile keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile go in couples with her:
Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her:
For every Inch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abus'd, by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villain,
I would

I would Land-damne him : be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven :
The second, and the third, nine : and sonnes five :
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honour
Ile gel'd 'em all : fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my self, then they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease, no more :
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose : but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus : and see withall
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack then I (my Lord)
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her Honour true, then your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your Counsels, but our natural goodnesse
Imparts this : which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth, like us : informe your selves
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The losse, the gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Ant. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent judgement try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age
Or thou wer't born a fool : Camillo's flight
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing all other circumstances
Made up to th'deed) doth push on this proceeding,
Yet for a greater confirmation
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most pittious to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's Temple,
Cleomines and Deon, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'minds of others ; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th'truth. So we have thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come follow us,
We are to speak in publick : for this businesse
Will raise us all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were known.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Goaler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him :
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison ? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not ?

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresse commandment.

Pau. Here's a-doe to lock up honesty and honour from
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawful pray you
To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

Goa. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her :
Withdraw your selves.

Goa. And Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well : be't so : prethee.
Here's such a-doe, to make no stain, a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady ?

Enter.
Emilia.

Emil. As well as one so gear, and so forlorn
May hold together ; On her frights, and griefs
(Which never tender Lady hath born greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the Queen receives
Much comfort in't : Saies, my poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn :
These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The Trumpet any more : pray you (Emilia)
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
Ile shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to'th loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Child :
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot mis
A thriving issue : there is no Lady living
So meet for this great errand ; please your Ladyship
To visit the next roome, ile presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most Noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd.

Pau.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)

Use that tongue I have : If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

He to the Queen: please you come something neerer.

Goa. Madam if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it (*sir*)

This Child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do belevee it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest : it is but weaknesse
To bear the matter thus : meer weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,
She, th' Adulteresse ; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arme : out of the blank
And level of my brain : plot-proof : but she,
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy ?

Ser. He took good rest to night : 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faden'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself :
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : go,
See how he fares : Fic, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyl upon me : in himself too mighty,
Untill a time may serve, For present vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow ;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queens life ? A gracious innocent soul,
More free, then he is jealous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam ; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hor (good Sir)

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you

That creep like shadowes by him, and do sigh
At each his needlesse heavings : such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do come with words, as medicinal, as true ;
(Honest, as either ;) to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, hoe ?

Paul. No noise (my Lord) but needful conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How ?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus.*
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures pent and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me :

Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rain, I let her run,
But she'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege I come :

And I beseech you hear me : who professes
My self your loyal servant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsellor : yet that dares
Lesse appear so, in comforting your evils,
Then such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen ?

Paul. Good Queen (my Lord) good Queen,
I say good Queen,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Enter.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eies
First hand me : on mine own accord, ile off,
But first ; ile do my errand. The good Queen
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis : commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out :

A mankind Witch ? Hence with her, out o'dore :
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me : and no lesse honest
Then you are mad : which is enough, ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest.

Leo. Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Give her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Bastard,
Tak't up, I say : give't to the Croane,

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced basenesse
Which he has put upon't,

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I : nor any

But one that's here : and that's himself : for he,

The

The sacred honour of himself, his Queenes,
His hopeful Sons, his Bibes, betrayes to slander,
Whose tting is sharper then the Swords, and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too'r) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or stone was found.

Leo. A Callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay in' old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Forehead, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheek; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of hand, nay, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grofs Hag:

And Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands

That cannot do that Feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one Subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;

It is an Heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your own weak-hing'd Fancy) something favours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not push me, Ile be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewel, we are gone. Exit.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this,
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good testimony) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my VVrath, say so;
The Bastard-braines with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: Go take it to the fire,
For thou set'st on thy VVife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can; my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're Liars all.

Lord. Beseech your Highness give us better credit:
We have alwaies truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul Issue. We all kneel.

Leo. I am a Feather for each wind that blowes:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Mid-wife there,
To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To save this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my ability may undergo,
And Nobleness impose: at last thus much;
Ile pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this timewe pardon) We enjoy thee
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without much mercy) to its own protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune,
It came to us, I do in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules peril, and thy bodies torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Change may nurse, or end it: take it up.

Antig. I swear to do this: though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on (poor Babe)
Some powerful Spirit instruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require; and blessing
Against this Cruelty, fight on thy side
(Poor Thing condemn'd to loss.) Exit.

Leo. No: Ile not rear

Another's Issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highness, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.

Leo. Twenty three dayes
They have been absent: 'tis good speed: foretels
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The truth of this appear: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady: for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cle. The Climat's delicate, the Ayr most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
(Me thinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the Grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemn, and un-earthly
It was it's Offering?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning Voyce o'th Oracle,
Kin to Joves Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' event o'th Journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Business, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers; Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highness pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person, here in Court. *Silence. Enter*

Leo. Read the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,*

and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy royal Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstance partly laid open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsel and ayd them, for their better safety, to flee away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted Falshood, shall (as I express it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False Accusations blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Then History can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, for
Who please to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would spare :) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant, I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of Kin
Cry sic upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'r heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Then to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More then Mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd:
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as your self commanded:
Which, not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You speak a Language that I understand not :
My Life stands in the level of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames,
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it : As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concernes more then avails : for as
Thy Brat hath been cast our, like to it self,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feel our Justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats :
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seek :
To me can Life be no commodity,
The Crown and comfort of my Life (your Favour)
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My self on every Post
Proclaim'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 ayr before
I have got strength of limbs. Now (my Liege
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to dye ? Therefore proceed -
But yet hear this : mistake me not : no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honour,
Which I would free : if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle :
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your request *Enter Dion and Cleomines.*
Is altogether just : therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperour of *Russia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryal : that he did but see
The fluness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest ; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seales and read.

Officer. *Hermione* is chaste, *Polixenes* blameless, *Camillo*
a true Subject, *Leontes* a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that
which is left, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the truth ?

Offic. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle :

The Sessions shall proceed : this is meer fallhood.

Ser. My Lord the King : the King ?

Leo. What is the business ?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How ? Gone ?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my Injustice. How now there ?

Paul. This newes is mortal to the Queen : Look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o're-charg'd : she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :

Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon

My great prophane's 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New wooe my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy :)

For being transported by my Jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poyson

My friend *Polixenes* : which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command : though I with death, and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done : he, (most humane,

And fill'd with Honour) to my Kingly Guest

Unclass'd my practise, quit his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the certain hazard

Of all uncertainties, himself commended,

No richer then his Honour : How he glisters

Through my dark Rust ? and how his Piety

Do's my deeds make the blacker ?

Paul. Wo the while :

O cut my Lace, lest my heart (cracking it)

Break too.

Lord. What fit is this ? Good Lady ?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me ?

What Wheels ? Racks ? Fires ? What slaying ? boyling ? burn
In Leads, or Oyles ? What old, or new torture (ing,

Must I receive ? whose very word deserves

To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny

(Together working with thy Jealousies,

Fancies too weak for Boyes, too green and idle

For Girles of Nine) O think what they have done ,

And then run mad indeed : stark-mad : for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices for it.

That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,

(That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,

And damnable ingrateful :) Nor was't much.

Thou would'st have poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honour,

To have him kill a King : poor Trespasses,

More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon

The casting forth to Crowes, the Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little ; though a Devil

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire

Blemish'd his gracious Dam : this is nor, no,

Laid to thy answer : but the last : O Lords,

When I have said, cry woe : the Queen, the Queen,

The

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead: and vengeance for't
Not drop'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Paul. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Hear outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together; naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more,
How ere the business goes, you have made fault
I'th boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't,
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. VVhat's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen (Lo, fool again)
Ile speak of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my own Lord,
(VVho is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
VVhen most the truth: which I receive much better,
Then to be pitied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and Son,
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear (unto
Our shame perpetual) once a day, lie visit
The Chappel where they lie, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
VVill bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheep-
heard, and Clown.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Desarts of *Bohemia*.

Mar. I (My Lord) and fear
VVe have Landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wils be done; get aboard,
Look to thy bark, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best hast, and go not
Too far i'th Land: 'tis like to beloud weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'th business.

Exit.

Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head is on one side, some another,
I never saw a Vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very Sanctity she did approach
My Cabbin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perlon for the thrower-out
Of my poor Babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy VVife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into ayr. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*) it should here be laid
(Either for life, or death) upon the Earth
Of it's right Farther. Blossom, speed thee well,
There lie, and there thy character: there these,
VVhich may if Fortune please, both breed thee (Pretty)
And still rest thine. The storm begins, poor wretch,
That for thy Mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. VVeep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by Oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewel.
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamour I
VVell may I get a-board: This is the Chace, (*herd.*
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Bear. Enter a Sheep-*

Shep. I would there were no age between ren and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:
for there is nothing (in the between) but getting wenches
with child, wronging the Ancientry, stealing, fight-
ing, hark you now: would any but these boyld-brains
of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weather?
They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheep, which
I fear the VVolf will sooner find then the Master;
if any where I have them, 'tis by the Sea-side, brou-
zing of Ivy. Good-luck (and't be the will) what have
we here? Mercy on's, A Barne! A very pretty barne;
A Boy, or a Child I wonder? (A pretty one, a very pretty
one) sure some Scape: Though I am not bookish, yet I

can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has been some stair-work, some Trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, then the poor thing is here. Ile take it up for pity, yet Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallov'd but even novv. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so neer? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on, vhen thou art dead and rotten, come hither: vwhat ayl't thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is novv the skye, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, howv is it?

Clo. I would you did but see howv it chafes, howv it rages, howv it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pitreous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see'em, and not to see'em; Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her main Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Cork into a hog's head. And then for the Land-service, To see how the Bear roar out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but first, how the poor souls roared, and the Sea mock'd them: and how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder then the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of mercy; when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Bear half din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee here boy. Now blesse thy self; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: Look thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: look thee here, take up, take up, (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's with in boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; If the finnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faery Gold boy, and 'twill prove so: up with'r, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep goe: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Goe you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou maist discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'fight of him.

Clo. 'Marry will I: and you shall help to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Tim. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error. Now take upon me (in the name of Time) To use my wings: Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide, O're sixteen years, and leave the growth untride Of that wide gap, since it is in my power To overthrow Law, and in one self-born hour To plant, and ore-whelm Custom. Let me passe The same I am, ere ancient Order was, Or what is now receiv'd. I witnesse to The Times that brought them in, so shall I do To th'freshell things now reigning, and make stale The glistering of this present, as my Tale Now seems to it: your patience this allowing, I turn my glasse, and give my Scene such growing As you had slept between: *Leontes* leaving Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so greiving That he shuts up himself, imagine me (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well, I mention here a sonne o'th Kings, which *Florizel* I now name to you, and with speed so pace To speak of *Perdua*, now grown in grace Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues I list not prophesie: but let Times news Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepherds daughter And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is th'argument of Time: of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse, ere now: If never, yet that Time himself doth say, He wishes e'neftly, you never may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my Countrey: though I have (for the most part) been ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay (or I oreween to think so) which is another spurre to my departre.

Pol. As thou lov'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodnesse hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Busineses, (which none, (without thee) can sufficiently mannage) must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee speak no more, whose very naming, punishes me with the remembrance

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of

of that penitent (as thou call'st him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queen and Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no lesse unhappy, their issue not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have approved their vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three daies since I saw the Prince: what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court: and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I have eies under my service, which look upon his removednesse: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence: but (I fear) the Angle that plucks our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the Shepheard; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my sonnes resort thither. Prethee be my present partner in this businesse, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

*When Daffadills begin to peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'th year.
For the red blood reigns in the winters pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Lark, that cirra-Lyrachants,
With heigh, with heigh the Thrush and the lay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Annes
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile. but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that (my dear)
the pale Moon shines by night:*

*And when I wander here and there
I then do most goe right.*

*If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and bear the Sow-skin Bonnet,*

*Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocks avouch it.*

My Traffick is sheets: when the Kite builds, look to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolycus*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd *Caparison*, and my Revennew is the silly Cheat. Gallowes, and Knock, are too powerfull on the High-way. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather toddes, every told yields pound and odde shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wooll to?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do it without Compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our Sheep-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this Sister of mine do with Rice? but my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she laies it on. She hath made mesfour and twenty Nose-gays for the shea-rers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Means and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalms to horn-Pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegs, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reasons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born.

Clo. I'th' name of me.

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these raggs: and then, dearth, dearth.

Clo. Alack poor soul, thou hast need of more raggs to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offends me, more then the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions,

Clo. Alas poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man (sweet sir) a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horsemans Coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, ile help thee. Come lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poor soul.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I fear (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deer sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (Sir) that I have known to go about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath been since an Ape-bearer, then a Process-server, (a Bailiffe) then he compass'd a Motion of the Prodigal son, and married a Tinkers wife, within a mile where my Land and living lies; and (having flown over many knavish professions) he settled only in Rogue: some call him *Autolycus*.

Clo. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts VVakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir he: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd big, and spit at him, hee'd have run.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must go to buy Spices for our Sheep-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your Purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice. He be with you at your Sheep-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrold, and my name put in the book of Vertue.

Song. Jog on, Jog-on, the foot-path way

And merrily hent the stile-a.

A Merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a Mile-a

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolycus.

Flo. These your unusual weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdess, but *Flora* Peering in *Aprils* front. This your sheep-shearing, Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high self The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obscur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poor lowly Maid) Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our Feasts In every Mese, have folly; and the Feeders Disgest it with a Custom, I should blush To see you so attyrd: sworn I think, To shew my self a glass.

Flo. I bless the time VVhen my good Falcon, made her flight a-cross Thy Fathers ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear:) even now I tremble To think your Father, by some accident Should pass this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vildely bound up? VVhat would he say? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The Shapes of Beasts upon them. *Jupiter* Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the green *Neptune* A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations, Were never for a piece of Beauty, rarer, Not in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine Honour: nor my lusts Burn hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but dear sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' power of the King. One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose, Or I my life. *(pose,*

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*, With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th' Fest: Or Ile be thine (my Fair) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though Destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your Guests are coming. Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that Nuptial, which We two have sworn shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Enter all.

Flo. See, your Guests approach, Address your self to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon This day, she was both Pantler, Burler, Cook, Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: serv'd all, Would sing her Song, and dance her turn: now here At upper end o'th' Table; now, i'th middle: On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing she took to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one: and not The Hostess of the meeting: Pray you bid These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make us better Friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes, and present your self That which you are, Mistress o'th' Feast. Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome: It is my Fathers will, I should take on me The Hostessship o'th' day, you're welcome sir, Give me those Flowers there (*Dorcas*.) Reverend Sirs, For you, there's *Rosemary*, and *Rue*, these keep Seeming, and savour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

Bb 2

Pol.

Pol. Shepherdes,

(A fair one are you: well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our Carnations. and streak't Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rustick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. VVherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:

Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that Mean: so over that Art
(VVhich you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
Agentler Sien, to the wildest Sock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
VVhich do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it self, is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. He not put

The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say'twer well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Sivoiry, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas:

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January : Friend,
VVould blow you through and through. Now (my far'st
I would I had some Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Differ* VVaggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty: Violets (dim
But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cythered's* breath) pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength (a Malady
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crown imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(The flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lack,
To make you Girlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and o're.

Flo. VVhat? like a Coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for Love to lye, and play on:
Nor like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine armes. Come take your flowers,
Methinkes I play as I have seen them do
In VVhitson-pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. VVhat you do,

Still betters what is done. VVhen you speak (sweet)
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell so: so give Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affaires,
I o sing them too. VVhen you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so:
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queens.

Perd. O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shephera
VVith w'sdom, I might fear (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

A little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita* :) so Turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Perd. He swear for'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-born Lais, that ever
Ran on the green-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smokes of somerhing greater then her self.
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something

That makes her blood look on't. Good sooth she is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on: strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your Mistis: marry Garlick to
mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepheards and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepherd, what fair S vain is this
VVhich dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himself
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth: he saies he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kifs to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. Sie dances feartly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O Master: if you did but hear the Pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: he sings
several Tunes, fatter then you'll tell money: he utters
them as he had eaten Ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in:
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down: or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloves: he has the prettiest Love songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would, (as it were) mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the Matter, he makes the Maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm good man:* put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleeve me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th' Rainbow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse: *Is-kles*, *Caddisses*, *Cambricks*, *Lawns*: why he sings 'em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would think a Smock were a she-Angell, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd think (Sister)

Per. I good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Antolicks singing.

*Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse black, as ere was Crow,
Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,
Masks for Faces, and for Noses:
Bugle-Bracelet, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quiffs, and Stomachers
For my Lads to give their Dearts:
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel.
What Maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy.
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among Maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? when you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be rattle-ratling before all our Guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Ant. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Ant. I hope so fir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a Ballad in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a Usurers wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat Adders heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Ant. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Usurer.

Ant. Here's the Midwives name to't: one *Mistress Tale-Porter*, and five or six 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 see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another Ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this Ballad against the hard hearts of Maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you.

Ant. Five Justices hands at it: and witnesses more then my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Ant. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two Maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maid Westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a moneth agoe.

Ant. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you:

Song. *Get you hence, for I must goe*

Ant. *Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whether.*

Mop. *O whether?*

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too, let me goe thither:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*

Dor. *If to either thou dost ill,*

Ant. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither?*

Ant. *Neither:*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my Love to be,*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me.*

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l have this song out anon by our selves: My Father and the Gent. are in sad talk, and wee'l not trouble them: Come bring away thy pick after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choice; follow me girles. Ant. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Caps?*

My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?

*Any Silk, any Thred, any Toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a.*

*Come to the Pedler, Money's a Medler,
That doth utter all mens wares-a.*

Exit.

Ser. Master, there is three Carriers, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made

themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers and they have a Dance, which the wenches say is a galli-mauffy of Gambols, because they are not in't : but they themselves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away : wee'l none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us : Pray 'let's see these four-and-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King : and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by th'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in : but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Satires.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that hereafter : Is it not too fargone ? 'tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (fair Shepheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do ; I was wont To load my Shee with knacks : I would have ransackt The Pedlers filken Treasury, and have powr'd it To her acceptance : you have let him go, And nothing married with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are : The gifis she looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, who (it should seem) Hath somerime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves Down, and as white as it, Or *Ethiopians* tooth, or the fan'd snow, That's bolted by th'Northern blast, twice o're.

Pol. What follows this ? How prettily th'young Swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before ? I have put you out, But to your protestation : Let me hear What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnessse to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men : the earth, the heavens, and all ; That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch Thereof most worthy : were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge More than was ever mans, I would not prize them Without her Love ; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemn them to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd,

Cam. This shews a sound affection,

She. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speak

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor mean better, By th'pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ; And friends unknown, you shall bear witnessse to't : I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that must be I'th vertue of your daughter : One being dead, I shall have more then you can dream of yet, Enough then for your wonder : but come-on : Contract us'fore these witnessses.

Shep. Come, your hand : And daughter, yours.

Pol. Saft Swain a-while : beseech you, Have you a Father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father, Is at the Nuptial of his sonne, a Guest That best becomes the Table : pray you once more Is not your Father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs, is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ? Know man, from man ? Dispure his own estate ? Lies he not bed-rid ? And again, do's nothing But what he did, being childish ?

Flo. No good Sir : He has his health, and ampler strength indeed Then most have of his age.

Pol. By my white Beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something unfillial : Reason my sonne Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason The Father, (all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity) should hold some counsel In such a businesse.

Flo. I yield all this ; But for some other reasons (my grave Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No: he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not : Mark our Contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce (young Sir) Whom sonne I dare not call : Thou art too base To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepters Heir, That thus affects a sheep-hook ? Thou old Traitor, I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know The royal Fool thou coap'st with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile have thy beauty scratcht with bryers and made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may ever know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never I mean thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no nor our Kin, Farre than *Dencalion* off : (mark thou my words) Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it : And your enchantment,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heardsman : yea him too,
That makes himself (but for our Honour therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rural Larches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Exit.

Perd. Even here undone :

I was not much afraid : for once, or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone ?
I told you what would come of this : Beseech you
Of your own state take care : This dream of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speak ere thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet : yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones ; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone :
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afraid : delaid,
But nothing altered : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back : not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Fathers temper : at this time
He will allow no speech : (which I do ghes
You do not purpose to him :) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear ;
Then till the fury of his Highness settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I nor purpose it :
I think *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, 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 looks :
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am . and by my Fancy, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient : I have Reason :
If not, my senses better (pleas'd with madness)
Do bid it welcom :

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned : for all that the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fadomes ; will I break my Oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my Fathers friend,
When he shall miss me, as (in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion : Let my self, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore :
And most opportune to her need, I have
A Vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark *Perdita*,
Ile hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going, I could frame to serve my turn.
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out Ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th love
That I have born your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : It is my Fathers Musick
To speak your deeds : not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration : On mine honour,
Ile point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your Mistress ; from the whom, I see
Ther's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forsend) your ruine : Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done ?
That I may call thee something more than 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'untought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me :
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight ; make for *Sicilia*,
And there present your self, and your fair Princess.
(For so I see she must be) fore *Leontes* ;

B b 4

She

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth : asks thee the Son forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess ; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness : th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, Ile write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd Shores ; most certain,
To Miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loath to be : besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your Fathers house, these seven yeares
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seemes a Mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon Sir, for this.
Ile blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand upon : (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House : how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like *Behemia's* Son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*.

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there : It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scène you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want ; one word.

Enter Autolichus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is ? and Trust (his
sworn brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all
my Trumpery : not a counterfeit Stone, nor a Ribbon,
Glas, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Glove, Shoe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keep

my Pack from fasting : they throng who should buy
first, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought
a benediction to the buyer ; by which means, I saw
whose Purse was best in Picture ; and what I saw, to my
good use, I remembred. My Clown (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with
the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Pettycoes
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the
rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stuck
in Eares : you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was sense-
less, 'twas nothing to geld a Cod-piece of a Purse : I
would have fil'd Keyes off that hung in Chaynes : no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring
the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I
pick't and cut most of their Festival Purples : And had
not the old man come in with a Whoo-bub against his
Daughter, and the Kings Son, and scar'd my chowghes
from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes* ?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you :
All that you speak, shewes fair.

Cam. Who have we here ?
Wee'll make an Instrument of this : omit
Nothing may give us ayd.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now : why hanging.

Cam. How now (Good-Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so ? Fear not (man)
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still : here's no body will steal that
from thee : yet for the out-side of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange : therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou
must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments
with this Gentleman : Though the peny-worth (on his side)
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir, (I know ye wel-
l-enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch : the Gentleman is half fled
already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir ? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistress (let my prophecy
Come home to ye :) you must retire your self
Into some Cover ; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the Play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy :
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat :
Come Lady, come : Farewel (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita* : what have we twain forgot ?

Pray

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia* ; for whose sight,
I have a womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us :
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I understand the businesse, I hear it : to have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for
a Cut-purse ; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out
work for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the
unjust man dorth thrive. What an exchange had this been,
without boot ? What a boot is here, with this exchange ;
Sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may doe
any thing *ex tempore*. The Prince himself is about a
piece of iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with
his Clog at his heels :) if I thought it were a piece of honest-
ty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't :
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it : and therein am
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hor brain : Every
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session. Hanging yields
a careful man work.

Clown. See, see : what a man you are now ? there is no
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and
none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nays, but hear me.

Clown. Nays, but hear me.

Shep. Goe to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your
flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those
things you found about her (those secret things, all but
what she has with her :) This being done, let the Law goe
whistle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his
Sons pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, nei-
ther to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the
Kings Brother in Law.

Clown. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you
could have been to him, and then your Blood had been
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies)

Shep. Well : let us to the King : there is that in this
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may
be to the flight of my Master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so som-
times by chance : Let me pocket up my Pedlers excre-
ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you Bound ?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your affairs there ? what ? with whom ? the condi-
tion of that Farthell ? the place of your dwelling ? your
names ? your ages ? of what having ? breeding, and any
thing that is fitting to be known, discover ?

Clown. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye : you are rough, and hairy : Let me have
no lying ; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they of-
ten give us (Souldiers) the Lie, but we pay them for it
with stamped Coine, nor stabbing Steel, therefore they
doe not give us the Lye.

Clown. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if
you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest
thou not the ayr of the Court, in these enfoldings ? hath
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court ? Receives not
thy Nose Court-Odour from me ? Reflect I not on thy
Basenesse, Court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I
insinuate, or toaze from thee thy businesse, I am there-
fore no Courtier ? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe* ; and one that
will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy businesse there :
whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, (and't like you.)

Clown. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant : say
you have none.

Shep. None, Sir : I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men ?
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not
handfomly.

Clown. He seems to be the more Noble in being fantasti-
call : a great man, ile warrant ; I know by the picking on's
teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there ? What's i'th' Farthel ?
Wherefore that Box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this Farthel and
Box, which none must know but the King, and which he
shall know within this hour, If I may come to th' speech
of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir ?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard
a new Ship, to purge Melancholly, and ayr himself : for
if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know the
King is full of grief.

Shep. So'tis said (Sir :) about his Sonne that should
have married a Shepherds daughter.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him
flye ; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel,
will break the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clown. Think you so, Sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make
heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are Jermain
to him (though remov'd fifty times) shall all come under
the Hangman : which, though it be great pity, yet it is
necessary. An old Sheep-whistling Rogue, a Ram-ren-
der, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace ? Some
say he shall be ston'd : but that death is too soft for him
(say I :) Draw out Throne into a Sheep-Coat ? all deaths
are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clown. He's the old man ere a Son Sir (do you hear) and't
like you, Sir.

Aut. He ha's a Son : who shall be flay'd alive, then
'nointed over with honey, set on the Head of a Wasps
Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ;
then recover'd again with *Aqua-vite*, or some other hot
Infusion : then, raw as he is (& in the hottest day Prognos-
tication proclaimes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall
(the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him ;
where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.)
But what talk we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose mi-
series are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital ?

Tell

Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him Gold: and though authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember flon'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the businesse for us, here is that Gold I have Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Ant. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Ant. Well, give me the moiety: are you a party in this businesse?

Clo. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Ant. Oh that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must ro the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the businesse is performed, and remain (as he saies) your pawn till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust you, walk before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd, in this man: as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

Exeunt.

Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me: she 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 knows how that may turn back to my advancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind ones, aboard him, if he think it fit to shoare them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proof against that Title, and what shame else belongs too't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants Florizel, Perdita.

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 down More penitence, then done trespass: at the last Doe, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil, With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilest I remember Her and her vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did my self: which was so much, That Heir-lesse it hath made my Kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)

If one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the All that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd, Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did, it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Clo. Not at all, good Lady:

You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,

You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Sovereign Name: Consider little, What dangers, by his Highnesse fall of Issue, May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy, Then to rejoyce the former Queen is well? What holier, then for Royalties repair, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Majesty again With a sweet fellow too't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For has not the Divine *Apollo* said? Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave, And come again to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your Council, My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue, The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander* Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*, Who hast the memory of *Hermione* I know in honour: O, that ever I Had squar'd me to thy Councell: then, even now, I might have look'd upon my Queens full eies, Have taken Treasure from her Lips.

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth: No more such wives, therefore no wife: one worse, And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Again possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we offenders now appear) Soul-vext, And begin, why to me;

Paul. Had she such power, She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul.

Paul. I should so :

Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your eares
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all eyes else, dead coales : fear thou no Wife ;
He have no Wife, *Paulina.*

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You rempr him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.

Paul. Yea if my Lord will marry : if you will, Sir ;
No remedy but you will : Give me the office
To chuse you a Queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall nor marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath :
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himself Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatness : his approach
(So out of circumstance, and sudden) tels us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayn ?

Ser. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His Princess (say you) with him ?

Ser. I : the most peerless piece of Earth, I think,
That ere the Sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone ; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so ; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theam : she had not been
Nor was nor to be equal'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam :
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon):
The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeal
Of all Professors else ; make Profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth then any Man : Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us. *Exit.*

Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of Children) seen this hour, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord ; there was not a full moneth
Between their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more ; cease : thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd-of : sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
VWill bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. VVere I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you, ..
(His very air) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair Princess (Goddess) oh : alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) do : and then I lost
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can send his Brother : and but infirmity
(VWhich waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh my brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me : and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. VVelcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*.
To greet a man, not worth her paines ; much less,
Th' adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia*.

Leo. VVhere the warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most Royal Sir,
From thence : from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her : thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness : my best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd ;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my success in *Lybia* (sir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our Ayr, whilst you
Do Climate here : you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) *I* have done sin,
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-less : and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might *I* have been,
Might *I* a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which *I* shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach his Son, who h'as
(His Dignity, and Duty both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia* ? speak.

Lor. Here in your City : *I* now came from him
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me ;
Whose honour, and whose honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay'r so to his charge :
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who ? *Camillo* ?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir) *I* spake with him : who now
Ha's these poor men in question. Never saw *I*
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor Father :
The Heaven sets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married ?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be :
The Stars (*I* see) will kiss the Valleyes first :
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (*I* see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. *I* am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear look up :
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father : power no jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then *I* do now : with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate : at your request,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, *I*'d beg your precious Mistress
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a moneth

'Fore your Queen di'd, she was more worth such gazes
Then what you look on now.

Leo. *I* thought of her,
Even in these Lookes *I* made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd : *I* will to your Father :
Your Honour not o're-thrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which Errand
I now go toward him : therefore follow me,
And mark what way *I* make : Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Antolichus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation ?

Gen. 1. *I* was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard
the old Shepherd deliver the manner how he found it :
whereupon (after a little amazedness) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber : only this (me thought) *I*
heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Ant. *I* would most gladly know the Issue of it.

Gen. 1. *I* make a broken delivery of the business : but
the changes *I* perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were ve-
ry Notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with staring
on one another, to tear the Cases of their Eyes. There
was speech in their dumbness, Language in their very Ge-
sture : they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd,
or one destroyed : a notable passion of Wonder appeared
in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more
but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were Joy, or
Sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more :
The News, *Rogero*.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bonfires : the Oracle is fulfill'd :
the Kings Daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is
broken out within this hour, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver
you more. How goes it now (Sir ?) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is
in strong suspicion : Ha's the King found his heir ?

Gen. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance : That which you hear, you'll swear you
see, there is such unity in the Prooves. The Mantle
of Queen *Hermione* : her Jewel about the Neck of it :
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character ; the Majesty of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother : the Affection of Nobleness,
which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many o-
ther Evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two
Kings ?

Gen. 2. No.

Gen. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to be
seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have be-
held one Joy crown another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them : for their
Joy waded in tears. There was casting up of Eyes, hol-
ding up of hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour.

Our

Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Losse, cries, Oh; thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness, then embraces his Son-in-law: then again worreys he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd (which stands by, like a weather-beaten Conduit, of many Kings Reigns.) I never heard of such an encounter; which James Report to follow it, and undo's description to do it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear: This avouches the Shepherds son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepherd: so that all the Instruments which aided to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble combat, that 'twix Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princess from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eies (caught the water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queens death (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confest'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveness wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) she did (with an *Alas*) I would fain say, bleed Tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble there changed colour: some swoounded, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princess hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himself eternity, and could but breath into his Work) would beguile Nature of her Custom, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neer to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greediness of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of access? every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time over-fond of the Shepherds daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscover'd, But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have rellish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am past more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met (Sir;) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman born. See you these Clothes? say you see them nor, and think me still no Gentleman born: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lye: do: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman born.

Clow. I, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the Kings Sonne took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince (my brother) and the Princess (my Sister) call'd my Father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Prethe Sonne do: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clow. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile swear it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: And Ile swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but Ile swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princess (our Kindred) are going to see the Queens Picture. Come, follow us: wee'l be thy good Master. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Paul.

Paul. What (Sovereign Sir)

I did not well, I meant well : all my Services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms) my poor House to visit ;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,

We honour you with trouble : but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liv'd Peerlesse,
So her dead likenesse I do well beleave
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done : therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder : but yet speak, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neerer ?

Leo. Her natural Posture.

Chide me (dear Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione* ; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding : for she was as tender
As infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets go-by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majesty (warm Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd : Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it ? Oh Royal Peece :
There's Magick in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,

And do not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deer Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kisse.

Paul. O, patience :

The Statue is but newly fix'd ; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry : scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live ; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.

Pol. Deet my Brother,

Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will peece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not have you shew'd ir.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't : least your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be,

Would I were dead, but that me thinks already.
(What was he that did make it ?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deem it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done.

The very life seems warm upon her Lippe,

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtain :

My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,

Make me to think so twenty years together :
No settled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Doe *Paulina* :

For this affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinks
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord forbear :

The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet.
You'll marre it, if you kisse it ; stain your own
With Oyle Painting : shall I draw the Curtain ?

Leo. No : not these twenty years.

Perd. So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you
For more amazement : if you can behold ir,
Ile make the Statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,

I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear : for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith : then, all stand still :
On : those that think it is unlawful Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed :

No foot shall stirre,

Paul. Musick ; awake her : Strike :

'Tis time : descend : be Stone no more : approach :
Strike all that look upon with marvaile : Come :
Ile fill your Grave up : stirre, nay, come away :
Bequeath to death your numnesse : (for from him
Dear Life redeems you) you perceive she stirres :
Start not : her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Untill you see her dye again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her : now in age,
Is she become the Suitor ?

Leo. Oh she's warm :

If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Lawful as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck,

If she pertain to life, let her speak too :

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,
Or how stoln from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak nor. Mark a little while :
Please you to interpose (fair Madam) kneel,
And pray your Mothers blessing ; turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You gods look down,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Upon my Daughters head : Tell me (mine own)
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? Where liv'd ? How found
Thy Fathers Court ? For thou shalt hear that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the Issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire (upon this push) to trouble
Your joyes with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all : your exultation

Partake to every one : I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found again)
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina* :

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made between's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her
(As I thought) dead : and have (in vain) said many
A prayer upon her grave. He not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noied : and here justified
By Us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What ? look upon my Brother : both your pardons,
That ere I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion : This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
Were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L *Leontes*, King of Sicilia.
Mamilius, young Prince of Sicilia.

Camillo.
Antigonus. } Four
Cleomines. } Lords of Sicilia.
Dion.

Hermione, Queen to *Leontes*.

Perdita, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

Paulina Wife to *Antigonus*.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

Clown his Son.

Autolycus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

FINIS.



The Life and Death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastilion of France.

King John.

Now say Chastilion, what would France with us?
 Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France.

In my behaviour to the Majesty,
 The borrowed Majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: borrowed Majesty,

K. John. Silence (good Mother) hear the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother, Geffreys son,

Arthur Plantaganet layes most lawful claim

To this fair Island, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poytiers, Anjoue, Lorraine, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several Titles,

And put the same into young Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right Royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,
 To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, & blood for blood,
 Controlement for controlement: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
 The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace,
 Be thou as lightning in the eies of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there;

The Thunder of my Canon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the Trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preface of your own decay:

An honorable conduct let him have,

Pembroke look to't: farewell Chastilion.

Exit Chat. and Penn.

Eli. What now my sonne, have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her sonne?

This might have been prevented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of Love,

Which now the mannage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your eares.

Which none but heaven, and you and I shall hear:

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie

Co me from the Countrey to be judg'd by you

That ere I heard, shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditions charge. What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip.

Philip. Your faithful subject, I a Gentleman,

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son

As I suppose to Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honour-giving-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the Heir?

You came not of one Mother then it seems.

Philip. Most certain of one Mother, mighty King,

That is well known, and as I think one father:

But for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madam? No? I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my Mothers honour, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being younger born

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the Land;

But once he slandered me with Bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge your self

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old Sir Robert father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven sent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cordelions face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

C c

K. John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: sitrah speak,
What dorth move you to claim your brothers Land?

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my Father,
With half that face would he have all my Land,
A half-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a year?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your tale must be how he imploy'd my Mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperour
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Wherehow he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself
When this same lusty Gentleman was got:
Upon his death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my Mothers son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers Land, as was my fathers Will.

K. Joh. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazzards of all Husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calf, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My Mothers son did get your Fathers heire,
Your Fathers heire must have your Fathers land.

Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force.
To dispossesse that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me Sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy Land:
Or the reputed son of *Cordelion*
Lord of thy presence, and no Land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my leggs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such Eele-skins stuf, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a Rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heire to all this Land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me?
I am a souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my Land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, Ile follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Countrey manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
Whose form thou bearest:

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me Honour, yours gave Land,
Now blessed be the hour by night or day
When I was got Sir *Robert* was away,

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy Grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do carch:
Neer or farr off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. John. Go *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A Landleffe Knight, makes thee a Landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but Bastard.

Bast. A foot of honour better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady;
Good denne Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honour doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,
He and his Tooth-pick, at my worships messe,
And when my Knightly stomach is suffis'd,
Why then I suck my teeth and Carechize
My picked man of Countreys: my dear sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey-book:
O sir, says answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir:
No sir, says question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Pyrennean and the river *Poe*,
It draws towards supper in conclusion for
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my self;
For he is but a Bastard to the time
That doth not smook of observation,
And so am I whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding Robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no Husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, 'tis my Mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy Brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour up and down.

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts son:
Colbrand the Gyant that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts son that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Roberts son, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir Roberts son, why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gour. Good leave good Philip.

Bast. Philip, sparrow, James,
There's toys abroad, anon He tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts Son,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well, marry to confesse
Could get me, Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work, therefore good Mother
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, Knight, good Mother, Basilisco-like.
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But Mother, I am not Sir Roberts son,
I have 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. Hast thou denyed thy self a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady. King Richard Cordelian was thy Father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my Husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam I would not wish a better father:
Some sins do bear their priviledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily win a womans: aye my Mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, He send his soul to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when Richard me begor,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lyes, I say 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave Austria,
Arthur that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the Holy warts in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours boy in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle English John,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained Love,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kisse,
As seal to this Indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the Oceans roaring tides:
And coops from other Linds her Islanders,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled Bulwark, still secure
And confident from forrain purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then fair boy
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.

Const. O take his Mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a iust and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to work our Cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town,
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this Town our Royal bones,
Wade to the Marker-place in French-mens blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest unadvic'd you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chastillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chastillon.

King. A wonder Lady; lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger Chastillon is arriv'd,
What England says, say briefly gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chastillon speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier task:
England impatient of your iust demands,
Hath put himself in Arms, the adverse winds

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To Land his Legions all as soon as I :
His marches are expedient to this Town,
His forces strong, his souldiers confident :
With him along is come the Mother Queen,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch* of Spain,
With them a Bastard of the King deceal'd,
And all th'unseled humours of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-right proudly on their backs,
To make a hazzard of new fortunes here :
In brief, a braver choise of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottoms have wast o're,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendome :
The interruption of their churlish Drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand ;

Drums beats.

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King of England, Bastard, Queen, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France* : if *France* in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to Heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathful agent do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to Heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace :
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat :
This toyl of ours should be a work of thine,
But thou from loving *England* art so farre
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the Maiden-vertue of the Crown :
Look here upon thy brother *Geffreys* face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in *Geffry* : and the hand of time,
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume :
That *Geffry* was thy elder brother born,
And this his son, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreys* in the Name of God :
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these Temples beat
Which owe the Crown that thou o're-maltest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great Commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles ? *(France,*

Fra. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. Joh. Alack thou dost usurp authority.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France* ?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping son,

Queen. Out insolent, thy Bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen and check the world.

Const. My bed was ever to thy Son as true
As thine was to thy Husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his damme.
My boy a bastard ? by my soul I think
His father never was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Qu. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good Grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Hear the Cryer.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone :
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard ;
He smoak your skin-coat, and I catch you right,
Sirrah look to't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Bast. It lyes as lightly on the back of him
As great *Alcides* shooes upon an Assie :
But Assie, He take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafe our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King *Lewis* determine what we shall do strair.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very summe of all :
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Torain*, *Main*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy Arms ?

John. My life as soon : I do desie thee *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand ;
And out of my deer love He give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win ;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy Grandame child.

Const. Do child, go to it grandame child,
Give Grandame kingdom, and it Grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a figge,
There's a good Grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyl that's made for me. *(weeps.)*

Qu. Mo. His Mother shames him so, poor boy he

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His Grandames wrongs, and not his Mothers shames
Draws those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee :

I, with these Cristall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest sons son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;

Thy

Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

John. Bedlam have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankered Grandames will.

Fran. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill beseems this presence to cry ay me
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers, let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Citi. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

Fran. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England for it self:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fran. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore hear us first:

These flags of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your Town,
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 walls;
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French.
Comfort your Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace,
But on the sight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To save unscrach'd your Cities threatned cheeks:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a shaking Feaver in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoak,
To make a faithlesse error in your ears,
Which trust accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your City walls.

Fran. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoys:

For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greens before your Town,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of Hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince,
And then our Arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our Canons malice, vainly shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of Heaven,
And with a blessed, and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and Helmets all unbruil'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your Town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls,
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Citi. In brief we are the King of *Englands* subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Town.

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Citi. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyal, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crown of *England*, prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *Englands* breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well born bloods as those.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Citi. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our Kingdoms King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Arms.

Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sits on's horseback at mine Hostesse door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lyonnesse,
I would set an Ox-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monster of you,

Aust. Peace no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you hear the Lyon roar.

John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fran. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. *Exeunt.*

*Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of Britain in,

Whoby the hand of *France*, this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English Mother,
 Whose sons lye scattered on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widdows Husband groveling lyes,
 Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
 And victory with little losse doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
 To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britain, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King *John*, your King and *Englands*, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day,
 Their Armours that march'd hence so silver bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
 There stuck no plume in any English Crest,
 That is removed by a staffe of *France*.
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first marcht forth
 And like a jolly troop of Huntsmen come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hub. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold
 From first to last, the on-set and retire,
 Of both your Armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blows :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
 Strength match 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 Town for neither : yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers
 at several doors.*

John. *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
 Say, shall the currant of our right run on,
 Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and ore-swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver Water, keep
 A peaceful progresse to the Ocean.

Fran. *England* thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
 In this hor trial more than we of *France*.
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
 That sways the earth this Climat over-looks,
 Before we will lay down our just born Arms,
 We'l put thee down, 'gainst whom these Arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead :
 Gracing the scroul that tells of this wars losse,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Bast. Ha Majesty : how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire :
 Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steel,
 The swords of Souldiers are his reeth, his phangs,
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
 In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
 Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
 Cry havock Kings, back to the stained field
 You equal Parents, fiery kindled spirits,
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The others peace : till then, blows, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townsmen yet admit ?

Fran. Speak Citizens for *England*, who's your King.

Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
 And bear possession of our Person here,
 Lord of our presence Angiers, and if you.

Fran. A greater power than We denies all this,
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
 Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd
 Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you
 And stand securely on their battlements, (Kings
 As in a Theater, whence they gape and point,
 At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
 Your Royal presences be rul'd by me,
 Do like the *Murines* of *Ierusalem*,
 Be friends a while, and both conjoynly bend,
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this Town.
 By *East* and *West* let *France* and *England* mount
 Their battering Canon charged to the mouths,
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City,
 I'de play incessantly upon these Jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air :
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again,
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy Minion.

To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kisse him with a glorious victory :
 How like you this wild counsel mighty States,
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
 Then after fight who shall be King of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Town :
 Turn thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls,
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why then desie each other, and pell-mell,
 Make work upon our selves for heaven or hell.

Fran. Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?

John. We from the West will send destruction
 Into this Cities bosom.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this Town,

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From North to South :
Austria and *France* shoot in each others mouth,
 Ile stirr them to it : come, away, away.

Hub. Hear us great Kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
 And I shall shew you peace, and fair fac'd league :
 Win you this City without stroak, or wound,
 Rescue those Breathing lives to dye in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field.
 Persevere not, but hear me mighty Kings.

John. Speak on with favour, we are bent to hear.

Hub. That daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*
 Is neer to *England*, look upon the years
 Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely maid.
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where

Where should he find it fairer, than in *Blanch* :
 If zealous Love go in search of vertue,
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
 If Love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins hound richer blood then Lady *Blanch* ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
 Is the young *Dolphin* every way compleat,
 If not compleat of, say he is not she,
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she,
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulnesse of perfection lies in him.
 O two such silver Currents when they joyn,
 Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :
 And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marry them :
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast closed gates : for at this march,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but without this march,
 The Sea enraged is not halfe so deaf,
 Lyons more confident, Mountains and Rocks,
 More free from Motion, no not death himself
 In mortall fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this City.

Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 Out of his raggs. Here's a large mouth indeed,
 That spits forth death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 As Maids of thirteen do of Puppi-dogs.
 What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood,
 He speaks plain Cannon fire, and smoak, and bounce,
 He gives the Bastinado with his tongue :
 Our ears are cudgel'd, not a word of his
 But buffers better than a fist of *France*
 Zounds I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our Neece a dowry large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye,
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the Crown,
 That you green Boy shall have no Son to ripe,
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit,
 I see a yeelding in the looks of *France* :
 Mark how they whisper, urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Least zeal now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Majesties,
 This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town ?

Fra. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first,
 To speak unto this City : what say you ?

John. If that the *Dolphin* there thy Princely sonne.
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love :
 Her Dowry shall weigh equal with the Queen,
 For *Angiers*, and fair *Torain*, *Main*, *Poytiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the Sea,
 (Except this City now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our Crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hands with any Princeesse of the world.

Fra. What say'st thou Boy ? look in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eye I find,
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of my self form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a son, and makes your son a shadow :
 I do protest I never lov'd my self
 Till now, infixed I beheld my self,
 Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye,
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espie
 Himself Loves traitor, this is pity now :
 That hang'd and drawn, and quarter'd there should be,
 In such a Love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My Ucles will in this respect is mine.
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees which moves his liking
 I can with ease translate it to my will :
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy Love,
 Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 Judge,

That I can find, should merit any here.

John. What say these young-ones ? What say you my
 Neece ?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to doe
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speak then Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this
 Lady ?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refrain from love,
 For I do love her most unfeinedly.

John. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poytiers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces
 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand Marks of English coyn ;
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 Command thy son and daughter to joyn hands.

Fra. It likes us well young Princes : close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,
 That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made,
 For at Saint *Maries* Chappell presently.
 The rights of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troop ?

I know she is not, for this match made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much,
 Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows ?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your Highnesse Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made,
 Will give her sadnesse very little cure :
 Brother of *England*, how may we content
 This widdow Lady ? in her right we came,
 Which we God knows, have turned another way,
 To our own vantage.

John. We will heal up all,
 For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*
 And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

Exeunt.

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition;
John to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And *France*, whose Armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Gods own souldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that flye divel,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that winns of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it self is peysed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd ayd,
From a resolv'd and honorable warre.
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Nor that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair Angels would salute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich,
And being rich my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggary:
Since Kings break faith upon commodity
Gain be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Constance*, *Arthur*, and *Salisbury*.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Beleeve me, I do not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A widow, Husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
With my vex spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud River peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeve you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeve, and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.

Lewis marry *Blanch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brook thy sight,
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I good Lady done,
But spoke the harm, that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within it self so hainous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arthur. I do beseech you Madam be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and slanderous to thy Mothers womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightlesse stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth (dear boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou maist with Lillies boatt,
And with the halfe blown Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonn from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Uncle *John*
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of Sovereignty,
And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner sloop;
To me and to the state of my great grief,
Let Kings assemble: for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (fair daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day the glorious Sunne
Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender ?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost :
But (on this day) let Sea-men fear no wrack,
No bargains break that are not this day made ;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it self, to hollow falsehood change.

Fran. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valuelesse : you are forsworn, forsworn,
You came in Arms to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frown of warre
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league :
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be Husband to me (Heavens)
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace : but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. Warre, warre, no peace, peace is to me a warre :
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany :
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous Ladyship is by
To reach thee safety : thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'it up greatnesse. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party : thou cold blouded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a Lyons hide ? dost it for shame,
And hang a Calves skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. O that a man should speak those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villain for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Here comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Hail you anointed deputies of Heaven ;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is :
I *Pandulph* of fair *Milane* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea :
This in our foresaid holy fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can taste the free-breath of a sacred King ?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, 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 Dominions :
But as we, under heaven, are supream head,
So under him that great Supremacy
Where we do Reign, we will alone uphold
Without th^e assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Fran. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendome
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, drossie, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himself :
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an Heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canomzed and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen 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.

Const. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawful, that Law barre no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore since Law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
Unlesse he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Elen. Look'it thou pale *France* ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that devil, lest that *France* repent.

And

And by disjoyning hands hell lose a soul.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs,

Aust. Well Ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs
Because,

Bast. Your Breeches best may carry them.

John. *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Dolph. Berhink you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,

Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend :

Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That is the curse of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the dearth of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live again by dearth of need :
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is troden down.

John. The kind is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him, and answer well :

Aust. Doso king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin most sweet lout.

Fran. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fran. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?
This Royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all Religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our Royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this Royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughters pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?
So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of our selves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody Host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formlesse, Order orderlesse,
Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.

Therefore to Arms, be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our Mother breath her curse,
A Mothers curse on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a Serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fran. I may dis-joyn my hand, but not my faith,

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,
And may not be performed by thy self,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truly done :

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it :

The better Act of purposes mistook,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yer indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood, falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorching veins of one new burn'd.

It is Religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against Religion :

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth:

Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure

To swear, swears, only not to be forsworn,

Else what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear, onely to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear;

Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thy self rebellion to thy self :

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions :

Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off

But in despair, dye under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Wil't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Farther, to Arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying Trumpers, and loud churlish Drums

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband hear me : ay, alack, how new

Is Husband in my mouth? even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce ;

Upon my knee I beg, go not to Arms

Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee, made hard with kneeling,

I do pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*.

Alter not the doom fore-thought by heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may

Be stronger with thee, than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis* thine honour.

Dolph. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty.

Elea. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy.

Eng. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast.

Bast. Old Time the Clock-setter, that bauld sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blan. The Sun's orecaft with blood: fair day adieu,
Which is the side that I must go withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle assunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winn:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Who ever winnes, on that side shall I lose:
Assured losse, before the march be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

John. Cosen, go draw our puissance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and dearest valued blood of *France*.

Fran. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

John. No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

Exeunt

Scena secunda.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some airy devil hovers in the skie,
And pour's down mischief. *Austria's* head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

John. Hubert, keep this boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is assailed in our Tent,
And tane I fear.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her.
Her Highnesse is in safety, fear you not:
But on my Liege for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Exit.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: *Cosen*, look not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Unkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my Mother die with grief.

John. *Cosen*, away for *England*, haste before,
And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned Angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our Commission in his utmost force

Bast. Bell, Book, and Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckns me to come on.
I leave your Highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kisse your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle *Cosen*.

John. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hither little kinsman, hark, a word,

John. Come hither *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*.
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*. I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have: and creep time nere so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The Sun 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 midnight Bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsie race of night:
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surely spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep mens eies,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst see me without eies,
Heare me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eies, ears, and harmful sound of words:
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By heaven I would do it.

John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And ile keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.
Ile send those powers o're to your Majesty,

Ele. My blessing go with thee.

John. For *England* *Cosen*, go.

Hubert shall be your man, to attend on you
With all true duty: on toward *Calice* ho.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho. Attendants.

Fran. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted sale
Is scattered and disjoyned from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

Fran. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? divers deer friends slain?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

Dol. What he hath wonne, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fran. Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look who comes here? a grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady go away with me.

Const. Lo, now: now see the issue of your peace.

Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I defie all counsel, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsel, true redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hare and terror to prosperity,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones.
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion monster like thy self;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buse thee as thy wife: Miseries love,
O come to me,

Fran. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rowze from sleep that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear a Ladys feeble voyce,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art holy to bely me so,
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine,
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreys* wife,
Young *Arthur* is my sonne. and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my self:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal)
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my self:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne.

Or madly think a babe of clours were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

Fran. Bind up those tresses: O what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thousand wicry fiends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

Fran. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my sonne,
As they have given these hairs their liberty:
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again:
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And so he'll dye: and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too hainous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a sonne.

Fran. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his forme,
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a losse as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this forme upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair sonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows cure.

Fran. I fear some outrage, and ile follow her. *Exit.*

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet words taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave
On their departure, most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All dayes of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pand. If you had wonne it, certainly you had,
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit:
For even the breath of what I mean to speak,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to *Englands* Throne. And therefore mark:
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infants veins,
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'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 stay him up:
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gain by young *Arthurs* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of *Lady Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Dol. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
John laies you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This Act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No natural exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no disltemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Dol. Maybe he will not touch young *Arthurs* life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kisse the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinks I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England* ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen *French*
Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thousand *Engliss* to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble *Dolphin*,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are rop full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strong actions: let us go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these Irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the Aras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedfull: hence and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples fear not you: look to't,
Young Lad come forth; I have to say 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.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Ar. Mercy on me:

Me thinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in *France*
Young Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Chiltendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept steep
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My Uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was *Geffreys* son?
No indeed it's not, and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodain, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sick *Hubert*? you look pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sick.
That I might sit all night and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me,
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here young *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious Torture out of doore?
I must be brief, least resolution drop
Out at mine eies, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Ar. Too fairly *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burn out both mine eies?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ake,

I knit my Hand-kercher about your brows
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you again:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes, to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor mans son would have lyen still,
And ne're have spoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your sick service had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

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If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eies?
These eies, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it :
And with hot Irons must I burn them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron age, would do it :
The Iron of it self, though heat red hot,
Approaching neer these eies, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye :
Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron ?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eies,
I would not have believ'd him : no tongue but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth : Do as I bid you do.

Ar. O save me *Hubert*, save me : my eies are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him here.

Ar. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still :
For heaven sake *Hubert*, let me not be bound :
Nay, hear me *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not stirre, nor wince, nor speake a word,
Nor look upon the Iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go stand within : let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

Ar. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne look, but a gentle heart :
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your self.

Ar. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eies.

Ar. O heaven : that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there
Your vild intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? Go roo, hold your tongue.

Ar. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eies :
Let me not hold my tongue, let me nor *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eies, O spare mine eies,
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Loe, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extreams : see else your self,
There is no malice in this burning coal,
The breath of heaven, hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it boy.

Ar. 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 eies :
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatcht at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : onely you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treasure that thine Uncle owes,
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very Iron, to burn them out :

Ar. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were 'disguis'd.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heaven ! I thank you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more : go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergoe for thee.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerfull eies.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnesse 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 Revolt :
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better Stare.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before ;
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lilly ;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the ice, or adde another hew
Unto the Rainbow ; or with Taper-light
To seek the beaureous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royal pleasure must be done,
This Act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the Antick, and well nored face
Of plain old form, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted wind unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration :
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd Robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsel : but it pleas'd your Highnesse
To over-bear 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

John. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesse is my fear
I shall induc you with: Mean time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests,

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my self, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my self and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feates (which as they say) attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his daies
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 suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully beleieve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and goe,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like *Heralds* 'twixt two dreadful battails set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neer his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick;
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the Sheers of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossely offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet: (Lord *Salisbury*) I legoe with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus horn, this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Exit.

John. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certain life achiev'd by others death:
A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood;
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a skie, cleeres not without a storm,
Poure down thy weather: how goes all in *France*?

Mes. From *France* to *England*, never such a power
For any forraine preparation,
Was levied in the body of a Land.
The Copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.

John. Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it?

Mes. My Liege, her care
Is stopt with dust: the first of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from Rumours tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walkes my Estate in *France*?
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mes. Under the *Dolphin*.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What saies the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuffe
My head with more ill news: for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travail'd hither through the Land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noon,
Your Highnesse should deliver up your Crown.

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

John. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he saies
I shall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear't thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
With eies as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

John. Gentle kinsman, goe (suggestion:
And thrust thy self into their companies,

I have a way to winne their loves again :
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

John. Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.

O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse Forreyners affright my Towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit.*

John. Spoke like a sprightly Noble Gentleman.

Goe after him : for he perhaps shall need
Some Messenger betwixt me and the Peeres,
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My Mother dead ?

Enter Hubers.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moons were seen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirle about
The other four in wondrous motion.

John. Five Moons ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Doe prophesie upon it dangerously :
Young *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eies,
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus);

The whilst his Iron did on the Anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors news,

Who with his Sheers and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,

That were embattaile'd, and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwash'd Artificer,

Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthurs* death.

John. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthurs* death ?

Thy hand hath murdered 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 provoke me ?

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authority
To understand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seale for what I did.

John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done ? hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking nore of thy abhor'd Aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany :

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.

Hub. My Lord.

Joh. Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkly, what I purposed :

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;

As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears, might have wrought fears in me.

But, thou didst understand me by my signes,

And didst in signes again parley with sinne,

Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent.

And consequently thy rude hand to act.

The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name

Out of my sight, and never see me more :

My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,

Even at my gates, with ranks of forrain powers :

Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,

This Kingdom, this Confinde of blood, and breath

Hostility, and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience, and my Cousins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies ?

Ile make a peace between your soul, and you.

Young *Arthur* is alive : this hand of mine

Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood :

Within this bosom, never entred yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,

And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,

Which howsoever rude exteriorly,

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Doth *Arthur* live ? O halte thee to the Peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,

And make them tame to their obedience.

Forgive the Comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,

And foule imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

Oh, answer not ; but to my Closet bring,

The angry Lords, with all expedient haste.

I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.

Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not :

There's few or none do know me, if they did,

This Ship-boys semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid, and yet Ile venture it.

If I get down and do not break my limbs,

Ile find a thousand shifts to get away ;

As good to dye, and goe ; as dye, and stay.

Oh me, my Uncles spirit is in these stones,

Heaven take my soul, and *England* keep my bones. *Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmondsbury*,

It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal ?

Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble Lord of *France*,

Whose private with me of the *Dolphins* love,

Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot

Big. To morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us,
We will not line his thin-betained cloake
With our pure Honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.

Return, and tell him so: we know the worst. (best.)

Bast. What ere you think, good words I think were

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here?

P. Oh death made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murderer, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object

Form such another? this is the very top,

The heighth, the Crest: or Crest unto the Crest

Of murders Armes: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past, do stand excus'd in this:

And this so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;

And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,

Exempl'd by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody work,

The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of *Huberts* hand,

The practice, and the purpose of the King:

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruine of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathlesse excellence

The incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease, and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of Revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls Religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death:

Avant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villaine.

Sal. Must I rob the Law.

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderers skin.

Hub. Stand back Lord *Salisbury*, stand back I say
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you (Lord) forget your self

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 defend

My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speaks false,

Nor truly speaks: who speaks not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divel *Salisbury*.

If thou but frown on me, or stirre thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

Ile strike thee dead, Put up thy sword betime.

Or Ile so maul you, and your toiling-Iron,

That you shall think the divel is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?

Second a Villaine, and a Murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet lives losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eies,

For villany is not without such Rheume,

And he long traded in it, makes it seem

Like Rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhorre

Th'uncleanly savour of a slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.

P. There tell the King, he may enquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercy,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me sir.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as black, nay nothing is so black,

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of Hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul.

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel Act: do but despair,

And if thou wantst a Cord, the smallest thred

That ever Spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee: A rush will be a beam

To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drown thy self,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to stifle such a Villaine up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me:

I left him well.

Bast. Go bear him in thine armes:

I am amaz'd me thinks, and lose my way

Among the thorns, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
 From forth this morsel of dead Royalty ?
 The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
 Is fled to heaven : and *England* now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
 The unowed interest of proud swelling State :
 Now for the bare-pick'd bone of Majesty,
 Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
 Meet in one line : and vast confusion waits
 As doth a Raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and center can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed ; lie to the King :
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven it self doth frown upon the Land.

Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King John, and Pandulph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The Circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
 Your Sovereigne greatnesse and authority.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
 And from his holinesse use all your power
 To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd :
 Our discontented Counties do revolt :
 Our people quarrel with obedience,
 Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soul
 To stranger-blood, to forrain Royalty ;
 This inundation of mistempered humour,
 Rests by you only to be qualified.
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
 That present med'cine must be ministred,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope :
 But since you are a gentle convertite.

My tongue shall hush again this storm of warre,
 And make fair weather in your blustering Land :

On this Ascension day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the Pope,

Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms.

Exit.

John. Is this Ascension day ? did not the Prophet
 Say, that before Ascension day at noon,
 My Crown I should give off ? even so I have :
 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded : nothing there holds out
 But *Dover-Castle* : *London* hath receiv'd
 Like a kind Host, the *Dolphin* and his powers.
 Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy :
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of doubtful friends.

John. Would not my Lords return to me again
 After they heard young *Arthur* was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
 An empty Casket, where the Jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was rob'd and tane away.

John. That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soul he did, for ought he knew :
 But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
 Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought :

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye :

Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
 Threaten the threatner, and our-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : So shall inferior eies
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
 When he intendeth to become the field :

Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence :

What, shall they seek the *Lyon* in his denne,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?

Oh let it not be said : forrage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

John. The Legat of the Pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him,
 And he hath promis'd to dismis the Powers
 Led by the *Dolphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious League :
 Shall we upon the footing of our Land,
 Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce

To Arms Invasive ? Shall a beardlesse boy,
 A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,

Mocking the ayr with colours idely spread,

And find no check ? Let us my Liege to Armes :

Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace ;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage : yet I know
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

Enter (in Arms) *Dolphin*, *Salisbury*, *Melloone*, *Pembroke*,
Bigot, *Souldiers*.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance :

Return the president to these Lords again,

That having our fair order written down,

Both they and we, perusing ore these notes

May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And noble *Dolphin*, albeit we swear

A voluntary zeale, and an an-urg'd faith

To your proceedings : yet beleieve me Prince,

I am not glad that such a sore of time

Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,

And heal the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many : Oh it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong :
And is't not pity, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the sons and children of this *Ile*,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks ? I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,
To Grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here :
What here ? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastring in thy bosom
Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility :
Oh, what a Noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a brave respect :
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progresse on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a Ladies tears,
Being an ordinary inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of Heaven,
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
And with a great heart heave away this storme :
Commend these wars to those baby-eyes
That never saw the Gyant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of Gossiping.
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himself : so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks an Angel spake,
Look where the holy Legat comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our Actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pan. Hail noble Prince of *France* :
The next is this : King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himself to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the Holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome* :
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild warre,
That like a Lyon fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Dolph. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back :

I am too high-born to be proprieted
To be a secondary at controll,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument
To any Sovereign State throughout the world :
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of warres,
Between this chastiz'd kingdom and my self,
And brought in matter that should seed this fire ;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind 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 *Rome* ? what is that peace to me ?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome* ?
Am I *Romes* slave ? what penny hath *Rome* born ?
What men provided ? what munition sent
To under-prop this Action ? Is't not I
That under-go this charge ? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Swear in this businesse, and maintain this warre ?
Have I not heard these *Islanders* shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns ?
Have I not here the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, playd for a Crown ?
And shall I now give ore the yielded Set ?
No, no, on my soul it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the out-side of this work.

Dolph. Out-side, or in-side, I will not return
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-look Conquest, and to winne renown
Even in the jaws of danger, and of death :
What lusty Trumper thus doth summon us ?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience : I am sent to speak :
My holy Lord of *Millane* from the King
I come to learn how you have dealt for him :
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilful opposite
And will not temporize with my entreaties :
He flatly sayes, he'll not lay down his Arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our *English* King,
For thus his Royalty doth speak in me :
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should,
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This unheard sawcinesse and boyish Troops,
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 strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the barch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in Chests and Trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Even

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voice an armed *English* man.
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery towres,
To sowle annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear Mother-*England*: blush for shame:
For your own Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maids
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turne thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Par. Give me leave to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre,
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An eccho with the clamour of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is ready brac'd,
That shall reverbrate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As loud as thine) rattle the Welkins ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legat here
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike *John*: and in his forehead sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

Dol. Strike up our drummes, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John, and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I fear; how fares your Majesty?

John. This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you goe.

John. Tell him toward *Swinsford*, to the Abby there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* here,
A wreck'd three nights agoe on *Goodwin* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward *Swinsford*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again: put spirit in the *French*,
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten Divil *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloon*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble *English*, you are bought and sold,
Unthred the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the Altar at *St. Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you,
Deere amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of waxe
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence, by truth?
I say againe, if *Lewis* do winne the day,
He is forsworn, if ere those eies of yours
Behold another day break in the *East*:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
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 bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this body and my soul
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do beleve thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour, and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our ranknesse, and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o're-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arme shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newnesse that intends old right *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loath to set;
But fad, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When *English* measure backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince the *Dolphin*?

Dol. Here, what news?

Mes. The Count *Melloone* is slain: The *English* Lords
By his perswasion are at length falln off,
And your supply which you have with'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk on *Goodwin* Sands.

Dol. Ah foul shrew'd news. Beshrew thy very heart:
I did not think to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord,

Dol. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to night,
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speak ho, speak quickly, or I
shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Bast. Whither dost thou goe?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazzards well beleve
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance: thou, and endlesse night,
Have done me shame: brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearfull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, Ile not swoond at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poyson'd by a Monk,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil that you might
The better arme you to the sodain time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monk I tell you, a resolved Villaine
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: The King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? the Lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night:

Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,

These *Lincoln*-washes have devoured them.

My self, well mounted, have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the King,

I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly: and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the souls frail dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open aire,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poyson which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard here:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse, fierce extreame
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and her siege is now
Against the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan.

Who chaunts a doleful hymne to his own death,
And from the Organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are born
To set a forme upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shaplesse, and so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marry now my soul hath elbow-room,

It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is so hot a Summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribled forme drawn with a pen,
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire
Doe I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your Majestie ?

John. Poyson'd, ill fare : dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his icie fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my Kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom : nor intreat the *North*
To make his bleak winds kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I beg cold comfort : and you are so straight
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your Majestie.

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart, is crackt and burnt,
And all the throwds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Bast. The *Dolphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead news in as dead an ear
My Liege, my Lord : but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to Heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your powers ? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting Land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,
The *Dolphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dolphin*,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your Fathers funeral.

Hen. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time : but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.

This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.

Now, these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self, do rest but true.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leasure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good Subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him.

Gaunt. As neer as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear
Th'accuser, and the accused freely speak;
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire.
In rage, deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bull. Many years of happy daies befall
My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Until the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortal Title to your Crown.

King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeal each other of high Treason.

Cousin of Hereford what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bull. First, heaven be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a Subjects love,
Tending the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well: for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my Divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and Cristall is the skie,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Sovereigne) ere I move, (prove.
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may

Mow. Let not my cool words here accuse my zeale:

'Tis not the Tryal of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the fair reverence of your Highnesse curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post, untill it had return'd
These termes of treason, doubly down his throat,
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ride to run a foot;
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot,
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

Bull. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which fear, not reverence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honours pawn, then sloop.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
He answer thee in any fair degree,
Or Chivalrous designe of Knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbrayes charge?
It must be great that can inherit us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bull. Look what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a false traitor and injurious Villain,
Besides I say, and will in battail prove,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glousters* death,
Suggest his soon beleevving adversaries,
And consequently like a traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Even from the tonguelesse Caverns of the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chastisement :
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soars :
Thomas of Norfolk, what saist thou to this ?

Mow. Oh let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a lyer.

King. *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, nay, our Kingdoms heir,
As he is but my fathers brothers son ;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neernesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmnesse of my upright soul.
He is our subject (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and fearlesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat ; thou liest :
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Callice*,
Disburst I to his Highnesse Souldiers ;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Sovereign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deer account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen :
Now swallow down that lye. For *Glousters* death,
I slew him not ; but (to mine own disgrace)
Neglected my sworn duty in that case :
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soul :
But ere I last receiv'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 rancor of a Villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor,
Which in my self I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage,
Upon this overweening traitors foot,
To prove my self a loyal Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryal day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :
Let's purge this choller without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no Physitian.

Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forger, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw down (my son) the Duke of *Norfolks* gage.

King. And *Norfolk* throw down his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when ? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

King. *Norfolke*, throw down, we bid ; there is no
boor.

Mow. My self I throw (dread Sovereign) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my fair name
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To dark dishonours use, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soul, with slanders venom'd spear :
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage : Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deer, deer Lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal brest.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one :
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deer my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live ; and for that will I dye.

King. Cousin, throw down your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my soul from such foul sin.
Shall I seem Crest-faln in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar'd fear impeach my right
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle : my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrays* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day :
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate :
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshal command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glousters* blood,
Doth more sollicite me than your exclams,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duc. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spur? Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edwards seven sons (whereof thy self art one)
Were as seven Vials of his sacred blood.
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dri'd by natures course,
Some of those branches by the definies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deer Lord, my life, my *Gloster*;
One Viall full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royal root
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt down, and his Summer leaves all vaded
By *Envies* hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liv'st and breath'st;
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despair,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men, we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardesse in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens substitute,
His Deputy anointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
An angry arme against his Minister.

Duc. Where then (alas) may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widows Champion to defence.

Duc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to *Covenrey*, there to behold
Our Cousin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O sit my Husbands wrongs on *Herefords* spear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* brest:
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be *Mowbrayes* sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming Coursers back,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cousin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Grief, must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell: I must to *Covenrey*,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Duc. Yet one word more, Grief bounderh where it fals,
Not with the empty hollownesse but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my Brother *Edward York*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old *York* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Un-peopl'd Offices, untroden stones?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appealants Trumpet.

An. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach. *Flourish.*

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, &
others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.*

Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrival here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art?
And why thou com'st; thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speak 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 come 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 *Hereford*, that appeals me:
And by the Grace of God and this mine Arme,
To prove him (in defending of my self)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshal: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royal Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarel?
Speak like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven.

Bull. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby*,
Am I, who ready here do stand in Arms,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Bull. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

E c

Then

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnesse.
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford* as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight :
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament me may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrays* spear :
As confident, as is the Faulcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my noble Cousin) Lord *Aumerle* ;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Loe, as at *English* Feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweeter.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrays* waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouse up thy youthful Blood, be valiant, and live.

Bull. Mine innocence, and *Sr. George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyal, just, and upright Gentleman :
Never did Captain with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeers,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jest,
Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Rich. Farewell my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye :
Order the trial Marshal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*,
Receive thy Launce, and Heaven defend thy right.

Bull. Strong as a Tower in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Goe bear this Launce to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk*.

1. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him disloyal :
Couragiously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants :
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmers, and their Spears,
And both return back to their Chairs again :
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neer and list
What with our Councel we have done.
For that our Kingdoms earth should not be soyl'd
With that deer blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours swords,
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd Drums,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron Arms,
Might from our quiet Confiners fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin *Hereford*, upon pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bull. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me :
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. *Norfolk* : for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow hours shall not determinate.
The datelesse limit of thy deer exile :
The hopelesse word, of never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :
A deerer merit, not so deep a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common air
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years
(My native *English*) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed Violl, or a Harp,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly perculist with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me :

I am too old to fawn upon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeats to be a pupil now :
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my Countries light
To dwell in solemn shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee
Lay on our Royal sword, your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To keep the Oath that we administer :
You never shall (so help you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor ever look upon each others face,

Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bul. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Bull. *Norfolk*, so farre, as to mine enemy;
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our souls had wandred in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou fly this Realm,
Since thou hast farre to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: if ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon (I fear) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lies in one little word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my sons exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby.
For ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dri'd Lamp, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, nor let me see my son.

Rich. Why Uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give;
Shorten my daies thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sowre:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I took'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.

Rich. Cousin farewell: and Uncle bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

Flourish.

Au. Cousin farewell, what presence must not know
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as Land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigal,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bull. To men in joy, but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bull. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced Pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a soyl, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home return.

Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?

Or wallow naked in *December* snow
By thinking on fantastick Summers heat?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrows tooth doth ever ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bull. Then *England*'s ground farewell: sweet soyl adieu
My Mother and my Nurse, which bears me yet:

Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Green, Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cousin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you High *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought High *Hereford* (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none by me: except the *Northeast* wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

Rich. What said our Cousin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrows grave.

Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthn'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells
But since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cousin (Cousin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our self, and *Bushy*: here *Bagot* and *Green*

Observ'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of souls,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

Exit.

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my loving friends,
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him goe these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage must be made my Liege
Ere further leisure, yield the further means
For their advantage, and your highnesse losse.

Rich. We will our self in person to this waire,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Courr,
And liberal Largesse, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our Royal Realm,
The renew whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if they come short
Our substitutes at home shall have Blank 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.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is very sick my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To intreat your Majesty to visit him.

Rich. Where lies he?

Bu. At *Ely-houfe*.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Physicians mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers shall make Coats
To deck our souldiers for these *Irish* warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make haste, and come too late *Exit*.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter sick Gaunt, with York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholsom counsell to his unstaide youth?

Yor. Vex not your self, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breath truth that breath their words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt; then their lives before,
The setting Sun, and Musick is the close
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though *Richard* my lives counsel would not hear,
My deaths sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

Yor. No, it is stopp'd with other flatt'ring sounds
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open ears of youth doth always listen.
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,
Whose manners fill our rardie apish Nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the World thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their ears?
That all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth muriny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose,
'Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a Propher new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sodain storms are short,
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast berimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means soon preys upon it self.
This royall Throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy paradise,
This Fortrefs built by Nature for her self,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver Sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
This Nurse, this teeming womb of Royal Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn *Inry*
Of the worlds ransom, blessed *Maries* Son.
This Land of such deer souls, this deer-deer Land,
Deer for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious sledge
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blots, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
Ah? would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
Bago, Ros, and Willoughby.*

Yor. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our Noble Uncle *Lancaster*?

Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a redious fast,
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping *England* long time have I wacht,
Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Farhers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean my Childrens looks,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

Ric. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, miserv makes sport to mock it selfe:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no men living flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, saist thou flatter'st me.

Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill:

Ill in my self to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,

And thou too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those Physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crown,

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,

And yet engaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whit lesler then thy Land.

Oh had thy Grandfater with a prophets eye,

Seen how his sons son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,

Which art posselt now to depose thy self,

Why (Cousin) 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* art thou, and not King:

Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,

And ———

Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an Aguespriviledge,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek, chafing the Royal blood

With fury, from his native residence?

Now by my Seats right Royal Majesty,

Wer't thou not brother to great *Edwards* son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edwards* son,

For that I was his father *Edwards* son:

That blood already (like the Pellican)

Thou hast rapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.

My brother *Gloucester*, plain well meaning soul

(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls)

May be a president and witness good,

That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:

Joyn with the present sickness that I have,

And thy unkindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.

Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,

These words hereafter thy tormentors be.

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.

Love they to live, that love and honour have.

Exit.

Rich. And let them dye that age and sullens have,

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

Yor. I do beseech your Majesty impute his words

To wayward sickness, and age in him:

He loves you on my life, and holds you deer

As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

Rich. Right, you say true: as *Hereford*'s love, so his;

As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gauunt* commends him to your

Majesty.

Rich. What saies he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,

Words, life, and all, old *Langcaster* hath spent.

Yor. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our *Irish* warres,

We must supplant those rough-headed Kernes,

Which live like venom, where no venom else

But onely they, have priviledge to live.

And for these great affairs do aske some charge

Towards our assistance, we do seize t'ous

The plate, coyn, and revenews, and moveables,

Whereof our Uncle *Gauunt* did stand posselt.

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not *Gloucesters* death, nor *Herefords* banishment.

Nor *Gauunt*'s rebukes, nor *Englands* private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor *Bullingbrooke*,

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace

Have ever made me sower, my patient cheek,

Or bend on wrinkle on my Sovereigns face:

I am the last of noble *Edwards* sons,

Of whom thy fater Prince of *Wales* was first:

In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:

In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,

Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours:

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 spent not that

Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:

His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:

Oh *Richard*, *York* is too farre gone with grief,

Or else he never would compare between.

Rich. Why Uncle,

What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege pardon me if you please, if not

I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands

The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?

Is not *Gauunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?

Was not *Gauunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well deserving son?

Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time

His Charters; and his customary rights:

Let not to morrow then ensue to day,

Be not thy self. For how art thou a King

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now afore God, God forbid I say true,

If you do wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,

Call in his Letters Patents that he hath

By his Attourneys general, to sue

His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money, and his Lands.

Yor. He not be by the while: my Liege farewell,

E e 3

What

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Exit.

Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* straight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houfe*,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow:
And we create in absence of our self
Our Uncle *York*, Lord Governor of *England*:
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North, Willoughby, and Rosse.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his son is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence
Er't be disburthened with a liberal tongue.

Nor. Nay speak thy mind: and let him ne'r speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak to th' Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be so, out with it boldly man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, it's shame such wrongs are
born,

In him a royal Prince, and many moe,
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform
Meerly in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The Commons hath be pill'd with grievous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the Realm in Farm.

Will. The King's grown bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these *Irish* wars:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the cases of our wrack.

Nor. Not so: even through the hollow eies of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neer the tidings of our comfort is,

Will. Nay let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak *Northumberland*,
We three, are but thy self, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I have from *Port le Blan*
A Bay in *Britann* receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our *Northern* shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Impe our our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeem from broaking pawn the blemish'd Crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self,
Away with me in haste to *Ravenespurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition,

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my self
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*, yet again me thinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortunes womb
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
Which nothing trembles, at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
Which shews like grief it self, but is not so:
For sorrows eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of grief, more then himself to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not: then thrice gracious Queen,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrows eye,
Which for things true, weep things imaginary. (seen;

Qu. It may be so, but yet my inward soul
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As though one thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wor.

Enter Green.

Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gen-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*. (*clemen*)

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is :
For his designs crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gree. That he our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullinbrooke* repeals himself,
And with up-lifted Arms is safe arriv'd
At *Ravensturg*.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gree. O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worse,
The *L. Northumberland*, his young son *Henry Percie*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*
And the rest of that revolted faction, Traitors?

Gree. We have : whereupon the Earl of *Worcester*
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrows dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new delivered Mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joyn'd.

Bush. Despair not Madam,

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair and be at enmity
With couzening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A Parasite. a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gree. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged neck,
Oh full of careful businesse are his looks:
Uncle, for heavens sake speak comfortable words.

Yor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief :
Your Husband he is gone to save farre off,
Whilst others come to make his loofe at home :
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weak with age, cannot support my self :
Now comes his sick hour that his surfet made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your son 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 *Herefords* side.
Sirra, 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 grieve you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the Dutchesse di'd,

Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woful Land at once?

I know not what to do : I would to heaven
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sister, (*Cosin* I would say) pray pardon me:

Go follow, get thee home, provide some Carts,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never beleeve me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend : th'other again

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do : Come *Cozen*,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at *Barkly* Castle ;

I should to *Plashy* too : but time will not permit,

All is uneven, & every thing is left at six and seven. *Exit*

Bush. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,

But none returns : for us to levy power

Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gree. Besides our neernesse to the King in love,

Is neer the hate of those love not the King.

Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we have been ever neer the King.

Gree. Well : I will for refuge straight to *Bristol* Castle,

The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office

Will the hateful Commons perform for us,

Except like Currs, to tear us all in pieces :

Will you go along with us?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majesty :

Farewell, if hearts presages be not vain,

We three here part, that never shall meet again.

Bu. That's as *York* thrives to bear back *Bullinbrooke*.

Gree. Alas poor Duke, the taske he undertakes

Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,

Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Well, we may meet again.

Bag. I fear me never.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to *Barkley* now?

Nor. Beleeve me Noble Lord,

I am a stranger here in *Gloustershire*,

These high wild hills, and rough uneven waies,

Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome :

And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making

Making the hard way sweet and delectable :

But I bethink me, what a weary way

From *Ravenſpurgh* to *Cottſhold* will be found,
In *Roffe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguil'd

The tediousneſſe and proceſſe of my travel :

But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have

The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe :

And hope to joy, is little leſſe in joy,

Then hope enjoy'd : By this, the weary Lords

Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,

By ſight of what I have, your noble Company,

Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Company,
Then your good words : but who comes here ?

Enter H. Percy.

North. it is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter* : whenceſoever.

Harry, how fares your Uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen ?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſhold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon ?

He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.

Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.

But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurgh*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,

And ſent me over by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What power the Duke of *York* had levied there,
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenſpurgh*,

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford* (Boy.)

Percy. No, my good Lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now : this is the
Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Bull. I thank thee gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good Friends :
And as my fortune ripens with thy Love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley* ? and what ſtirre
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of Warre ?

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here comes the Lords of *Roffe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords. I wot your love purſues
A baniſht Traitor ; all my Treſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Roffe. Your preſence makes us rich moſt Noble Lord.

Will. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Bull. Evermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my Bounty : but who comes here ?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſſe.

Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Meſſage is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeek that name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your Town,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Native peace, with ſelf-born Arms.

Enter York.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in perſon. My Noble Uncle.

Yor. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable, and falſe.

Bull. My gracious Uncle.

Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitors Uncle ; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Leggs.

Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *Englands* Ground ?

But more then why, why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful Boſom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And oſtentation of deſpised Arms ?

Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence ?

Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal Boſome lies his power.

Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,

As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and thy ſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thouſand *French* :

Oh then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,

Now Priſoner to the Palfie, chaſtiſe thee,

And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Bull. My gracious Uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein ?

Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treason :
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms againſt thy Sovereigne.

Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.

And noble Uncle, I beſeech your Grace

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :

You are my Father, for me thinks in you

I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,

Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd

A wandring Vagabond : my Rights and Royalties

Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away

Toupſtart Unthrifts ? wherefore was I born ?

If that my Coſin King, be King of *England*,

It muſt be granted I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.

You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my Noble kinf nan,

Had you firſt died, and he been thus trode down,

He ſhould have ſound his Uncle *Gaunt* a father,

To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.

I am deny'd to ſue my Livery here,

And yet my Letters Patents give me leave :

My Fathers goods are all deſtrain'd, and ſold,

And theſe and all, are all amiſſe imploy'd.

What

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free Descent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yor. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cousins wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him nev'r see joy that breaks that oath.

Yor. Well, well, I see the issue of these Arms,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the Sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bull. An offer Uncle that we will accept:
But we must winne your Grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Busby*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

Yor. It may be I will go with you, but yet I pause,
For I am loth to break our Countreys Laws:
For friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept your Countrey-men together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman*,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay.
The Bay-trees in our Countrey are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear, to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage and Warre:
These signes forerun the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eies of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament:
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West.
Witnessing Storms to come, Woe, and Unrest:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullinbrooke, York, Northumberland,
Ross, Percie, Willoughby, with Busby
and Green, prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Busby and *Green*, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no Charity: 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 Royal King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the possession of a Royal Bed,
And stain'd the Beauty of a fair Queens Cheeks
With tears drawn from her eies, with your foul wrongs.
My self a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neer to the King in blood, and neer in love,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my *English* breath in forrain Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dispark'd my Parks, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine own windows torn my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Busbie. More welcome is the stroak of death to me,
Then *Bullinbrooke* to *England*.

Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house,
For Heavens sake, fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my Greetings be deliver'd.

Yor. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love to her at large.

Bull. Thanks gentle Uncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to work, and after holliday. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly-Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once again.Deer Earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofs:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And do thee favour with my Royal hands.Feed not thy Sovereigns Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweets, comfort his ravenous sense
But let thy Spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gated Toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosom pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereigns Enemies.
Mock not my senselesse Conjurat[i]on: Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed Souldiers ere her Native King
Shall falter under foul Rebellious Arms.Car. Fear not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keep you King, in spite of all.Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss
Whilst Bullingbrooke through their security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the Globe that lights the lower World,
Then Thieves and Robbers raunge abroad unseen,
In Murthers, and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestrial Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloak of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thief, this Traitor Bullingbrooke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will set blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But se'f-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd S'eel against our Golden Crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly payA glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lies your Power?

Salis. Nor neer, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy daies on Earth:
Oh call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappy day too late
Orethrows thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the Welchmen hearing thou art dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my self. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name, forty thousand Names?
Arm, arm my Name: a punie subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn,
But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Strives Bullingbrooke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend,
They break their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and death will have his day.Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of Calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which make the Silver Rivers drown their Shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears:
So high above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of Bullingbrooke, covering your fearful Land
With hard bright Steel, and hearts harder then Steel:
White Bears have arm'd their thin and hairlesse Scalps
Against thy Majesty, and Boys with Womens voices,
Strive to speak bigge, and clap their female joynts
In stiff unwieldy Armes: against thy Crown
Thy very Beidf-men learn to bend their Bows
Of double fatal Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaff-women manage rusty 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 tel'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Eul of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Busby? where is Green?

That

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their hands shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man,
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three *Judas*es, each one thrice worse than *Judas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spotted souls for this offence.

Scroope. Sweet Love (I see) changing his property,
Turns to the fowrest, and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their Souls; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand.
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and the Earle of *Wiltshire*
dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speak:
Let's talke of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs.
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rainy eies
Write Sorrow in the bosom of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*
And nothing can we call our own, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Paste, and Cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn Reverence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Form, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste Grief, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the waies to wail:

To fear the Foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weaknesse, strength unto your Foe;
Fear, and be slain, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death.
Where fearing, dying, payes death servile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limb.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change blows with thee, for our day of Doom:

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,

An easie task it is to winne our own.

Say *Scroope*, where lies our Uncle with his Power?

Speak sweetly man, although thy looks be fowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie

The stare and inclination of the day,

So may you by my dull and heavy eye:

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say:

I play the Torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.

Your Uncle *York* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,

And all your Northern Castles yielded up,

And all your Southern Gentlemen in Arms

Upon his faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.

B-shrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in, to despair:

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to *Flin-Castle*, there Ile pine away,

A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly woe obey:

That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe

To ear the Land, that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none. Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsell is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From *Richards* Nighr, to *Bullingbrooks* fair Day,

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, *Bullingbrooke*, *York*,
Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welchmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yor. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brief,
Left I his Title out.

Yor. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Uncle) farther than you should,

Yor. Take not (good Cousin) farther than you should,
Least you mistake the heavens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Uncle) and oppose not my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter *Piercie*.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yield?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth contain a King: Kind *Richard* lies
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a Clergy-man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of *Carlile*.

Bull. Noble Lord,

Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his royal Person: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, Ile use th'advantage of my power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green Lap of fair King *Richards* Land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.

Go signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Grassie Carpet of this plain:
Let's march without the noise of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles ratter'd Battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
With no lesse terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smok
At meeting rears the cloudy Cheeks of Heaven:
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yielding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
As doth the blushing discontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Tor. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show.

Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our self thy lawful King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay the awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship,
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Unlesse he do prophane, steal, or usurpe.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds on our behalf,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That list your Vassal hands against my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason, he is come to ope
The purple Testament of a bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns 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 Grassie with faithful *English* Blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil Arms
Be rush'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kifs thy hand,
And by the honourable Tomb he swears
That stands upon your Royal Grandfiers 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 Honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his Lineall Royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royal party granted once,
His glittering Arms he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty:
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self (Cousin) do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland* and send
Defiance to the Traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, & friends their hopeful Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine
That laid the Sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or lesser than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'st thou proud heart? Ile give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he lose
The Name of King? o'Gods Name let it go.
Ile give my Jewels for a set of Beads,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparel, for an Almes-mans Gown,
My figur'd Goblets, for a dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subjects, for a pair of Carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Or ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereigns head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Annerle, thou weepst, (my tender-hearted Cousin)
We'll make foul weather with despised tears:
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a dearth in this Revolting Land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves,
Within the earth: and therein laid, there lies
Two Kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eies?
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What saies King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* saies I.
North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come down.
Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Jides.
In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.
Bull. What saies his Majesty?
North. Sorrow, and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his Majesty.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Fair Cousin.
You debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your Love,
Than my un-pleas'd Eye see your Courtresie.
Up Cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine
own.
Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and
all.
Bull. So farre be mine, (my most redoubred Lord,)
As my true service shall deserve your love.
Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserve to have,
That know the strong't and surest way to get.
Uncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eies
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, ile give, and willing too,
For do we must, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*:
Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord:

Rich. Then I must not say, no

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

La. Madam, we'll play at Bowls.

Qu. 'Twill make me think the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'll dance.

Qu. My Legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Grief?

La. Of either, Madam.

Qu. Of neither, Gidle.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It addes more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

La. Madam, ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

La. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good?

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, unto a row of Pinnes,
They'll talk of state? for every one doth so,
Against a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing spraves,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Government.

You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds that without profit suck
The soyles fertility from wholsom Flowers.

Ser. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firm state?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her Knobs disorder'd, and her wholsome Hearbs
Swarming with Caterpillars.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of Leaf.
The weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*
I mean, the Earle of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.

F f

Ser. What

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pittie is it, that he had not trim'd
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden at time of year;
And wound the Bark, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being over proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it self?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the Crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Ser. VVhat think you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deer friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Qu. Oh I am prett to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing news?
VVhat *Eve*? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of cursed man?
VVhy dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downfall? say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himself, are all the *English* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so,
I speak no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knows it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at *London*, *London* King in woe.
VVhat, was I born to this! that my sad look,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may never grow. *Exit.*

G. Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse:
Here did she drop a tear, here in this place
He set a bank of *Rem*, (sowre Herb of Grace:)
Rem, ev'n for *Ruth*, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
thumberland, *Percie*, *Fitz-Water*, *Surrey*, *Carlile*, *Abbot*
of *Westminster*. Herault, Officers, and *Bagot*.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speak thy mind,
VVhat thou dost know of Noble *Glousters* death;
VVho wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timelesse end.

Bag. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bull. Cousin, stand forth and look upon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glousters* death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restless *English* Court
As far as *Callis* to my Uncles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crowns,
Then *Bullingbrooke* return to *England*; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be in this your Cousins death.

Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:

VVhat answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair Starrs.

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour spoild

VVith th'Atteindor of his stand'rous Lips.

There is my Gage, the manual Seal of death

That marks thee out for Hell. Thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base,

To stain the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bull. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:

By that fair Sunne, that shews me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say (and wantingly thou spak'st it)

That thou wert cause of Noble *Glousters* death.

If thou deniest it, twenty times thou liest,

And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,

Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage

To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point

Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful Steel,

Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I do remember well, the very time

Aumerle and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then;

And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven,

As heaven it self is true.

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy,

That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render Vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, do lye

In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In proof whereof, there is mine Honours pawn,

Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surry* in a Wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.

A I intended to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Besides, I heard the banisht *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at *Calice*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Bull. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
(And though mine Enemy) restor'd again
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne're be seen.
Many a time hath banisht *Norfolke* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensign of the Christian Cross
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with works of War, retr'y'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I live my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soul
To the Bosom of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your dayes of Tryal.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the possession of thy Royal Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regal Throne.

Carl. Marry, Heaven forbid.

Worst in this Royal Presence may I speak,
Yet best bebecmiug me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
VWere enough Noble to be upright Judge
Of Noble *Richard*, then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
VWhat Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Majesty,
His Caprain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anoynd, Crown'd and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferiour breath,
And he himself not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Strirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul Traytor to proud *Herefords* King.
And if you Crown him, let me prophesie,

The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace shall go sleep with *Turks* and *Infidels*,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous VVars
Shall Kin with Kin, and Kind with Kind confound.

Disorder, Horror, Fear and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead mens Skuls.
Oh, if you rear this House, against this House
It will the wofullest Division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest Child, Childs Children cry against you, wo.

North. VVell have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capital Treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
To keep him safely, till his day of Tryal.

May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
VWithour suspicion.

Yor. I will be his Conduct.

Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that are here under our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the Regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submission. Yet I will remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All haile to me?
So *Judas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest and Clark? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven do think him me.
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

Yor. To do that Office of thine own good will,
Which tyred Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy Sate and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize the Crown:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Ay,
The other down, unseen, and full of Water:
That Bucket down, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had been willing to resign.

Rich. My Crown I am, but still my Griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares set up, do not pluck my Cares down,
My Care, is loss of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resign the Crown?

FF 2

Rich. I

Rich. I no ; no, I for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo myself;
I give this he .vy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my blame,
With mine own hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own tongue deny my Sacred State,
With mine own breath release all dutious Oaths :
All Pomp and Majesty I do forswear :
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgoe ;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd,
Long maist thou live in *Richards* seat to sit,
And soon lie *Richard* in an Earthy pit.
God save King *Henry*, un-King'd *Richard* saies,
And send him many years of Sun-shine daies.
What more remains ?

North. No more : but that you read
These Accusations, and these grievous Crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the State and Profit of this Land :
That by confessing them, the Souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel cut
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troope,
To read a Lecture of them ? if thou wouldest
There shouldst thou find one hainous article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my self,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward piety : yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sower Crosse,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord, dispatch, read o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine eies are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eies upon my self,
I find my self a Traitor with the rest :
For I have given here my souls consent,
T'undock the pompous Body of a King ;
Made Glory base ; a Sovereign, a Slave ;
Proud Majesty, a Subject ; State, a Peasant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man ;
No, nor no mans Lord : I have no Name, no Title ;
No, not that name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt : alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
And know not now what name to call my self.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my self 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 straight,

That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majesty.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this paper, while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd : ile read enough,
When I do see the very Book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine.
And made no deeper wounds ? Oh flaunting Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day under his Household-roof,
Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face,
That like the Sun did make beholders wink ?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke* ?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
Mark silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bul. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Grief lies all within,
And these external manners of Laments,
Are meerly shadowes to the unseen Grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lies the Substance : and I thank thee King
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but reachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Bull. Name it, fair Cousin.

Rich. Fair Cousin ? I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer :
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I have ?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither ?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good : convey : Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woes to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aunt. You holy Clergy-men, is there no plot ?
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your Brows are full of discontent,
Your Heart of sorrow, and your Eies of tears,
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come : this is the way
To Julius Casars ill-erected Tower :
To whose flint bosom, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullingbrooke.
Here let us rest, if this Rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queen.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft; but see, or rather do not see,
My fair Rose wither : yet look up ; behold,
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah thou, the Modell, where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mapple of Honour, thou King Richards Tomb,
And not King Richard : thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest ?

Rich. Joyn not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn good soul,
To think our former State a happy Dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shews us but this. I am sworn Brother (Sweet)
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a League till death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house :
Our holy lives must winne a new worlds Crown,
Which our prophane hours here have stricken down.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ? hath Bullingbrooke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd : and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kisse the Rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon and a King of Beasts ?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed : if aught but Beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good (sometime) Queen prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last-living leave.
In Winiers tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe beride :
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why ? the senselesse Brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of my moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in Ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order ta'en for you :
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all :

He shall think, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th'usurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
That Fear, to Hate ; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be one 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 ; 'twixt my Crown and me ;
And then betwixt me, and my married wife,
Let me un-kisse the Oath, 'twixt thee and me :
And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made.
Part us Northumberland : I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Climate :
My Queen to France : from whence, set forth in Pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short 'st of day.

Qu. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart from heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little policy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France ; I, for thee here :
Better farre off then neer, be ne're the neer
Goe, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Qu. So longest way, shall have the longest moans.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Grief :
One Kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine own again : 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter York and his Dutchesse.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into London.

Yor. Where did I leave ?

Dut. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windows tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

F f 3

Yor. Then

Yor. Then, as I said, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Casements dard'd their desiring eies
Upon his visage : and that all the walls
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds neck,
Bespake them thus : I thank you Countrey-men :
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Duch. Alas poor *Richard*, where rides he the whilst ?

Yor. As in a Theater, the eies of men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eies,
Did scowle on *Richard* : no man cry'd, God save him :
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles
(The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it self have pittied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworn Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Here comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie in the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my Sonne : who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care nor,
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yor. Well, bear you well in this new-spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford* ? Hold those Jufts and Triumphs ?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent nor, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seal is that that hangs without thy bosom ?
Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

Yor. Which for some reasons sir, I mean to see :
I fear, I fear.

Dut. What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparell, against the triumph.

Yor. Bound to himself ? VVhat doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to ? VVife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied, let me see it I say. *Snatches it.*
Treason, foul treason, Villain, Traitor, Slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord ?

Yor. Ho, who's within there ? saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy : what treachery is here ?

Dut. VVhy, what is't my Lord ?

Yor. Give me my boots, I say : saddle my horse :
Now by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dut. VVhat is the matter ?

Yor. Peace foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Son ?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poor life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer ?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence villain, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dut. Why *York* what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou nor hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more Sonnes ? or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman :
Wilt thou conceale this dark Conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set their hands
To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dut. He shall be none :

VVe'll keep him here : then what is that to him ?

Yor. Away fond woman : were he twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull :
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne :
Sweet *York*, sweet Husband, be not of that mind :
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman.

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his horse,
Spurr post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
He nor be long behind : though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York* :
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee : Away, be gone. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bull. Can no man tell of my unthrifty Son ?
'Tis full three moneths since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he :
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found ;
Enquire at *London*, amongst the Taverns there :

For

For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beat our passengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bull. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a Glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bull. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder daies
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bull. What means our Cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bull. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a Pardon, ere I rise or speak.

Bull. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Bull. Have thy desire.

Tork within.

Tor. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence here.

Bull. Villain, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause
to fear.

Tork. Open the door, secure fool hardy King:
Shall I for love speak Treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter Tork.

Bull. What is the matter (Uncle) speak, recover breath,
Tell us how neer is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Tor. It was (villain) ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the Traitors bosom, King.
Fear and not Love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, least thy pity prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bull. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing son.

Tor. So shall my vertue be his vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour with his Shame:

As chrestlesse Sonnes their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kil'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true mans put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heavens sake let me in.

Bull. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speak with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bull. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your soul sin.

Tor. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgivenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard hearted man,
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

Tor. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor rear?

Dut. Sweet Tork be patient, hear me gentle Liege.

Bull. Rise up good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy: until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Unto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Tork. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Plead he in earnest? Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd,
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false Hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deep integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Bull. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. Nay do not say stand up.
But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say Pardon (King) let pittie teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouths so meere.

Tor. Speak it in French (King) say *Pardon ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word it self, against the word.
Speak pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy pittieus heart, plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pittie may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bull. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bull.

Bull. I pardon him as heaven shall pardon me.

Dur. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee :
Yet am I sick for fear : Speak it again,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bull. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dur. A God on earth thou art.

Bull. But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels :
Good Uncle help to order several powers
To *Oxford*, or where ere these Traitors are :
They shall not live within this world I swear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewell, and Cousin adieu :
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dur. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exit.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Ext. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear :
Was it not so ?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Have I no friend ? (quoth he :) he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not ?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall 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,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have been studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live : unto the World :
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a Creature, but my self,
I cannot do it : yet Ile hammer't out.
My Brain, Ile prove the Female to my soul,
My soul, the Father : and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts ;
And these same thoughts, people this little world
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the faith it self
Against the Faith : as thus : Come little ones : & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the postern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plor
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nailes
May tear a passage through the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls :
And for they cannot, dye in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there ;
And in this thought, they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King :
Then Treason makes me with my self a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury,
Perswades me, I was better when a King :
Then am I King'd again : and by and by,
Think that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musick do I hear ?
Ha, ha ? keep time : How sower sweet Musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?
So is it in the Musick of mens lives :

Musick

And here have I the daintinesse of ear
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string :
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an ear to hear my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me :
For now hath Time made me his numbring clock ;
My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jarre,
Their watches to mine eies, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell : so Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times : O but my Time
Runs posting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o'th'Clock.
This Musick mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it seems, it will make wise-men mad :
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me ;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Hail Royal Prince.

Ric. Thanks Noble Peer.

The cheapest of us, is ten groats too deer.
What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither ?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groo. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards *York*,
With much adoe, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my (sometimes Royal) Masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In *London streets*, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him ?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his back ;
That Jade hath eat bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down
(Since Pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his back ?
Forgivenessse horse : why do I rail on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
V Vas't born to bear ? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I bear a burthen like an Ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce of Exton*,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The devil take *Henry of Lancaster*, and thee;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument,
Go thou and fill another room in Hell.

Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whil'st my gross flesh sinks downward, here to dye.

Exton. As full of valour as of Royal blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Saies, that this deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King ile bear,
Take hence the rest; and give them burial here.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other
Lords and attendants.*

Bull. Uncle *Yorke*, the latest news we hear,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire
Our Town of *Cicester in Gloucestershire*,
But whether they be tane or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: what is the news?

Nor. First to thy Sacred State wish I all happinesse:
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Bull. We thank thee gentle *Piercy* for thy pains,
And to thy worth will adderight worthy gaines.

Enter Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Bull. Thy pains *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wor.

Enter Piercy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of Conscience, and sower melancholly,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide

Thy Kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Bull. *Carlile*, this is your doom:

Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy self:
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of Honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux by me hither brought.

Bull. *Exton.* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of Slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your own mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bull. They love not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caingo* wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.

Lords I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament.

And put on sullen black incontinent:

Ile make a voyage to the holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

Murch sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely Beer.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth,

with the Life and Death of HENRY
Surnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl
of Westmerland, with others.*
King.

S O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new
Broils
To be commenc'd in Storms afar remote :
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soyl,
Shall dambe her lips with her own childrens blood :
No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
And furious cloze of civil Burchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As far as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now, under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers Womb,
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege : This hast was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight : when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News ;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :

Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil,
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This matcht, with other like, my gracious Lord,
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report :
On Holy-Rood day, the gallant *Hotspur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody hour :
As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told :
For he that brought them, in the very hear
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soyl,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcom News.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk't in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspur* took
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest son
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Arhol*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Memeith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyl ?

A gallant prize ? Ha Cousin, is it not ? In faith it is.
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son :
A Son, who is the Theam of Honours tongue :
Amongst a Grove, the very straitest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride :
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Fayry, had exchange'd
In Cradle cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* :

Then

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine :
But let him from my thoughts. What think you *Coze*
Of this young *Percies* pride ? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*,

West. This is his Uncles reaching. This is *Worcester*
Malevolent to you in all Aspects :
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this :
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cosin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windfor*, so inform the Lords :

But come your self with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Fal-
staffe, and Poins.*

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad ?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
Sack and unburtuning thee after Supper, and sleeping
upon benches in the afternoon that thou hast forgotten to
demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What
a divel hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless
houres were Cups of Sack, and minutes Capons, and
Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the signes of
Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot
Wench in Flame-coloured Taffara. I see no reason why
thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the
day.

Fal. Indeed you came near me now *Hal*. for we that
take Purfes, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not
by *Phœbus* he, that wandring Knight sofair. And I
pray thee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God
save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
have none.

Prince. What I none ?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an
Egge and Buter.

Prince. Well, how then ? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not us that are Squires of the Nights body, be call'd
Theeves of the D yes beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Forrest-
ers, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon ; and
let men say, we be men of good Government, being go-
verned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistris the
Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too : for the
fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebb and flow
like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moon :
as for proof. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd
on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday*
morning ; got with swearing, Laid by : and spent with
crying, Bring in : now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the
Ladder ; and by and by in as high a flow as the tide of the
Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad : and is not my Hostess of
the Tavern a most sweet Wench ?

Prince. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Castle : and is
not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

Fal. How, how ? how now mad Wagge ? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities ? What a plague have I to do
with a Buffe-Jerkin ?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess
of the Tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a
time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coyn would
stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent,
that thou art Heir apparent. But I prythee sweet Wagge,
shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art
King ? and Resolution thus sobb'd as it is, with the rusty
curb of old Father Antick the Law ? Do not thou when
thou art a King, hang a Thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! Ile be a brave Judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt
have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well : and in some sort it jumpes with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
man hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Cyb-Car, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of
Moor-Diuch ?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed
the most comparative rascaldest sweet young Prince. But
Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were
to be bought : an old Lord of the Council rated me the
other day in the street about you sir ; but I mark'd him
not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not,
and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well : for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed a-
ble to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto
me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*,
I knew nothing : and now I am (if a man should speak
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give o-
ver this life, and I will give it over : and I do not, I am a
Villain. Ile be damned for never a Kings son in Christen-
dom.

Prin. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Jack* ?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one : and I do not,
call me Villain, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee : From
Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a
Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omni-
potent Villain, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins.

Pointz. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What saies Sir *John* Sack and Sugar, Jack? How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldst him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the devil his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prin. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes. I have Vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will Chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Thief? Not I.

Fal. Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the bloud-royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my daies Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traytor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir *John*, I pray thee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou have the spirit of perswasion; and he the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *Eastcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel Allhollown Summer.

Exit Fal.

Poy. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-layd; your self and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prin. I but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our selves.

Poy. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the Wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and firrah, I have Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poy. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true

bred Cowards as ever turn'd back: and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the Jest.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eastcheap*, there Ile sup. Farewel.

Poy. Farewel, my Lord.

Exit Poyes.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyok'd humour of your Idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes

To smother up his Beauty from the world;

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing Holidais,

To sport, would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,

And nothing pleaseith but rare accidents.

So when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised:

By how much better then my word I am,

By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,

And like bright Metal on a sullen ground:

My reformation glittering o're my fault,

Shall shevv more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Then that which hath no soyl to set it off.

Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,

Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for accordingly,

You tread upon my patience: But be sure,

I vvill from henceforth rather be my self,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition,

Which hath been smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,

And therefore lost the Title of respect,

Which the proud ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Sovereign Liege) little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it,

And that same greatness too, vvhich our ovvn hands

Have help to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. *Worcester* get thee gone: for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And Majesty might never yet endure

The moody Frontier of a servant brow,

You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thofe

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Where (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty :
Who either through enyy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream toyl,
Breathlesse, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groom, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet-box : which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away again :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and Lady tearmes
He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesties be half.
I then, all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds: God save the mark;
And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise :
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the bowells of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
He would himself have been a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unfay it now.

King. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The lives of those, that he did lead to Fight,
Against the great Magician, damnd *Glendower*;
Whose daughter (as we hear) the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marrried. Shall our Coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No: on the barren Mountain let him starve :
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*,

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Sovereign 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 took,
When on the gentle Severnes siedgie bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Severnes flood ;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped-head in a hollow bank,
Blood stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

King. Thou do'st belye him *Percy*, thou do'st belye
He never did encounter with *Glendower* : (him ;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd ? But sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We License your departure with your Son,
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roare for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head,
Nor. What? drunk with choller? stay and pause awhile,
Here comes your Uncle. *Enter Worcester.*

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I doe not joyn with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all those Veines,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th aire as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrook*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners :
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wives Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was : I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition :

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. (mouth

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heir to the Crown?

Nor. He did, my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornations? shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbrook*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I say.-----

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and advenurous Spirit,
As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swimme:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour crosse in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heaven; me thinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soul, he shall not.

I'll keep them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare unto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his eare I'll holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this Womans mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods?
Netled, and stung with Pismiers, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrook*.
In *Richard's* time: What doe ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in *Glocester-shire*:
'Twas where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept
His Uncle *York*, where I first bow'd my knee
Unto the King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
When you and he came back from *Ravenpurgh*.

Nor. At *Barkley Castle*.

Hot. You say true:
Why what a gaudie deal of curtesie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me.
Look when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousin:
O, the Devil take such Cozeners, God forgive me:
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* son your onely mean
For powers in *Scotland*: which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly in the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Bishop.

Hot. Of *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Upon my life, it will doe wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And

And then the power of Scotland, and of York
To joyn with Mortimer, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall

Hotsp. In faith it is exceeding well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a Head :
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly :
I'll steal to Glendower, and lo, Mortimer,
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O let houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be
hang'd. Charles wain is over the new Chimney, and yet
our horse not packt. What Ostler ?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few
Flocks in the point: the poor Jade is wrung in the wi-
thers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beans are as dank here as a Dog,
and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots :
This house is turned upside down since Robin the Ostler
died.

1. Car. Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villanous house in all
London roade for Fleas : I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench ? There's ne're a King in Chri-
stendome, could be better bit, then I have been since the
first Cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow us ne'r a Jourden, and
then we leak in your Chimney : and your Chamber-lye
breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd :
come away.

2. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes
of Ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Panniers are quite star-
ved. What Ostler ? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye
in thy head ? can't not hear ? and 'twere not as good a
deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very
Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee ?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good morrow Carriers. What's a clock ?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorn to see my Gel-

ding in the staole.

1. Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth
two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell ? lend me thy Lanthorn
(quoth-a) marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier : what time doe you mean to come
to London.

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I
warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the
Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have
great charge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain ?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand quoth the Cham-
berlain : For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-
ses, then giving direction doth from labouring. Thou
lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-hill, it holds cur-
rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the
wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marks with
him in Gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company
last night at Supper ; a kind of Auditor, one that hath
abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are
up already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will
away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. Nicholas Clarks,
I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I prethee keep that for the
Hangman, for I know thou worship'st S. Nicholas as
truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman ? If
I hang, I'll make a fat pair of Gallows. For, if I hang,
old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st be's no
Starveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou
dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to
dye the Profession some grace ; that would (if matters
should be look'd into) for their own Credit sake, make
all whole. I am joyned with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no
Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Musta-
chio-purple-hu'd-Malt-wormes, but with Nobility, and
Tranquility ; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as
can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speak ; and
speak sooner then drink, and drink sooner then pray ;
and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint
the Common-wealth ; or rather, not to pray to her, but
prey on her : for they ride up and down on her, and
make her their Boors.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boots ? Will
she hold out water in foul way ?

Gad. She will, she will ; Justice hath liquor'd her.
We steal, as in a Castle, cock-lure : we have the receipt of
Fern-seed, we walk invisable.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding
to the Night, then the Fern-seed, for your walking in-
visable.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false
Thief.

Gad. Go to : *Homo* is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Knave. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. *Poynes, Poynes,* and be hang'd *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What *Poynes.* *Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thiefs company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but four foot by the square further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his company hourelly any time this two an twenty year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else: I have drunk Medicines. *Poynes, Hall,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* I'll starve e're I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn Trueman, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew: a plague light upon you all. Give me my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat-guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horse, good Kings son.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thine own heir-apparant Garters: If I be tane, I'll peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my poyson: when a jest is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Poyn. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe,* what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you Rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Ta-

Gad. There's enough to make us all. (vern.)

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poyn. Sirra Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou finde him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now I cannot strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned,* where are our disguises?

Poyn. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come neighbour: the boy shall lead our Horses down the hill: We'll a foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Thieves. Stay.

Tra. Jesu blesse us.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were here. On Basons on, what ye knaves? young men must live, you are Grand Jurers? We'll jure ye ifaich.

Here they rob them and bind them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Prin. The thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a Week, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poynes. Stand close, I hear them comming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poynes,* than in a wild Duck.

Prin. Your money.

Poyn. Villains.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattred, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falstaff* sweats to death, and Lards the lean earth as he walks along: wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poyn. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. 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 own Barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more, *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

rons.

rous. Why that's certain : 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger ; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time is self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so : I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this ? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid ; our Friends true and constant : A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation : An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this ? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the generall courle of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could brain him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and and my Self, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower* ? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas* ? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next moneth ? and are there not some of them set forward already ? What a Pagan Rascall is this ? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forward to night,

Enter his Lady.

How now *Kate*, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone ? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed ? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ? Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth ? And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ? And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly ? In my faint slumbers, I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres : Speak tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires ; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets. Of Basilisks, of Canon, Culverin. Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at Warre, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beds of sweat hath stood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame ; And in thy face strange motion have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these ? Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it : else he loves me not.

Hor. What ho ; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone ?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hor. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff ?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hor. What Horse ? a Roan, a crop-eare, is it not ?

Ser. It is, my Lord.

Hor. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But hear you, my Lord.

Hor. What say'st thou, my Lady ?

La. What is it that carries you away ?

Hor. Why, my Horse (my Love) my Horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Apt, a Weazell hath not such a deal of spleen, as you are toft with. Insooth I'll know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go-----

Hor. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this question, that I shall aske. Indeed I'll break thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hor. Away, away, you trifler : Love, I love thee not, I care not for thee *Kate* : this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.

What saist thou *Kate* ? what would'st thou have with me ?

La. Do ye not love me ? doe you not indeed ?

Well, doe not then. For since you love me not, I will not love my self. Doe you not love me ? Nay, tell me if thou speakest in jest, or no.

Hor. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am a horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not have you henceforth, question me, Whether I go : nor reason whereabouts.

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 Percies* wife. Constant you are.

But yet a woman : and for secrecie, No Lady closer. For I will believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know, And so farre will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre ?

Hor. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*, Whether I go, thither shall you go too : To day will I set forth, to morrow you.

Will this content you *Kate* ?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast been *Hall* ?

Prin. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a lesh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curtelie* : telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falstaffe*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying *Scarlet* ; and when you break in your warring, then they cry *pem*, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Lan-

guage during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon sir*, *Anon sir*, *Score a pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and doe never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and I'll shew thee a President.

Poynes. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poyn. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; look down into the Pomgarner, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to-----

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: Berladly a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Machaelmas next I shall be---

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penniworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had been two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on Thursday: or indeed *Francis* when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leathern Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agatring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord, sir, who doe you mean?

Prin. Why then your brown Bastard is your onely drink: for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poyn. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call?

Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guests within: My Lord, old Sir

John with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door, *Poynes*.

Enter Poynes.

Poyn. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Thieves are at the door, shall we be merry?

Poyn. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is up-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that killes me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands and sayes to his Wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet *Harry*, sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ri-vo*, sayes the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poyn. Welcome Jack, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sack Boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see *Titan* kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a *Weaver*, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfsack, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? If I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of Wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horsen round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poynes* there?

Prin. Ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee 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 not who sees your back: Call you that

that tacking of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to day.

Prin. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk't last.

Falst. All's one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still; say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be four of us, have ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from us. it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all Cowards: let them speak; if they speak more or lesse then truth, they are villains and the sons of darknesse.

Prince. Speak sirs, how was it?

Gad. We four set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. Yon Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Falst. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poin. I, I, he said four.

Falst. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but took all their seven points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, four, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a Villain else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falst. Doe'st thou hear me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Falst. Do so, for it is worth the listening too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their points being broken.

Poin. Down fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to give me ground: but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought: seven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleven Buckrom men grown out of two?

Falst. But as the Devill would have it, three mis-be gotten Knaves, in Kendall Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Cuck, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-prester, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulls-pissell, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't again: and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poin. Mark *Jack*.

Prin. We two, saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two, set on you four, and with a word, outface'd you from your prize, and have it: ye, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you carried your Cuts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poin. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What trick hast thou now?

Falst. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostesse, clap to the doors: watch to Night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of Gold, all the good titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falst. A, no more of that *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostess. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at door would speak with you: he sayes he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is he?

Hostess. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee do *Jack*.

Falst. 'Faith and I'll send him packing. *Exit*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prin. Tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of all England: but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments, with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seaven years before, I blusht to hear his monstrous devices.

Prin. O Villain, thou stolest a Cup of Sack eighteen years agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own Knee?

Falst. My own Knee? When I was about thy years (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring: a plague of sighing and grief, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devill his true Liege-man upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a Plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Son in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runs a Horse-back up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not run.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-back (ye Cuckow) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Jack*, upon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, upon instinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Capps more, *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civill buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hall*, art not thou horrible as fear'd? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devill *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lack some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chid to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou do love me practice an answer.

Prin. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown, for a pittifull bald Crown.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambysses* vein.

Prin. Well, here is my Legge.

Falst. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobility.

Hostess. This is excellent sport, ifaith.

Fal. Weep not sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess. O the Father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Prayers as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain. *Harry*, I do not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to me, here lyeth the point: why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sonne of heaven prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the Sonne of England prove a Thief, and take Purfes? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many

many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woës also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Falst. A goodly portly man ifaith, and corpulent, of a cheerfull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly given; he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see vertue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prin. Do'st thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Falst. And here I stand: judge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheap.

Prin. The complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Ifaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swarest thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're look on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Devill hunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlineße, that swolne Parcell of Droplics, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stufte Cloak-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning-Tree Oxe with the Puddings in his Belly, that Reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? where in Crafty, but in Villany? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harm in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That he is old (the more's the pittie) his white hairs do witnesse it: But that he is (saving your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugat be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry, be a sinne, then many an Hoste that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, to be hated, then *Pharaohs* lean Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaffe*, kinde *Jack Falstaffe*, true *Jack Falstaffe*, valiant *Jack Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* company,

banish not him thy *Harryes* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff, with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Devill rides upon a Fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Hostess. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou hear *Hal*, never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so: 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 soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Go hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walk up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sheriff.

Exit.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him: And Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

Prin. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prin. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock.

Exit.

Prince. This oyle Rascall is known as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast a sleep behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his Pockets.

He

*He searcheth his pockets and findeth
certain Papers.*

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

ii.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce.

iiii.d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons.

v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after supper.

ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Warrs, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow

Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendower.*

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speak of you,
His cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your self
had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde:
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the Earth did
tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shook
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down

Steeple, and moss-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin: of many men
I do not bear these Crossings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields:
These signes have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my Life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans son,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments,

Hotsp. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh:
I'll to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deep.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command
the Devill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devill,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Devill.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable
Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrook* made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without Boots,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Devils name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map:
Shall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And dear Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures Tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen dayes:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A short time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leave
For there will be a world of Water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your Wives and you :

Hotsp. Methinks my moiety, North from Burton here :
In quantity 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 half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall run,
In a new Channell, fair and evenly :
It shall not winde with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glend. Not winde ? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hotsp. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you :
For I was train'd up in the English Court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe,
Many an English Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpfull Ornament ;
A vertue that was never seen in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it withall my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter-Ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or dry a Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetrie ;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavillon the ninth part of a hair,
Are the Indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The Moon shines fair,

You may away by Night :

I'll haste the Writer ; and withall,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence :
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.
So much she dotech on her *Mortimer*.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.

Hotsp. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies ;
And of a Dragon, and a fin-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, a ramping Cat,
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 hours,
In reckning up these severall Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys :

I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a railing Wife,
Worse then a smoaky house. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill far,
Then feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was an honest Gentleman ;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments :
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mines of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his naturall scope,
When you do crosse his humour : 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that a man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe :
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too willfull blame,
And since your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience :
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault ;
Though sometimes it shew greatness, Courage, Bloud,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you ;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdain :
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd :
Good-manners be your speed ;
Here come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she'll not part with you,
She'll be a Souldier too, she'll to the Warrs.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here :
A peevish self-will'd Harlotry,
One that perswasion can do good upon,

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in : and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady again in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation :
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language : for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summers Bower,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad:

The Lady speaks again Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,

On the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her Lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Team
Begins his golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. Withall my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By what time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Go so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Aire a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musick plays.

Hotsp. Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous:
Byrlady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musically,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lie still ye thief, and hear the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather hear (*Lady*) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neither, 'tis a Woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You swear like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and as sure as day:
And givest such Sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in sooth,
And such proteett of Pepper-Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turn Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher; and the Indentures be drawn, I'll away

within these two houres: and so come in, when ye will.

Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: we'll but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Bloud,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lew'd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withall, and grafted too,
Accompany the greatness of thy bloud,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatnesse needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heaven pardon thee:

Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger brother is suppli'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd and the soul of every man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the wayes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldome seen, I could not stir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at.

That

That men would tell their children, This is he :
Others would say, where ? which is *Bullingbrook* ?
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,
And drest my self in such humility ,
That I did pluck allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouthes ,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a Robe Pontificall ,
Ne're seen, but wondred at : and so my state,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and down ,
With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their scornes,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative ;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enseoff'd himself to popularity :
That being daily swallowed by menseyes,
They surfett'd with Honie, and began to loathe
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen ,
He was but as the Cuckow in June,
Heard, not regarded : seen but with such eyes ,
As sick and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majesty ,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to doe their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou
For thou hast lost thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blind it self with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my self.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set forth at *Ravenspurgh* ;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now :
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Then thou the shadow of succession ;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realm ,
Turns head against the Lyons armed Jawes ;
And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruising Armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got ,
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in Armes,
Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And Military Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspurre Mars*, in swathing Cloathes,

This Infant-Warriour, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him ,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this ? *Percy*, *Northumberland*.
The Arch-Bishops Grace of *Tork*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore doe I tell this newes to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes ,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
Thou art like enough, through vassall fear,
Base inclination , and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heels, and curtsie at his frowns.
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not think so, you shall not find it so :
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me :
I will redeem all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
When I will wear a Garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody Maske :
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day when ere it lights,
That this same Child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hotspurre*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meet :
For every Honour sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame's redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious Deeds for my indignities :
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account ,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time ,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here :
The which, if I promise, and doe survive ,
I doe beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown Wounds of my intemperature :
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands ,
And I will dye a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this :
Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraign trust herein.

Enter *Blunt*.

How now good *Blunt* ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word ,
That *Dowglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewsbury* :
A mighty and a fearfull Head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foul play in a State.

King. The Earl of *Westmerland* set forth to day :
With him my Son, Lord *John* of Lancaster ,
For this advertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, we our selves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth* : and *Harry*, you shall march

H h

Through

Through *Glocester-shire* : by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of businesse : let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Bardolph.

Falst. *Bardolph*, am I not faine away vilely, since this last action ? doe I not bate ? doe I not dwindle ? Why my skinne hangs about me like an old Ladies loose Gown : I am withered like an old Apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Coin, a Brewers Horse : the in-side of a Church. Company, villainous Company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falst. Why there is it : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry : I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough, swore little, Dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well, and in good compasse : and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compasse ; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *John*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, I'll be sworn : I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in purple : for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy Face ; my Oath should be, *By this Fire* : But thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darknesse. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-light : thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, as the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares, heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket ?

Hostesse. Why Sir *John*, what doe you think, Sir *John* ? doe you think I keep Thieves in my house ? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant : the tight of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Falst. Yelpe, *Hostesse* : *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd, go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hostesse. Who I ? I defie thee : I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Falst. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *John* : you doe not know me, Sir *John* ; I know you, Sir *John* : you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrell to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Falst. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas : I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell : You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Falst. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. He ? alas he is poor, he hath nothing.

Falst. How ? poor ? look upon his face : What call you rich ? Let him coyn his Nose, let him coyn his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me ? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd ? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hostesse. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How ? the Prince is a Jack, a Sneak-Cup : and if he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad ? is the wind in that Doore ? Must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly* ? How does thy Husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack ?

Falst. The other night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt : this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Falst. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal* ? Three or four Bonds of forty pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord ; and I said, I heard your Grace say so : and (my Lord) he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgell you.

Prince. What he did not ?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst.

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then in a stu'de Prune ; nor no more truth in thee then in a drawn Fox : and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hofst. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Falst. What thing ? why a thing to thank heaven on.

Hofst. I am nothing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it : I am an honest mans wife : and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hofst. Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

Fal. What beast ? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter ?

Fal. Why ? she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hofst. Thou art an unjust man in saying so ; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true, Hofstesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Hofst. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, doe I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal* ? a million : thy love is worth a million : thou ow'st me thy love.

Hofst. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph* ?

Bar. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, *Hal* ? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare ; but, as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon ?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the Lyon : Do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father ? nay if I doe, let my Girdle break.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But sirra : there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine : it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket ? Why thou horson impudent imboist Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded : if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a Villain : And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up wrongs. Art thou not asham'd ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal* ? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell : and what would poor *Jack Falstaffe* doe, in the dayes of Villany ; Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket ?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hofstesse, I forgive thee : Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband, Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests : Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : Thou seest, I am pacified still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hofstesse.

Now, *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad ? How is that answered ?

Prin. O my sweet Beef :

I must still be good Angell to thee.

The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying back, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may doe any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and doe it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Poore.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout : I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmerland* : Go *Peto*, to horse : for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Jack, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall

At two a clock in the afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on hie, And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words : brave world,

Hofstesse, my Breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harry Hotspurre, Worcester and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have, As not a Souldier of this seasons stamp, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heaven I cannot flatter : I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place In my hearts love, hath no man then your Self. Nay, taske me to my word : approve me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour : No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there ? I can but thank you.

Mes. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him ?

Why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, He is grievous sick.

Hot. How ? has he the leisure to be sick now, In such a justling time ? who leads his power ? Under whose Government come they along ?

H h 2

Mess.

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed ?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four dayes ere I set forth :
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had been visited ;
His health was never better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sick now? droop now? this sicknesse doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hisher, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn : nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On a Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
I'hat with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mainie to us.

Hotsp. A perilous Gash, a very Limme lopt off :
And yet, infaith, 'tis not his present want
Seems more then we shall find it.

Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast ? to set so rich a mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull hour,
It were not good : for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hotsp. A Randevous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here :
The quality and heir of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearfull Faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtain,
That shewes the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You strain too far.
I ratber of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earl were here : for men must think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome : with his help,
We shall o'return it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole,

Dowg. As heart can think :

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soul,

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Westmerland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hotsp. No harm : what more ?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in-person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too,
Where is his Son,
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that dash the World aside,
And bid it passe ?

Vern. All furnisht all in Armes,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the Wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sun at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercnry*,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witcht the world with noble Horfemanship,

Hotsp. No more, no more ;
Worse then the Sun in March,
This praise doth nourish Agues : let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop down a Coarse ?
Oh, that *Gendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes :
I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen dayes.

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battell reach un-to ?

Vern. To thirty thousand :

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one half year.

Exeunt omnes.
Scena.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer thy Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the Townsend.

Bard. I will Captain: farewell.

Exit.

Falst. If I be not ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowe't Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the Kings Presse damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Souldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I presse me none but good house-holders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchellors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drumme; such as fear the report of a Caliver, worse then a struck-Fool, or a hurt Wild-Duck. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such as indeed were never Souldiers, but dis-carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calm World, and long peace, ten times more dishonourable, ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooines of them that have bought out their services: that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbers, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skar-Crowes: I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfin all my Company: and the half Shirt is two Napkins tacked together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stoln from my Host of S. Albans; or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dayntry. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack? how now, Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'st thou in Warwick-shire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

Prince. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pittifull Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: food for Powder, food for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tust! man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir John, me thinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their barrenesse, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prin. No, I'll be sworn, unlesse you call three fingers on the Ribs bare. But sirrah make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, John, I fear we shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. We'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotsp. His is certain, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be advis'd, time not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counsell well: You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, Dowglas: by my Life, And I dare well maintain it with my Life,

If well-respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weak fear,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seen to morrow in the Battell,

Which of us feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you That you foresee not what impediments (are,

Drag back our expedition: certain Horse

Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come up,

Your Uncle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is half the half of himself,

Hotsp. So are the Horse of the Enemy

In generall, journey-bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

H h 3

Wor.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours :
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt* :
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of Civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest :
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The King is kind :
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears :
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With teares of Innocency, and tearmes of zeal :
My Father, in kind heart and pitty mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Citics, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it self,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenpurgh* :
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Décrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth ;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his Countreys wrongs : and by his Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriy'd him of his Life :
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without ransome, to lie forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath, committing wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and withall, to prie
Into his Title : the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King ?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

We'll withdraw a while :

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my Uncle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hotsp. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry* : and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion ;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Har-*
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, (ry *Percy*,
And a Head of gallant Warriours,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivalls, and dear men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse: Yet needfull 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Disfinis his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other Friends: and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt*.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southern winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Foretells a Tempest: and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem fowre to them that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such termes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred War?
And move in that Obedient Orbe again,
Where you did give a fair and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?

Wor. Hear me my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Falst. Rebellion lay in his way; and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and possted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Self, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, then your new-faln right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster.
To this, we swore our aid: But in short space,
It rain'd down Fortune shewing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatness, fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish Wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckows Bird,
Useth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulk,
That even our Love durst not come near your sight:
For fear of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self, have forg'd against your self,
By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

King. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion.
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the news
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they joyn in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyn with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And so I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the bloud on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are mislaid upon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer fair, take it advisedly,

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship:
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falst. I would it were bed time, *Hal,* and all well.

Prin. Why thou owest heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him
before his day. What need I be so forward with him
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks
me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come
on? How then; Can Honour set to a leg? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the grief of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Ho-
nour? a word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth he bear it? No. Is it
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it,
therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and
so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard,*
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Supposition, all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne're so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Look how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephews trespasses may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did train him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hor. My Unkle is return'd:
Deliver up, my Lord of Westmerland.
Unkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hor. Lord *Dowglas*: go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowglas.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hor. Did you begany? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth:

And Westmerland that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on,

Wor. The Prince of Wales slept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hor. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proove of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himself
And chid his Trewant youth so with a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hor. Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his Follies: never did I hear

Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night,

I will embrace him with a Souldiers Arme,

That he shall shrink under my curtesie.

Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Souldiers, Friends,

Better consider what you have to do,

Then I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your bloud up with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hor. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hor. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale:

For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And here I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
With the best bloud that I can meet withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.

Now Esperance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of War,
And by that Musick, let us all embrace:
For heaven to earth, some of us never shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

*They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entreth
with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter
Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou cross'est
What honour dost thou seek upon my head? (me?)

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford here to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enters Hotspurre.

Hor. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Hor. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hor. This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hor. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hor. Up and away,

Our Souldiers stand full fairly for the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft
who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as
heavy too; heaven keep Lead out of me, I need no more
weight then mine own Bowells. I have led my rag of

Muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150, left alive; and they for the Towns end, to beg du-
ring life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince.

Prin. What stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hooves of vantage enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breath a while:
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Falst. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou getst not my
Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. I, Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sack a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sack.

Prin. What, is it a time to jett and dally now? *Exit.*
Throwes it at him.

Falst. If Percy be alive, I'll 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, I like not such grin-
ning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if
I can save, so: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and
there's an end. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

*Alarm, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earle
of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee, Harry, withdraw thy self, thou bleed-
est too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Joh. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:

My Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I do not need your help,
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 massacres.

Joh. We breath too long: come, cousin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lyes, for heavens sake come.

Prin. By heaven thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee Lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother John;

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 look for
Of such an ungrown Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettle to us all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Dowglas fatall to all those

That were those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

King. The King himself: who Dowglas grieves at heart
So

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger.*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

They fight; Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerly My Lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Ganssey hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Son.

K. make up to *Clifton*, I'll to *Sir Nichol. Ganssey*. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,
I'll crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities.

Fight.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall find no
Boyes play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brook the losse of bitter life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art dust.
And food for-----

Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did contain a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:

But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears the dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.

If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a show of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, I'll thank my selfe
For doing these fair Rites of Tenderesse.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Dear to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in bloud? by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell me to day, I'll
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deed. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if he
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would
prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure:
yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as
well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-body
sees me. Therefore, sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along with me. *Takes Hotspur on his back.*

Enter Prince, and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou sleight
thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but
if I am not *Jack Falstaffe*, then am I a Jack: There is *Per-
cy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so if not, let him
kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given
to Lying? I grant you I was down, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsbury clock, if I may be believed,
so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, bear
the sinne upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death
I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
live and would deny it, I would make him eat a peece of
my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.

Come

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lye may do the grace,
I'll guil'd it with the happiest termes I have.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours :
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that re-
wards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again,
I'll grow lesse ? For I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live
cleanly, as a Noble man should do. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and
Vernon Prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and termes of Love to all of you ?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust ?
Three Knights upon our party slain to day,
A Noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon

How goes the Field ?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slain, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. Withall my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *John* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards York shall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who (as we hear) are busily in Armes.
My Self, and Son *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of such another day ;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be wonne. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.





The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death : and Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumor.

Open your Ears: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the wind my Post-horse) still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of them with false Reports:
I speak of Peace, while covert Enmity
(Under the smile of safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the big year, swolne with some other griefs,
Is thought with childe, by the stern Tyrant War;
And no such matter. *Rumor* is a Pipe
Blown by Surmise, Jealousies, Conjectures;
And of so easie, and so plain a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known Body to Anathomize
Among my household? Why is *Rumor* here?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young *Hotspurre*, and his Troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what mean I
To speak of truth at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of Noble *Hotspurr's* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant-Towns,
Between the Royall Field of Shrewsbury,
And this Worm-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotspurr's* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sick. The Posts come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Then they have learn'd of me. From *Rumors* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate hoa?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

L. Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him here.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knock but at the Gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Here comes the Earle.

Nor. What news Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him:

L. Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Young Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* Brawn (The Hulk Sir *John*)
Is prisoner to your Son. O, such a Day.
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Casars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came from thence
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me this news for true.

Nor. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after News.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaille from me.

Nor. Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes from you?
Tra.

Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevill* turn'd me back
With joyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to *Chester*: And of him
I did demand what Newes from *Shrewsbury*:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck,
And that young *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horse the head,
And bending forward strook his able heels
Against the panting sides of his poor Jade
Up to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to devoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Again:

Said he young *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hosspurre*, cold-Spurre) that Rebellion,
Had met ill luck?

L. Bar. My Lord: I'll tell you what,
If my young Lord your Son, have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a sikken point
I'll give my Barony. Never talk of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then such instances of Losse?

L. Bar. Who he?
He was some hielding Fellow, that had stoln
The Horse he rode on: and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more Newes:

Enter *Morton*.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Foretells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneste Usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mor. I ran from *Shrewsbury* (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his ugliest Mask
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my Son, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheek
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtain, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Son did thus, and thus:
You Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop my Ear indeed)
Though hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Son.

No. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know.
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he fear'd, is chanc'd. Yet speak (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainfaid.

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certain.

Nor. Yet for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Fear, or Sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belye the dead:

Not he, which sayes the dead is not alive:

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes

Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,

Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell

Remembred, knolling a departing Friend,

L. Bar. I cannot think (my Lord) your Son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen.

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)

To *Henry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,

From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.

In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,

Even to the dullest Peazant in his Camp)

Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best temper'd Courage in his Troops.

For from his Mettle was his Party steel'd;

Which once in him abated all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead,

And as the thing that's heavy in it self,

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,

So did our Men, heavy in *Hosspurre's* losse,

Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Fear.

That Arrows fled not swifter toward their ayme,

Then did our Souldiers (ayming at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble *Worcester*

Too soon ta'ne prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,

(The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their back: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Fear, was took. The summe of all,

Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*

And *Westmerland*. This is the Newes at full.

Nor. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.

In Poyson there is Physick: and this newes

(Having been well) that would have made me sick,

Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.

And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakened joynts,

Like strengthlesse Hinges, buckle under life,

Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his Keepers armes: Even so, my Limbs

(Weakned with grief) being now inrag'd with grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,

A scaly Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steel

Must glove his hand. And hence thou sickly Quoif,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which Princes flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.

Now bind thy Brows with Iron, and approach

The ragged'st hour that Time and Spight dare bring

To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*.

Let Heaven kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand

Keep the wild Flood confin'd: Let Order die,

And let the world no longer be a stage

To feed Contention in a lingring Act:

But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*,

Reign in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honour.

L. Bar. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your

Mor. The lives of all your loving Conspirers
Lean on your health, the which if you give o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You call th'event of War (my Noble Lord)
And sumn'd the account of Chance, before you said,
Let us make head: It was your presumize,
That in the dole of blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scars; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say, go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain
The stiffe-born action: what hath then befall'n?
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we venter'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we venter'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venter again.

Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods.

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most noble Lord)

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
The gentle Arch-Bishop of York is up
With well appointed Powers: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Son) had onely but the Corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their souls,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Souls,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turns Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret Stones,
Derives from heaven his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great Bullingbrook,
And more, and lesse, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get Posts, and Letters; and make Friends with speed,
Never so few, nor never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what says the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He said, sir, the water it self was a good heal-
thy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have
more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the

brain 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
self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe here
walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reason, then to set me off, why then I
have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worn in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was never maim'd with an Agot till now: but I will set
you neither in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and
send you back again to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Juvenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not
yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palm
of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he
will not stick to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven
may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amisse yet: he
may keep it still as a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall ne-
ver earn six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as
if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchel-
lor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said *M. Dombledon*, about
the Satten for my short Cloak, and Slops?

Pag. He said, sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond and
yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*, a Rascally-yea-
forsooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now
wear nothing but high shooes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
nest Taking-up, then they must stand upon Security: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stop it with Security. I look'd he should have
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am a true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horn of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he have his own Lanthorn to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship
a Horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Paules*, and he'll buy me a horse
in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there;

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He, my Lord, but he hath since done good ser-
vice at *Shrewsbury*: and (as I hear) is now going with
some Charge to the Lord *John* of Lancaster.

Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Pag. You must speak lowder, my Master is deaf.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go pluck him by the Elbow. I must speak with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What? a young knave & beg? Is there not wars? Is
there not employment? Doth not the K. lack subjects? do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, If you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me, if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter: hence, avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Just. Sir John Falstaffe, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltneffe of time: and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your Expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highnesse is faine into this same whorson Apoplexy.

(you.

Just. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with

Fal. This Apoplexy is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its originall from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafnesse.

Just. I think you are faine into that disease: for you hear 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 malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my Lord; but not so patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: but how I should be your Patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it self.

Just. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Council, in the Laws of this Land-service, I did not come.

Just. Well, the truth is (sir John) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in leis.

Just. Your Means is very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Means were greater, and my Waste slenderer.

Just. You have misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dog.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your dayes service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thank the

unquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

(Wolf.

Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these Costormongers dayes, that true valour is turn'd Bear-heard. Pregnancy is made a Tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a Goose-berry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wagg too.

Just. Doe you set down your name in the scrowle of youth, that are writen down old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voyce broken? your wind short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call your self young? Fy, fie, fie, Sir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voyce, I have lost it with hollowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am onely old in judgement and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand Marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box oth' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lyon repents: Marry not in sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Just. Well, heaven send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry, I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it: but look you pray, (all you that kisse my Lady Peace at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven bleesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my Cousin Westmerland.

Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Covetousnesse, then he can

Part young limbs and lechery : but the Gowt galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the Decrees prevent my curses. Boy ?

Pag. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Pag. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmerland*, and this to old *Mistress Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it : you know where to find me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Pox : for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe : It is no matter, if I doe halt, I have the Warrs for my colour, and my Pension shall seem the more reasonable : A good wit will make use of any thing : I will turn diseases to commodity

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, & Lor. Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes, and know our And my most noble Friends, I pray you all (Means : Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it ?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Means) we should advance our selves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the Power and Puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice : And our Supplies, live largely in the hope Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosome burns With an-incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth Whether our present five and twenty thousand (thus, May hold up head without *Northumberland* :

Hast. With him we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point ; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too far Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theam so bloody fac'd as this, Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aides uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed It was young *Hoisprres* case at *Shrewsbury*.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the aire, on promise of Supply, Flattring himself with Project 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.

Hast. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay down likely-hoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of war, Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot, Lives so in hope : As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant, as Despair That Frosts will bite them. When we mean to build, We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Erection, Which if we find out-weighs ability, What doe we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer Offices (Or at least, desist To build at all ? Much more, in this great work, (Which is (almost) to pluck a Kingdome down, And set another up) should we survey The plot of Situation, and the Modell, Consent upon a sure Foundation : Question Surveyors, know our own estate. How able such a Work to undergo, To weigh against his Opposite ? or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Using the Names of men, instead of men : Like one that draws the Modell of a house Beyond his power to build it ; who (half through) Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Cost A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth) Should be still-born : and that we now possesse The utmost man of expectation :

I think we are a Body strong enough (Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more : nay not so much, Lord *Bardolfe*. For his divisions (as the Times do brawl) Are in three Heads : one Power against the French, And one against *Glendower* : Perforce a third Must take up us : So is the unfirm King In three divided : and his Coffers found With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his several strengths together, And come against us in full puissance, Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaves his back unarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmerland* : Against the Welch himself, and *Harry Monmouth*. But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on :

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sick of their own choyce, Their over-greedy love hath surfett'd : An habitation giddy, and unsure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Didd'st thou beat heaven with blessing *Bullingbrook*, Before he was, what thou would'st have him be ? And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up. So, so, (thou common Dog) didst thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royal *Richard*, And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up, And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these Times ? They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die. Are now become enamour'd on his grave. Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head, When through proud *London* he came sighing on, After th'admired heels of *Bullingbrook*, Cui'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirra, where's *Snare*?

Host. I, I, good M. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaffe.

Host. I, good M. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day: take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyn like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fan. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. *Fang*, hold him sure: good M. *Snare*, let him not scape, he comes continually to *Pie-corner* (saving your manhoods) to buy a Saddle, and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbers-head* in *Lombard-street* to M. *Smooches* the *Silkman*. I pray ye since my Action is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred Mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have born, and born, and born; and have bin sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unlesse a Woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to bear every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmsey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him, do your offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, and M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistr. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villains head: throw the Qucan in the Channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*.

Fang. A rescue, a rescue.

Host. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustilrian: I'll tuck your Catastrophe. *Enter Ch. Justice.*

Just. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, ho.

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Ju. How now, sir John? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *Tork*,

Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poor Widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home? he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy self, & the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of Prawns: whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone down staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she sayes up and down the town, that her eldest Son is like you. She hath bin in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such (more then impudent) sawciness from you, can thrust me from a levell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Just. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldnesse, impudent sawciness. If a man will cur'sie, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your tutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers being upon hasty employment in the Kings affaires.

Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henry Prince of *Wales* are near at hand: The rest the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman,

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walls a pretty slight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the Germane hunting in Water-work, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be ten pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a bet-Wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hof. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At *Basingstoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes, my Lord?

Ch. Ju. Come all his Forces back?

Mef. No: fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horse, are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*, against *Northumberland* and the Arch-Bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Ju. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come go along with me, good M. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Ju. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, I shall entreat you with me to dinner.

Gow. I must wait upon my good Lord here. I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Ju. Sir *John*, you loyter here too long, being you are to take Souldiers up in Countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gower*?

Ch. Ju. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Ju. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poyns, Bardolf, and Page,

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poyn. Is it come to that? I had thought wearinesse durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew

vildly in me, to desire small Beer?

Poyn. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take notice how many pair of Silk Stockings thou hast? (viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones:) or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts; as one for superfluity, and one other for use: but that the Tennis-Court Keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countreys have made a shift to eat up thy Holland.

Poyn. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sick, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell the one thing, *Poyns*?

Poyn. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serve among Wits of no higher breeding then thine.

Poyn. Go to: I stand the pulch of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my Father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poyn. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prin. Thou think'st me as far in the Devils Book, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is sick: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poyn. The reason?

Pr. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poyn. I would think thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a mans thought in the world keeps the rode-way better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipfull thought to think so?

Poyn. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Poyn. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confesse I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaffe*: he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poyn. Come you pernicious Ass, you bashfull Fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window:

window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea* dream, away.

Prin. Instruct us Boy, what dream, Boy?

Page. Marry (My Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crowns-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces coming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deliver'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needs a Physician: but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dyes not.

Prin. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me as my dogge. and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poin. Letter. *John Falstaffe Knight*: (Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself:) Even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they say, there is some of the Kings bloud spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poor Cousin, Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the Letter:-----*Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Son of the King, nearest his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poin. Sure he means brevity in breath: short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poin, for he misuses thy Favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaffe with my Familiars: John with my Brothers & Sister: and Sir John with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

Prin. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench have no worse fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fool with the time and the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mock us: Is your Master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

Prin. Where supps he? Doth the old Bore, feed in the old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in East-cheap.

Prin. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-sheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Town-Bull?

Shall we steal upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

Prin. Sirra, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Town.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albans and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a god, to a Bull? A heavy declension: It was Joves case, From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percies Lady.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an even way unto my rough affairs.

Put not you on the visage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speak no more, Do what you will: your Wisdome, be your guide.

Nor. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honour is at pawn, And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it, then now, When your own Percie, when my heart-dear *Harry*,

Threw many a Northward look, to see his Father Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honour's lost; you and your Sons.

For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:

For His, it stuck upon him, as the Sun

In the grey vault of Heaven: and by his Light

Did all the Chevalry of England move

To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.

He had no Legs, that practis'd not his Gate:

And speaking thick (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valliant,

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own Perfection, to Abuse,

To seem like him. So that in Speech, and Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Military Rules, Humors of Bloud,

He

He was the Mark, and Glas, Copy, and Book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) un-seconded by you;
To look upon the hideous god of War,
In disadvantage, to abide the field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspur's* Name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never do his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honour more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-Bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspur's* Neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Fair Daughter) you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-sights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there.
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyn you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your Son,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And never shall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heaven,
For Reco dation to my Noble Husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Mind
As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Arch-Bishop,
But many a thousand Reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns? Thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-John.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneaks* Noyse; Mistris *Tear-shee* would fain have some Musick.

2. *Draw.* Sirra, here will be the Prince; and Master *Poins*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Uris*: it be an excellent Stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*, *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pullidge bears as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunk too much Canaries; and that's a marvellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. When *Arthur* first in Court--(empty the Jordan) and was a worthy King: How now Mistris *Dol*.

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh.

Falst. So is her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy Rascall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off: you know to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Host. Why is this the olde fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatick as two drie Tostes, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker Vessell, as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weak empty Vessell bear such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Merchants Venture of Burdeux stufte in him: you have not seen a Hulk better stufte in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: Thou art going to the Warrs, and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbours, I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou hear, Hostesse?

Host. Pray you pacifie your self (Sir *John*) there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou hear? it is mine Ancient.

Hofst. Tilly-fally (*Sir John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master *Tisick* the Deputy, the other day: and as he said to me, it was no longer ago then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (saies he;) Master *Domb*, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (saies he) receive those that are Civill; for (saith he) you are in an ill Name: now he said so, I can tell whereupon: for (saies he) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guests you receive: Receive (saies he) no swaggering Companions. There comes none here. You would blesse you to hear what he said. No, I'll no Swaggers.

Falst. He's no Swaggerer (*Hofstess*): a tame Cheater, he: you may stroke him as gently, as a Puppy Greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary Hen: if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up (*Drawer*.)

Hofst. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swaggerer: Feel Masters, how I shake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, *Hofstesse*.

Hofst. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, if it were an Aspen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggers.

Enter Pistoll, and Bardolph, and his Boy.

Pist. 'Save you, *Sir John*.

Fal. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sack: do you discharge upon mine *Hofstesse*.

Pist. I will discharge upon her (*Sir John*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is *Pistoll-proof* (*Sir*) you shall hardly offend her.

Hofst. Come, I'll drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more then will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (*Mistress Dorothy*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me; I scorn you (*scurvy Companion*). What? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldy Rogue, away, I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, *Mistress Dorothy*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, I'll thrust my Knife in your mouldy Chaps, if you play the sawcy Curtle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, *Sir*? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Hofst. No, good Captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet Captain.

Dol. Captain? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd Captain? If Captains were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain? you slave, for what? for tearing a poor Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? He a Captain? hang him Rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd-Prunes, and dry'd Cakes. A Captain? These Villains will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark the hither *Mistress Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hook and Line, say I: Down: down Doggs, down Fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hofst. Good Captain *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pist. These be good humors indeed. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Asia, which cannot go but thirty miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and with Canniball, and Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar: shall we fall foul for Toyes?

Hofst. By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawl anon.

Pist. Dic men, like Dogs; give Crowns like Pinns: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hofst. On my word (*Captain*) there's none such here. What the good-yere, do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (*my fair Calipolis*.) Come, give me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente*. Fear we broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come we to full Points here; and are *& cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, kisse thy Neasse: what? we have seen the seven starrs.

Dol. Thrust him down stayers, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him down stayers? know we not Gallo-way Naggs?

Fal. Quoit him down (*Bardolph*) like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come get you down stayers.

Pist. What shall we have Incision? shall we embrew? then Death rock me asleep, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grievous, gaffly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Hofst. Here's good stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, I prethee do not draw.

Falst. Get you down stayers.

Hofst. Here's a goodly tumult: I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murder I warrant now. Alas, put up your naked Weapons put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villain, you.

Hofst. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyn? me thought he made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, *Sir*, the Rascall's drunk: you have hurt him (*Sir*) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poor Ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villain.

Falst. A rascally Slave, I will toss the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Pag. The Musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) do not speak like a Deaths-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Fal. He a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Leggs are both of a bignesse: and he playes at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennell, and drinks of Candles ends for Flap-dragongs, and rides the wild-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon Joyn'd-stooles, and swears with a good grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other Gamboll faculties he hath, that shew a weak Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the Scales between their *Hamberde-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off?

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Prin. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol*.

Prince. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in Conjunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And look whether the fiery *Trigon*, his Man, be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Book, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay truly, I Kisse thee with most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a scurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffle wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it grows late,

we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dresse my self handsome, till thy return: Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Son of the Kings? And art not thou *Poins*, his Brother?

Prin. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prin. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now heaven blesse that sweet Face of thine: What are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Majesty: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Bloud, thou art welcome.

Prin. How? you fat Fool, I scorn you.

Poin. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prin. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous civill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

Prin. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hal*) on mine Honor, no abuse,

Prin. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal*.)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprais'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 true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal*.) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes none.

Prin. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous Gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeal burns in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer, thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roast Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devill out-bids him too.

Prin. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burnes poore souls: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Falst. No. I think thou art not : I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howle.

Hofl. All Victuallers do so : What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

Prin. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace ?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hofl. Who knocks so loud at the door ? Look to the door there, *Francis* ?

Enter Peto.

Prin. *Peto*, how now ? what news ?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there twenty weak and wearied Posts, Come from the North : and as I came along, I met, and over-took a dozen Captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Taverns, And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prin. By Heaven (*Poins*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my Sword, and Cloak :

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door ? How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to the Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captains stay at the door for you.

Falst. Pay the Musicians, Sirra : farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of Action is cal'd on. Farewell, good Wenches : if I be not sent away post, I will see you again, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speak : if my heart be not ready to burst. Well (sweet *Jack*) have a care of thy self.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Hofl. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty nine years, come Pescod-time : but an honest, and true-hearted man-Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress *Tear-sheets*.

Hofl. What's the matter ?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-sheets* come to my Master.

Hofl. Oh run, *Dol*, run : run, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earls of Surrey, and Warwick : But ere they come, bid them o're-read these Letters, And well consider of them : make good speed.

Exit.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this houre asleep ? O sleep, O gentle Sleep, Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down, And steep my Sences in Forgetfullnesse ? Why rather (Sleep) lyeest thou in smoaky Cribbs, Upon uneasie Pallads stretching thee, And hush't with buzzing Night, flies to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great ? Under the Canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melody ? O thou dull god, why lyeest thou with the vilde, In loathsum Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch, A watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell ? Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Mast, Seal up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Brains, In Criadle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the visitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deaff'ning Clamors in the slip'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it self awakes ? Canst thou (O partiall Sleep) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-boy in aa houre so rude : And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and means to boot, Deny it to a King ? Then happy Low, lye down, Uneasie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty.

King. It is good-morrow, Lords ?

War. 'Tis one a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you ?

War. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the body of our Kingdome, How foul it is : what rank Diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it ?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd, Which to the former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little Medicine : My Lord, *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

King. Oh Heaven, that onemight read the Book of Fate, And see the revolution of the times

Make Mountains levell, and the Continent

(Weary of solid firmnesse) melt it self

Into the Sea : and other Times, to see

The bea chy Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for *Neptunes* hipps ; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration

With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten years gone.

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,

Did feast together ; and in two years after,

Were they at Warrs. It is but eight years since,

This *Percie* was the man, nearest my Soul ;

Who like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affairs,

And laid his Love and Life under my foot :

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears :

(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)

Did speak these words (now prov'd a Prophecie :)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullinbrook* ascends my Throne :
 (Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the State,
 That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kifs :)
 The time shall come (thus did he follow it)
 The time will come, that foul Sin gathering head,
 Shall break into Corruption : so went on,
 Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
 And the division of our Amity.

War. There is a History in all mens Lives,
 Figuring the nature of the Times deccas'd.
 The which observ'd, a man may prophetic
 With a neeraim, of the main chance of things,
 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
 And weak beginnings ly entreaured :
 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
 And by the necessary forme of this
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like Necessities ;
 And that same word, even now cries out on us :
 They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord :)
 Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
 The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
 To go to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
 The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this fore-night ill,
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must adde
 Unto your Sickness.

King. I will take your counsell :
 And were these inward Warrs once out of hand,
 We would (dear Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy and Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfs.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : give me your Hand Sir, give me your Hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence* ?

Sil. Good morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow ? and your fairest Daughter, and mine my God-Daughter *Ellen* ?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler ? he is at Oxford still, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly : I was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I think) they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doir* of Staffordshire, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you had not four such Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again : And I may say to you, we know where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Jack Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*) a Boy, and a Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same : I saw him break *Schoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behind Greys-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. We shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certain : 'tis certain : very sure, very sure : Death is certain to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fair ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your Town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, see : he drew a good Bow : and dead ? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ? he would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carryed you afore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen 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 ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaffe's* Men (as I think.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poor Esquire of this County, one of the Kings Justices of the Peace : What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captain, (Sir) commends him to you : my Captain, Sir *John Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well : (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said indeed, too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeed is it : good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo* : very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it ? by this day, I know not the Phrase : but I will maintain the Word with my Sword, to be a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust : Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand : Trust me, you look well : and bear your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good Master *Robert Shallow* : Master *Sure* card as I think ?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence* : in Commission with me.

Falst. Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Falst. Fie, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry have we sir : Will you sit ?

Falst. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll ? Where's the Roll ? Where's the Roll ? Let me see, let me see, let me see : so, so, so, so : yea marry, Sir, *Ralph Mouldy* : let them appear as I call : let them do so, let them do so : Let me see, Where is *Mouldy* ?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

Falst. Is thy name *Mouldy* ?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Falst. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack use : very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Falst. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone : my old Dame will be undone now, for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery ; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Falst. Go to : peace *Mouldy*, you shall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent ?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside : Know you where you are ? For the other, Sir *John* : Let me see : *Simon Shadow*.

Falst. I marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow* ?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Falst. *Shadow*, whose Son art thou ?

Shad. My Mothers Son, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers Son : like enough, and thy Fathers shadow : so the Son of the Female, is the shadow of the Male : it is often so indeed, but not of the fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John* ?

Falst. *Shadow* will serve for Summer : prick him : For we have a number of shadows to fill up the Muster-Book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Falst. Where's he ?

Wart. Here, sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart* ?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Falst. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John* ?

Falst. It were superfluous : for his apparell is built up on his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins : prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, sir : you can do it : I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble* ?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir ?

Falst. You may :

But if it had been a Mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battell, as thou hast done in a Womans Petticoat ?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir, you can have no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Taylor : Well said Couragious *Feeble* : thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mousse. Prick the womans Taylor well, Master *Shallow*, deep, Master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, sir.

Falst. I would thou wert a Mans Taylor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forceible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next ?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalse* of the Green.

Falst. Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalse*.

Bul. Here, sir.

Falst. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalse* till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What ? do'st thou roar before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Falst. What disease hast thou ?

Bul. A whorson cold, sir ; a cough, sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affaires, upon his Coronation day, sir.

Falst. Come, thou shalt go to the Warrs in a Gown : we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all ?

Shal. There is two more called then your number : you must have but four here, sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Falst. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot carry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, doe you remember since we lay all night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George's* Field ?

Falst. No more of that, good Master *Shallow* : No more of that.

Shal. Ha ? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive ?

Falst. She lives, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Falst. Never, never : she would alwayes say she could not abide Master *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart : she was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her own well ?

Fal. Old, old, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old :

old : certain she's old : and had *Robin Night-work*, by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clements Inne*.

Sil. That's fifty five yeares ago.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this Knight and I have seen : hah, Sir *John*, said I well ?

Fal. We have heard the Chimes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir *John*, we have : our watch-world was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner ; come, let's to Dinner : Oh the dayes that we have seen. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in French Crowns for you : in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go ? and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends : else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bar. Go to : stand aside.

Moul. And good Master Corporall Captain, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend : she hath no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone : and she is old and cannot help her self : you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to : stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once : we owe a death. I will never bear a base mind : if it be my destiny, so : if it be not, so : no man is too good to serve his Prince : and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no base mind.

Falst. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : I have three pound, to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalfe*.

Falst. Go to : well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bulcalfe* : for you *Mouldy*, stay at home, till you are past service : and for your part, *Bulcalfe*, grow till you come unto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man ? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bulk, and big assemblance of a man ? give me the spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart* ? you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer : come off, and on, swifter then he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same half fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the Enemy, the so-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife : and for a Retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the womans Taylor, run off. O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart's* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverse : thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come manage me your Calyver : so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me alwayes a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab : hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-master ; he doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at *Clements Inne*, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's* Show. there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus : and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : Rah, tah, tah, would he say, Bownce would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come : I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not use many words with you : fare you well, Gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the Souldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven bleffe you, and prosper your Affaires, and send us Peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to : I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices : I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of Lying ? This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnball-street*, and every third word a Lye, duer paid to the hearer, then the Turks Tribute. I do remember him at *Clements Inne*, like a man made after supper, of a Cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was forlorn, that his Dimensions (to any thick sight) were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine : he came ever in the reer-ward of the Fashion : And now is the Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt*, as if he had been sworn Brother to him : and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt*, he beat his own Name, for you might have trufs'd him, and all his apparell into an Eele-skinne : The Case of a Treble Hoe-boy was a Manfron for him : a Court : and now hath he Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return : and it shall go hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bait for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-Bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleville.

Bish. What is the Forrest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis *Gualtree* Forrest, and't please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoveries forth To know the number of our Enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Bish.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland* :
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
How doth he wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy : whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland* ; and concludes in hearty Prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearfull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dath themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now ? what newes ?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form, comes on the Enemy :
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well appointed Leader fronts us here ?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Westmerland*.

West. Health, and fair greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of *Westmerland*) in peace :
What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then (my Lord)
Unto your Grace do I in chief addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it self, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggery :
I say if damn'd Commotion so appear,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not been here, to dresse the ugly form
Of base, and bloody insurrection,
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Arch-Bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of Peace, that bears such grace,
Into the haish and boystrous Tongue of War ?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a low Trumpet, and a Point of War ?

Bish. Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end : We are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeting, and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning Feaver,
And we must bleed for it : of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of *Westmerland*)
I take not on me here as a Physitian,
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the Throngs of Military men :

But rather thew a while like fearfull Warre,
To dyet rank Mindes, sicke of happinesse ;
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veins of Life : hear me more plainly.
I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Armes may do, what wrong we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier, then our offences.
We see which way the stream of Time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summary of all our Griefs
(When time shall serve) to shew in Articles ;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit, gain our Audience :
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood ; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming Armes :
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.

West. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd ?
Wherein have you been galled by the King ?
What Peer hath been stubborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawlesse bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seal divine ?

Bish. My brother Generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my quarrell in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redresse ;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feell the bruises of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heavy and unequall Hand upon our Honours ?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a Grief on : were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well remembred Fathers ?

Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him :
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrook* and he
Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seats,
Their neighing Courses daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their eyes of fire, spackling through fights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together :
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrook* ;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down.
(His own Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw he down himself, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have since miscarried under *Bullingbrook*. (what.

West. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not
K k 2 The

The Earl of *Hereford*, was reputed then
In *England* the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd ?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
He ne're had born it out of *Coventry*.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him : and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meer digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Grievs ; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience : and wherein
It shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
You shall appear, that your demands are just,
That might might so much as think you Enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policy, not Love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so :
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For lo, within a Ken our Army lies,
Upon mine Honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our Battell is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,
Our Armour all as strong, our Cause the best ;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten Case abides no handing.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In very ample virtue of his Father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the Generalls Name :
I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of *Westmerland*) this Sche-
For this contains our generall Grievances : (dile,
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinew'd to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall form,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awfull Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords
In sight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in peace : which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must needs decide it.

Bish. My Lord, we will do so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no condition of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rocky Mountains.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King, taste of this Action :
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our Corn shall seem as light as Chaffe,

And good from bad find no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this : the King is weary
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and History his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arm,
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders; that he now doth lack
The very Instruments of Chastisement :
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lyon
May offer, but not hold.

Bish. 'Tis very true :
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshall)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limb united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so :
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Enter Westmerland.

We. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our Armies ?

Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in heavens name then
forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are well encountred here (my cousin *Mow-*
Good day to you, gentle Lord Arch-Bishop, (bray)
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flock (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your Exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you here an Iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword ; and Life, to Death.
That man that sits within a Monarchs heart,
And ripens in the Sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatnesse ? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the Books of Heaven ?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament ;
To us, the imagine voyce of Heaven itself :
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heaven,
As a false Favourite doth his Princes Name,
Inde eds dishonourable ? You have taken up,

Under

Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,
The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
Bat (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Grief,
The which hath bin with scorn shov'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Son of War is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep.
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoop tameſy to the foot of Majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to second our Attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of mischief shall be born,
And Heir from Heir shall hold this Quarrell up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their Articles:

John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My Fathers purposes have been mistook,
And some, about him, have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authority.
My Lord, these Grievs shall be with speed redrest:
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers unto their severall Counties,
As we will ours: and here between the Armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those Tokens home,
Of our restored Love, and Amity.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
This newes of Peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them.

High thee Captain. *Exit.*

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what pains I have bestow'd,
To breed this present Peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye,
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

Bish. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances men are ever merry,
But heavinesse fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry (Coz) since sudden sorrow
Servesto say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your own Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hark how they
shout.

Mow. Th's had been cheerfull after Victory.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party looser.

John. Go (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord so (please you) let our Trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withall. *Exit.*

Bish. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismiss'd let them march by. *Exit.*

John. I trust (Lords) we shall lie to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off untill they hear you speak.

John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steers, unyoak'd, they took their course
East, West, North, South: or like a School broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which
I do arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-Bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus break your faith?

John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) look to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the block of Death,
Treasons true bed, and yielder up of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe, and Collevile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition
are you? and what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight
is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* shall
still be your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deep enough: so shall you be
still *Collevile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

Falstaffe. As good a man as he, sir, who e're I am: do
ye yield, sir, or shall I swear for you? if I do swear, they
are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do obser-
vance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, and in that
thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this belly
of mine, and not a Tongue of them all speaks any other
word but my Name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe:
my womb, my womb, my womb undo's me. Here comes
our Generall.

Enter Prince John and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now,
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland*.
Now *Falstaffe*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, break some Gallows back.

Falst. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should be
thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the
reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with
the very extremest inch of possibility. I have foundred
nine score and odde Posts: and here (travell-tainted as I
am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir *John Collevile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and
yielded: that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fel-
low of *Rome*, I came, saw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-
ving.

Falst. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him:
and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest
of this dayes deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a par-
ticular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it
(*Collevile*) kissing my foot: To the which course, if I
be enforc'd, if you do not all shew it like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pins Heads to her) believe not
the word of the Noble: therefore let me have right, and
let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it do something (my good Lord) that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Collevile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebel art thou, *Collevile*.

Falst. And a famous true Subject took him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer then you have.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou
like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away; and I thank thee,
for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Collevile*, with his Confederates,
To *York*, to present Execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit Collevile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I hear the King, my Father is sore sick,
Our Newes shall go before us, to his Majesty,
Which (Cousin) you shall bear, to comfort him:
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through *Glocestershire*; and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you, then you deserve. *Exit.*

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then
your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make
him laugh; but that's no marvell, he drinks no Wine.
There's never any of these demure Boyes come to any
proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many Fish-Meals, that they fall into a kind
of Male Green-sickness: and then, when they marry,
they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cow-
ards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.
A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it:
it ascends me into the Brain, dries me there all the fool-
ish, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it:
makes it apprehensive, quick, sogetive, full of nimble,
fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o're to the
Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excel-
lent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sher-
ris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold,
and settled) left the Liver white, and pale: which is the
Badge of Pusillanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sherris
warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the
parts extreme: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Bea-
con) gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome
(man) to Arm: and then the Vital Commoners, and in-
land petty spirits, muster me all to their Captain, the
Heart; who great, and puff up with his retinue, doth a-
ny deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris.
So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack
(for that sets it a work:) and Learning, a meer Hoard
of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and sets
it in a fl, and ute. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry*
is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of
his Father, he hath, like lean, sterill, and bare Land, ma-
nured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour
of drinking good, and good store of fertil Sherris, that
he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand
sons, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to
forswear thin Potations, and to addict themselves to
Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*

How now, *Bardolph*.

Bard. The Army is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them go: I'll through *Glocestershire*, and
there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have
him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,
and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Glocester.

King. Now Lords, if heaven doth give successfull
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors, (end
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctifi'd.
Our Navy is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lies levell to our wish;
Onely we want a little personall strength:
And pause us, till these Rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King.

King. Humphrey (my Son of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*, How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him (*Thomas.*)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: Cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Between his Greatness, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious if he be observ'd:

He hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flaws congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But being moody, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learn this *Thomas*,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in:

That the united Vessel of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in)

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)

Clar. He is not there to day: he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poins*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest Soyl to Weeds:
And he (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is over-spread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches it self beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape

(In formes imaginary) th'unguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall look upon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curb,

When Rage and hot-blood are his Counsellors,

When Means and lavish Manners meet together,

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gain the Language

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,

But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,

The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memory

Shall as a Pattern, or a Measure live,

By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leave her Comb
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's here? *Westmerland*?

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince *John*, your Son, doth kisse your Graces hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword unsheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:

The manner how this Action hath been borne,

Here (at more leisure) may your Highness read,

With every course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies, Heaven keep your Majesty:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please) you contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news

Make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words still in foulest Letters?

She either gives a Stomack, and no food,

(Such are the poor, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (Such are the Rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoyce now, at this happy news,

And now my Sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majesty.

Cl. Oh, my Royall Father.

Westmer. My sovereign Lord, cheer up your self, look up.

War. Be patient (Princes) you do know, these Fits

Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him aire:

He'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Th'incessant care, and labour of his mind,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine in it,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me: for they do observe

Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some monthes asleep, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe between:

And the old talk (Times doting Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'd.

War. Speak lower (Princes) for the King reco-
vers.

Glo. This Apolpexy will (certain) be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other Chamber : softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Unlesse some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Room.

King. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noyse, less noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

Prin. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heaviness.

Prin. Hen. How now? Rain within doors, and none
abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

Prin. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

Prin. Hen. If he be sick with Joy,
He'll recover without Physick.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speak low.

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prin. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keepe'st the Ports of slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,
That scald'st with safety: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downey feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This sleep is sound indeed: this is a sleep,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
So many English Kings. Thy due from me,
Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Bloud,
Which Nature, Love, and filiall tenderness,
Shall (O dear father) pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this imperiall Crown,
Which (as immediate from thy place, and bloud)
Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which heaven shall guard:
And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your
Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see
him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we
staid.

King. Where is the Crown? who took it from my
Pillow?

War. When we with-drew (my Liege) we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:
Go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep, my death? Find him (my Lord of *Warwick*)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoyns
With my disease, and helps to end me.

See Sonns, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her object?

For this, the foolish over-carefull fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they have ingrossed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have been thoughtfull, to invest
Their Sonns with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweets, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murdered for our pains.
This bitter taste yields his engrossments,
To the ending father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Washing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but bloud,
Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me (*Harry*),
Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone. *Exit.*

Prin. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine Honors,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatness, that will over-whelm thee:
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with so weak a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast stoln that, which after some few hours
Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,

And thou wilt have me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my fraile life.

What? canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then

Then get thee gone, and dig thy grave thy self,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead,
Let all the Tears, that should bedew my Herse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes:
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mock at forme.
Henry the fifth is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Down Royall State: All you sage Counsellors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idleness.
Now Neighbour-Confiners, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Russian that will swear? drink? and dance?
Revell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sins, the newest kind of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fifth *Harry*, from curb'd License plucks
The muzzle of Restraint, and the wilde Dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdome (sick 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 again,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.)

Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Tears,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd, and deep rebuke,
Ere you (with grief) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours: If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildeness, dye,
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost (my Liege) to think you were)
I spake unto the Crown (as having sense)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, less fine in Charraet, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eat the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdred my father)
The Quarrell of a true inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my Thoughts to any strain of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vain spirit of mine,
Drd, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest Vassall is,
That doth with awe, and terrour kneel to it.
King. O my Son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st joyn the more, thy Fathers love,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
And hear (I think the very latest Counsell
That ever I shall breath:) Heaven knowes, my Son,
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crown: and I my self know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchievement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an Honor snatch'd with boy'strous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it; by their assistances,
Which daily grew to a Quarrell, and to Bloud-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.

All these bold Fears,
Thou seest (with perill) I have answered:
For all my Reign, hath been but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Mode: For what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee, in a more Fairer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successively,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy friends
Have but their stings, and teeth, newly taken out.
By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my State.

Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Minds
With Forraign Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wast'd so,
That strength of Speech is utterly deni'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.

Poin. My gracious Liege:
You won it; wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a common pain,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
and Warwick.*

King. Look, look,
Here comes my *John* of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happiness,
To my Royall Father:

King. Thou bring'st me happiness,
(Son *John*,)
But health (alack) with youthfull wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

Prin. My Lord of *Warwick*.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heaven:

Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophes'd to me many years,

I should not dye, but in *Jerusalem*:

Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But bear me to that Chamber, there he lye:

In that *Jerusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Davy.*

Shal. By Cock and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What, *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excus'd.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serve: you shall not be excus'd.

Why *Davy*.

Dav. Here sir.

Shal. *Davy, Davy, Davy*, let me see (*Davy*) let me see:
William Cook, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus: those Precepts cannot be
serv'd: and again, sir, shall we sow the head-land with
Wheat?

Shal. With red Wheat, *Davy*. But for *William Cook*:
are there no young Pigeons?

Dav. Yea, Sir.

Here is now the Smith's note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid: Sir *John*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Dav. Sir, a new link to the Bucket must needs be
had: And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sack he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
Fairst?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of short legg'd Hens: a
joint of Mutton, and any pretty little fine Kickshaws,
tell *William Cook*.

Davy. Doth the man of War, stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*:

I will use him well. A friend i'th Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Use his men well, *Davy*, for they are ar-
rant Knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they
have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*: about thy businesse,
Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir,

To countenance *William Visor* of *Wancot*, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints, *Davy*, against that
Visor, that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my know-
ledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knave, Sir:
But yet heaven forbid, sir, but a Knave should have some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man, sir,
is able to speak for himself, when a Knave is not. I have
serv'd your Worship truly, sir, these eight years: and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a knave,
against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with
your Worship. The Knave is mine honest friend, Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship, let him be Counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall have no wrong: Look about, *Davy*.
Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand, Master *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kind Master
Bardolfe, and welcome, my tall Fellow:
Come, Sir *John*.

Falst. I'll follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe, look to our Horses. If I were saw'd into
Quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded
Hermite's staves, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his: They, by observing of him, do bear them-
selve like foolish Justices: He, by conversing with them,
is turn'd into a Justice-like Servingman. Their spirits
are so married in Conjunction, with the participation of
Society, that they flock together in consent, like so
many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suit to Master *Shallow*,
I would humour his men, with the imputation of being
near their Master. If to his Men, I would curry with
Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
Servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or
ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compa-
ny. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
keep Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of six fashions (which is four Terms) or two A-
ctions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums*. O it is
much that a Lye (with a slight oath) and a jest (with a
sad brow) will do with a Fellow, that never had the
Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his
Face be like a wet Cloak, ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John*.

Fal. I come, Master *Shallow*, I come, Master *Shallow*.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Earle of Warwick, and the Lord
Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither
away?

Chie. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Chie. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Chie. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Chei. Just. I know he doth not, and do arme my self
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me.
Then I have drawn it in my fantasie.

*Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester,
and Clarence.*

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry.
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to spirits of vild sort?

Chei. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be over-turn'd.

Joh. Good morrow, Cofin Warwick, good morrow.

Glon. Clar. Good morrow, Cofin.

Joh. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember: But our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talk.

Joh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us heavy.

Chei. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

Glon. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Joh. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaffe fair,
Which swim's against your stream of Quality.

Chei. Just. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soul,
And never shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged and forestall'd Remission.
If Troth, and upright Innocency fail me,
I'll to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Harry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow: and heaven save your Majesty.

Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your Sadness with some Fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not Amurrah, an Amurrah succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speak truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertain no more of it (good brothers)
Then a joint burthen, laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)
I'll be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Love, I'll bear your Cares;
But weep that Harry's dead, and so will I.
But Harry lives, that shall convert those Tears
By number, into hours of happinesse.

Joh. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

Prin. You all look strangely on me: and you most.
You are: (I think) assur'd, I love you not.

Chei. Just. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

Prin. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heir of England? Was this easie?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Chei. Just. I then did use the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power lay then in me,
And in th' administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The Majesty, and power of Law, and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And struck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
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 Son, set your Decrees at naught?
To pluck down Justice from your awfull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurn at your most Royall Image,
And mock your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Son:
Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your self, so by a son disdain'd:
And then imagine me, taking your part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Son:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Sovereignty.

Prin. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do live, to see a Son of Mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do Justice, on my proper son;
And no lesse happy, having such a Son,
That would deliver up his greatness so,
Into the hands of Justice, You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'unstained Sword that you have us'd to bear:
With this Remembrance; That you use 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 sound, as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop, and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wilde into his Grave,
(For in his Tomb, ly my Affections)
And with his Spirit, sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the World:
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The Tide of Bloud in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebbe back to the Sea.
Wherein it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such Limbs of Noble Counsell,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall rank with the best govern'd Nation,
That War, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (father) shall have formost hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heaven (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, Davy and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay; you shall see mine Orchard, where in an
Arbor we will eat a last years Pippin of my own graf-
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth: Come
cofin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars ail, beggars all.
Sir John: Marry, good aire. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*:
Well said *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses: he is your
Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir John:* I have drunk too much Sack at Supper.
A good Varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: Come
Cousin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth a) we shall do nothing but eat,
and make good cheer, and praise heaven for the merry
year: when flesh is cheap, and Females dear, and lusty
Lads more here and there: so merrily, and ever among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good Master *Silence*. I'll
drink your health for that anon.

Shal. Good Master *Bardolfe*: some wine, *Davy*.

Dav. Sweet sir, sir: I'll be with you anon: most sweet
sir, sir. Master *Page*, sit: good Master *Page*, sit: Proface.
What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you
bear, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master *Bardolfe*, and my little Soul-
dier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all:

And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master *Silence* had been a man of
this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dav. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy*.

Dav. Your Worship: I'll be with you straight. A
cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's brisk and fine, and drink
unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be meriy, now comes in the sweet of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, Master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you were't
a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and will not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyne thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to
Master *Bardolfe*, and to all Cavileroes about London.

Dav. I hope to see London, once ere I dye.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll crack, a quart together? Ha, will you not,
Master *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
not so.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your Worship, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good, sweet
Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the
Realm.

Silen. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. *Puffe*? *Puffe* in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base *Sir John*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy friend: helter
skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
lucky joyes, and golden Times, and happy News of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speak of Affrica, and Golden Joyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghill Currs confront the *Hellicon*?
And shall good news be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it,
there is but two wayes, either to utter them, or to con-
ceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Under which King?

Bezonian, speak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kin, now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man, I speak the truth.

When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and fig-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Falst.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As nail in door.
 The things I speak are just.
Fal. Away *Bardolph*, Saddle my Horse,
 Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
 In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
 With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
 I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pist. What? I do bring good newes.
Falst. Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*,
 my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes
 Steward. Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all night. Oh
 sweet *Pistol*: Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistol*, utter more
 to me: and withall devise something to do thy self good.
 Boot, Boot, Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is
 sick for me. Let us take any mans Horses: The Lawes
 of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they,
 which have been my Friends: and woe unto my Lord
 Chief Justice.
Pist. Let Vultures vild seize on his Lungs also:
 Where is the Life that late I led, say they?
 Why here it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet,
 and Beadles.*

Hostesse No, thou arrant knave: I would I might die,
 that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawn my
 shoulder out of joynt.
Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to me:
 and she shall have Whipping cheer enough, I warrant
 her. There hath been a man or two (lately) kill'd about
 her.
Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: Come on, I'll
 tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
 Child I now go with, do miscarry, thou had'st better
 thou had'st strook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
 lain.
Host. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make
 this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruit
 of her Womb might miscarry.
Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions
 again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you
 both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pi-
 stoll* beat among you.
Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
 will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-
 Bottl'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
 be not swing'd, I'll forswear half Kirtles.
Off. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.
Host. O, that right should thus o'ecome might. Well,
 of sufferance comes ease.
Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
 Bring me to a Justice.
Host. Yes, come, you starv'd Blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman Death, goodman Bones.
Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Dol. Come, you thin Thing:
 Come, you Rascall.
Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Grooms.

1. *Groom.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
 2. *Groom.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.
 1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clock ere they come
 from the Coronation. *Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand here by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I
 will make the King do you Grace. I will leer upon him,
 as he comes by: and do but mark the countenance that he
 will give me.
Pistol. Bless thy Lungs, good Knight.
Falst. Come here *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had
 had time to have made new Liveries, I would have be-
 stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
 no matter, this poor shew doth better: this doth inferre
 the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.
Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.
Pist. It doth so.
Fal. My devotion.
Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were to ride day and night,
 And not to deliberate, not to remember,
 Not to have patience to shift me.
Shal. It is most certain.
Fal. But to stand stained with Travell, and sweating
 with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
 all affaires in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be
 done, but to see him.
Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *absque hoc nihil est*.
 'Tis all in every part.
Shal. 'Tis so indeed.
Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and
 make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, & *Hellen* of thy noble thoughts
 is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi-
 ther by most Mechanicall and durty hands. Rowze up
 Revenge from *Ebon* den, with fell *Alesto's* Snake, for
Dol s in. *Pistol* speaks nought but troth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
Pist. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
 sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the
 Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chief
 Justice.*

Falst. Save thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
Pist. The heavens thee guard, and keep, most royall
 Imp of Fame.
Fal. 'Save thee my sweet Boy.
King. My Lord Chief justice, speak to that vain
 man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits?
 Know you what 'tis you speak?
Falst. My King, my Jove: I speak to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
 How ill white hairs become a Fool, and Jester?
 L I I have

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfet swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
 But being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, (hence) and more thy Grace,
 Leave gormandizing; Know the Grave doth gape
 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
 Reply not to me, with a Fool-born Jest,
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
 For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
 That I have turn'd away my former Self,
 So will I those that kept me Company.
 When thou dost hear I am, as I have bin,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
 Not to come near our Person, by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And as we hear you do redeem your selves,
 We will according to your strength, and qualities,
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
 To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be. *M. Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear, that you will dye in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,

I shall be sent for soon at night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the Fleet, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon: Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*

Exit Master Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

John. I like this fair proceeding of the Kings, He hath intent his wonted Followers Shall be very well provided for:

But are banisht, till their conversations

Appear more wise, and modest in the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this year expire, We bear our Civil Swords, and Native fire As far as France. I heard a Bird so sing, Whose Musick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence?

Exeunt.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.



First, my Fear; then, my Curtesie; last, my Speech. My Fear, is your Displeasure, my Curtesie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undoe me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prove mine own marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a better: I did mean (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Here I promise you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my Legs? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen here have forgotten me; ; if the Gentlewomen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloyed with Fat meat, our humble Authour will continue the story (with Sir *John* in it) and make you merry with fair *Katherine of France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falstaffe* shall die of a Sweat, unlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For *Odcastle* died a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you: (But indeed) to pray for the Queen.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

RUMOUR the Presenter,
 King *Henry* the Fourth,
 Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fifth,
 Prince *John* of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sons to *Henry* the Fourth, and Brethren to *Henry* the Fifth.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
 The Arch Bishop of *York*.
 Mowbray.
 Hastings.
 Lord Bardolfe.
 Travers,
 Morton.
 Colevile.

} Opposites against King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwick. Westmerland. Surrey. Gower. Harecourt. Lord Chief Justice.	}	Of the Kings Party.	Poyns. Falstaffe. Bardolph. Pistoll, Peto. Page.	}	Irregular Humorists.
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Shallow } Both Countrey Silence. } Justices. Davy, Servant to Shallow. Phang, and Snare, 2 Serjeants Mouldy. Shadow Wart. Feeble. Bullcalfe.	}	Country Souldiers.	Drawers. Beadles. Grooms Northumberlands Wife. Percies Widow. Hostesse Quickly Doll Tear sheet. Epilogue.
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The



The Life of King HENRY the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O, For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leasht in, like hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all :
The flat unraised Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vasty Field of France ? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Casket
That did affright the Aire at Agincourt ?
O pardon : since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginary Forces work,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchs,
Whose high, up-rear'd, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puissance.
Think when we talk of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofs ith' receiving Earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there : jumping o're Times ;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeares
Into an Hour-glasse : for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History ;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Bishops of Canterbury, and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

MY Lord, I'll tell you, that self Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleventh year of the last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now ?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on : if it passe against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession :
For all the Temporall Lands which men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us ; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the Kings honour,
Full fifteen Earles, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires :
And to relief of Lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint Souls, past corporall toyl,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well suppli'd :
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pound by th' year. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drink deep.

Bish. Cant. 'T would drink the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention ?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to diet too : yea at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angel came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
T'invelope and contain Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a sudden Schollar made :
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currant scowring faults :
Nor never Hydra-headed Wilfulness
So soon did lose his Seat ; and all at once ;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Here him but reason in Divinity :
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Common-wealth affaires ;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study :
Lift his discourse of War, and you shall hear
A fearfull Battell rendred you in Musick.

L 3

Turn

Turn him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Aire, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steal his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practick part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to his Theorique,
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularity.

B. Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholesome Berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Under the vail of wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against us
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon 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 Clergy yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall

B. Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The severalls and unhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certain Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crown and seat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that instant
Craw'd audience; and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then go we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a word of it.

B. Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Uncle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassadour, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred
And make you long become it. (Throne,

King. Sure we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soul,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of War;
We charge you in the name of God take heed:
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are every one, a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this Conjururation, speak my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sin with Baptism.

B. Can. Then hear me gracious Sovereign, & you Peers,
That owe your selves, your lives, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highnesse claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjustly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authours faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elbe*:
VVhere *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settled certain *French*:
VVho holding in disdain the *German* women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
VVhich *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt *Elbe* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appear, the *Salike* Law
VVas not devised for the Realm of *France*:
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* Land,
Untill four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idely suppos'd the founder of this Law,
VVho died within the year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their VVriters say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heir generall, being descended
Of *Bluhild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*,
Hugh Capet also, who usurpt the Crown

Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole Heir male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the great :
To find his Title with some shews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' Heir to th' Lady *Lingare*.
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Son
Of *Charles* the Great : also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heir to the Usurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfied,
That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorain* :
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.

So, that as clear as is the Summers Sun,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Claim,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
So do the Kings of *France* upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To bar your Highnesse claiming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
Usurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sin upon my head, dread Sovereign:

For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
When the man dies, let the Inheritance
Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag :
Look back into your mighty Ancestors :
Go my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you claim ; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your great Uncle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full Power of *France* :
Whiles his most mighty Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobility.
O Noble English, that could entertain
With half their Forces, the full pride of *France*,
And let another half stand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.

Bish. Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats ;
You are their Heir, you sit upon their Throne :
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins : and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rouze your self,
As did the former Lions of your Blood. (might:

West. They know your Grace hath cause, & means, and
So hath your Highnesse, never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavillion'd in the field of *France*.

Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my dear Liege
With Blood, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right :
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not mean the courting snatchers onely,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the Scot, on his unfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like a Tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Calling the gleaned Land with hot assaies,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Towns :
That England being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd then harm'd, my
For hear her but exampl'd by her self. (Liege

When all her Chevalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her self not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots : whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will *France* win, then wish *Scotland* first begin.
For once the Eagle (*England*) being in prey,
To her unguarded Nest, the Weazel (*Scot*)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and havock more then she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends it self at home :
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and naturall close,
Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continuall motion :
To which is fixed as an aime or butt,
Obedience : for so work the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad :
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the Summers Velvet buds :
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent Royall of their Emperour :
Who busied in his Majesties surveys,
The singing Mason building roofs of Gold,
The civill Citizens kneading up the hony ;
The poor Mechannick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burchens at his narrow gate :

The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o're to Executors pale
 The lazy yawning Drone: I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously,
 As many Arrows loosed severall wayes
 Come to one mark: as many wayes meet in one town,
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
 As many Lines close in the Dials center:
 So may a thousand actions once a foot,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
 Divide your happy England into four,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we all resolv'd, and by Gods help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power;
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 O're France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy Urne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our Acts, or else our grave
 Like Turkish mite, 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 fair Cosin Dolphin: for we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge:
 Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
 The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As is our wretches fettred in our prisons:
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainnesse,
 Tell us the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus then in few:
 Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain Dukedomes, in the right
 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
 In answer of which claim, the Prince our Master
 Sayes that you favour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard won:
 You cannot revell into Dukedomes there.
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the Dukedomes that you claime
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speaks.

King. What Treasure Unkle?

Exc. Tennis balls, my Liege.

King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with us,
 His Present, and your pains we thank you for:
 When we have match'd our Rackets to these balls,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
 Shall strike his fathers Crown into the hazard.
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
 And therefore living hence, did give our self
 To barbarous license: and 'tis common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keep my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowze me in my Throne of France.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes:
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to Gun-stones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mock, mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sonns, mock Castles down:
 And some are it ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorn.
 But this lyes all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace: and tell the *Dolphin*,
 His Jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more then did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exc. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our businesse.
 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More feathers to our Wings: for God before,
 We'll chide this *Dolphin* at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
 Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse,
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heels, as English *Mercuries*.
 For now sits expectation in the Aire,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilt unto the Point,
 With Crowns imperiall, Crowns and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
 The French advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale Pollicy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatness,
 Like little Body with a mighty Heart:

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and naturall :
But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men :
One *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas* *Gray* Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of *France* (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearfull *France*,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must die,
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for *France* ; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
Th'abuse of distance ; force a play :
The sum is paid, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set for London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back : Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Passe : for if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton we do shift our Scene.

Exit.

Enter Corporall Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nim.

Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not : I say little : but when
time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be
as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out
mine iron : it is but a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will : and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends,
and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France* : Let's
be so, good Corporall Nim.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
tain of it : and when I cannot live any longer, I will do
as I may : That is my rest : that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certain, Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may : men
may sleep, and they may have their throats about them
at that time, and some say, knives have edges : It must be
as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet she will
plod, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, and Quickly.

Bar. Here comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife : good
Corporall be patient here. How now, mine Hoste Pistoll?

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou me Hoste, now by this
hand I swear I scorne the terme : nor shall my *Nell* keep
Lodgers.

Host. No by my troth, not long : For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live
honestly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be
thought we keep a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see willfull adul-
tery and murder committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, Good Corporall, offer nothing
here.

Nim. Pist.

Pist. Pist. for thee, Island dog : thou prickeard curte
of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nim, shew thy valor, and put
up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus,

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile ; The solus
in thy most marvellous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throat, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy ; and which is worse, within thy nasty mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pi-
stol's cock is up, and flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure me : I
have an humor to knock you indifferently well : If yo
grow foul with me Pistoll, I will scour you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fair termes. If you would walk
off, I would prick your guts a little in good termes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I say : He that strikes
the first stroak, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a sol-
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy first, thy fore-foot to me give : Thy spirits
are most tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair
termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. Couple a gorge that is the word. I defie thee a-
gain. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the Spittle go, and from the Powdring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Tear-sheer, she by name, and her spouse. I have, and I
will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely she : and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host Pistoll, you must come to my Ma-
ster, and your Hostesse : He is very sick, and would to bed.
Good Bardolfe, put thy face between the sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-man : Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'll yield the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes : the King has killd his heart. Good Hus-
band come presently.

Exit.

Bar. Come shall I make you two friends. We must
to *France* together : why the devill should we keep knives
to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods o'reswell and fiends for food howle
on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that payes.

Nim. That now I will have : that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound : push home. Draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him : by this sword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths must have their course.

Bar. Corporal Nim, & thou wilt be friends, be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too :
prethee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendship
shall coubine, and brotherhood. I'll live by Nim, and
Nim shall live by me, is not this just? For I shall Sut-
ler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me
thy hand.

Nim

Nim. I shall have my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most justly paid.

Nim. Wel, then that's the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nim*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may: he passes some humors, and carreres.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for (*Lambkins*) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if all allegiance in their bosomes fate Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours, That he should for a forraign purse, so sell His Sovereigns life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde fair, and we will aboard. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Masbam*, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the act. For which we have in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded, We carry not a heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair consent with ours: Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and Conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was a Monarch better fear'd and lov'd, Then is your Majesty; there's not I think a subject That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Have sleep'd their gauls in honey, and do observe you With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthiness.

Scro. So service shall with steeld sinews toyl, And labour shall refresh it self with hope To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We Judge no lesse. Unkle of *Exeter*, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person: We consider It was excessse of Wine that set him on, And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Sovereign, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let us yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me, Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poor wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at; how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appears before us? We'll yet inlarge that man, Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care And tender preservation of our person Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes. Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highness bad me ask for it to day.

Scro. So did you me, my Liege.

Gra. And I, my Royall Sovereign.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours: There yours Lords *Scroop* of *Masbam*, and Sir Knight: *Gray* of *Northumberland*, this same is yours: Read them, and know I know your worthiness. My Lord of *Westmerland* and Unkle *Exeter*, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion? Look ye how they change: Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there That have so cowarded and chac'd your bloud Out of appearance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highness mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeal.

King. The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsell is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy, For your own reasons turn into your bosomes, As dogs upon their Masters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peers, These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* here, You know how apt our love was, to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd And sworn unto the practises of *France* To kill us here in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to us Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O, What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruell, Ingratefull, savage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsells, That knew'st the very bottome of my soul, That (almost) might'st have coyn'd me into Gold, Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use? May it be possible, that forraign hyer Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stand off as grosse As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason and murther, ever kept together, As two yoke devills sworn to eithers purpose, Working so grossly in a naturall cause, That admiration did not hoop at them. But thou ('gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason, and no murther: And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other devils that suggest by treasons,
Do borch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tatar back,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A soul so easie as that English mans.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifill?
Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the bloud,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And but in purged judgements trusting neither?
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion, I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinks is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scroop of Marsham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce
Beseeching God to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithfull subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this hour joy o're my self,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Sovereign.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person.
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd; and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sould your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peers of servitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you three sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. *Exeunt.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is smoothened on our way:
Then forth, dear Countreymen: Let us deliver
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to Sea, the signes of War advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

Hostess. 'Prithee honey, sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to *Staines.*

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph,*
be blythe: *Nim,* rowze thy vaunting Veins: *Boy,* bristle
thy Courage up: for *Falstaffe* he is dead, and we must
yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere he is,
either in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hostess. Nay sure, he's not in Hell: he's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made
finer end, and went away and it had been any Christome
Child: a parted just between Twelve and One, ev'n at
the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of green fields. How now
Sir John (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I
hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such
thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Cloathes on his feet:
I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
upward and upward, all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostess. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostess. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Devills in-
carnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about
Women.

Hostess. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
but then he was rumatick, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember a saw a Flea stick upon
Bardolph's Nose, and said it was a black Soul 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 we shogg? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy Lips:
Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences
rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oaths
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-
fast is the onely Dog: My Duck, therefore, *Cavero* be
thy Counsellor. Goe, clear thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
fellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horse-
leeches

lecches my Boyes, to suck, to suck, the very bloud to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome food they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell Hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it : but adieu.

Pist. Let Hufwifrie appear : keep close, I thee command.

Hostess. Farewell : adieu.

Exeunt.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britain.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concerns,
To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain,
Of Brabant and of Orleans shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To tyne and new repair our towns of War
With men of courage, and with means defendant :
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
it is most meet we arme us 'gainst the Foe :
For Peace it self should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no known Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a War in expectation.

Therefore I say, 'tis mete we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no shew of fear,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsen Morris-dance :
For, my good Lidge, she is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
By a vain giddy shallow humorous Youth,
That fear 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 Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
How modest in exception ; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution :
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolph. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty then he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd :
Which of a weak and nigardly projection,
Doth like a Miser spoil his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth

King. Think we King *Harry* strong :
And Princes, look you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath been flesht upon us :
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

That haunted us in our familiar Pathes :
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy Battell fatally was struck,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales :
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing
Up in the Aire, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Work of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock : and let us fear
The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolph. Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head :
Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England ?

Exc. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty :
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you devest your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his Heirs, namely the Crown ;
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertain
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crown of France : that you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Claim,
Pickt from the Worm-holes of long-vanish'd dayes,
Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rakt,
He sends you this most memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you over-look this Pedigree :
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third ; he bids you then resign
Your Crown and Kingdome indirectly held
From him the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what follows ?

Exc. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the Crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Jove* :
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens his vasty Jawes : and on your head
Turning the Widows Tears, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Bloud, the privy Maidens Groans,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
This is his Claim, his threatening, and my Message :
Unless the Dolphin be in presence here ;
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

King. For

King. For us, we will consider of this further :
To morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King : and if your Father's Highness
Doe not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty ;
He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and Womby Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say : if my Father render fair return,
It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Ex. He'll make your Paris Lover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty Europe :
And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now : now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain : that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be soon dispatch, with fair conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celerity then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embark his Royalty : and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* faining ;
Play with your Fancies : and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing ;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd : behold the threaten Sails,
Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dancing :
For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Navy,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandfires, Babies, and old Women
Either past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance :
For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn Cavaliers to France ?
Work, work your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege :
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatal mouthes gaping on girded Harflew,
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the devilish Cannon touches.

Alarum, and Chambers go off.

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum. Scaling-Laddere at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Dear friends, once more ;
Or close the Wall up with our English dead :
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stilnesse and humility :
But when the blast of War blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger :
Stiffen the sinewes, commune up the blood,
Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage :
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect :
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brads Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled Rock
O're-hang and jutting his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wilde and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostril wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you Noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of War-proof :
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from Morn till Even fought,
And sheath'd their Swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers : 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,
Whose Limbs were made in England ; shew us here
The mettel of your Pasture : let us swear,
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not :
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's a-foot :
Follow your Spirit ; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

Alarum, and Chambers go off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporal stay, the Knocks are too
hot : and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives :
the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-Song
of it.

Pistol. The plain-Song is most just : for humors do a-
bound : Knocks goe and come : Gods Vassals drop and
dye : and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would
give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and safety.

M m

Pistol. And

Pist. And I: if wishes would prevail with me, my purpose should not fail with me; but thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: use lenity sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a Post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of Service, the men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with men's Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better Service: their Villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for look you, the Mynes are not according to the disciplines of War; the concavities of it is not sufficient: for look you, th'athversary, you may discusse unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the Countermines: by *Cheshu*, I think a will plow 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 yfaith.

Welch. It is Captain *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, look you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captain Jany.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captain, Captain *Jany*, with him.

Welch. Captain *Jany* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now Captain *Makmorrice*, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Work ish give over, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I swear, and my father's Soul, the VVork ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Town, so Chrish save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand ish ill done.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the VVar, the Roman VVarres, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Military discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion: that shall I mary.

Irish. 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 beseech'd: and the Trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for us all: so God sa' me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile liggei th' grund for it; ay, or go to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that shall I surely doe, the breff and the long: mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Is a Villain, and a Bastard, and a Knave, and a Rascal. What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Welch. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captain *Makmorrice*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as your self both in the disciplines of War, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I do not know you so good a man as my self, so Chrish save me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foul fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Town sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of War, and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Train before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Town? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defie us 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 again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harflew,
'Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Arrayed in games like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complexion of fell seats,
Enlincke to waste and desolation ?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure Maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation ?
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career ?
We may as bootlesse spend our vain Command
Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoil,
As send Precepts to the *Leviathan* to come a-shoar.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitie of your Town and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate VVind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of heady Murther, Spoil, and Villany.
If not : why in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foul hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shreiking Daughters.
Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
And their most reverend Heads dashed to the Walls :
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Do break the Clouds ; as did the Wives of Jewry,
At *Herod's* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you ? Will you yield, and this avoid ?
Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raise so great a Siege. Therefore great King,
VVe yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Mercy :
Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter Harflew, there remain,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all for us, dear Uncle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Town.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois ?

Alice. La main, il est appelé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Ka. Le doyt, ma foy ie ouble le doyt, mais ie m'esouviendray le doyt, ie pense qu'ils ont appelé de fingres, on de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, le pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath. I'ay gaigné deux mots d'Anglois visiblement, comment appelle vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoutez : dites moy, si ie parle bien : de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow : Je m'en faitz la reperision de tous les mots que m'avez appris des a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment appelle vous le col ?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton ?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin : le col, de Neck ; le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous prononcies les mots aussi droit, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par le grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Al. N'avez vous pas desia oublié ce que ie vous ay enseigné.

Kath. Nomme, ie reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je de'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin : comment appelle vous les pieds & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Signieur Dieu, ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'oser : Je ne vendrois prononcer ces mots devant les Signeurs de France, pour tout le monde, il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins, Je reciteray un autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Ka. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner. Excunt.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certain he hath past the River Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord, Let us not live in France : let us quit all, And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few Sprayes of us, The emptying of our Fathers Luxury, Our Syens, put in wild and savage Stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds, And owar-look their Grafters ?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards. *Mors de ma vie*, if they march along Unfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To buy a slobbry and a ditty Farm
In that nook-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. Dieu de Battailles! where have they this met-
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull? [tel?

On whom, as in despatch, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seem frostie? O, for the honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isicles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolph. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettel is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heels.
And that we are most lofty Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up Princes, and with spirit of Honour edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alançon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgondie*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings:
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewm upon.
Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in the March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Montjoy*.
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dolph. Not I, I do beseech your Majesty.

King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captains, Welch and English, Gower,
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captain *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-*

memnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul,
and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living,
and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and
blest, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient
Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I think in my very
conscience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Anthony*, and
he is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd aunchient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to doe me favours: the
Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at
his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firm and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy
Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that goddesse blind, that
stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistol*: Fortune is
painted blind, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also
with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of
it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability,
and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description
of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him:
for he hath stoln a Pax, and hanged must a be: damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dog, let Man goe free,
and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath given the doom of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speak, the Duke will hear thy voice;
and let not *Bardolph's* vital thread be cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his
Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your
meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce
at: for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to ute his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Fig of Spain.

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I re-
member him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utt'ed as prave 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 serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool: a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himself at his return
into London, under the form of a Souldier, and such
fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learn you by rote where Services were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
voy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of War; which they trick
up

up with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*: I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is: if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind: hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Souldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

King. How now *Fluellen*, canst thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th'athversary was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelks, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders so 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 paid for: none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainfull Language: for when Levity and Cruelty play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Souldier then Rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harflew, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our Q. and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransome, which must proportion the losses we have born, the Subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd: So far my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

King. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy King, I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confels so much Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell the Herald, I thought, upon one pair of English Legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I do brag thus; this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent: Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am; My Ransome, is this frail and worthless Trunk; My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another Neighbour Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*. Go bid thy Master well advise himself, If we may pass, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so *Mountjoy* fare you well. The sum of all our Answer is but this: We would not seek a Battel as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness.

Glen. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves, And on to-morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleans, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four pasternes: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrails were haire: *le Cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de fen*. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk: he trots the air: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof, is more Musical then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his Rider mounts him: he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit; that cannot from the rising of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deserved praise on my Palfray: it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereigns Sovereign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay a-part their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praise, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistress.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistress.

Orl. Your Mistress beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistress.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in you strait Strossers.

Const. You have good judgement in Horseman-ship.

Dolph. Bewarn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul Boggs: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistress.

Const. I had as lieve have my Mistress a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistress weares his own hair.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistress.

Dol. *Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement, est la levée lavée au boubier:* thou mak'st use of any thing.

Const. Yet do I not use my Horse for my Mistress, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it.

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away,

Const. Ev'n as your Horse beares your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the cares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your self to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile go arme my self. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eat the English.

Const. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will do none to morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orl. What's he?

Const. Marry he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Const. By my faith, Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Const. I will cap that Proverb with, There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with, Give the Devil his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that Proverb with, A Pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fools Bolt is soon shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteen hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mes. The Lord Grandpree.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor Harry of England: he longs not for the Dawning, as we doe.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear any such heavy Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Island of England breeds very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolish Curses, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare to eat his breakfast on the Lip of a Lyon.

Const. Just, just: and the men do sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Or. I.

Orl. I, but these English are shrewdly out of Beef.

Const. Then shall we find to morrow, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now 'is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night
The Humme of either Army stilly sounds,
That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battel sees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rivers up,
Give dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towle:
And the third hour of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
The confident and over-lusty French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-rardy-gated Night,
Who like a foul and ugly Witch doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger, and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
Presented them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Upon his Royal Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
With chearfull semblance, and sweet Majesty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Looks.
A Largeesse universal, like the Sun,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthinesse define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battel flie:
Where, O for pitie, we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foiles
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
Good morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is some foul of goodnes in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dresse us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Moral of the Devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turf of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
With call'd slough, and fresh celerity.
Lend me thy Cloak Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No my good Knight:
Go 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 bleffe thee, Noble *Harry*.
Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearfully.
Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pike?

King. Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperour.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold,
a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist
most valiant: I kiss his dirty shooe, and from heart-
string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

P. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon
S. Davies day.

King. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. *Art*

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thank you : God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

King. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Exit.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer : it is the greatest admiration in the universal World , when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept : if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great , you shall find, I warrant you , that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey's* Camp : I warrant you, you shall find the Ceremonies of the Warres , and the Cares of it , and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemy is loud , you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Ass and a Fool , and a prating Coxcombe ; is it meet , think you , that we should also, look you, be an Ass and a Fool, and a prating Coxcombe, in your own conscience now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates* , is not that the Morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there ?

King. A friend :

Will. Under what Captain serve you ?

King. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that look to be washt off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King ?

King. No : nor it is not meet he should : for though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am : the Violet smells to him , as it doth to me ; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me ; all his senses have but humane Conditions : his Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing : therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe ; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : yet in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear ; lest he, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but I believe as cold a Night as 'tis , he could with himself in Thames up to the Neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the

King. I think he would not wish himself any where, but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor mens lives saved.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone : howsoever you speak this to feel other mens minds , me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company ; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects : if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battel, shall joyn together at the latter day, and cry all, We dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon ; some upon their Wives left poor behind them ; some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children rawly left : I am afraid, there are few die well, that die in Battel : for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Bloud is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it ; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a Son that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea ; the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him : or if a Servant, under his Master's command, transporting a summe of Monney, be assailed by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities ; you may call the business of the Master the author of the Servants damnation : but this is not so : The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Souldiers : some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther ; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjury ; some, making the Warres their Bulwark, that have before go-red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native punishment ; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flie from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance : so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrel : where they feared the death, they have born life away ; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, then he was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Duty is the Kings, but every Subjects Soul is his own. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sick 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 blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my self heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, he said so, to make us fight chearfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne're the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perilous shot out of an Elder Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well go about to turn the Sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll never trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove: Give me another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well; I will doe it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fools, be friends, we have French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exeunt Souldiers.

King. Indeed the French may lay twenty French Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let us, our Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
He must bear all.

O hard Condition, Twin-born with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose fence
No more can feel, but his own wringing.

What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, save general Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?
What kind of god art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, then do thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soul of Adoration?
Art thou thought else, but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
But poison'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Fever will go out
With titles blown from Aululation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the begges knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
Thou play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The farfed Title running fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tide of Pomp,
That beats upon the high shoar of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
Nor all these, laid in bed Majestical,
Can sleep so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressfull bread,
Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweats in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elizium*: next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help *Hiperion* to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding up Dayes with toil, and Nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countries peace,
Enjoies it: but in grosse brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps, to maintain the peace;
Whose houres, the Pesant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battels, steel my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with fear: Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning of the opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them: Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crown.
I *Richard's* body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more continu teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucester's* voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. *Exeunt*
Enter.

*Enter the Dolphin, Orleanse, Ramburs,
and Beaumont.*

Orleanse. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheval: My Horse, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha.

Orl. Oh brave spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. Cien, Cousin *Orleanse.* *Enter Constable.*
Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hark how our Steeds, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What will you have them weep our Horses blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattel'd, you French Peers.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
Do but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtlex a stain,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our Squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
Though we upon this Mountains Basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our Honours must nor. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach shall to much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Graundpree.

Graund. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrians, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems banqu'rout in their begger'd Host,
And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-staves in their hand: and their poor Jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips:
The gumme down roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionlesse,
And their executors, the knavish Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit it self in words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel,
In life so livelesse, as it shews it self.

Const. They have said their prayers,
And they stay for death.

Dol. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Host: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.*

Gloucester. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salisbury. Gods Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearfull oddes.
God buy you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:

If we no more meet, 'till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewell good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, [thee:
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of valour,

Exe. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmerland*. No my fair Cousin:

If we are markt to die, we are enow
To do our Countrey loss: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.

By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
It yerns me not, if men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.

No faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honour,

As one man more me-thinks would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it (*Westmerland*) through my Host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That feares his fellowship, to die with us.

This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouze him at the Name of *Crispian*:

He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall not be forgot:

But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in 'his mouth as household words,

Harry

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his son :
And Crispine Crispian shall ne're go 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 so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurst they were not here ;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day
Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow you self with speed:
The French are bravely in their battels set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more help from England,
Couze ?

West. God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help could fight this Royal battel.

King. Why now thou halt unwilful five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish us one.
You know your places : God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Overthrow :
For certainly, thou art so near 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 Retire
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mon. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee bear my former Answer back :
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the Lyon's skin
VWhile the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Native Graves: upon the which, I trust
Shall witness live in Brasse of this dayes work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours recking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your Clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets graving,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of Mortality.
Let me speak proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all be-smircht
With rainy Marching in the painfull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Host:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flie:

And time hath worn us into slovenry.
But by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet e're Night,
They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turn them out of service. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soon be levied.

Herauld, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joynts:
VWhich if they have, as I will leave un them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mon. I shall, King Harry. And so farethee well:
Thou never shall hear Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a
Ransome.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, brave York,
Now Souldiers march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistol, French Souldier, Boy.

Pistol. Yield Curte.

French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentil-homme de bone
qualité.

Pist. Quality calmy culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? what is thy Name? discusse

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
thou do give to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prenez misericorde ayez pitie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have fourty Moyes:
for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in drops
of Crimson blood

Fren. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras.

Pist. Brasse, Cuire? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
tain Goat, offer'tt me Brasse?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pist. Say'tt thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, ask me this slave in French what is
his Name.

Boy. Esconte comment estes vous appelle?

French. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret
him: discusse the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
fiske.

Pst. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit-il Monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous re-
niez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee vous asture de
couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy pesant, unlessse
thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes, or mangled shalt
thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: me
pardanner, Je suis Gentilhomme de bonne maison, gar de
ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. VWhat are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his Ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neant-moins pour les escus que vous luy promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.

Fren. Sur mes genoux ie vous donne milles remerciement, & ie me estime heureux qui ie ne tombe entre les mains d'un Chevalier, ie pense le plus brave valiant, & tres destiné Seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon is knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath false into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I suck bloud, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. Save you le grand Capitain!

I did never know so wofull a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the song is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour, then this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Rumburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O Signeur le jour & perdia, toute & perdie.

Dol. Mort Dieu ma vie, all is confounded, all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarm.

O meschante fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why all our Ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame, Let us flye in once more back again,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber door,

Whilst by a base slave, no gentler then my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoil'd us, friend us now, Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon:

Bur. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng; Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

Alarm. Enter the King and his train, with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countermen, But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exc. The D. of York commends him to your Majesty.

King. Lives he good Uncle: thrice within this hour I saw him down: thrice up again, and fighting, From Helmet to the spur all bloud he was.

Exc. In which array (brave Soldiers) doth he lye, Larding the plain: and by his bloody side, (Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earl of Suffolk also lyes.

Suffolk first died, and York all haggled over Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes That bloudily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cousin Suffolk, My soul shall thine keep company to heaven: Tarry (sweet soul) for mine, then flye a-brest: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chivalry.

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up, He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, sayes; Dear my Lord, Commend my service to my Sovereign; So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arme, and kiss his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with bloud he seal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-Love: The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd, But I had not so much of man in me, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue too. *Alarm.* But heark, what new alarm is this same? The French have re-enfor'd their scatter'd men: Then every souldier kill his Prisoners, Give the word through.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, 'tis as arrant a peece of knavery mark you now, as can be offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascals that ran from the Battail ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every souldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porm at *Monmouth* Captain *Gower*: what call you the Town's name where *Alexander* the pig was born?

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 magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porm.

porn: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his angers, (look you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (mark 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 *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits; and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. *Flourish*.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Untill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or voyd the field: they do offend our fight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Glow. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be,

King. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome? Com'st thou again for ranfome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander o're this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o're the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Majesty) and your great Ungle *Edward* the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought most prave battell here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true: If your Majesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: And I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon S. Tavyes day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For I am Welch you know good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Majesties Welsh ploud out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

King. Thanks good my Countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesties Countryman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King. God keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me justt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'st thou the Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An English man?

Will. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swager'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a box a'th ear: or if I can see my Glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would wear (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain else, and't please your Majesty in my conscience.

King. It may be, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary (look your Grace) that he keep his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack sawee, as ever his black shooe trod upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keep thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

N n

Will.

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warrs.

King. Call him hither to me Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy Cap: when *Alanfon* and my self were down together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace do's me as great Honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would fain see the man, that ha's but two leggs, that shall find himself agriev'd at this Glove; that is all: but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heels, The Glove which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'ear. It is the Souldiers: I by bargain should Wear it my self. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*: If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By this blunt bearing, he will keep his word; Some sudden mischief may arise of it: For I do know *Fluellen* valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury. Follow, and see there be no harme between them. Go you with me, Unkle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Slbud, an arrant Traitor as anyes in the Univer-sall World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away Captain *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King, and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor,

that look your Grace, ha's struck the Glove which your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear in his Cap: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesties Man-hood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witnesse, and will vouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanfon*, that your Majesty is give me, in your Con-science now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier;

Look, here is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd'st to strike.

And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Majesty, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the world.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

King. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your self: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garinents, your Lowlineffe: and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your highness pardon me.

King. Here Unkle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, And wear it for an honor in thy Cap, Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns: And Captain, 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 twelve-pence for you, and I pray you serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrells and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shooes: come: wherefore should you be so pathfull: your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now *Herald*, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the slaught'ed *French*.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken Unkle?

Exe. *Charles Duke of Orleance*, Nephew to the King, *John Duke of Burbon*, and Lord *Bonchignald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand *French* That in the field lie slain: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six; added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights, So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of blood and quality,
The Names of those their Nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chastillon, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of Alanfon, *Antonio Duke of Brabant*,
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward Duke of Barr*: of lusty Earles,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Esquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

King. O God, thy Arm was here:
And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of Battell,
Was ever known so great and little loss?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, go we in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd.

King. Yes Captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

King. Do we all holy Rights;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
And then to *Callice*, and to *England* then,
Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Callice*: grant him there; And there being seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea; Behold the English beach,
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts and claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffer 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to have born
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,

Being free from vauuestle, and self-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophée, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How *London* doth powre out her Citizens,
The Mayor and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* swanning at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their Conquering *Cesar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* conning,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull City 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*
Invites the King of *Englands* stay at home:
The Emperour's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harryes* back return again to *France*:
There must we bring him: and my self have play'd
The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to *France*.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why wear you your Leek
to day? Saint *Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and where-
fore in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captain
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowsie, praggling
Knave *Pistoll*, which you and your self, and all the world
know to be no better then a fellow, look you now, of no
merits: he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt
yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek: it was in
a place where I could not breed no contention with him;
but I will be so bold as to wear it in my Cap till I see
him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of
my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gow. Why here he comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
cocks. God plesse aunchient *Pistoll*: you scurvy lowsie
Knave, God blesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? do'st thou thirst, base Tro-
jan, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence; I am
qualinish at the smell of Leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowsie Knave, at
my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat,
look you, this Leek, because, look you, you doe not
love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your
disgections doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to
eat it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scauld Knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knave, when Gods
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and
eat your Victualls: come, there is sawce for it. You
call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make

N n 2

you

you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my Leek, or I will peat his pate four dayes : bite I pray you, it is good for your green wound, and your bloody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge : I eat and eat I swear.

Flu. Eat I pray you, will you have some more sawce to your Leek : there is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken Coxcomb ; when you take occasions to see Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leeks is good : hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels : God buy you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seen you gleeing and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell : you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition ; fare ye well.

Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes have I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off : Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs honour is Cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'll turn, and something lean to Cut-purse of quick hand : To England will I steal, and there I'll steal ;

And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scarres, And swear I got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords ; at another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgoyne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore are we met? Unto our Brother France, and to our Sister, Health and fair time of day : Joy and good wishes To our most fair and Princely Cousin Katherine ; And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you Duke of Bargoigne, And Princes French and Peers, health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy Brother England, fair met. So are you Princes (English) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue, Brother England, Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto have born in them Against the French that met them in their bent, The fatal Balls of murdering Basilisks : The venome of such Looks we fairly hope Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Quee. You English Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equall love.

Great Kings of France & England : that I have labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, To bring your most imperiall Majesties Unto this Bar, and Royall enterview : Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse. Since then my Office hath so far prevail'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congregated : let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace, Dear Nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put up her lovely Visage? Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in it's own fertility.

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies : her Hedges even, pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, Put forth disorder'd Twigs : her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and rank Fennel, Doth root upon ; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Savagery : The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover, Wanting the Scythe, withall uncorrected, rank ; Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teems, But hatefull Dock, rough Thistles, Keckfies, Burres, Losing both beauty and utility ; And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads, and Hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children, Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country ; But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will, That nothing do, but meditate on Blood, To swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire, And every thing that seems unnaturall. Which to reduce into our former favour, You are assembled : and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconveniences, And blesse us with her former qualities.

Eng. If, Duke of Burgoyne, you would the Peace, Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections Which you have cited ; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our just demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You have enschedul'd briefly 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 urg'd, Lies in his Answer.

Fran.

France. I have but with a curſelary eye
O're glaunc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently,
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them: we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptory Answer.

Eng. Brother we ſhall. Go Unkle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, go with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratiſie;
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll conſigne thereto. Will you, fair Siſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them:
Happely a Womans Voyce may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on,

Eng. Yet leave our Couſin *Katherine* here with us,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet King, and Katherine.

King. Fair *Katherine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier termes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies car,
And plead his Love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Maſteſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak
your *England*.

King. O fair *Katherine*, if you will love me ſoundly
with you French heart, I will be glad to hear you con-
feſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Do you
like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like
an Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il, que de ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.*

King. I ſaid ſo, dear *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh
to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de
tromperies.*

King. What ſaies ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men
are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman
ifaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding, I am
glad thou canſt ſpeak no better Engliſh, for if thou
could'ſt, thou woul'dſt find me ſuch a plain King, that
thou woul'dſt think, I had ſold my ſanne to buy my
Crown, I know no wayes to mince it in love, but di-
rectly to ſay, I love you, then if you urge me farther,
then to ſay, Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit: Give
me your answer, ifaith do, and clap hands; and a bar-
gain: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honour*, me underſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to
Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the
one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other,
I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure
in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at Leap-frog, or
by vaulting into my ſaddle, with my Armor on my back;
under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould
quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Love, or bound my Horſe for her favours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and ſit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But
before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation;
onely down-right Oathes, which I never us'd till urg'd,
nor never break for urging, If thou canſt love a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sun-bur-
ning? that never looks in his Glaſſe, for love of any
thing he ſees there? let thine eye be thy Cook, I ſpeak
to thee plain Souldier: If thou canſt love me for this,
take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, is true; but
for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And
while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and
uncoyned Conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right,
becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can ryme themſelves
into Ladies favours, they do alwayes reaſon themſelves
out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a ſtraight back will
ſtoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full eye will wax
hollow: but a good heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the
Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it
ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe
truely. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me? and
take me; take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier; take a King.
And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Love? ſpeak my fair,
and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of
France?

King. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the
Enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me, you ſhould
love the Friend of *France*: for I love *France* ſo well, that
I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine:
and *Kate*, when *France* is mine, and I am yours; then
yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I
am ſure will hang upon my tongue; like a new-married
Wife about her Husbands Neck, hardly to be ſhook off;
*Je quand ſur le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves
le poſſeſſion de moy.* Let me ſee, what then? Saint Dennis
be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mien-
ne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome,
as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee
in French, unleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois ques vous par-
leis, il & melius quel' Anglois le quel Je parle.*

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt
needs be granted to be much at one. But *Kate*, do'ſt
thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love
me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? He
aſk them, Come, I know thou lovelſt me: and at night,
when you comie into your Cloſet, you il'queſtion this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your
heart; but good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou
beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I have ſaving Faith within me tells
me thou ſhalt; I get thee with ſkambling, and thou
muſt therefore needs prove a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint
George, compound a Boy, half French half Engliſh,

that shall go to *Constantinople*, and take the Turk by The Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.

Kath. I do not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a King, and a Bachelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & devin deesse*.

Kath. Your Majestee aue fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoisel dat is in en France.

King. Now fie upon my false French: by mine honor in true English, I love thee *Kate*; by which honor, I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'st; yet notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my Visage. Now befhrew my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Civill Warres when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can do no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off those Maiden Bluishs, avouch the thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empresse, take me by the Hand and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Ear withall, but I will tell thee aloud *England* is thine: *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellows. Come your answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katherine*, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de roy mon pere*.

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

King. Upon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeur, en baissant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne serviteur, excuse moy. Je vous supply mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baise devant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madam, my Interpreter, what sayes she?

Lady. Dat is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.

King. To Kisse.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre better que moy*.

King. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in France to kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes currie to great Kings, Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Countries fashion: we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that followes our Places, stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your Coun-

try, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yielding. You have Witch-craft in your Lips, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Suger touch of them; then in the Tongues of the French Councill: and they should sooner perswade *Harry of England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princess English?

King. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that having neither the Voyce nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modetty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consign to.

King. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maids well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-tyde, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Moral ties me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flie, your Cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank Love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French City for one fair French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspetively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entered.

King. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fran. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the Way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. We have consented to all tearmes of reason.

Eng. Is't so, My Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first; and then in sequele, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exit. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France*
having occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy'd An-*
gleterre Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; *Pr-*
clarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia & Heres
Francia.

Fran. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

Engl. I pray you then, in love and dear allyance,
Let that one Article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fran. Take her fair son, and from her bloud raise up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes.
Of *France* and *England*, whose very shoars look pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that never War advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and bear me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Sovereign Queen.

Flourish.

Queen. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,

That never may ill Office, or fell jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in between the Passion of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French English men,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath
And all the Peers, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and prosp'rous be.

Sonet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achiev'd:
And of it left his Son Imperiall Lord,
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost *France*, and make his *England* bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shown; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

F I N I S.





The first Part of King HENRY the Sixth,

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector: the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Bring be the heavens with black, yield day to night,
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crySTALL Tresses in the Sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command.
His brandisht Sword did blind men with his beams,
His Armes spread wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're listup his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in bloud?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend:
And deaths dishonorable Victory,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtil-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verse have contriv'd his end?

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battells of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a School-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realm.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,

More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the year to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, and rest your minds in
Let's to the Altar: Herald's wait on us; (peace:
Instead of Gold, we'll offer up our Armes,
Since Armes avail not, now that *Henri's* dead.
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their Mothers moist eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Isle be made a Nourish of salt Tears,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I invoke:
Prosper this Realm, keep it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy soul will make,
Then *Julius Caesar*, or bright-----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Cuyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What sai'st thou man, before dead *Henri's* Coarse?
Speak softly, or the losse of those great Towns
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost, and is Roan yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain severall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generalls.

One would have lingring Warrs with little cost;
Another would flye swift but wanteth Wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guilefull fair words Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobility,
Let not sloth dim your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of *Englands* Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*:
Give me my steeld Coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weep their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Towns of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rhemes:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is joyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth his part,
The Duke of Alanson fieth on his side. Exit.

Exe. The Dolphin Crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's Hearse,
I must inform you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.

Win. What? wherein Talbot overcame, is't so?

3. Mess. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed, and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead wherof, sharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaim'd, the Devil was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood amaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cri'd out amain.
And rush't into the bowels of the Battell.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vauward, plac't behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all France, with their assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd,

3. Mess. O no, he lives, but is took Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crown shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.

Farewell my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonafires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint Georges Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd,
The English Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oaths to Henry sworn:
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. Exit Bedford.

Gloster. I'll to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young Henry King.

Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Elton will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his speciall Governour,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. Exit.

Winch. Each hath his place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from Elton I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick Weal.

Exit.

Enter Charles Alanson, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.

Charl. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the Earth to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, near Orleans:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a moneth.

Al. They want their Porridge, and their fat Bull.
Either they must be diered like Mules. (Beeves

Reig. Let's raise the Siege: why live we idly here?
And have their Provender tidd to their mouths,
Or pitteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he sees me go back on foot, or flye. Exeunt.

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the
English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charl. VVho ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
To other Lords, like Lyons wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alans.

Alans. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
 During the time *Edward* the third did reign :
 More truly now may this be verified ;
 For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
 It sendeth forth to skirmish : one to ten ?
 Lean raw-bon'd Rascalls, who would e're suppose,
 They had such courage and audacity ;

Charl. Let's leave this Town,
 For they are hair-brain'd Slaves ,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
 Of old I know them ; rather with their Teeth
 The Walls they'll tear down, then forsake the Siege.

Reig. I think by some odde Gimnalls or device
 Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on ;
 Else ne're could they hold out so as they do :
 By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince *Dolphin* ? I have newes for him.

Dolph. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your cheer appal'd.
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
 Be not dismay'd for succour is at hand :
 A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a Vision sent to her from heaven,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious Siege,
 And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France* :
 The Spirit of deep Prophecie she hath,
 Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome* :
 What's, past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in ? believe my words,
 For they are certain, and unfallible.

Dolph. Go call her in : but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as *Dolphin* in my place ;
 Question her proudly, let thy Looks be stern,
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Jone Puzel.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats ?

Puz. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
 Where is the *Dolphin* ? Come, come from behind,
 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me ;
 In private will I talk with thee apart :
 Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puz. *Dolphin*, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of Art :
 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 Loe, whilst I waited on my tender Lambs,
 And to Suns parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 Gods Mother deigned to appear to me,
 And in a Vision full of Majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
 And free my Country from Calamity :
 Heraid she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
 In compleat Glory she reveal'd her self :
 And whereas I was black and swart before :
 With those clear Rayes, which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes :
 Onely this proof I'll of thy Valour make,
 In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puz. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
 Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
 The which at *Tourain*, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,
 Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a God's name, I fear no woman.

Puzel. And while I live, I'll ne're flie no man.

Here they fight, and Jone de Puzel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
 And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire, (me :

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd,
 Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant, and not Sovereign be,
 'Tis the *French* *Dolphin* sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yield to any rights of Love,
 For my Profession's sacred from above :
 When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dolph. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reig. My Lord me thinks is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless he shrives this Woman to her smock,
 Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reign. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Ala. He may mean more then we poor men do know ?
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you ? what devise you on,
 Shall we give o're *Orleans*, or no ?

Puzel. Why no, I say : distrustfull Recreants,
 Fight till the last gasp : for I'll be your guard.

Dolph. What she sayes, I'll confirm : we'll fight it out.

Puzel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* Scourge.
 This night the Siege assuredly I'll raise :
 Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyon* dayes,
 Since I have entred thus into these Wars.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
 Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
 With *Henry's* death, the *English* Circle ends,
 Dispersed are the glories it included :
 Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
 Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove ?
 Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Hellen, the Mother of great *Constantine*,
 Nor yet *S. Philips* Daughters were like thee.
 Bright Star of *Venus*, fal'n down on the Earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the Siege.

Reignier.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortalliz'd.

Dolph. Presently we'll try : come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if she prove false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloucester, with his serving-men.

Gloft. I am to survey the Tower this day ;
Since *Henries* death, I fear there is a Conveyance :
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously ?

Gloft. 1. *man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Gloster*.

2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector ?

1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do not otherwise then we are will'd.

Gloft. Who willed you ? or whose will stands but mine ?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I :
Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize ;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms ?

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noyse is this ? what Traytors have we
here ?

Gloft. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I hear ?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Wood. 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.

Gloft. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me :
Arragant *Winchester*, that haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne're could brook ?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King :
Open the Gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coats.*

Winchest. How now ambitious *Umpire* what means
this ?

Gloft. Piel'd Priest, do'st thou command me to be
shut out ?

Winch. I do, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realm.

Gloft. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sin,
I'll canvas thee in thy Broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot :
This be *Damascus*, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Gloft. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy
face.

Gloft. What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?
Draw men, for all this privileged place,
Blew Coats to Tawney Coats. Priest beware thy Beard,
I mean to rugge it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinalls Hat :

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Checks I'll drag thee up and down.

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Gloft. *Winchester* Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.

Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay ?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheeps array.

Out Tawney-Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and
enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of
London and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fie Lords, that you being supream Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.

Glo. Peace Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs :
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.

Winch. Here's *Gloster* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions War, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free purses with large Fines ;
That seeks to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realm ;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Gloft. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

Here they skirmish again.

Mayor. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as loud as e're thou canst, cry :

*All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and com-
mand you, in his Highness Name, to repair to your several
dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or use any Sword,
Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon pain of death.*

Gloft. Cardinall, I'll be no breaker of the Law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure :
Thy heart-bloud I will have for this dayes work.

Mayor. I'll call for Clubs, if you will not away :
This Cardinall is more haughty then the Devill.

Gloster. Major farewell : thou do'st but what thou
may'st

Winch. Abominable *Gloster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it e're be long. *Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks bear,
I my self fight not once in forty year. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance,
and his Boy.*

M.Gun. Sirra, thou know'st how *Orleance* is besiedg'd
And how the English have the Suburbs won.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miss'd my aime.

M.Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me :
Chief Master Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I must do to procure me grace :
The Princes espyalls have informed me :
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht ;
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,

And

And fully even these three dayes have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now Boy do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you take you no care,
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter Salisbury, and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

Salis. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Tal. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santraile,
For him was I exchange'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by far,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salis. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scare-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the Ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name 'mong't them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but stir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salis. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is Supper time in Orleans:

Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,

And view the French men how they fortifie:

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee:

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glandsdale,

Let me have your expresse opinions,

Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Garg. I think at the North Gate, for there stand Lords.

Glandsf. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this City must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls down.

Salis. O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners.

Garg. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speak:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedy.

Exit.

In thirteen Battells, Salisbury o're came:

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the Wars.

Whil'st any Trump did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One Eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Bear hence this Body, I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot, nay, look up to him.

Salisbury cheer thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not die whiles-----

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and, Nero like, will

Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

---Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?

Whence cometh this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
The Dolphin, with one Joan de Puzel joyn'd, (head.
A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raise the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans

Talb. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan,
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

French men, I'll be a Salisbury to you.

Puzel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my Horses heels,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum.

Exit.

*Here an Alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dol-
phin, and driveth him: Then enter Joan de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her. Then enter
Talbot.*

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troups retyre, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee:

Devill, or Devils Dam, I'll conjure thee:

Bloud will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.

And straightway give thy Soul to him thou serv'st.

Puz. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?

My brest I'll burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight again.

Puz. Talbot farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go Victuall Orleans forthwith;

*A short Alarum: Then enter the Town
with Souldiers.*

O're-

O re-take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up they hungry-starved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Exit.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do :
A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our Troops, and conquers as she lists :
So Bees with Imoak, and Doves with noisome stench,
Are from their Hives and Houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English Dogges,
Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.

A short Alarum.

Heark Countreymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lyons out of England's Coat ;
Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lyons stead :
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the Wolf,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flie from your oft-subdued Slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retire into your Trenches :
You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleans,
In spite of us, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

*Enter on the Wall Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
Alanson, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves ;
Thus *Joan de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divinest Creature, bright *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe ?

Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetsse,
Recover'd is the Town of Orleans,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town ?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alansf. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won :

For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier Pyramid to her I'll rear,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urn more precious
Then the rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.

No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.

Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victory.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant :
If any noise or Souldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Cent. Serjeant you shall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders : Their Drummes bearing
a Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardie*, are friends to us :
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own armes fortitude,
To joyn with Witches, and the help of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzel*, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid ? And be so martial ?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine e're long :
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether : Better far I guesse,
That we do make our entrance several ways :
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Cent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George. A Talbot.

*The French leap o're the walls in their shirts. Enter
several wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reigneir,
half ready, and half unready.*

Alan. How now my Lords ? what all unreadie so ?

Bast. Unreadie ? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Ne're heard I of a warlike enterprize

O o

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alansf. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Joan. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?

Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?

Improvident Souldiers, had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fain.

Charl. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.

Alansf. Had all our Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reign. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my self, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

Joan. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How, or which way ; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made :

And now there rests no other shifts but this,
To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarm. *Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot :*
they flie, leaving their Cloathes behind.

Sould. I'll be so bold to take what they have left :
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoiles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name.

Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-place,
The middle Centre of this cursed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Bloud was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple I'll erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of *Orleans*,
The treacherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terrour he had been to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphin's Grace,

His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Acre*,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rouz'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My self, as far as I could well discern,
For smoak, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to pair of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords : which of this Princely train
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of France ?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him ?

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Auergne*,
With modesty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with loud report.

Burg. Is it even so ? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turn unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladies crave 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 prevail with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Woman's kindness over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honours bear me company ?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will :
And I have heard it said, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedy)
I mean to prove this Ladies courtesie.
Come hither Captain, you perceive my mind.

Whispers.

Capt. I do my Lord, and mean accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countess.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his achievements of no less account :
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine eares,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladieship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome : what ? is this the man ?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France ?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad ?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes ?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seen some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terrour to his Enemies.

Talb. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladiship is not at leisure,
I'll fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Talb. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, bloud-thirsty Lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee 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 chain these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many yeares
Wasted our Countrey, slain our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladiship so fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
Wherein to practice your severity.

Count. Why? art thou not the man?

Talb. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my self:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanity:
I tell you Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not sufficient to contain'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?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horn, Drummes strike up, a Peal
of Ordinance: Enter Souldiers.*

How say you Madam? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, armes, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I find thou art no less then Fame hath bruided,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, fair Lady, nor misconster
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But onely with our patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine. and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers Stomacks always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured,
To feast so great a Warriour in my house. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
Pool, and others.*

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then be-
tween us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beates the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two Girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp Quillets of the Law,
Good faith, I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
Truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparel'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-man's eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me,

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorn with me.

War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainness of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you do paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side still where I am.

Som. Well well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Unless my Study and my Books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

York. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dy your white Rose in a bloody red.

York. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No *Plantagenet*.

'Tis not for fear, but anger, that my cheeks
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.

York. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet* ?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, *Plantagenet* ?

York. I, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falſehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roses.
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.

York. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh Boy.

Suff. Turn not thy ſcornes this way *Plantagenet*.

York. Proud *Poole*, I will, and ſcorn both him and
thee.

Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.

Warw. Now by God's will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet* :
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Son to the third *Edward* King of England :
Spring Crettleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a Root ?

York. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late King's dayes ?

And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry ?

His treſpaſſe yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

York. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor ;
And that I'll prove on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Pool*, and you your ſelf,
I'll note you in my Book of Memory,
To ſcourage you for this apprehenſion :

Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill :
And know us by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſp'g't of thee ſhall wear.

York. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction weare,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :
And ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Have with thee *Pool* : Farewell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*

York. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce en-
dure it ?

Warw. This blot that they object againſt your Houſe,
Shall be wip't out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter* :

And if thou be not then created *York*,

I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*,

Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,

Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Pool*,

Will I upon thy party wear this Rose.

And here I prophetic : this Brawl to day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall ſend between the Red-Rose and the White,

A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

York. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

York. Thanks gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to Dinner : I dare ſay,
This Quarrel will drink Blood another day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair,
and jaylors.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.

Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbs with long Imprisonment :

And theſe gay Locks, the Purſuivants of Death,

Nefor-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

Theſe Eyes, like Lamps, whoſe waſting Oil is ſpent,

Wax dimm, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,

And pithleſs Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droops his ſap-leſs Branches to the ground.

Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſs ſtay is numm,

(Unable to ſupport this Lump of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come ?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come :

We ſent unto the Temple, his Chamber,

And answer was return'd, that he will come :

Mort. Enough : my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfied.

Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine,

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to Reign,

Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathſome tequeſtration have I had ;

And even ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,

Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

Juſt Death, kind Umpire of men's miſeries,

With ſweet Enlargeiment doth diſmiſſe me hence :

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come ?

Rich. I, Noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your Nephew, late deſpised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gasp.

Oh tell me when my Lipps do touch his Cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting Kiſs,

And now declare ſweet Stem from *York*' great Stock,

Why did'ſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd ?

Rich. Firſt

Rich. First, lean thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my Disease.

This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which tearms, he us'd his laſhiv tongue;
And did upbraid me with my Father's death;
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Uncle, for my Father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My Father, Earl of Cambridge, loſt his Head.

Mort. That cauſe (fair Nephew) that imprifon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.

Rich. Discover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depoſ'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward's* Son,
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
Finding his Uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne,
The reaſon mov'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body)

I was the next by Birth and Parentage:

For by my Mother I deriv'd am
From *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt,
They labour'd to plant the rightfull Heir,
I loſt my Liberty, and they their Lives,
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrook*) did reign;
Thy Father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of York,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pitie of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the laſt.

Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my Heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

Rich. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet me thinks, my Father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fix'd is the Houſe of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.

Rich. O Uncle, would ſome part of my young yeares
Might but redeem the paſſage of your Age.

Mort. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaughtere
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill. (doth,
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funeial.

And ſo farewell, and fair be all thy hopes;
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and War. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.

In priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermit over-paſt thy dayes.
Well, I will lock his Counſel in my Breaſt,
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers convey him hence, and I myſelf
Will ſee his Burial better then his Life.

Exit.

Here dyes the duſkie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak't with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with honour to redreſs,
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Either to be reſtoied to my Bloud,
Or make my willth' advantage of my good.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Wincheſter, War-
wick, *Somerſet*, *Suffolk*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Gloſter*
offers to put up a Bill: *Wincheſter* ſnatches it, tears it.

Winch. Can'ſt thou with deep premeditated Lines?

With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly devis'd?

Humfrey of Gloſter, if thou can'ſt accuſe,

Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,

Do it without invention, ſuddenly,

As I with ſudden, and extemporal ſpeech,

Purpoſe to anſwer what thou can'ſt object. (patience,

Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my

Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſ-honour'd me.

Think not, although in Writing I prefer'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

Verbatim to rehearſe the Method of my Pen.

No Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,

Thy leud, peſtiferous and diſſentionous pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a moſt pernicious Uſurer,

Froward by nature, Enemy to peace,

Laſcivious, wanton, more then well beſeems

A man of thy profeſſion, and Degree.

And for thy Treachery, what's more maniſeſt?

In that thou laid'ſt a Trap to take my Life,

As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.

Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were liſted,

The King, thy Sovereign, is not quite exempt

From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.

Winch. *Gloſter*, I do deſie thee. Lords vouchſafe

To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious or perverſe,

As he will have me: how am I ſo poor?

Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance

Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.

And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace

More then I do? except I be provok'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 ſway but he,

No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;

And that engenders Thunder in his breaſt,

And makes him roar these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good -----

Gloſt. As good ?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir : for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's Throne ?

Gloſt. Am not I Protector, sawcie Priest ?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church ?

Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And useh it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Unreverent *Gloceſter*.

Gloſt. Thou art Reverend,
Touching thy Spiritual unction, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roam thither then.

My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne :
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office thas belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so near.

Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that ?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King ?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Left it be said, Speak Sirrha when you should :
Must your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords ?
Else would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.

King. Uncles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The special Watch-men of our English Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such Noble Peers as ye should jarre ?
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeares can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noise within. Down with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What Tumult's this ?

Warw. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

A noise again, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pitie the City of London, pitie us :
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Gloſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble stones ;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braines knockt out :
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the Peace :
Pray' Uncle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall
to it with our Teeth.

2. *Serving.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
skirmish again.

Gloſt. You of my household leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright ; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majesty :

And e're that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common weal,
To be disgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* I, and the very paring of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Gloſt. Stay, stay, I say,
And if you love me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul.
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent ?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broils ?

Warw. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Wincheſter*,
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity :
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Gloſt. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, e're the Priest
Should ever get that priviledge of me.

Warw. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Brows it doth appear :
Why look you still so stern and Tragical ?

Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach ?
But prove a chief offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King : the Bishop hath a kindly gird :
For shame, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent ;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe ?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yield to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Gloſt. I, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
So here my friends and loving Countreymen,
The token serveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers :
So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So help me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Gloſter*,
How joyfull am I made by this Contract,
Away my Masters, trouble us no more,
But joyn in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Tavern af-
fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At *Eltham* place I told your Majesty.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Uncle, were of force :
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Bloud.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Bloud,
So shall his Father's wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so will I *Vinchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by Lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoop then, and set you Knee against my Foot,
And in requerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*.

And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my duty springs, so pe ish they,
That grudge one Thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*.

Gloster. Now will it best avail your Majesty,
To cross the Seas, and to be Crown'd in *France* :

The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloster* lays the word, *King Henry* goes,
For friendly counset cuts off many Foes.

Gloster. Your Ships already are in readines.

Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. I, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue ;

This late dissention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under fained ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should winne all,

And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all :
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, e're that hapless time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Puzel disguis'd, and four Souldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Puzel. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the sloathfull Watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock. *Knock.*

Watch. Che la.

Puzel. *Peasauns la pouure gens de France*,
Poor Market folks that come to sell their Corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.

Puzel. Now *Roan*, I'll shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanfon.

Charles. *Saint Dennis* blefs this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bastard. Here entred *Puzel*, and her Practisants :
Now she is there, how will she specific ?
Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reign. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for wakness) which she entred.

*Enter Puzel on the top, thrusting out a
Torch burning.*

Puzel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth *Roan* unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turiet stands.

Charles. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends ;
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum, Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. *France*, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Treachery.

Puzel that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this Hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap't the Pride of *France*. *Exit.*

*An Alarum : Excursions. Bedford brought
in sick in a Chair.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Puzel,
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

Puzel. Good morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread ?
I think the Duke of *Burgonie* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnel : do you like the taste ?
Burg. Scoff on vile Fiend, and shameless Curtizan,
I trust e're long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.

Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that
time.

Bedf. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this Treason.

Puzel. What will you do, good gray-beard ?
Break a Lance, and run a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chair.

Talb. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Puzel. Are ye so hot, Sir : yet *Puzel* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.

They whisper together in counsel.

God speed the Parliament : who shall be the Speaker ?

Talb. Dare

Talb. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puzel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
 To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Talb. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
 But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
 Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?

Alansf. Seignior, no.

Talb. Seignior, hang : base Muleters of France,
 Like Pesant foot-Boyes do they keep the Walls,
 And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.

Puzel. Away Captains, let's get us from the Walls,
 For *Talb.* means no goodnes by his Looks,
 God b'uy my Lord, we came fir but to tell you
 That we are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*

Talb. And there we will be too, e're it be long.
 Or else Reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame.
 Vow *Burgonie*, by honour of thy house,
 Prickt on by publick Wrongs sustain'd in France,
 Either to get the Town again, or dye.
 And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
 And as his Father here was Conqueror ;
 As sure as in this late betrayed Town,
 Great *Cordelion's* Heart was buried ;
 So sure I swear, to get the Town, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equal partners with thy
 Vowes.

Talb. But e're we go, regard this dying Prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford : Come my Lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness, and for crazie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me :
 Here I will sit, before the Walls of Roan,
 And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I read,
 That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Me thinks I should revive the Souldiers hearts,
 Because I ever found them as my self.

Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
 Then be it so : Heavens keep old *Bedford* safe.
 And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
 But gather we our Forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting Enemy. *Exit.*

*An Alarum : Excursions. Enter Sir John
 Falstaff, and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?
Falstf. Whither away? to save my self by flight,
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What? will you flie, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Falstf. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life.
Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

*Retreat. Excursions. Puzel, Alanson, and
 Charles flie.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soul, depart when Heaven please,
 For I have seen our Enemies overthrow.
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
 They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carried by two in his Chair.

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and
 the rest.*

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day again,
 This is a double Honour, *Burgonie* :
 Yet Heavens have glory for this Victory..

Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
 Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
 Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke : but where is *Puzel* now?
 I think her old Familiar is asleep.
 Now where's the Bastard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
 What all amout? Roan hangs her head for grief,
 That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Town,
 Placing therein some expert Officers,
 And then depart to Paris, to the King,
 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we go, let's not forget
 The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
 But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
 A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
 A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Puzel.

Puzel. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered :
 Care is no cure, but rather corrasive,
 For things that are not to be reinedy'd.
 Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 And like a Peacock sweep along his tail,
 We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 One sudden Foil shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alansf. We'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
 And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Puzel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise :
 By fair perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
 We will intice the Duke of *Burgonie*
 To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could do that,
 France were no place for *Henrie's* Warriours,
 Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alansf. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
 And not have Title of an Earldome here.

Puzel. Your Honours shall perceive how I will work,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a-far off.

Heark, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
 Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spred,
 And all the Troops of English after him.

French.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lagge behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgonie*?

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the *Burgonie*?

Puzel. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speak *Puzel*, and enchant him with thy words.

Puzel. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Puzel. Look on thy Countrey, look on fertile *France*,
And see the Cries and the Towns defac't,
By waiting Ruine of the cruel Foe,
As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
See, see the pining Malady of *France*:
Behold the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy self hast given her wofull Breast.
Oh turn thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of Bloud drawn from thy Countrie's Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of common gore.
Return thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stained Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puzel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie. (thee,

Whom joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for Profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:

Was not the Duke of *Orleance* thy Foe?

And was he not in *England* Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends,

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrey-men,

And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return: return thou wandring Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:

These haughty words of hers

Have Batt'ed me like roaring Cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countrey-men:

And Lords accept this hearty kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of men are yours.

So farewell *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Puzel. Done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bassard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alansf. *Puzel* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
And joyn our Powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my duty to my Sovereign.
In sign whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fistic Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Towns of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highness feet:
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long been resident in *France*.

Gloster. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

King. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we have resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you tasted our Rewa d,
Or bee reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because 'till now, we never saw your face;
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bassf. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against the Duke of *Somerset*.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bassf. Why what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Vern. Heark ye: not so: in wittnesse take you that.
Strikes him.

Bassf. Villain, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the Crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the sixth.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his State:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calice,
To haste unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's leg,
Which I have done, because (unworthily)
Thou wast installed in that High Degree.
Pardon my Princely Henry, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the Battel of Poitiers,
When (but in all) I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty Squire, did run away.

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men.
My self, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiss:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill becoming any common man:
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the Warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distress.
But alwaies resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle Blood.

K. Stain to thy Countreymen, thou hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. Exit.
And now my Lord Protector view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle Duke of Burgundie.

Glo. VVhat means his Grace, that he hath chang'd
his stile?

No more but plain and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish Supercription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? I have upon especial cause,
Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wrack,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your Oppression feeds upon,

Forsoaken your pernicious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous Treachery! Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become my foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then, Lord Talbot, there shall talk with
And give him chastisement for this abuse. him,

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content my Liege? Yes: but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

York. This is my Servant, hear him noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak,
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This fellow here with carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I wear,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves
Did present my Master's blushing cheeks:
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York, and him:
With other vile and ignominious termes.
In confusion of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord):
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintness of my Master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out;
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-
sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise?

Good Cousins both of York and Somerset,
Quiet your selves, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tryed by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay let it rest where it began at first.

Bass.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse Objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exet. It grieves his Highness,
Good my Lords, be friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants,
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where you are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Foreign Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henrie's* Peers, and chief Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realm of France?
O think upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpier in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason if I wear this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to *Somerſet*, then *York*:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cofin of *York*, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horsemen, with his Bands of foot,
And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry Choler on your Enemies.
Our Self, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to *Calice*;
From thence to *England*, where I hope e're long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that traiterous Rout.

Exeunt. *Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

War. My Lord of *York*, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.

York. 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 harm.

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Manet Exeter.*

Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice:
For the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious Raging broils,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
By that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkind Division:
Then comes the Ruine, there begins Confusion. *Exit.*

*Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of *Burdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter General Aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captains) calls you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And I'll withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
And tempt the fury of my three Attendants;
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and air-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owl of death,
Our Nations terrour, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canst not enter but by Death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of War to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitch'd,
To wall the from thee liberty of Flight;
Ten thousand French have ta'en the Sacrament,
And no way canst thou turn thee for Redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
To rive their dangerous Artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou stand'st a breaching valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For e're the Glass that now begins to run;
Finish the proceſſe of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a-far off.

Heark, heark, the Dolphin's drum, a warning Bell
Sings heavy Musick to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*

Talb. He Fables not, I heard the enemy:
Out some 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 Deer,
'Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French Curses.
If we be English Deer, be then in bloud,
Not Rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turn.

Turn on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steel,
And make the Cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sellevery man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear Deer of us my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands Right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with Trumpet, and many Souldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* : as he march'd along,
By your espys were discovered
Two mightier Troops then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for

(Burdeaux.

York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerfet*,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this sledge.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am low'd by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the noble Chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity :
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spur 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 *York*,
Else farewell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honour.

York. O God, that *Somerfet* who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot's* place,
So should we save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remisse Traitors sleep.

Mess. O send some succour to the distressed Lord.

York. He dies, we lose : I break my warlike word :
We mourn, France smiles : We lose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerfet*.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* soul,
And on his Son young *John*, who two houres since,
I met in travel towards his warlike Father ;
This seven yeares did not *Talbot* see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young son welcome to his Grave :
Away, vexation almost stops my breath,
That hundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are won away,
Long all of *Somerfet*, and his delay. *Exit.*

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feeds in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to loss :
The Conquest of our scarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henry the fifth : Whiles they each other crosse,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loss. *Exit.*

Enter Somerset with his Army.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*,
Too rashly plotted. All our general force,
Might with a sally of the very Town
Be buckled with : the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his glofs of former Honour
By this unheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure :
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our o're-matcht forces forth for aid.

Som. How now Sir *William*, whither were you sent ?

Lu. Whither my Lord? from bought and sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversitie,
Cryes out for noble *York* and *Somerfet*,
To beat assailing death from his weak Regions ;
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation :
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that shall lend him aide,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles*, and *Burgundie*,
Alanfon, *Reignard*, compass him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *York* set him on, *York* should have sent him
aide.

Luc. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lyes: He might have sent, and had the Horse :
I owe him little Dutie, and less Love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot* :
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait :
Within six houres, they will be at his aid.

Luc. Too late comes Rescue, if he is tane or slain,
For flie he could not, if he would have fled :
And flie would *Talbot* never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Luc. His fame lives in the World. His shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Son.

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of War,
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless Age, and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now art thou come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoi'ded danger :
Therefore dear Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?

Shall-

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mothers,
Dishonour not her honourable Name,
To make a Bastard and a slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne're return again.

Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and, Father, do you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no losse is known in me.
Upon my death, the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Fight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away:
Here on my knee I beg Mortality,
Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamy.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tomb?

John. I, rather then I'll shame my Mothers Womb.

Talb. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Talb. Thou never hadst Renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If Death be so apparent, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,

Then can your self, your self in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not; if my Father die.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:

Come, side by side, together live and die,

And Soul with Soul from *France* to heaven flye.

Exeunt.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talb. S. George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,

And left us to the rage of *France* his Sword.

Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath,

I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son:

The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,

Till with thy Warlike Sword, despite of Fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck

It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire (fire,

Of bold-fact Victory. Then Leaden Age,

Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleen, and Warlike Rage,

Beat down *Alanfon*, *Orleanse*, *Burgundy*,

And from the pride of *Gallia* rescued thee.

The irefull Bastard *Orleanse*, that drew blood

From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak thy Fathers care:

Art thou not weary, *John*? How do'st thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the Battell, Boy, and flye,

Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?

Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,

The help of one stands me in little stead.

Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.

If I to day dye not with *French*-mens Rage,

To morrow I shall die with mickle age.

By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,

'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.

In thee thy Mother dies, our Households Name,

My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and *Englands* Fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;

All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleanse* hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw Life-blood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,

Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,

The Coward Horse that bears me, fall and die:

And like me to the pezzant Boyes of *France*,

To be Shames scorn, and subject of Mischance.

Surely, by all the Glory you have won,

And if I flye, I am not *Talbot's* Son.

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,

If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desprate Sire of *Creet*

Thou *Icarus*, thy life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,

And commendable prov'd let's die in pride. *Exit*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.

O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?

Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivity,

Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Knee,

His bloody Sword he brandisht over me,

And like a hungry Lyon did commence

Rough deeds of Rage, and stern impatience:

But when my angry Guardant stood alone,

Tendring my ruine, and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring Battell of the *French*:

And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench

His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'd

My *Icarus*, my Blossome in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, born.

Serv. O, my dear Lord, loe where your Son is born.

Talb. Thou antick Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon from thy insulting Tyranny,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two *Talbots* winged through the liher Skie,

In thy despite shall scape Mortality.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,

P p

Speak

Speak to thy Father, ere thou yield thy breath,
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
 Imagine him a *French*-man, and thy Foe.
 Poor Boy, he smiles, me thinks, as who should say,
 Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer bear these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
 Now my old armes are young *John Talbot's* grave. *Dies.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundy, Bastard,
 and Puzell.*

Char. Had *York* and *Sommerfet* brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging wood,
 Did flesh his puny-sword in *French*-mens blood.

Puz. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a Maid.
 But with a proud Majesticall high scorn
 He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
 See where he lies inhearsed in the armes
 Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
 Whose life was *Englands* glory, *Gallias* wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dolphin? 'Tis a neerer *French* word:
 We *English* Warriours wot not what it means.
 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great *Alcides* of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to our King *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.

Puz. Here's a silly stately stile indeed:
 The Turk that two and Fifty Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
 Stinking and flye-blown lies here at our feet,

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *French*-mens only Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terrour, and black *Nemesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their Bodies, that I may bear them hence,
 And give them Buriall, as becoms their worth.

Puz. I think this upstart is old *Talbot's* Ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him have him: to keep them here,
 They would but stink, and putrifie the aire.

Char. Go take their Bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence: but from their ashes shall
 be rear'd

A Phoenix that shall make all *France* affear'd. (*wilt.*

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou
 And now to *Paris* in this conquering vein,
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperour, and the Earl of *Arminack*?

Glo. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue unto your Excellence,

To have a godly peace concluded of,
 Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the onely means
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry, Uncle, for I alwayes thought
 It was both impious and unnaturall,
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should raign among Professors of one Faith,

Glo. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect,
 And surer bind this knot of amity,
 The Earl of *Arminack* near knit to *Charles*,
 A man of great Authority in *France*,
 Proffers his onely Daughter to your Grace,
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.

King. Marriage, Uncle? Alas! my yeares are young:
 And fitter is my study, and my Books,
 Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th'Embassadours, and as you please,
 So let them have their answers every one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countreys weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
 And call'd unto a Cardinals degree?

Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie.

If once he come to be a Cardinall,
 He'll make his Cap coequall with the Crown.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suits
 Have bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Ladies virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her Dowry,
He doth intend she shall be *Englands* Queen,

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein shipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make the stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alançon, Bastard,
Reignier, and Joan.*

Charl. This newes (my Lords) may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And return again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris* Royall *Charles* of *France*.
And keep not back your power in dalliance.

Puz. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Else ruine combat with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak,
Scout. The *English* Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And means to give you Battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Puz. Of all base passions, Fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and *France* be fortunate.

Exeunt. *Alarums.* *Excursions.*

Enter Joan de Puzell.

Puz. The Regent conquers, and the *French*-men flye.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choyse spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are Substitutes

Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the powerfull Regions under earth.

Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.

They walk, and speak not.

Oh hold me not with silence over long:

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off, and give it you

In earnest of a further benefit:

So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redresse? My body shall

Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,

Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that *England* give the *French* the soyl.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,

That *France* must vail her lofty plumed Crest,

And let her head fall into *Englands* lap.

My ancient Incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now *France* thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit.

*Excursions. Burgundy and York fight hand to
hand. French flye.*

York. Damsell of *France*, I think I have you fast,

Unchain your spirits now with spelling Charmes,

And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the Devils grace.

See how the ugly Witch doth bend her brows,

As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Puz. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puz. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puz. I prethee give me leave to curse a while.

Yor. Curse Miscreant, when thou com'st to the stake.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh fairest Beauty, do not fear, nor flye:

For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,

I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou, say? that I may honour thee.

Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,

The King of *Naples*, who so ere thou art.

Suf. And Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.

Be not offended, Natures miracle,

Thou art allotted to be tane by me:

So doth the *Swan* her downy Cignets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings :
 Yet if this servile usage once offend,
 Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend. *She is going.*
 Oh stay : I have no power to let her passe,
 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 As playes the Sun upon the glassie streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
 Fain would I wooe her, yet I dare not speak :
 I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my mind :
 Fie *De la Pole*, disable not thy self :
 Hast not a Tongue ? Is she not here thy prisoner ?
 VVilt thou be daunted at a VVomans sight ?
 I : Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
 Confounds the Tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
 VVhat rancome must I pay before I passe ?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a triall of her love ? (pay ?)

M. VVhy speak'st thou not ? VVhat rancome must I

Suf. She's beautifull ; and therefore to be VVoood :
 She is a VVoman, therefore to be wonne.

Mar. VVilt thou accept of rancome, yea or no ?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour ?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd : there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at randome : sure the man is mad,

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me :

Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom ?
 VVhy for my King : Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood : It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these Realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too :
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet is he poor,
 And our Nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye Captain ? are you not at leisure ?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne're so much :
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yield.
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. VVhat though I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
 And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*,
 And then I need not crave his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen ?

Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slave, in base servility :
 For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy *Englands* Royall King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedome unto me ?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 And set a precious Crown upon thy head,
 If thou wilt condescend to be my-----

Mar. What ?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
 To wooe so fair a Dame to be his wife,
 And have no portion in the choyce my self.
 How say you, Madam, are you so content ?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
 And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walls,
 We'll crave a parley to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the walls
 See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom ?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy ?
 I am a Souldier, and unapt to weep,
 Or to exclaim on Fortunes ficklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
 Consent, and for thy Honour give consent,
 Thy Daughter shall be wedded to my King,
 Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto :
 And this her easie held imprisonment,
 Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks ?

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
 That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
 Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
 Fit to be made Companion with a King :
 What answer makes your Grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost daign to wooe her little worth,
 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord :
 Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of War,
 My Daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her rancome, I deliver her,
 And those two Counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royall name,
 As Deputy unto that gracious King,
 Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content
 To be mine own Attorney in this case.

I'll over thee to *England* with this newes,
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd :
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he here.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
 Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. *She is going.*

Suf. Farewell sweet Madam : but heark you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King ?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maid,
 A Virgin and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed,
 But

But, Madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall.

Kisse her

Mar. That for thy self, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish Tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my self: but *Suffolk* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treasons lurk.
Solicite *Henry* with her wondrous praise,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that surmount,
Made naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit.*

Enter York, Warwick, Shepherd, Puzel.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Countrey far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Joan*, sweet Daughter, I'll die with thee.

Puz. Decrepit Miser, base 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 not so,
I did beget her, all the Parish knows:
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie

She was the first fruit of my Batch'lor-ship,

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yor. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Puz. Pezant avant, you have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birch.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her Mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my Girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity: I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her brest,
Had bin a little Ratsbane for thy sake.

Or else, when thou didst keep my Lambs a field,
I wish some ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.

Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?

O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good.

Exit.

Yor. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puz. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Virtuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by help of Devils.

No misconceived, *Joan of Aire* hath been
A Vigin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate, in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the Gates of heaven.

Yor. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And heark ye sirs: because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, 'et there be enow:
Place Barrells of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Puz. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought:
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yor. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puz. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanfon* that enjoy'd my love.

Yor. *Alanfon*, that notorious Macheville?
It dies, and if it had a thousand lives.

Puz. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intollerable.

Yor. Why here's a Girl: I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign she had been liberall and free.

Yor. And yet forseeth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Puz. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his beams
Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischief and Despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves. *Exit.*

Enter Cardinall.

Yor. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
You foul accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th'aspiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about some matters.

Yor. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrell have been overthrown,
And sold their Bodies for their Countries benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick, Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter losse of all the Realm of *France*.

War. Be patient *York*, if we conclude a Peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the *French-men* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,
VVe come to be informed by your selves,
VVhat the conditions of that league must be.

Tor. Speak *Winchester*, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of those our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard *King Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distresfull VVar,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retain but priuiledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possesse
With more then half the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish't,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassadour, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

Tor. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloof upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obstinacy
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in Hostility.
And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves,

War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our Towns of Garrison.

Tor. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drummes be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

Exeunt.

*Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauctious *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour with tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest Hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to suffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial tale,
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleat with choyce of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love, and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be *Englands* Royall Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem,
How shall we then dispence with that contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lists
By reason of his Adversaries oddes,
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than
Her Father is no better than an Earl, (that)
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great authority in *France*,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *French-men* in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of *Arminack* may do,
Because he is near Kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberall dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A Dower, my Lords? disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich:
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd,
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of discord and continuall strife?

Whereas

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blisse,
And is a pattern of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerlesse feature, joynd with her birch,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women comonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conquerour,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
(As is fair *Margaret*) he be linked in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of *Suffolk*: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain
With any passion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take therefore shipping, post, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithfull and annointed Queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Uncle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will,
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminare my grief. *Exit.*

Glo. I, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. *Exit.*

F I N I S.



The



The second Part of King HENRY the Sixth,

With the Death of the good Duke HUMPHREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets : Then Hoboyes.

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and
Beauford on the one side.*

*The Queen, Suffolk, York, Sommerfet, and Bucking-
ham on the other.*

Suffolk,

As by your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart from 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 Sicill,
The Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England*, and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen
To your most gracious hand, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent :
The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave,
The Fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolk arise. Welcome Queen Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder sign of Love
Then this kind Kisse : O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse :
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of Love unite our thoughts.

Que. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beads,
With you mine *Alder liefest* Sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affoords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did revivsh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Majesty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joyes,
Such is the fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerfull voyce, welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Q. Margaret, Englands happines.

Quee. We thank you all.

Flourish.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign, and the French King Charles,
For eighteen moneths concluded by consent.

*Glo. Reads. Imprimis, It is agreed between the French
King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquesse of
Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England,
That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margares,
Daughter unto Reigner King of Naples, Sicillia, and
Jerusalem, and Crown her Queen of England, ere the
thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

*Item, That the Duchy of Anjou, and the County of
Main, shall be released & delivered to the K. her father.*

King. Uncle, how now ?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sudden quallm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray read on.

*Win. Item, It is further agreed between them, That
the Dutchesse of Anjou and Main, shall be released and
delivered over to the King her Father, and she sent over
of the King of Englands own proper Cost and Charges,
without having any Dowry.*

King. They please us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'h parts of France, till terme of eighteen Moneths
Be full expir'd. Thanks Uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, and Sommerfet,
Salisbury, and Warwick,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.
Manent the rest.*

Glo. Brave Peers of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief :
Your grief, the common grief of all the Land.
What ? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His Valour, Coyn, and People in the Wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my Brother Bedford toy his wits,

To

To keep by policy what *Henry* got :

Have you your selves, *Sommerfet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *Tork*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep scarres in *France* and *Normandy* :
Or hath mine Uncle *Beauford*, and my self,
With all the Learned Council of the Realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How *France* and *French-men* might be kept in awe,
And hath his Hignesse in his infancy,
Crowned in *Paris* in despite of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours die ?
Shall *Henry's* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of War, and all our Counsell die !
O Peers of *England*, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Racing the Characters of your Renown,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse ?
This peroration with such circumstance :

For *France*, 'tis ours ; and we will keep it still.

Glo. I, Uncle, we will keep it, if we can :
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the rostr,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that di'd for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandy* :
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son ?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Main* ? My self did win them both :
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peacefull words ?

Mort Dieu.

Tor. For *Suffolks* Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dimines the Honour of this Warlike Isle :
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but *Englands* Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her :
She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*
Before-----

Car. My Lord of *Gloster*, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my Speeches that you do mislike :
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings :
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, *France* will be lost ere long. *Exit Humph.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage :

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy :
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the King ;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-pparant to the *English* Crown :
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it :
Look to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise an circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jesu maintain your Royall Excellence,
With God preserve the good Duke *Humphrey*.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Sovereign ?
He being of age to govern of himself.

Cousin of *Sommerfet*, joyn you with me.
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoysse Duke *Humphrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brook delay,
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. *Exit Cardinal.*

Sorn, Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphreys* pride
And greatnesse of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal,
His insolence is more intollerable

Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If *Gloster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buc. O thou, or I, *Sommerfet*, will be Protector,
Despite Duke *Humphrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Sommerfet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never saw but *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloster*,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman :
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphrey*.
And Brother *Tork*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil Discipline :
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people,
Joyn we together for the publick good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinall,
With *Sommerfets* and *Buckinghams* ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke *Humphreys* deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Tor. And so sayes *Tork*,
For he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then lets make haste away,
And look unto the main ?

Warw. Vnto the main ?

Oh Father, *Main* is lost,
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win
And would have kept, so long as breath did last :

Main

Main-chance Father you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

Exit Warwick and Salisbury. Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Duke's fair Daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penniworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone.
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and sold :
He thinks the Realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Princes heart of *Calidon* :
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French* ?
Cold newes for me : for I had hope of *France*,
Even as I have of fertile *Englands* soil.
A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Neville* parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I spy advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his head,
Whose Church-like humours fits not for a Crown.
Then *York* be still a while till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prye into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henry* sussetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, and *Englands* dear bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peers be faine at jarres.
Then will I raise aloft the Milk-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the aire shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of *York*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*,
And force perforce I'll make him yield the Crown,
Whose Bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

Exit York.

Enter Duke Humphrey, and his Wife. Elianor.

Eli. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at *Ceres* plenteous load ?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
As frowning at the Favours of the World ?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dimme thy sight ?
What seest thou there ? King *Henry's* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World ?
If so, gaze on, and grovell on thy face,
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
Wee'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our fight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance upon the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, 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, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'll requite
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dream ? (it,

Hum. Me thought this staffe, mine Office-badge in
Court,

Was broke in twain : by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of *Sommerfet*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the dream, what it doth bode God knows.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of *Glosters* Grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my *Humphrey*, my sweet Duke :
Me thought I sate in seat of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of *Westminster*,
And in that Chair where Kings & Queens were Crown'd,
Where *Henry* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then must I chide out-right :
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realm ?
And the Protectors wife below'd of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thy self,
From top of Honour, to Disgraces feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord, are you so chollerick
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dream ?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto my self,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnesse pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto *S. Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.

Hu. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us ? *Ex. Hu.*

Eli. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Gloster* bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smoothe my way upon their headlesse necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.

Where are you there ? Sir *John* ; nay fear not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I. *Enter Hume.*

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royall Majesty.

Eli. What saist thou ? Majesty : I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multipli'd.

Eli. VVhat saist thou Man ? Hast thou as yet confer'd
VVith *Margery Jordan* the cunning VVitch,
VVith *Roger Bullingbrook* the Conjuror ?
And will they undertake to do me good ?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elianos. It is enough, I'll think upon the Questions:
When from Saint *Albans* we do make return;
We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit Elianos.

Hum. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchesse
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*? (*Gold*:
Seal up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Elianos* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;

Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Elianos*'s humour)
Have hired me to under-mine the Dutchesse,
And buzze these Conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty Knave do's need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolk* and the Cardinalls Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.

Well, so it stands: and thus I fear at last.

Humes Knavery will be the Dutchesse Wrack,
And her attainure will be *Humphreys* fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all.

Exit.

*Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armors
Man being one.*

1. *Pet*. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tectoeur will come this way by and by, and then we may
deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. *Pet*. Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good
man, Jesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen

Peter. Here a comes me thinks, and the Queen with
him: I'll be the first sure.

2. *Pet*. Come back fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet*. I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my
Lord Protector.

Quee. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications
to his Lordship? let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Pet*. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John*
Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my
House, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeed.
What's yours? what's here? against the Duke of *Suf-*
folk, for enclosing the Commons of *Melford*. How now,
Sir Knave?

2. *Pet*. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our
whole Township.

Pet. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of *York* was rightfull Heir to the
Crown.

Quee. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of *York* say,
he was rightfull Heir to the Crown?

Pet. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Ma-
ster said, that he was; and that the King was an Usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pur-
servant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Quee. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Quee. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of *England*?

Is this the Government of *Britains* I'll?

And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,

Under the surly *Glosters* Governance?

And I a Queen in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*

Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my Love,

And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of *France*;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beads:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Saws of sacred Writ,

His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,

And set the Triple Crown upon his head;

That were a State fit for his Holiness.

Suff. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your Highness came to *England*, so will I

In *England* work your Graces full content.

Quee. Beside the haught Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Church-man; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the least of these,
But can do more in *England* then the King.

Suff. And he of these that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in *England* then the *Nevills*:

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Quee. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:

She sweeps it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,

More like an Emprise, then Duke *Humphreys* Wife:

Strangers in Court, do take her for the Queen:

She bears a Dukes revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our Poverty:

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contempruous base-born Callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions 'tother day,

The very train of her worst wearing Gown,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,

Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madam, my self have lim'd a Bush for her,

And plac'd a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.

So let her rest: and, Madam, list to me,

For I am bold to counsell you in this;

Although we fancy not the Cardinall,

Yet must we joyn with him, and with the Lords,

Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit :
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your self shall steer the happy Helm. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Sommerfet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

Yor. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.

Som. If *Sommerfet* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Card. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Salisb. Peace Son, and shew some reason *Buckingham*,
Why *Sommerfet* should be prefer'd in this ?

Quee. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Hum. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his Censure : These are no Womens matters.

Quee. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence ?

Humph. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my Place.

Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence,
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou ?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
Have been as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have cost a masse of publick Treasure.

Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Quee. Thy sale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make the quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humphrey.
Give me my Fan : what, Minion, can ye not ?

She gives the Dutchesse a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam : was it you ?

Dutch. Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud *French*-woman :
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Dutch. Against her will, good King ? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby :
Though in this place most Master wears no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elleanor* unreveng'd.

Exit Elleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elleanor*,
And listen after *Humphrey*, how he proceeds :
She's tickled now, her Fume can need no spurres,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Now, Lords, my Choller being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Common-wealth Affaires.

As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law :
But God in mercy so deal with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we have in hand :
I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride :

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Sommerfet* will keep me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwick*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuse himself.

York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a Traytor ?

King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk* ? tell me, what are
these ?

Suff. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason ;
His words were these : That *Richard*, Duke of *York*,
Was rightfull Heir unto the *English* Crown,
And that you Majesty was an Usurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words ?

Armo. And't shall please your Majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter : God is my witnesse, I am
falsly accus'd by the Villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lords, he did speak
them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scow-
ring my Lord of *York*'s Armour.

York. Base Dunghill Villain, and Mechanicall,
I'll have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech :
I do beseech your Royall Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.

Ar. 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 vow upon his Knees he
would be even with me : I have good witnesse of this,
therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an
honest man for a Villains accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law ?

Humph. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge :
Let *Sommerfet* be Regent o're the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his servants malice :
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphrey*'s doom.

Som.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Armourer. And I accept the Combate willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pittie my case: the spight of my man prevaileth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, we'll see thee sent away.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrook.

Hume. Come, my Masters, the Ducheſs I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladiship behold and hear our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? fear you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so I pray you go in God's Name, and leave us.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwell* read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elian. Well said, my Masters, and welcome all: To this geer, the sooner the better.

Bul. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deep Night, dark Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when *Troy* was set on fire, The times when Screech-owls cry, and Bandogs howle; And Spirits walk, and Ghosts break up their Graves: That time fits best the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,

Bullingbrook or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c.

It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adſum.

Witch. Aſmath, by the eternal God, Whose name and power thou tremblest at, Answer that I ask: for till thou speak, Thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt; that I had said, and done.

Bulling. 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.

Bull. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bull. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bull. Descend to Darknes, and the burning Lake: False fiend avoid.

Thunder and Lightning.

Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldame I think we watch you at an inch.

What Madam, are you there? the King and Common- Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains; (weale

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elian. Not half so bad as thine to England's King, Injurious Duke, that threaten'st where's no cause.

Buck. True Madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clapt up close,

And kept asunder: you Madam shall with us.

Stafford take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away.

Exit.

York. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watch her

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.

(well.

Now pray my Lord, let see the Devil's Writ.

What have we here?

Reads.

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Why this is just: *Aio Aecide Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albans*,

With him, the husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buc. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*, To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

VVho's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*

To sup with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulknors bellowing.

Queer. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook, I saw not better sport these seven year's day;

Yet by your leave, the winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pitch she flew above the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures works,

Yea Man and Birds are faine of climbing high.

Suff. No marvel, and it like your Majesty,

My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well,

They know their Master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's Pitch.

Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,

That mounts no higher than a Bird can soar.

Q q

Card.

Card. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flie to Heaven?

King. The Treasury of everlasting Joy.

Card. Thy heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts Beat on a Crown, the Treasure of thy heart, Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer, That smooth't it so with King and Commonweal.

Gloft. What Cardinal?

Is your Priest-hood grown peremptory?

Tantane animis Cælestibus ira, Church-men so hot?

Good Uncle hide such Malice:

With such Holiness can you do it?

Suff. No malice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your lordly Lords Protectorship.

Gloft. Why *Suffolk*, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prethee peace, good Queen, And whet not on these too-too-furious Peers, For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy Uncle, would't were come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloft. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peep:

And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East side of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Believe me, Cousin *Gloster*, Had not your man put up the Foul so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Uncle, are ye advis'd?

The East side of the Grove:

Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Uncle *Gloster*?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord, Now by Gods Mother, Priest, I'll shave your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence shall fail.

Car. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect your self.

King. The Winds grow high, So do your Stomacks Lords:

How irksome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What means this noise?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclaim?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolk. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint *Alban's* Shrine, Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight, A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Soules Gives Light in Darknes, Comfort in Despair.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren, bearing the man between two in a Chair.

Card. Here comes the Towns-men on procession, To present your Highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sin be multiplyed.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him near the King, His Highness pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeed was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Gloft. Had'st thou been his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee: Let never Day or Night unhallowed pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done,

Queen. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my sleep, by good Saint *Alban*: Who said; *Simon*, come: come offer at my Shrine, And I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth: And many a time and oft my self have heard a Voice, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty help me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, Master.

Gloft. What, and would'st climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Gloft. 'Masse, thou lov'd'st Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Gloft. A subtil Knave, but yet it shall not serve: Let me see thine Eyes; wink now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint *Alban*.

Gloft. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as blood.

Gloft. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gown of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coal-black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet I think, Jet he did never see.

Gloft.

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Gloft. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Master.

Gloft. What's thine own Name?

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Gloft. Then *Saunders*, sit there,
The lying't Knave in Christendome,

If thou had'st been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our Names,

As thus to name the several Colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not think it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges again?

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Gloft. My Masters of Saint *Alban*,

Have you not Beadles in your Town,

And things call'd Whippes?

Mayor. Yes, my Lords, if it please your Grace.

Gloft. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you mean to save your self from Whipping, leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir; we must have you find your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same Stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord,
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, see'st thou this, and bearest so long;

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villain run.

Gloft. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let him be whipt through every Market Town
'Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humphrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True, made the Lame to leap, and flie away.

Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Towns to flie.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacy

Of Lady *Elienor*, the Protector's wife,
The Ring-leader and head of all this Rour,
Have practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raising up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henrie's* Life and Death,
And other of your Highness Privy Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.
This newes I think hath turn'd your Weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest Groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Queen. *Gloster*, see here the Tincture of thy Nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Gloft. Madam, for my self, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weal:

And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry am I to bear, what I have heard.

Noble she is: but if she have forgot

Honour and Virtue, and convers't with such,

As like to Pitch, defile Nobility;

I banish her my Bed, and Company,

And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath dis-honoured *Gloster's* honest name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:

To morrow toward London, back again,

To look into this Business thorowly,

And call these foul Offenders to their answers;

And poise the Cause in Justice equal Scales,

Whose Beam stands sure, whose rightfull cause prevails.

Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walk, to satisfie my self,
In craving your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible to England's Crown.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

Warw. Sweet *York* begin: and if thy claim be good,

The *Neuills* are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had seven Sonnes:

The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*: next to whom,

Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;

The fifth, was *Edward Langley*, Duke of *York*;

The sixth, *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, Duke of *Gloster*,

William of *Windfor*, was the seventh, and last.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behind him *Richard*, his only Son,

Who after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd King,

'Till *Henry Bullingbrook*, Duke of *Lancaster*,

The eldest Son and Heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,

Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poor Queen to *France*, from whence she came,

Q q 2

And

And him to *Pomfret* ; where, as all you know,
Harmless King *Richard* was murdered traiterously.

Warm. Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right :
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heir, being dead,
The issue of the next Son should have reign'd.

Salis. But *William* of *Hatfield* dyed without an Heir.

York. The third Son, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whose Line I claim the Crown,
Had issue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March* :
Edmond had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* ;
Roger had issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eliana*.

Salis. This *Edmond*, in the Reign of *Bullingbrook* ,
As I have read, laid claime unto the Crown,
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King ;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's first Son's son ;
By her I claim the Kingdom :
She then was Heir to *Roger*, Earl of *March*,
Who was the Son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, sole Daughter
Unto *Lyonel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the issue of the elder Son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warm. What plain proceeding is more plain then this ?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth Son, *York* claims it from the third :
'Till *Lyonel*'s issue fails, his should not Reign.
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, fair slips of such a Stock,
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Sovereign
With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign *Richard*, *England*'s
King.

York. We thank you Lords :
But I am not your King, 'till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster* :
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous dayes,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s insolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerset*'s ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey* :
'Tis that they seek ; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Salisb. My Lord, break we off ; we know your
mind at full.

Warm. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*,
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And *Nevil*, this I do assure my self.
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England*, but the King.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State
with Guard, to banish the
Duchess.*

King. Stand forth Dame *Eliana* Cobham,
Gloster's Wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the sentence of the Law for sin,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to Prison, back again
From thence, unto the place of Execution ;
The Witch in *Smichfield* shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly born,
Despoiled of your Honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the Ile of *Man*.

Eliana. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Gloster. *Eliana*, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,
I cannot justifie whom the Law condemns.
Mines eyes are full of teares, my heart of grief.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonour in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty give me leave to goe ;
Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would cease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*,
E're thou go, give up thy Staff,
Henry will to himself Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And lanthorn to my feet :

And go in peace, *Humfrey*, no less belov'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queen. I see no reason, why a King of yeares
Should be to be protected like a Child ;
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s Realm :
Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm.

Gloster. My Staff ? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staff :
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e're thy Father *Henry* made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell good King : when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queen. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim : two Pulls at once ;
His Lady banisht, and a limb lopt off,
This Staff of Honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henrie*'s hand.

Suff. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Eliana*'s Pride dyes in her younger dayes.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Queen. I, good my Lord : for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrel try'd.

King. A God's Name see the Lists and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armourer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag fastened to it: and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbour.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neighbour.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbour.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beer Neighbour: drink, and fear not your Man.

Armourer. Let it come yfaith, and I'll pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry *Peter*, and fear not thy Master; Fight for the credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporn; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord blefs me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, he hath learnt so much to fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forsooth.

Salis. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump*.

Salis. *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy Master well.

Armourer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my self an honest man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a down-right blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Armourer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemie in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt, And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud And after Summer, evermore succeeds Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Gloft. Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punish'd Duchefs: Unneath may she endure the Flinty Streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind a-brook The abject People, gazing on thy face, With envious Looks still laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the Streets, But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchefs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Gloft. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elian. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Look how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull looks, And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.

Elian. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my self: For whilest I think I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land: Me thinks I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans. The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah *Humfrey*, can I bear this shameful yolk? Trowest thou, that e're I'll look upon the World, Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sun? No: Dark shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To think upon my Pomp, shall be my Hell. Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humfrey's* Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so he Rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorn Duchefs, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock. To every idle Rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame, Nor stir at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all, And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest, Have all lym'd Buthes to betray thy Wings, And flie thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee. But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aimest all awry. I must offend, before I be attainted: And had I twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless. Would't have me rescue thee from this Reproach?

Why yet thy scandal were not wip't away
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell* :
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the first of this next 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 leave; and Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commission.

Sher. And't please your Grace, here my Commission
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now, (stays :
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloft. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here ?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your
Grace.

Gloft. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness, if you do it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well ?

Gloft. Witness my teares, I cannot stay to speak.

Exit Gloster.

Elian. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death :
Death, at whose Name I oft have been asfear'd,
Because I wish'd this World's eternity.

Stanly. I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour ;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.

Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a Duchess, and Duke *Humfry's* Lady,
According to that State you shall be us'd.

Elian. Sheriff farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast been Conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.

Elian. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd :
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe ?

Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attire you for our Journey.

Elian. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet :
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it self, attire me how I can.
Goe, lead the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York,
Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of *Gloster* is not come :
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see ? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance ?
With what a Majesty he beares himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shews an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed Knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royal Person,
Or be admitted to your Highness council.
By flattery hath he won the Commons hearts :
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of husbandry,
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear :
Which fear, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*.
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke :
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Graces Tale.
The Duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my Life began her devillish practises :
Or if he were not privy to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successive Heir,
And such high vaunts of his Nobility,
Did instigate the Bedlam brain-sick Duchess,
By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barks not, when he would steal the Lamb.
No, no, my Sovereign, *Gloster* is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Devise strange deaths, for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levy great summes of Money through the Realm,
For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the Towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak, my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royal Person,
As is the sucking Lamb, or harmless Dove :
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Que. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd
For he's disposed as the hatefull Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his Skin is surely lent him,

For he's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but God's will be done.

York. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my Blossoms blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this geare e're long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. All happiness unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloucester*, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wer'st more loyal then thou art:
I do arrest thee of high Treason here.

Gloucester. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from Treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof, his Highness hath lost France.

Gloucester. Is it but thought so?
What are they that think it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for *England*.
That Doit that e're I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Trial day.
No: many a Pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I dispursed to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Gloucester. I say no more then truth, so help me God.

York. In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.

Gloucester. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Pro-
tectior, (tectior,
For I should melt at an Offendor's teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody Murderer,
Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.

I do arrest you in his Highness Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of Tryal.

King. My Lord of *Gloucester*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear your self from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloucester. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Virtue is choak't with foul Ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand;
Foul Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highness Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.

Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk's* cloudy Brow his stormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moon,
Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.
And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the rest,
Causeless have lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefeft Liege to be mine Enemy:

I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My self had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false Witness, to condemn me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.

Card. My Liege, his railing is intollerable.
If those that care to keep your Royal Person
From Treason's secret Knife, and Traytor's Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Gloucester. Far truer spoke then meant: I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, takes away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloucester. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch
Before his Legges be firm to bear his body,
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. *Exit Gloucester.*

King. My Lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our self were here.

Queen. What, will your Highness leave the Parlia-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery:

For

For what's more miserable then Discontent ?
 Ah Uncle *Humfrey*, in thy sad face I see
 The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty :
 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the hour to come,
 That e're I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowring Star now envies thy estate ?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless Life.
 Thou never did'st them wrong, nor no man wrong :
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house ;
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence :
 And as the Damme runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her Darlings loss ;
 Even so my self bewails good *Gloster's* case
 With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes ;
 Look after him, and cannot do him good :
 So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
 His fortunes I will weep, and twist each groan,
 Say, who's a Traytor ? *Gloster* he is none.

Exit.

Queen. Free Lords :
 Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beames :
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
 Too full of foolish pitie : and *Gloster's* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Bank,
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
 Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I judge my own Wit good ;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthy policy,
 But yet we want a Colour for his death :
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my mind, that were no policy :
 The King will labour still to save his Life,
 The Commons haply rise, to save his Life ;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More then mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *York*, no man alive, so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.
 But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your Soules :
 Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were set,
 To guard the Chick from a hungry Kite,
 As place Duke *Humfrey* for the King's Protector ?

Queen. So the poor Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madam 'tis true : and wer't not madness then,
 To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold ?
 Who being accus'd a crafty Murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No : let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
 Before his Chaps be stain'd with Crimson blood,
 As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
 And do not stand on Quilllets how to slay him :
 Be it by Ginnes, by Snares, by Subtilty,
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead ; for that is good deccit.
 Which mates him first, that first intends deccit.

Queen. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is ineritorious,
 And to preserve my Sovereign from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 E're you can take due Orders for a Priest :
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his Executioner,
 I tender to the safety of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugnes our dooin.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come again,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
 And put the Englishmen unto the Sword ;
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound do grow incurable ;
 For being green, there is great hope of help.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stop.
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That *Somerset* be sent a Regent thither :
 'Tis meet the luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
 Witnes the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-set policy,
 Had been the Regent there, in stead of me,
 He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
 By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
 Shew me one skar, character'd on thy skin.
 Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldome win.

Queen. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
 If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with :
 No more, good *York* ; sweet *Somerset* be still.
 Thy fortune, *York*, had'st thou been Regent there,
 Might haply have prov'd far worse then his.

York. What, worse then naught ? nay, then a shame
 take all.

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest
 shame.

Card. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is,
 Th'uncivil Kernes of *Ireland* are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each County some,
 And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

Suff. Why, our Authority is his consent,
 And what we do establish, he confirms ;
 Then, Noble *York*, take thou this Task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me Souldiers, Lords.
 Whiles I take order for mine own affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
 But now return we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him : for I will deal with him,
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more :
 And so break off, the day is almost spent,
 Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen dayes
At *Britlow* I expect my Souldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suff. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt.*
Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or never, steel thy fearfull thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resign to death, it is not worth th'enjoying:
Let pale-fac't fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a Royal heart.
Faster then Spring-time showres, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity. (thought,
My brain, more busie then the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snarles to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an Host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish't in your breasts, will sting your hearts,
'Twas Men I lack't, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp Weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty Band,
I will stir up in *England* some black Storm,
Shall blow ten thousand Soules to heaven or hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the Golden Circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious Sun's transparent Beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
Oppose himself again a troop of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he conversed with the Enemy,
And undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This devil 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 shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the House and Claim of *York*.
Say he be taken, rack't, and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
And reap the Harvest which that Rascal sow'd.
For *Humfrey* being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put a-part: the next for me. *Exit.*

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Murder of Duke Humfrey.*

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk*: let him know
We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe; what have we done?

Did't ever hear a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolk.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my house,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk,
Somerset, with Attendants.*

King. Go call our Uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suff. I'll call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Uncle *Gloster*,
Then from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

King. I thank thee *Nell*, these words content me
much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queen. Marry God forfend.

Card. God's secret Judgement: I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

King sounds.

Queen. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is
dead.

Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.

King. Oh heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Sovereign, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Raven's Note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my Vital powres:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majesty, to fright the World.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come Basilisk.

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;
And for my self, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his life;

I would

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as Prim-rose with bloud-drinking sighes,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.
So shall my name with Slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: aye me unhappy,
To be a Queen, and Crown'd with infamy.

King. Ah woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Do'st thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leper, look on me.
What? art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Gloster's* Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elienor* was ne're thy joy.
Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my image but an Ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by aukward wind from *England's* bank
Drove back again unto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning wind
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's Nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,
Or turn our Stern upon a dreadfull Rock:
Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shoar
With teares as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting Rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace perish *Elienor*:
As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy shoar, the Tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the Hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of the Land's view,
I took a costly Jewel from my neck,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: the Sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this, I lost fair *England's* view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
For loosing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and watch me, as *Ascanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy,
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'st live so long.

Noise within. Enter *Warwick*, and many
Commons.

Warw. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murdered

By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
My self have calin'd their spleenfull mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathless Corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Warw. That shall I do my Liege: stay *Salisbury*
With the rude multitude, till I return.

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfrey's* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For judgement only doth belong to thee:
Fain would I goe to chafe his paly lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand, unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Sovereign, view this
body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

Warw. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathfull curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, sworn with a solemn tongue:
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow?

Warw. See how the bloud is setled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloudless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of bloud:
His eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaskly, like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the Sheets, his hair (you see) is sticking,
His well-proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred here,
The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?
My self and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope Sir, are no murtherers. (death.)

Warw. But both of you have vowed Duke *Humfrey's*
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you belike suspect these Noble men,
As guilty of Duke *Humfrey's* timeless death.

Warw.

Warw. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine, how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite soar with un-bloudied Beak?
Even so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I wear no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart.
That slanders me with Murther's Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humfrey*'s death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

Warw. Madam be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your Royal Dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother took into her blamefull Bed,
Some stern un-tutor'd Churl; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race.

Warw. 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 Sovereigns presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy pasted speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st.
That thou thy self wast born in Bastardy;
And after all this fearfull Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and thy Soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood.
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humfrey*'s Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Breast-plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noise within.

Queen. What noise is this?

*Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their
Weapons drawn.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawn,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what Tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick* with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Salis. Sirs stand a-part, the King shall know your mind.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* straight be done to death,
Or banished fair *England*'s Territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'd:
They say, in him they fear your Highness death;
And mere instinct of Love and Loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royal Person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your Rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seen, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak't:
Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal Worm might make the sleep eternal,
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht hinds,
Could send such Message to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how quaint an Orator you are.
But all the Honour *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

King. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do intreat:
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesie,
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-un-worthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breed infection in this air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Queen. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*;
No more I say: if thou do'st plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my Wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me,
I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Queen. Mischance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sower Affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company:
There's two of you, the Devil made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps,

Suff. Cease, gentle Queen, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Queen.

Queen. Fie Coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine Enemy?

Suff. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine hair be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, every joynt should seem to curse and ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypress Trees:
Their chiefest Prospect, murthering Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musick, frightfull as the Serpents hiss,
And boading Screech-Owls, make the Comfort full.
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell-----

Queen. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thy self,
And these dread curses like the Sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoil,
And turns the force of them upon thy self.

Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the Seal,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that sursets; thinking on a want:
I will repeal thee, or be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Goe, speak not to me; even now be gone,
Oh goe not yet. Even thus, two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, we're thou hence,
A Wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it self,
With every several pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
My self no joy in ought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what newes I
prethee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal Beauford is at the point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks, as if Duke Humfrey's Ghost
Were by his side: sometime, he calls the King,
And whispers to his Pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul,
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit:*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an houres poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolk mourn I not for thee?
And with the Southern clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the Earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's duggie between it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad:
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes:
To have thee with thy lippest to stop my mouth:
So should'st either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breath it so into thy body,
And then it lives in sweet Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: though parting be a fretfull corrosive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.

To France sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee:
For wheresoever thou art in this world's Globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suff. I goe.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A Jewel lockt into the woful'st Cask,
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fares my Lord? Speak Beauford to thy
Sovereign.

Car. If thou bee'st death, I'll give thee Englands Trea-
Enough to purchase such another Island, (sure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my Trial when you will.
Did 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 confess.
Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him,
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid the Apothecary
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternall moover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beat away the busie meddling Fiend,
That layes strong siege unto this wretches soul,
And from his bosome purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse,
Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him,

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the Curtain close,
And let us all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordenance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud howling Wolves arouze the Jades
That drag the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowfie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graves; and from their misty Jaws,
Breath foul contagious darknesse in the air:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whil'st our Pinnace Anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee.

And thou that art his Mate, make boot of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. *Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lieu. What think you much to pay 2000. Crowns,
And bear the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villains throats, for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-poyss'd with such a petty sum.

1. *Gent.* I'll give it, sir, and therefore spare my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die,
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my Birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world,

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in rags?

Suf. I, but these rags are no part of the Duke.

Lieu. But *Jove* was never slain as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swain, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honorable blood of *Lancaster*
Must not be shed by such a jaded Grooin:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head.

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-fain,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:

How in our voiding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of thine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captain, shall I stab the forlorn Swain?

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

I, kennell. puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver Spring, where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the Treasure of the Realm.

Thy lips that kist the Queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the Hags of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having neither Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:

By devilish policy art thou grown gear,
And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gor'd,

With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anion* and *Main* were sold to *France*.

The false revolting *Normans* thorough thee,
Disdain to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*

Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:

The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
Whose dreadfull swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, and rising up in Armes.
And now the House of *York* thrust from the Crown,

By shamefull murther of a guileless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Advance our half-fac'd Sun, striving to shine;

Under the which is writ, *Invictis nubibus*.

The commons here in *Kent* are up in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggery,

Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:

Small things make base men proud. This Villain here,
Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more

Then *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
Drones suck not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives.

It is Impossible that I should die

By such a lowly Vassall as thy self.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queen to *France*:

I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lien. Water: W. Come *Suffolk*, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Galidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear.

Wal. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? will you stoop?

r. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolks* Imperiall tongue is stern and rough: Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, then these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven; and to my King:

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groom.

True Nobility, is exempt from fear:

More can I bear, then you dare execute.

Lien. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft die by vilde *Bezonians*.

A Roman Sworder, and Bandetto slave

Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Julius Caesar*. Savage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolk* dies by Pyrats.

Exit Walter with Suffolk.

Lien. And as for these whose ranfome we have let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenants, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and livelesse body lie, Untill the Queen his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

r. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I bear unto the King:

If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queen, that living held him dear. *Exit.*

Enter Bevis, and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they have been up these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Cloathier, means to dresse the Common-wealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in *England*, since Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable Age: Veretue is not regarded in Handy-craftsmen.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workmen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much as to say, let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates,

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a brave mind, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Bests* Son, the Tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to

make Dogs Leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an Oxe, and iniquities throat cut like a Calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith the field is honorable, and there was he born, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but a 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: for I have seen him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I fear neither, sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his Coat is of proof.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is Brave, and Vows Reformation. There shall be in *England*, seven half penny Loaves sold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoops, and will make it Felony to drink small Beer. All the Realm shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grass: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thank you good people. There shall be no money, all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent Lamb should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld o're, should undo a man. Some say the *Bee stings*, but I say, 'tis *Bees wax*: for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weaver. The Clerk of *Chattam*: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. Ha's a Book in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjuror.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither Sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emannell.

But. They use to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Do'st thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thy self, like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he is a Villain and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his neck.

Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michaell.

Mich. Where is our Generall?

Cade. Here I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villain, stand or I'll fell thee down: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my self a knight presently: Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Souldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the Gallows; Lay your Weapons down, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groom. The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to bloud, If you go forward: therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speak, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign: For I am rightfull heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a *Plasterer*, And thou thy self a *Shearman*, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a *Gardiner*.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Stafford. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth,

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nuffe, Was by a begger-woman stoln away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a *Bricklayer*, when he came to age. His son am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Words, that speaks he knows not what?

All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the D. of *York* bath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my self. Go too *Sirrah*, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the fifth, (in whose time boyes went to Span-counter for French Crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

But. And further more we'll have the Lord *Sayes* head, for felling the Dukedome of *Main*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd. And fain to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it up, Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more then that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then: I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tong of an enemy, be a good Councillor, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herauld away, and throughout every Town, Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, May even in their wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:

And you that be the Kings friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:

Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march towards us.

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 slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the Butcher of *Ashford*?

But. Here sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self, as if thou hadst been in thine own Slaughter-house: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no lesse.

This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horses heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword borne before us.

But. If we mean to thrive, and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Suffolks head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearfull and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this,
Here may his head lye throbbing on my brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. I'll send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the Sword. And I my self,
Rather then bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their Generall
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolks* death?
I fear me (Love) if that I had been dead,
Thou would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.

Que. No my Love, I should not mourn, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What news? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in *Southwarke*: Flye my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calls your Grace Usurper openly,
And vows to Crown himself in *Westminster*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Pezants, rude and mercileffe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call false Caterpillers, and intend their death.

King. O graceless men: they know not what they do.

Buc. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Untill a power be rais'd to put them down.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These Kentish Rebels should be soon appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Jack Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye him and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people thirsting after prey,
Joyn with the Traitor, and they joyntly swear
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succour us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not to Kentish Rebels.

Buc. Trust no body for fear you be betraid.

Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and Resolute.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* slain?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slain:

For they have won the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craves aid of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my self.
The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither will I send you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence again.

Exeunt.

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And here sitting upon *London Stone*,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
The first year of our reign.
And now henceforward it shall be treason for any,
That calls me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Souldier running.

Soul. *Jack Cade*, *Jack Cade*.

Cade. Knock him down there. *They kill him.*

Buc. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye *Jack
Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set *London Bridge* on fire,
And if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

*Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.
Then enter Jack Cade, with his Company.*

Cade. So first: now go some and pull down the *Savoy*:
Others to'rth Inns of Court, down with them all.

Buc. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Buc. Onely that the *Laws of England* may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his
breath stinks with tosted Cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away,
burn all the Records of the Realm, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England.

Joh. Then we are like to have biting Statutes.
Unlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*,
which sold the Towns in France, He that made us pay
one and twenty Fifteens, and one shilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of *Normandy* unto Mounſieur *Basmeu*, the Dolphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm, in erecting a Grammar School: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou do'st ride on a foot-cloth, do'st thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a Cloak, when honest men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*.

Dick. What say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speak, and beare me where you will:

Kent in the Commentaries *Cesar* writ,
Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold not *Main*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clerks,
Because my Book preferr'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven,
Unlesse you be possest with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have teaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes, Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a heipen Candle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why do'st thou quiver man?

Say. The Palsie, and not fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected Wealth, or honor? Speak.

Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,

This brest from harbouring soul deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words: but I'll bridle it: he shall dye, and be it but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his Son in Laws house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen; if when you make your prai'rs, God should be so obdurate as your selves:

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peer of the Realm, shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her Maiden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,

When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:

Let them kisse one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them again,
Least they consult about the giving up
Of some more Towns in *France*. Souldiers,
Defer the spoyl of the City untill night;
For with these borne before us, in stead of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, at every Corner
Have them kisse. Away.

Exit.

Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street; down Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knock down, throw them into Thames:

Sound a Parley.

What noyse is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

R r 3

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and say, *God save his Majesty*;
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and passe by.

All. *God save the King, God save the King.*

Cade What *Buckingham* and *Clifford* are ye so brave?
And you base Pezants, do ye believe him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your necks? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leave me at the white-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes till
you had recovered your ancient Freedome: but you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slavery
to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light upon you
all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*.
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoyle,
Unlesse by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearfull *French*, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start o're seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinks already in this civill broyl,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villiano* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoop unto a *Frenchmans* mercy.
To *France* to *France*, and get what you have lost;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*,
We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blown too and fro,
as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the fifth, hales them
to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me de-
solate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying:
in despite of the devills and hell, have through the very
middest of you, and heavens and honour be witnesse, that
no want of resolution in me, but only my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to
my heels.

Exit.

Buck. what, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crowns for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, we'll devise a mean,
To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never subject long to be a King,
As I do long and and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majesty.

King. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Necks.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highness doom of life or death.

King. Then heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue still in this so good a mind.
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkind:
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

All. *God save the King, God save the King.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertis'd,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout *Kernes*,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armies are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and *York*
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straightway claim'd and boarded with a Pyrate,
But now is *Cade* driven back, his men dispierc'd,
And now is *York* in armes to second him.

I pray thee *Buckingham* go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be dismiss from him.

Somer. My Lord,
I'll yield my self to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard Language.

Buck. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come Wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curse my wretched reign.

*Exeunt.
Enter.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on Ambition : fie on my self, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five dayes have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me : but now am I hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eat Grasse, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to cool a mans stomach this hot weather : and I think this word Sallet was born to do me good ; for many a time but for a Sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown Bill ; and many a time when I have been dry, & bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in : and now the word *Sallet* must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord who would live turmoyled in the Court, And inay enjoy such quiet walks as these ? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what envy : Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entring his Fee-simple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crowns of the King by carrying my head to him, but I'll make thee eat Iron like an *Ostridge*, and swallow my Sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee ? Is't not enough to break into my Garden, And like a thief to come to rob my grounds : Climbing my walls in spight of me the Owner, But thou wilt brave me with these sawcie tearms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? I by the best blood that ever was braach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat these five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and If I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne're be said, while England stands, That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of *Kent*, Took odds to combate a poor famisht man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks : Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser : Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy leg a stick compared with this Truncheon, My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine armie be heaved in the aire, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth : As for words, whose greatnesse answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour : the most compleat Champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn the edge, or, cut not out the burly bon'd Clown in chins of Beef, ere thou sleep in thy Sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees thou mayst be turnd to Hobnails.

Here they fight.

O I am slain, Famine and no other hath slain me, let ten

thousand devills come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'll deifie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor ? Sword, I will hollow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o're my Tomb, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a Herald's coat, To emblaze the Honor thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory : Tell *Kent* from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards : for I that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by Valour. *Dies.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge ; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee : And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for Crows to feed upon. *Exit.*

Enter York, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his right, And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henries* head. Ring, Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright To entertain great *Englands* lawfull King. Ah *Santa Majestas* ? who would not buy thee dear ? Let them obey, that knows not how to Ruie. 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 soul, On which I'll toss the *Floure-de-Luse* of *France*.

Enter Buckingham

Whom have we here ? *Buckingham* to disturb me ? The King hath sent him sure : I must dissemble.

Buc. *York*, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humphrey* of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armies in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn, Should raise so great a power without his leave ? Or dare to bring thy Force so near the Court ?

Yor. Scarce can I speak, my Choler is so great. Oh I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abject termes.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*, On Sheep or Oxen could I spend my fury. I am far better born then is the King : More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. But I must make fair weather yet a while, Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more strong.

O *Buckingham*, I prethee pardon me, That I have given no answer all this while : My mind was troubled with deep Melancholly. The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is.

Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and the State.

Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part :
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand :
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine Honor is he Priſoner ?

Buc. Upon mine Honor he is Priſoner ?

York. Then *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſſe my Powers.
Souldiers I thank 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 Sovereign, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, nay all my ſons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live :
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harme to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arme in Arme ?

York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſſe.

King. Then what intends theſe forces thou doſt bring ?

York. To have the Traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade*,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean 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.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how juſt art thou?
O let me view his Viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him ?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maſteſty.

King. How art thou call'd ? And what is thy degree ?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that love the King.

Buck. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.

King. *Iden*, kneel down, riſe up a Knight :
We give thee for reward a thouſand Marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queen and Somerſet.

King. See *Buckingham*, *Somerſet*, comes with th' Queen,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Queen. For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his face,

York. How now ? is *Somerſet* at liberty ?
Then *York* unloofe thy long imprifoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet* ?

False King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe ?
King did I call thee ? no, thou art no King :
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no nor canſt nor rule a Traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a Crown :
Thy hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, muſt round engirt the brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown, like *Achilles* Spear
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling Laws :
Give place : by heaven thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monſtrous Traitor ! I arreſt thee *York*,
Of Capitall Treason 'gainſt the King and Crown :
Obey audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.

York. Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt let me aſk of thee,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man :
Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail :

I know ere they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for thy infranchiſement.

Queen. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come again,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

York. O bloud-beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge :
The ſons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers Bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will reſuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Queen. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their bail.

Cliff. Health and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.

York. I thank thee *Clifford*. Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry look :

We are thy Sovereign *Clifford*, kneel again ;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King, *York*, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtakeſt me much to think I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man grown mad ?

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King.

Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arreſted, but will not obey :
His ſons (he ſayes) ſhall give their words for him.

York. Will you not ſons ?

Edm. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhall.

Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here ?

York. Look in a Glaſs, and call thy Image ſo.
I am the King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor :
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave Bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chains,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Currs :
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are theſe thy Bears? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I ſeen a hot ore-weening Cur,
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Bears fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail, between his legs and cride,
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,

If you suppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*,

Clif. Hence heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed least by your heat you burn your selves.

King. Why *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son,

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out War,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with milky age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my self

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heir to *Englands* Royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin:

But greater sin to keep a sinfull oath:

Who can be bound by any solemn Vow

To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastity,

To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,

To wring the Widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himself.

York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death and dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,

Then any thou canst conjure up to day:

And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy houses Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nevels* Crest,

The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,

As on a Mountain top, the Cedar shews,

That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,

Even so affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy Bear,

And tread it underfoot with all contempt,

Despight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.

Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious noble Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charity for shame, speak not in spight,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Yo. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more then thou canst
tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis *Warwick* calls:
And if thou do'st not hide thee from the Bear,

Now when the angry Trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter York.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

York. The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold *Warwick*: seek thee out some other chase,
For I my self must hunt this Deer to death.

War. Then nobly *York*, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me *York*?

Why do'st thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem.
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in Treason.

York. So let it help me against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both.

York. A dreadful day, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Couronne les oeures.* *Dies.*

York. Thus War hath given thee peace, for thou art still,
Peace with his soul, heaven if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and confusion all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O War thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Souldiers flye.
He that is truly dedicate to War,
Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the last day,
Knit earth and heaven together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petty sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordained (O dear Father)
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The Silver Livery of advised Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. *York*, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty,
Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
Into as many gobbet will I cut it
As wilde *Medea*, young *Abfissis* did.
In cruelty, will I seek out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of old *Cliffords* house:
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then, *Aeneas* bare a living load;

Nothing

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lie thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in *S. Albans, Somerset*
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight.

Excursions.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we out-run the Heavens? Good *Margaret* stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor flye:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum afar off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stop't.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy e're bid you flye:
But flye you must: Uncircurable discomfite
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him,
That winter *Lyon*, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush off Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:

Three times to day I hope him to his horse,
Three times bestri'd him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in an homely house,
So was his will, in his old feeble body.
But Noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th'Masse so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from eminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I hear) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him e're the Writsgo forth.
What sayes Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint *Albans* battell won by famous *York*,
Shall we be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to us befall.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.





The third Part of King HENRY the Sixth. with the death of the Duke of YORK.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of the North,
 He slyly stole away, and left his men:
 Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
 Whose Warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself.
 Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast
 Charg'd our main Battells Front: and breaking in,
 Were by the Swords of Common Souldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
 I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
 That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of *Wiltshires*
 Whom I encountred as the Battells joyn'd. (blood)

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sons:
 But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

Warm. And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.

Before I see thee seated in the Throne,
 Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
 I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Pallace of the fearfull King,
 And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *York*,
 For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heirs.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will,
 For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. We'll all assist you: he that flies shall die.

Plant. Thanks gentle *Norfolk*, stay by me my Lords,
 And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They go up.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
 Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
 But little thinks we shall be of her counsell,
 By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
 Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,

And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
 I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
 The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
 Dares stir a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
 I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
 Resolve thee *Richard*, claim the English Crown.

*Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
 Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.*

Hen. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebell sits,
 Even in the Chair of State: belike he means,
 Backt by the power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,
 To aspire unto the Crown, and reign as King,
 Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father,
 And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both have vow'd revenge
 On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in
 Steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down,
 My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, and such is he:
 He durst not sit there had your Father liv'd.
 My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
 Let us assayl the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
 And they have troops of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly
 flye.

Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henries* heart.
 To make a shambles of the Parliament House.
 Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words, and threats,
 Shall be the War that *Henry* means to use:
 Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne,
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,
 I am thy Sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exet. Far shame come down, he made thee Duke of
York.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldome was.

Exet. Thy

Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.

War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crown.

In following this usurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his naturall King?

War. True Clifford, and that's Richard Duke of York.

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster, And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field, And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread March'd through the City to the Pallace Gates.

North. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my grief. And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sons, Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, I'll have more lives Than drops of blood were in my Fathers Veins.

Cliff. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words I send thee, Warwick, such a Messenger, As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

Warw. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthlesse Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crown? If not, our Swords shall plead it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crown? My Father was as thou art, Duke of York, Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March. I am the Son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoop, And seiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.

Warw. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I: When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, And yet me thinks you lose: Father tear the Crown from the Usurpers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother, As thou lov'st and honorest Armes, Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

Plant. Sons peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

Warw. Plantagenet shall speak first: Hear him Lords, And be you silent and attentive too, For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne, Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat? No: first shall War unpeople this my Realm; I, and their Colours often borne in France, And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow, Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords? My Title's good, and better far then his.

Warw. But prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crown.

Plant. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

Hen. I know not what to say, my Title's weak: Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?

Plant. What then?

Plant. If he may, then am I lawfull King: For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crown to Henry the Fourth, Whose Heir my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Sovereign, And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd, Think you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crown?

Exet. No: for he could not so resign his Crown, But that the next Heir should succeed and reign.

Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the Claim thou lay'st, Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warw. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southern power Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: May that ground gape, and swallow me alive; Where I shall kneel to him that slew my Father.

Hen. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heart.

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy Crown: What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Do right unto this Princely Duke of York, Or I will fill the house with armed men, And o're the Chair of State, where now he sits, Write up his Title with usurping blood.

He stamps with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselves

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word, Let me for this time reign as King.

Plant. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs, And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

Westm. Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us?

Westm. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I

Clifford. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queen these News..

West. Farewell faint-hearted and degenerate King, In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of York, And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.

Cliff. In dreadfull War may'st thou be overcome, Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turn this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

Henry. Ah Exeter.

Warw. Why should you sigh my Lord?

Hen. Not for my self Lord Warwick, but my Son, Whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherit But be it as it may: I here entayle The Crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever, Conditionally, that here you take an Oath, To cease this Civill War: and whil'st I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign :
Neither by Treason nor Hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long live thou, & these thy forward Sons.
Plant. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurst be he that seeks to make them foes.

Sonet. Here they come down.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, I'll to my Castle.
War. And I'll keep *London* with my Souldiers.
Nor. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.
Hen. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen.

Exet. Here comes the Queen,
Whose looks bewray her anger
I'll steal away.

Henry. *Exeter*, so will I.

Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Quee. Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had d'd a Maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then made that savage Duke thine Heir,
And dis-inherited thine only Son.

Prin. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

Hen. Pardon me, *Margaret*, pardon me, sweet Son,
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforce't me.

Quee. Enforce't thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to hear thee speak: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me,
And given unto the house of *York* such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entaile him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellour, and the Lord of *Callice*,
Stern *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should have tosd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.

But thou preferrest thy Life before thine honour.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my self,
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Untill that Act of Parliament be repealed.
Whereby my Son is dis-inherited.

The Northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruine of the House of *York*.

Thus do I leave thee: Come Son, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them,

Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

Hen. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Quee. I, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prin. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your Grace: till then I'll follow her.

Quee. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.

Hen. Poor Queen,

How love to me, and to her Son,
Hath made her break out into termes of Rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the Flesh of me, and of my Son.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Edward, and
Montague.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.

Monn. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

Yor. Why, how now Sons and Brothers, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edw. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yor. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours.

Yor. Mine, Boy? not untill King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.

Yor. I took an Oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would break thousand Oathes to reign one year.

Richard. No: God forbid, your Grace should be forsworn.

Yor. I shall be, if I claim by open War.

Richard. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

Yor. Thou canst not, Son, 'tis impossible.

Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authority over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to Armes: and, Father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets fain of Blisse and Joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Untill the White Rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of *Henry's* heart.

Yor. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brothers, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprife.

S.

Thou

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
And tell him privily of our intent:
You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentish*-men will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are Souldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? why comm'st thou in such
poste?

Gabriel. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your hold, my Lord.

Yor. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King.
With powerfull Policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Moun. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Yor. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Unckles,
You are come to *Sandall* in a happy hour.

The Army of the Queen means to besiege us.

John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

Yor. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. I, with five hundred, Father, for a need.
A Woman's Generall: what should we fear?

A March afar off.

Edw. I hear their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battell straight.

Yor. Five men to twenty: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Unckle, of our Victory.
Many a Battell have I won in *France*,
When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like successe?

Alarum.

Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutl. Ah, whether shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplain, away, thy Priesthood saves thy
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke, (life,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Cliff. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man.

Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him close his eyes?
I'll open them.

Rutl. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And so he walks, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes to rend his Limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening Look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak, before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speak'st, poor Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stoppt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutl. Then let my Fathers blood open it again,
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Cliff. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *York*,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soul:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore----

Rutl. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford*, pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutl. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay
me?

Cliff. Thy Father hath.

Rutl. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one Son, for his sake pitty me,
Least in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in Prison all my dayes,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
fore die.

Rutl. *Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tua.*

Cliff. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sons blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter Richard, Duke of York.*

Yor. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Unckles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and flye, like Ships before the wind,
Or Lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cri'd, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardiest Warriours did retire,
Richard cri'd, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
And cri'd, A Crown, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again : but out alas,
We bodg'd again : as I have seen a Swan
With bootlesse labour swim against the Tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A short alarum within.

Ah heark, the fatall followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that make up my life,
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more rage :
I am your But, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Aime
With down-right payment, shew'd unto my Father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.

Tor. 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 fear ?

Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Thieves, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breathe out invectives gainst the Officers.

Tor. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again;
And in thy thought o're-run my former time :
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.

Quee. Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life :
Wrath makes him deaf ; speak thou Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curie doth grin,
For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is VVas prize, to take all vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so strives the Woodcock with the Gynne.

Northumberland. So doth the Cony struggle in the Net.

Tor. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true men yield, with Robbers so o're-matched.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now ?

Quee. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King ?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent ?
Where are your messe of Sonsto back you now ?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies ?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland ?
Look York, I stain'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of the Boy,
And if thine eyes can water for his Death;
I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks with all.
Alas poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prethee grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's Death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? thou should'st be mad :
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me sport :
York cannot speak, unlesse he wear a Crown.
A Crown for York ; and Lords bow low to him :
Hold you his hands, whilest I do set it on.

I marry, Sir, now looks he like a King :
I, this is he that took King Henry's Chair,
And this is he was his adopted Heir.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is Crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn Oath ?
As I bethink me, yon should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death,
And will you pale your head in Henry's Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in his Life against your holy Oath ?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.

Off with the Crown, and with the Crown, his Head,
And whil'st we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queen. Nay stay, let's hear the Orizons he makes.

Tork. She-Wolf of France,
But worse then Wolves of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth :
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull;
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates ?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse,

Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unlesse the Adage must be veres'd,
That Beggars mounted, run their Horse to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Virtue that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them seem Divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the Seprentrion.
Oh Tiges Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide.

How could'st thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seen to bear a Womans face?
Women are soft, mild, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorselesse,
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st thou have me weep? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Rain begins.
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French*-woman.

Northumb. Belhrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from Teares.

Yor. That face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have stain'd the Roses just with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, ten times more then Tygers of *Hyrkania*.
See, ruthlesse Queen, a haplesse Fathers teares:
This Cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with teares do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the Napkin, and go boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my Soul, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, alafs, it was a pittious deed.

There, take the Crown, and with the Crown, my Curse.
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruell hand.

Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kin,
I should not for my Life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his Soul.

Quee. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers
Death.

Quee. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

Yor. Open thy Gate of mercy, gracious God.
My Soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.

Quee. Off with his Head, and set it on *York* Gates,
So *York* may over-look the Town of *York*.

Exeunt.

A March. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,
and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been tane, we should have heard the newes:
Had he been slain, we should have heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy untill I be resolv'd:
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battell range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogs:

Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies, my Warlike Father:
Me thinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three Suns?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining skie.
See, see they joyn, embrace, and seem to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun:
In this, the Heaven figures some event.

Edm. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us (Brother) to the field,
That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding joyn our Lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What e're it bodes, hence-forward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair shining Suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I speake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy Looks fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Messe. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *York* was slain,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edward. Oh speak no more, for I have heard too
much.

Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds:
And many stroaks, though with a little Axe,
Hewes down and fells the hardest-timber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaughter'd by the irefull Arme
Of un-renting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with grief he wept,
The ruthlesse Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmlesse blood.
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
They set the same, and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e're I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our Prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boystrous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
The flower of *Europe*, for his Chevalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish't thee.
Now my Souls Palace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again:
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moisture
Scarce serves to quench my Furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my hearts great burthen,
For self-same winde that I should speak withall,
Is kindling coales that fires up all my brest,
And burns me up with flames, that reares would quench.
To weep, is to make lesse the depth of grief:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy Death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sun:
For Chair and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Mountaigne,
and their Army.

Warwick. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O, valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd these newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the Posts could run,
Were brought me of your losse, and his depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Souldiers, gathered flocks of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albans, to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:

For by my Scouts, I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henry's Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albans met,
Our Battells joyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his War-like Queen,
That robb'd my Souldiers of their heated Spleen.

Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common fear of Cliffords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like a lazy Thresher with a Flayle,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Reward
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in then) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queen,
Lord George, your Brother Norfolk, and my self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to joyn with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight again.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kind Aunt, Dutchesse of Burgundy,
With aid of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne're till now, his scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my scandall, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awfull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildnesse, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steele,
And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-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 seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountaigne:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax;
He swore consent 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 think) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and my self,
With all the friends that thou brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welch-men canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Via; to London will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I hear great Warwick speak;
Ne're may he live to see a sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour)
Must Edward fall, which perill heaven forsend.

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next Degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard Mountaigne:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, wear thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewn it stinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up Drums, God and S. George for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant Hoste,
And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland
and young Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpets.*

Quee. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the head of that Arch-enemay,
That sought to be encompassed with your Crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack,
To see this sight, it irks my very soul:
With-hold revenge (dear God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pitty must be laid aside:

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle looks?
Not to the Beast that would usurp their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Bear doth lick?
Not his that spoyle her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest Worm will turn, being troden on,
And Doves will peck in safeguard of their Brood.

Ambitious *York* did leuell at thy Crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry Browes.

He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raise his issue like a loving Sire,

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly Son,
Didst yield consent to dis-inherit him:

Which argued thee a most unloving Father.

Unreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearfull to their eyes,

Yet in perfection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them even with those wings.

Which sometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,

Make Warre with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their youngs defence?

For shame, my Liege, make them your President:

Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy

Should lose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,

And long hereafter say unto his Childe,

What my great Grandfather, and my Grandfire got,

My carelesse Father fondly gave away.

Ah, what a shame were this? look on the Boy,

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successfull Fortune steale thy melting heart,

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,

That things ill got, had ever bad successe.

And happy alwayes was it for that Son,

Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell:

I'll leave my Son my virtuous 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 keep,

Then in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah Cousin *York*, would thy best friends did know,

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.

Quee. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:

You promise Knighthood to our forward Son,

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneele down.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learn this Lesson, Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparrant to the Crown,

And in that Quarrell use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,

Comes *Warwick* backing of the Duke of *York*,

And in the Towns as they do march along,

Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,

Darraign your Battell, they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queen hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good Father: cry *S. George*.

March. *Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Mountague, and Souldiers.*

Ed. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem upon my head?

Or bide the mortall fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,

Before thy Sovereign, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted Heir by his consent.

Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,

You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,

Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own Son in.

Clif. And reason too:

Who should succeed the Father, but the Son?

Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. I Crook back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rusland*, was it not?

Clif. I, and old *York*, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake, Lords, give signall to the fight.

War. VVhat say'st thou, *Henry*,

VVilt thou yield the Crown? (you speak?)

Quee. VVhy how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare

VVhen you and I met at *S. Albans* last,

Your legges did better service then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to flye, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I flew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sun set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear
me speak.

Qu. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee give no limits to my Tongue;
I am a King, and priviledg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then, Executioner, unsheath thy sword :
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That *Clifford's* Manhood lyes upon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no :
A thousand men have broke their Falts to day,
That ne're shall dine, unlesse thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head.
For *York* in justice puts his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which *Warwick* sayes is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

War. VVho ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foul mishapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venome Toads, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* gilt,
VVhose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart.

Ed. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her self.

Hellen of Greece was fairer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in th heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King; and made the Dolphin stoop :
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home :
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had slept our Claim untill another Age.

Cl. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no encrease,
VVe set the Axe to thy usurping Root :
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
VVe'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Ed. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle King to speak.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Qu. Stay, *Edward*.

Ed. No, wrangling VVoman, we'll no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with toyle, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my strong kni sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death,
For this world frowns, and *Edward's* Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap ? what hope of
good ?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad despaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine follows us.
What counsell give you ? whether shall we flye ?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow us with wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thy self ?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steelly point of *Clifford's* Launce :
And in the very pangs of death he cri'd,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwick, revenge ; Brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Ferlocks in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood :
I'll kill my Horse because I will not flye :
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jest, by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
I'll never pawse again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Ed. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine,
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker down of Kings,
Beseech 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 sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meet again,
Where e're it be, in heaven, or in the earth.

Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary armes :
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away :

Once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cl. Yet let us altogether to our Troops.
And give them leave to flye that will not stay :
And call them Pillars that will stand to us :
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
This may plant Courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory :

Fore-

Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. *Exeunt.*

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father *York*,
And this the hand that slew thy Brother *Rutland*,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy self;
And so have at thee.

They fight, Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, single out some other Chace,
For I my self will hunt this Wolf to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This Battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now swayes it this way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
Now swayes it that way, like the self-same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood prevails; and then the Winde:
Now, one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered.
So is the equall poize of this fell Warre.
Here on this Mole-hill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory:
For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
Have 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 so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe.
Oh God! me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out Dialls quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they run:
How many makes the Hour full compleat,
How many houres bring about the day,
How many dayes will finish up the year,
How many yeares a mortall Man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the Times:
So many houres must I tend my Flock;
So many houres must I take my rest:
So many houres must I contemplate:
So many houres must I sport my self:
So many dayes my Ewes have been with young:
So many dayes ere the poor Fools will Ean:
So many yeares ere I shall shear the Fleece:
So minutes, houres, dayes, moneths, and yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haire unto a quiet Grave.
Ah! what a life were this? how sweet, how lovely?
Gives not the Haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
To Shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Then doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleep, under a fresh Trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treasons waits on him.

*Alarm. Enter a Son that hath kill'd his Father
at one door, and a Father that hath kill'd his Son
at another door.*

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crowns,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yield 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 (unwares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! hegetting such events.
From *London*, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earl of *Warwick's* Man,
Came on the part of *York*; prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee.
My teares shall wipe away these bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pittious spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons warre, and Battell for their Dennes,
Poor harmlesse Lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civil Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break o're-charg'd with grief.

Enter Father, bearing of his Son.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Son.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy Tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye, and heart.

O pittie God, this miserable Age!
What stratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

Ki. Woe above woe: grief, more then common grief;
O that my death would stay these ruefull deeds:
O pittie, pittie, gentle heaven, pittie.
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our striving Houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheeks (me thinks) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisf'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Son,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisf'd?

King. How will the Country, for the wofull chances,
Mis-think

Mis-think the King, and not be satisfied ?

Son. Was ever Son so rew'd a Fathers death ?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Son ?

Hen. Was ever King so griev'd for Subjects woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding-sheet :

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart thine Image ne're shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy Funerall bell ;

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, having no more,

As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons,

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill. *Exit.*

Hen. Sad-hearted men, much over-gone with Care ;
Here sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye : for all your Friends are fled.

And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull :

Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Quee. Mount you my Lord, towards *Barwick* post
again :

Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Having the fearfull flying *Harc* in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steele graspt in their irefull hands,

Are at our backs, and therefore hence again.

Exet. Away : for vengeance come along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, I'll away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter* :

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whether the Queen intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt.*

A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my Candle out ; I, here it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.

O *Lancaster* ! I fear thy overthrow,

More then my Bodies parting with my Soul :

My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melt,

Impairing *Henry*, strengthning mis-proud *Tork* ;

And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sun ?

And who shines now, but *Henry's* Enemies ?

O, *Phæbus* ! hadst thou never given consent,

That *Phæton* should check thy fiery Steds,

Thy burning Carre never had scorch'd the earth.

And *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giving no ground unto the House of *Tork*,

They never then had sprung like Summer Flyes :

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realm,

Had left no mourning Widows for our death,

And thou this day, hadst kept thy Chaire in peace.

For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle aire ?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity ?

Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my VVounds ?

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight :

The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie :

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pittie.

The aire hath got into my deadly VVounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :

Come *Tork*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest,

I flabb'd your Fathers bosomes ; Split my breast.

Alarm & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, and Souldiers, Mountague, and Clarence.

Ed. Now breathe we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,

And smoothe the frowns of War, with peacefull looks :

Some Troups pursue the bloody-minded Queen,

That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting gull,

Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves :

But think you (Lords) that *Clifford* fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :

(For though before his face I speak the word)

Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave.

And wheresoe're he is, he's surely dead. *Clifford* grones.

Rich. Whose Soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battell's ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,

VVho not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaves out forth,

But set his murth'ring knife unto the Root,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I mean our Princely Father, Duke of *Tork*,

War. From off the gates of *Tork* fetch down the head,

Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there :

In stead whereof, let this supply the room,

Measure for measure must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death, to us and ours :

Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,

And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft :

Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?

Dark cloudy death o're-shades his beames of life,

And he nor sees, nor heares us, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

VVhich in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cl. If so thou think'st,

Vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtain no grace.

Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cl. VVhile we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *Tork*, and I am Son to *Tork*.

Edw. Thou pittied'st *Rutland*, I will pittie thee.

Cl. VVhere's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,

Swear as thou wast wont.

Ric. VVhat, not an Oath ? nay the world go's hard,

VVhen *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath :

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,

If this right hand would buy but two houres life,

That I (in all despight) might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off : and with the issuing blood

Stifle the Villain, whose unstanched thirst

Tork, and young *Rutland*, could not satisfie.

War. I, but he's dead. Off with the Traytors head,

And rear it in the place your Fathers stand,

And now to *London* with triumphant march,

There

There to be Crowned *England's* Royall King :
 From whence shall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
 And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen :
 So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
 And having *France* thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again :
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz to offend thine ears.
 First will I see the Coronation,
 And then to *Britany* I'll crosse the Sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be :
 For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat ;
 And never will I undertake the thing
 Wherein thy counsell and consent is wanting :
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glocester* ,
 And *George* of *Clarence* ; *Warwick* as our Self,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,
 For *Gloster's* Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation :

Richard, be Duke of *Gloster* : Now to *London*,
 To see these honours in possession.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sinkle, and Humphrey, with Crosse-bowes
 in their hands.*

(our selves :

Sink. Under this thick grown brake we'll shrowd
 For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
 And in this covert will we make our Stand,
 Culling the principall of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot,

Sink. That cannot be, the noyse of thy Crosse-bow
 Will scare the Heard, and so my shoot is lost :
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
 And for the time shall not seem tedious ,
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day ,
 In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past :

Enter the King with a Prayer-Book.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stoln even of pure love,
 To greet mine own Land with my wishfull sight :
 No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine ,
 Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
 Thy Balm washt off wherewith thou wast annointed :
 No bending Knee will call thee *Cesar* now ,
 No humble tutors presse to speak for right :
 No, not a man comes for redresse of thee :
 For how can I help them, and not my self ?

Sin. I, here's a Deer, whose skin's a Keepers Fee :
 This is the quondam King ; let's seize upon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sowre adversaries,
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

Hen. My Queen and Son are gon to *France* for aid :
 And (as I hear) the great Commanding *Warwick*
 Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Sister
 To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true ,
 Poor Queen, and Son, your labour is but lost :
 For *Warwick* is a subtle Orator :
 And *Lewis*, a Prince soon won with moving words :
 By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
 For she's a woman to be pittied much :
 Her sighs will make a battery in his brest,
 Her tears will pierce into a Marble heart :

The Tyger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn ;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
 I, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give :
 She on his left side, craving aid for *Henry* ;
 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd :
 He smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is install'd ;
 That she (poor wretch) for grief can speak no more :
 Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the King from her ,
 With promise of his Sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings and Queens ?

King. More then I seem, and lesse then I was born to :
 A man at least, for lesse I should not be :
 And men may talk of Kings, and why not I ?

Hum. I, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

King. Why so I am (in Mind) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown ?

King. My Crown is in my heart, not on my head :
 Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian* stones :
 Nor to be seen : my Crown is call'd *Content*,
 A Crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,
 Your Crown *Content*, and you, must be contented
 To go along with us. For (as we think)
 You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd :
 And we his subjects, sworn in all Allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his Enemy.

King. But did you never swear, and break an Oath.

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of *England* ?

Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.

King. I was annointed King at nine moneths old,
 My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings :
 And you were sworn true Subjects unto me :

And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes ?

Si. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were King.

King. Why ? am I dead ? do I not breathe a Man ?

Ah simple men, you know not what you swear :

Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,

And as the aire blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded alwayes by the greater gust :

Such is the lightnesse of you common men.

But do not break your Oath, for of that sin,

My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,

And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,

King *Edward*.

King. So would you be again to *Henry*,
 If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
 To go with us unto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,
 And what God will, that let your King perform ,
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of *Gloster*, at *S. Albans* field

This

This Ladies Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slain,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which we in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *York*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet I'll make a pawse.

Rich. Yea, is it so:

I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Cl. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the
wind?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it please your Highnesse to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I VVidow: then I'll warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaseth him, shall please you:

Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.

Cl. I fear her not, unlesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid, for he'll take vantages.

King. How many Children hast thou, VVidow? tell
me.

Cl. I think he means to beg a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: he'll rather give her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers
Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and grant it then.

King. Lords give us leave, I'll trye this VVidows
wit.

Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Cruch.

King. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my self.

King. And would you not do much to do them
good?

Wid. To do them good, I would sustain some
harm.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to do them
good.

Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

King. I'll tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.

King. VVhat service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Wid. VVhat you command, that rests in me to do.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boon.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

King. I, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Wid. VVhy then I will do what your Grace com-
mands.

Rich. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the
Marble.

Cl. As red as fire? nay then, her VVax will melt.

Wid. VVhy stops my Lord? shall I not hear my
Task?

King. An easie Task, 'tis but to love a King.

Wid. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.

King. VVhy then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give
thee.

Wid. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Rich. The Match is made, she seals it with a Curtsie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Wid. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.

King. I, but I fear me in another sence.

VVhat Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.

King. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Wid. VVhy then you mean not as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Wid. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highnesse aims at, if I aim aright.

King. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Wid. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. VVhy then thou shalt not have thy Husbands
Lands.

Wid. VVhy then mine Honesty shall be my Dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mighty Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:

Please you dismisse me, either with I, or No.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:

No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, she knits her
Brows.

Clarence. He is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-
dome.

King. Her looks do argue her repleat with modesty,
Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty,
One way or other, she is for a King,
And she shall be my Love, or else my Queen.

Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subject fit to jeast withall,

But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,

I speak no more then what my soul intends,

And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Wid. And that is more then I will yield unto:

I know, I am too mean to be your Queen,

And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cavill, Widow, I did mean my Queen.

Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons should call
you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,

And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,

Have other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father unto many Sons:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Cl. When he was made a Shriver, 'twas for a shifte.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have
had.

Richard. The VVidow likes it not, for she looks
sad.

King. You'd think it strange, if I should marry
her.

Cl. To whom, my Lord?

King. VVhy *Clarence*, to my self.

Rich.

Rich. I hat would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

Rich. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

King. Well, jeast on Brothers I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.

King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:

And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him.

To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along: Lords use her honourably.

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will use Women honourably.
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loyns no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crosse me from the Golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Souls desire, and me,
The lustfull *Edward's* Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies.
To take their Rooms, ere I can place my self:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I do but dream on Sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a Promontory,
And spies a far-off shore, where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I with the Crown; being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And so (I say) I'll cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My eye's too quick, my heart o're-weens too much,
Unlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other pleasure can the World afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a Ladies Lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'twixt sweet Ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accomplish twenty Golden Crowns.
Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Womb:
And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink mine Arm up like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-bear such,
As are of better Person then my self:
I'll make my Heaven, to dream upon the Crown,
And whiles I live, r'account this world but Hell,
Untill this mis-shap'd Trunk that bears this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many Lives stand between me and home:

And I, like one lost in a thorny Wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open aire,
But toying desperately to find it out,
Torment my self to catch the *English* Crown:
And from that torment I will free my self,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificiall tears,
And frame my face to all occasions,
I'll drown more Sailors then the Mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers then the Basilisk,
I'll play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
Deceive more slyly then *Ulysses* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And set the inurtherous *Machevill* to School.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the King, his Sister Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon, Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

Mar. No, mighty King of France: now *Margaret*,
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great *Albion's* Queen, in Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform my self.

Lewis. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Mar. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lew. What ere it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*

Yield not thy neck to Fortunes yolk,
But let thy dauntlesse mind still ride in triumph,
Over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief,
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Mar. Those gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Usurps the Regal Title, and the Seat
Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* Heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawfull aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:

Our

Our people, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selves in heavy plight.

Lew. Renowned Queen,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Marg. The more we stay, the stronger growes our
Foe.

Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards greatest
friend.

Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee
to France?

He descends. She ariseth.

Marg. I, now begins a second Storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tyde.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfeined Love)
First, to do greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity:

And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy fair Sister,
To Englands King in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that go forward, Henries hope is done.

Warw. And gracious Madam, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereigns Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
For how can Tyrants safely govern home,
Unlesse abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henries Son.
Look therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret.

Edw. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince, then she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disanulls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wisdom was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that, which Henry the Fifth had gotten;

Me thinks these Peers of France should smile at that,
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of three score and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against my Liege
Whom thou obeyd'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?

War. 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 doom
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the down-fall of his mellow'd years,
When Nature brought him to the door of death;
No Warwick, no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the House of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloofe.

Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwicks words bewitch
him not.

Lew. Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Ho-
nour.

Lew. But is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Lew. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love,
Unto our Sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may be seem a Monarch like himself,
My self have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdain,
Unlesse the Lady Bona quit his pain,

Lew. Now Sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your deny, shall be mine,
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine ear hath temptred judgement to desire.

Lew. Then Warwick, this:

Our Sister shall be Edwards.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be counterpoys'd:
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Prin. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henries friend.

Lew. And still is friend to him, and Margaret,
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by Edwards good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;

T

Where

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for yon your self (our quondam Queen)
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere, yon troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter up, and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy Lords false love.

Post blowing a horn within.

For both of you are Birds of self-same Feather.

Lew. *Warwick*, this is some *Post* to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speaks to Warwick.*
Sent from your Brother Marquess *Montague.*
These from our King, unto your Majesty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, these for you, *To Margaret.*
From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prin. Edw. Nay mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were
nettled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King Married the Lady *Grey*?
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
In th' Alliance that he seeks with *France*?
Dare he presume, to scorn us in this manner?

Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and *Warwick's* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himself, for my Desert is Honor.

And to repair my Honor lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My Noble Queen, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Mar. *Warwick*,
These words have turn'd my Hate, to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few Bands of chosen Souldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by War.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Countrey.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poor *Henry* live,
Unlesse thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

War. And mine fair Lady *Bona*, joyns with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, return in *Post*,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is sending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly;
I wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll un-Crown him, er't be long.
There's thy reward be gone. *Exit Post.*

Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battell:
And as occasion serves, 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 firm Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queen, and this young Prince agree,
I'll joyn my eldest daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, she is Fair and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to Warwick.

Lew. Why stay we now? these souldiers shall be levied,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admirall
Shalt waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warrs mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Daine of France.

Exeunt. Manet Warwick.

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull War shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turn his Jest to Sorrow,
I was the Chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be Chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pitty *Henries* misery,
But seek Revenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choyce?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How

How could he stay till *Warwick* made return ?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk : here comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Gray, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings : four stand on one side and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent ?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earle of *Warwick*,
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause :
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicks*, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King :
Yet hasty Marriage seldom proveth well.

King. Yes Brother *Richard*, are you offended too ?

Rich. Not I : no :
God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together :
I, and 'twere pity, to sunder them,
That yoke so well together.

King. Setting your skorns, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and *Englands* Queen ?
And you too, *Somerset* and *Mountagne*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion :
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this New Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise ?

Moun. Yet, to have joyn'd with *France* in such alliance,
Would more have strength'ned this our Commonwealth
Gainst forrain stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Mountague*, that of it self,
England is safe, if true within it self ?

Moun. Yes, but the safer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.
Hast. 'Tis better using *France*, then trusting *France* ;

Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps, only defend our selves :
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

King. I, what of that ? it was my will, and grant,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride ;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence* :
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Son,
And leave your Brothers to go speed elsewhere.

King. Alas, poor *Clarence* : is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent ? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for your self,
You shew'd your judgement :
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Brother in mine own behalf ;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King.
And not be ty'd unto his brothers will.

Lady Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my self have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey ?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unlesse they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what News
from *France* ?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no Letters, and few words,
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Go too, we pardon thee :
Therefore, in brief, tell their words,
As near as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King *Lewis*, unto our Letters ?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words :
Go tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over Maskers,
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so brave ? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage ?

Post. These were her words, utt'ed with mild disdain :
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower shortly,
I'll wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her, she could say little lesse :
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queen ?
For so I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

King. Belike she means to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words :
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, er't be long.

King. Ha ? durst the Traitor breath out so proud words ?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd :
They shall have Warrs, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret* ?

Post. I, gracious Sovereign,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* Daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ;
Clarence will have the younger.

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter :

I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*?

Yet I am arm'd against the worst can happen :

And haste is needfull in this desprate case.

Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for War ;

They are already, or quickly will be landed :

My self in person will straight follow you.

Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Mountague*

Resolve my doubt : you twain of all the rest,

Are near to *Warwick*, by bloud, and by allyance :

Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more then me ;

If it be so, then both depart to him :

I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mouns. So God help *Mountague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us ?

Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so : then am I sure of Victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,

Till we meet *Warwick*, with his fortain power.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwick, and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiers.*

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes :

Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,

And welcome *Somerset* : I hold it cowardize,

To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart

Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in sign of Love :

Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,

Were but a fained friend to our proceedings :

But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.

And now, what rests ? but in Nights Coverture,

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His Souldiers lurking in the town about,

And but attended by a simple Guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,

Our Scouts have found the adventure very easie :

That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,

With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,

And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatall Steeds ;

So we, well cover'd with the Nights black Mantle,

At unawares may beat down *Edwards* Guard,

And seize himself : I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprize him.

You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

Exeunt.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him down to sleep.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed ?

1. *Watch.* Why, no : for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Never to lie and take his natural Rest,
Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite suppress.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent ?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so ? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field ?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honor, because the more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.

If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Unlesse our Halberds did shut up his passage.

2. *Watch.* I : wherefore else guard we this Royal Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes ?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and see where stands his Guard:
Courage my Masters : Honor now or never :

But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2. *Watch.* Stay or thou dyest.

*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,
and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
Warwick and the rest following them.*

The Drum playing, and Trumpet sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the
King out in a gown, sitting in a Chair : Richard
and Hastings flyes over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that flye there ?

Warw. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, here is the Duke.

King Edm. The Duke ?

Why *Warwick*, when we parted,

Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrace'd me in my Embassade,

Then I degraded you from being King,

And come now to create you Duke of *York*,

Alas how should you govern any Kingdome,

That know not how to use Embassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,

Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the Peoples Welfare,

Nor how to shrowd your self from Enemies ?

King Edw.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.
Yet *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes bear himself as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State.
My mind exceeds the compasse of her Wheel.
War. Then for his mind, be *Edward* Englands King.

Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the English Crown,
And be true King indeed: thou but a shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembrook*, and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of *York*.

They lead him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Exeunt.*

Oxf. What now remains my Lords for us to do,
But march to London with our Souldiers?

War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regal Throne.

Exit.

Enter Rivers, and the Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battell
Against *Warwick*?

Gray. No, but the losse of his own Royal person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

Gray. I almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These News I must confesse are full of grief,
Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loose, that now hath won the day.

Gray. Till then, fair hope must hinder lives decay.
And I the rather wain me from despair
For love of *Edward's* Off-spring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And bear with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of bloud-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward's* Fruit, true heir to th' English Crown.

Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crown once more on *Henries* head:
Guesse thou the rest, King *Edward's* friend must down.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To save (at least) the heir of *Edward's* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir
William Stanley.*

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *Will. Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeft Thicket of the Park.
Thus stands the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivity.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.*

Hunt. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.

Now brother of *Gloster*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishops Deer?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Park-corner,

King Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn* my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Rich. Well guest believe me, for that was my meaning.

King Edw. *Stanley*, I will require thy forwardnesse.

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

King Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, let's ha no more ado.

King Edw. Bishop farewell,
Shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crown. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick,
Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,
and Lieutenant.*

King Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

King Hen. For what Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindnesse:
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmony,
They quite forget their losse of liberty.

But *Warwick*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the Crown,
I here resign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seem as wise as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens in thy Nativity,
Adjdg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crown,
As likely to be blest in Peace and War:
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose *Clarence* only for Protector.

King. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now joyn your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my self will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sins rehuke, and my Creators praise.

Warw. What answers *Clarence* to his Soveraignes will?

Cl. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then is it more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

War. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chief affairs,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull fear,
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Soveraign, with all speed.

King. My Lord of *Somerfer*, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Somer. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Come hither, *Englands* Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Countries blifs.
His looks are full of peacefull Majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His hand to wield a Scepter, and himself
Likely in time to blesse a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

Warw. What news, my friend?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
And fled (as he hears since) to *Burgundy*.

Warw. Unfavory news: but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraign, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide.

Exeunt

Mauet *Somerfer*, *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtlesse, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more Warrs befor't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Brittany*,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmity.

Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall down.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to *Brittany*.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.

Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
and Souldiers.

Edw. Now brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings* and the
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends, (rest,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regal Crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenspurgh* Haven, before the Gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurks within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of *York*,
and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords.

We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

Edw. But, Master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King.
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no
lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well contentent with that alone.

Rich.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
He'll soon find means to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.

Mayor. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Captain, and soon perswaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well.
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soon perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Mayor: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.

What, fear not man, but yield me up the Keys,
Takes his Keys.

For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all those friends, that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Mountgomery, with Drum
and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

Edwar. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every royal Subject ought to do.

Edw. Thanks good *Mountgomery*:
But we now forget the title to the Crown,
And onely claim our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us march away.

The Drum begins to March.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the Crown may be recover'd.

Mount. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearless minds climb soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the Diadem.

Mount. I, now my Sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou Proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King
of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mount. And whosoever gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his Gantlet.

All. Long live *Edward the Fourth*.

Edw. Thanks brave *Mountgomery*.

And thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindnesse.

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in *York*:

And when the Morning Sun shall raise his Car
Above the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;

For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier,

Ah froward *Clarence*, how evill it becoms thee,

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*,

Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague, Clarence,
Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsell, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty Germanes, and blunt *Hollanders*.
Hath pass'd in safety through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him.

King. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, *Rivers* cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
Those will I muster up: and thou Son *Clarence*
Shalt stir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou brother *Mountague*, and *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire* shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sovereign, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Island, girt with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs;
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Fair Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Sovereign.

King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my *Troyes* true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kisse your Highnesse hand.

King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.
Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Me thinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stop't mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted of their suits with slow delays,
My pittie hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress't them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
No *Exeter* these Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never cease to follow him,
Shout within, *A Lancaster, A Lancaster.*

Exc. Heark, heark, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the Fount, that make small Brooks to flow,
Now stops thy spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our course,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The Sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter mairs our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyn,
And take the great-grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two
Messengers, and others upon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mes. 1. By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Post that came from *Mountague*?

Mes. 2. By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say *Somerville*, what sayes my loving Son?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.

Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lies:

The Drum your Honor hears, marcheth from *Warwick*,
War. Who should that be? belike unlook'd for friends.

Somer. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,
and Rouldiers.*

Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, sound a Parle:

Rich. Se how the surly *Warwick* mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could here no news of his repair.

Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee up, and pluckt thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Rich. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the Jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poor Earle to give,
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

Warm. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.

Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* Prisoner:
And gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
Whar is the Body, when the head is off?

Rich. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Rich. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when: strike now, or else the Iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then bear so low a sayl, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayl how thou canst,
Have Wind and Tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. Oh chearfull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaster*.

Rich. 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 again, and bid us battell;

If not, the City being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rowze the traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy help.

Enter Mountague, with Drum and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague, Mountague*, for *Lancaster*.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My mind presageth happy gain, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. *Somerset, Somerset*, for *Lancaster*.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of *Clarence* sweeps along
Of force enough to bid his brother Battell:

With whom, an upright zeal to right, prevails
More then the nature of a Brothers love.

Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gave his blood to lyme the stones together,

And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwick*,

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of War

Against

Against his brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, were more impiety,
Then *Jephthah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserve well at my brothers hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing Cheeks.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more below'd
Then if thou never had'st deseru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. Oh passing Traitor, perjur'd and unjust.

Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leave the Town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee Battell, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victory. *Exeunt.*

March. *Warwick* and his company follows.

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter *Edward* bringing
forth *Warwick* wounded.

Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For *Warwick* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seek for thee,
That *Warwick's* Bones may keep thine companie.

Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Joves* spreading tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rful wind.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyl,
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To search the secret Treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'n'd oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My Parks, my Walks, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter *Oxford* and *Somerset*.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Losse again:

The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power
Even now we heard the news, ah, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, sweet brother, takemy hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not: for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And said commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd: but at last,
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
O farewell *Warwick*.

War. Sweet rest his soul:
Flye Lords, and save your selves,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queens great power.

Here they bear away his body. *Exeunt*

Flourish. Enter King *Edward* in triumph, with
Richard, *Clarence*, and the rest.

King. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
E're he attain his easfull Western Bed:
I mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beams will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.

Rich. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If she hath time to breath, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course 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 County as we go along,
Strike up the Drum, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

March. Enter the Queen, young *Edward*,
Somerset, *Oxford*, and
Soldiers.

Q. Great Lords, wise men ne're sit and wail their losse
But chearly seek how to redresse their harms.
What though the Mast be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And half our Sailors swallow'd in the floud?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearfull Lad,
With tearfull Eyes adde water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which bath too much,
Whiles in hismoan, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which industry and Courage might have sav'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this,
Say *Warwick* was our Anchor: what of that?

And

And *Mountague* our top-Mast : what of him ?
 Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles : what of these ?
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor ?
 And *Somerſet*, another goodly Mast ?
 The friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings ?
 And though unskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the ſkilfull Pilots Charge ?
 We will nor from the Helm, to ſit and weep,
 But keep our Courſe (though the rough Wind ſay no)
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack.
 As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair,
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea ?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit ?
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatal Rock ?
 All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while :
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink,
 Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
 This ſpeak I (Lords) to let you underſtand,
 If caſe ſome one of you would flye from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthleſſe Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childiſh weakneſſe to lament, or fear.

Prin. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant ſpirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
 Inſuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, ſoyl a man at armes.
 I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here :
 For did I but ſuſpect a fearfull man,
 He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
 Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
 Is any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetual ſhame,
 Oh brave young Prince : thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live again in thee ; long may 'ſt thou live,
 To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
 Go home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Que. Thanks gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prin. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight : therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe : it is his Policy,
 To haſt thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battell, hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence,
 and Souldiers.*

Edw. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny Wood
 Which by Heavens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
 Muſt by the Roots be hew'n up yet ere Night.
 I need not adde more fuel to your fire,
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out :
 Give ſignal to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what ſhould I ſay,
 My tears gain-ſay : for every word I ſpeak,
 Ye ſee I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore no more but this : *Henry* your Sovereign
 Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
 His Realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
 His Statutes cancel'd, and his Treſure ſpent :
 And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this ſpoyl.
 You fight in Juſtice : then in Gods Name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Exeunt.

*Enter Edward, Richard, Queen, Clarence,
 Oxford, Somerſet.*

Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous Broyls.
 Away with *Oxford* to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight :
 For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.
 Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Que. So part we ſadly in this troblous World,
 To meet with Joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem*.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
 Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life ?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
 What ? can ſo young a Thorn begin to prick ?

Edward, what ſatiſfaction canſt thou make,
 For bearing Armes, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
 And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to ?

Prin. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
 Reſign thy Chair, and where I ſtand kneel thou,
 Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
 Which (Traitor) thou would'ſt have me answer to.

Que. Ah, that thy Father had been ſo reſolv'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill have worn the Petticoat,
 And ne're have ſtole the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prin. Let *Aeſop* fable in a Winters Night,
 His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Que. I thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captive Scold.

Prin. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crook-back,
 rather.

Edw. Peace wiſfull Boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all undutifull :
 Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
 And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
 I am your better, Traitors as ye are.

And thou uſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou ? take that, to end thy agony.

Rich. Stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

Clar. Stabs him.

Que. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall.

Offers to kill her.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich.

Rich. Why should we live, to fill the World with words?

Edw. What? doth she swoun? use means for her recovery.

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother: I'll hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Exit.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speak? O Traitors, Murderers! They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foul deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child, And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Child. What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak, And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. Butchers and Villains, bloody Canniballs, How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse; But if you ever chance to have a Child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off.

As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

King. Away with her, go bear her hence perforce

Qu. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here: Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* do thou it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Qu. I but thou usest to forswear thy self.

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou not? where is that devils butcher *Richard*, Hard favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here; Murder is thy Almsdeed.

Petitioner for Blood, thou ne're pul'st back.

Edw. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queen.

Edw. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower?

Edw. He's sudden if a thing comes in his head, Now march we hence, discharge the common sort With Pay and thanks, and let's away to London, And see our gentle Queen how well she fares, By this (I hope) she hath a Son for me.

Exit.

Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walls.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Book so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 'Tis sin to flatter, Good was little better:

Good *Gloster*, and Good devill, were alike, And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirrah, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

Hen. So flies the wreakeless shepherd from the Wolf: So first the harmlesse Sheep doth yield his Fleece, And next his Throat unto the butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rossius* now to act?

Rich. Suspicion alwayes haunts the guilty mind,

The Thief doth fear each bush an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that hath been limed in a bush; With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I the helplesse Male to one sweet Bird, Have now the fatal Object in my eye, Where my poor young was limb'd, was caught, and kild.

Rich. Why what a peevish Fool was that of Creet, That taught his Son the office of a Fowl, And yet for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poor Boy *Icarus*, Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'd our course, The Sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy. Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy self, the Sea Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, nos with words, My brest can better brook thy Daggers point, Then can my ears that Tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art, If murdering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd when first thou didst presume, Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine: (sime,

And thus I prophesie that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, And many an old mans sigh, and many a Widows, And many an Orphans water-standing-eye, Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate, And Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death, Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill sign, The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding lucklesse time, Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees: The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers pain, And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigested deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born, To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world: And if the rest be true which I have heard, Thou cam'st-----

Rich. I'll hear no more:

Die Prophet in thy speech, *Stabs him.* For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this, O God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. *Dies.*

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster* Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weeps for the poor Kings death. O may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house. If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him again.

I that have neither pittie, love, nor fear. Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of: For I have often heard my Mother say, I came into the world with my Legs forward. Had I not reason (think ye) to make haste, And seek their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right? The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cride O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my self alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearfull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son are gone,
Clarence thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting my self but bad, till I be best
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doom.

Exit.

Enter *King*, *Queen*, *Clarence*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
Nurse, and *Attendants*.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royal Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the bloud of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumns Corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerset*, threefold Renown,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
And two *Northumberlands*: two braver men.
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Mounta-*
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion, (guc,
And made the Forrest treimble when they roar'd.

I hus have we swept Suspicion from our Seat,
And made our footstool of Security.
Come hither *Best*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my self,
Have in our armors watch'd the Winter night,
Went all afoot in Summers scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Rich. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,
For I yet am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
And heave it shall some waight, or break my back.
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queen,
And kisse your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
I Seal upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

King. Thanks Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Ri. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st
Witnesse the loving kisse I give the Fruit:

To say the truth, so *Judas* kist his master,
And cryed all hail, when as he meant all harm.

King. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my Countries peace, and brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and wast her hence to *France*:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With Stately Triumphs, mirthfull Comick shews,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sowre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy. *Exeunt omnes*.

F I N I S.





The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

With the Landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Battel at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of York:
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house
In the deep bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd War, hath smooch'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladie's Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want Love's Majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogges bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on mine own Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to prove a Villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that *G*,
Of *Edward's* heirs the murderere shall be.

Dive thoughts down to my soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That waits upon your Grace?

Cl. His Majesty tending my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' Tower.

Rich. Upon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Grandfathers.

O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreams,
And from the Cross-row plucks the letter *G*:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His issue dis-inherited should be.

And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought that I am he.

These (as I learn) and such toys as these,
Hath mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women.

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis she.
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,

That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is delivered.

We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for his delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the King,

To be her man, and wear her Livery:

The jealous o're-worn Widow, and her self,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

Rich. Even so, and please your worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no Treason man ; we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in years, fair and not jealous.
We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue :
And that the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.
How say you, Sir ? can you deny all this ?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my self have nought to
doc.

Rich. Naught to doe with *Mistriss Shore* ?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord ?

Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'st thou betray me ?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Rich. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoe're you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edward's* widow, Sister,
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you :
Mean time have patience.

Cla. I must perforce : farewell.

Exit Cla.

Rich. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne're return :
Simple plain *Clarence*, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands,
But who comes here ? the new delivered *Hastings* ?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain :
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must :
But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pitie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad ?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak and melancholly,
And his Physicians fear him nightly.

Rich. Now by Saint *John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royal Person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heaven.

I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bussle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest 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 so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and raigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henry the sixth, with Halberds to
guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If Honour may be shrowded in a Herse ;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'untimely fall of Virtuous *Lancasters*,
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the House of *Lancaster* ;
Thou bloudless Remnant of that Royal Bloud,
Be it lawfull that I invoke thy Ghost,
To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Son,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windows that let forth thy Life,
I pour the helpless Balm of my poor eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes :
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it :
Curl'd the bloud, that let this bloud from hence,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to VVolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Child, Abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
VVhose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopesfull Mother at the view,
And that be Heir to his unhappiness.
If ever he have VVife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Load,
Taken from *Paules*, to be interr'd there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henri's* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

An. VVhat black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Rich. Villains set down the Coarse ; or by *S. Paul*,
I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Rich. Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by *S. Paul* I'll strike thee to my Foot,
And spurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortal,
And Mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant thou dreadful minister of Hell;
Thou had'st but power over his Mortal body,
His Soul thou canst not have: therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Devil,
For God's sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclames:
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henrie's* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul Deformity:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds inhumane and unnatural,
Provokes this Deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which this Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pitie.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

Anne. O wonderfull, when Devils tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe (diffus'd infection of a man)
Of these known evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Self.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler then heart can think thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy self.

Rich. By such despair, I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy self,
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devillish slave, by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* hands.

Anne. In thy foul Throat thou Ly'st,
Queen *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smocking in his blood:
The which, thou once did'st bend against her breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the point.

Rich. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt, upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on ought but butcheries:
Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I grant ye.

Anne. Do'st grant me, Hedge-hog,
Then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed:
O he was gentle, milde, and virtuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven where thou shalt never come.

Rich. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither:

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.

Rich. So will it Madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner?

Anne. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosome.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheeks.

Rich. These eyes could not endure that beauties wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life.

An. Black night o're-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curse not thy self, fair Creature,
Thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.

Anne. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet*.

Anne. Why that was he.

Rich. The self-same name, but one of better Nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Rich. Here:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

Rich. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler Toad.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were Basilisks, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawn salt Tears:

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorsefull tear,
 No, when my Father *Tork*, and *Edward* wept.
 To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him.
 Nor when my Warlike Father like a child,
 Told the sad story of my Father's death,
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers by had wet their cheeks
 Like Trees be'dash'd with rain : in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear :
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy :
 My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
 Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to thy deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

He layes his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.
 Nay do not pause: for I did kill King *Henry*,
 But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
 Nay now dispatch : 'Twas I that stab'd young *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on,

She falls the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage :
 Speak it again, and even with thy word,
 Th's hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men I hope live so.

Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.

Rich. Look how thy Ring encompasseth my Finger,
 Even so thy Breast incloseth my poor heart :
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devored Servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm this happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designs,
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repair to *Crosbie House* :
 Where (after I have solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this noble King,
 And wet his Grave with my Repentant Tears)
 I will with all expedient duty see you.

For diversunknown Reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more then you deserve :
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord ?

Rich. Now to *White Fryers*, there attend my coming.
Exit Coarse.

Was ever woman in this humour Woo'd ?
 Was ever woman in this humour wonne ?
 I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
 What ? I have kill'd her husband, and his father,
 To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
 Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suite withall,
 But the plain Devil and dissembling looks ?
 And yet to winne her ? All the world to nothing.
 Hah !

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three months since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at *Tewkesbury* ?
 A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman
 Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature ;
 Young, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford,
 And will she thus abase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widow to a wofull Bed ?
 On me, whose All not equals *Edward's* Moytie ?
 On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus ?
 My Dukedome, to a beggarly denier ?
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life she finds (although I cannot)
 My self to be a mar'vous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of Taylors,
 To studie fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with my self,
 I will maintain it with some little cost,
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his Grave,
 And then return lamenting to my Love.
 Shine out fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glass,
 That I may see my Shadow as I pass.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queen Mother, Lord Rivers,
 and Lord Gray.*

Riv. Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Gray.

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Qu. The loss of such a Lord, includes all harms.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah ! he is young ; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of *Richard Gloster*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector ?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of *Buckingham & Derby*.

Buc. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

Derb. God make you Majesty joyfull, as you have bin.

Qu. The Countess *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*,
To your good prayer will scarcely say, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding she's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Derb. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false Accusers :
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby* ?

Derb. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords ?

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him ?

Buc. I Madam, desires to make attonement,
Between the Duke of *Gloster*, and your Brothers,
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlain,
And sent to warn them to his Royal presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I (forsooth) am stern, and love them not ?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his cares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge,
Duck with *French* nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With silken, flie, insinuating Jacks ?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace ?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor Grace :
When have I injur'd thee ? When done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your Faction ?
A plague upon you all. His Royal Grace
(Whom God preserve better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of *Gloster*, you mistake the matter :
The King on his own Royal disposition,
(And not provok'd by any Suitor else)
Aiming (belike) at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shews it self
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Self,
Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You envy my advancement, and my friends : (*Gloster*,
God grant we never may have need of you.

Rich. Mean time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your means,
My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord, for -----

Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, then denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not ? she may, I marry may she.

Riv. What marry may she ?

Rich. What marry may she ? Marrie with a King,
A batchellor, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of *Gloster*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country servant maid
Then a great Queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at,
Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Rich. What ? threat you me with telling of the King ?
I will avouch't in presence of the King :
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speak,
My pains are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Devil,
I do remember them too well :
Thou killd'st my Husband *Henry* in the Tower
And *Edward* my poor Son, at *Tewksbury*.

Rich. E're you were Queen,
I, or your Husband King :
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs :
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his bloud, I spent mine own.

Margaret. I and much better bloud
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster* ; And *Rivers*, so were you : was not your Husband, In *Margaret's* Battel, at *Saint Albans*, slain ? Let me put in your minds, if you forget What you have been e're this, and what you are : Withall, what I have been and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Wormick*, I, and forswore himself (which *Jesu* pardon.)

Q. M. Which God revenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edward's* party, for the Crown, And for his need, poor Lord, he is mew'd up : I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edward's*, Or *Edward's* soft and pitifull, like mine ; I am too childish foolish for this world.

Q. M. Hye thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world Thou *Cacodæmon*, there thy Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of *Gloster* : in those busie dayes, Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King, So should we you, if you would be our King.

Rich. If I should be ? I had rather be a Pedler : Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enjoy, were you this Countries King, As little joy you may suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queen thereof, For I am she, and altogether joyless. I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates that fall out, In sharing that which you have pill'd from me : Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ? If not, that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects ; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels. Ah gentle Villain do not turn away.

Rich. Foul wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my (sight ?

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee go.

Rich. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. M. I was : but I do find more pain in banishment, Then death can yield me here, by abode. A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome ; all of you allegiance : This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father laid on thee, When thou did'st Crown his warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st rivers from his eyes, And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout, Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland* : His Curses then, from bitterness of Soul, Denounc'd against thee, are fal'n upon thee : And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe, And the most merciless that e're was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What ? were you snarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turn you all your hatred now on me ? Did *York's* dread Curse prevail so much with Heaven, That *Henrie's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,

Their Kingdomes loss, my wofull banishment, Should all but answer for that peevish brat ? Can curses pierce the Clouds and enter Heaven ? Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses. Though not by war, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*, For *Edward* our Son that was Prince of *Wales*, Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen.

Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self :

Long may'st thou live, to wait thy Children's death, And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long dye thy happy dayes, before thy death,

And after many length'ned houres of grief, Dye neither Mother, Wife, nor *England's* Queen.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son Was stab'd with bloody Daggers : God, I pray him, That none of you may live his naturall age, But by some un-look'd-for accident cut off.

Ric. Have done thy Charm, thou hatefull wither'd Hag.

Q. M. And leave out thee ? stay Dog, for thou shalt hear (me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O let them keep it, 'till thy sinnes be ripe,

And then hurle down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor World's peace.

The worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,

Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liv'st,

And take deep Traytors for thy dearest Friends :

No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting Dream

Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.

Thou elvish, mark'd, abortive rooting Hog,

Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity

The slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell :

Thou slander of thy heavy Mothers womb,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers loyns,

Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested ----

Rich. *Margaret.*

Q. M. *Richard.*

Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercy then : for I did think, That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

Q. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your self.

Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Botrel'd Spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self :

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toad.

Hast. False boading Woman, end thy frantick curse, Lest to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. M. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Ri. Were you wel serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects :

O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. M. Peace master Marquess, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stamp of Honour is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Rich. Good counsell marry, learn it, learn it Mar-
ques.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was born so high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the Sun.

Mar. And turns the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witness my Son now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beains, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal Darkness folded up.

Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:

O God that seest it do not suffer it,

As it is won with blood, lost be it so.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not for Charity.

Mar. Urge neither Charity, nor Shame to me:

Uncharitably 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 sorrows' rage.

Buc. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,

In sign of League and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee, and thy Noble house:

Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one here: for Curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder Dog:

Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,

His venom Tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him,

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorn me

For my gentle counsel?

And soothe the Devil that I warn thee from.

O but remember this another day:

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say (poor Margaret) was a Prophetesse:

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and, all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Buc. My hair doth stand an end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at liberty.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dor. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot, to do some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now:

Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:

He is frank'd up to fasting for his pains,

God pardon them that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A virtuous, and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Rich. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

Speaks to himself.

For had I curst now, I had curst my self.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with me?

Rive. We wait upon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Rich. I do thee wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set a-broach,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have cast in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple Gulls,

Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,

And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies,

That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.

Now they believe it, and withall whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I cloath my naked Villany

With odde old ends, stol'n forth of holy Writ,

And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my Executioners,

How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vill. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place;

But first be sudden in the execution,

Withall obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pitie, if you mark him.

Vill. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers, be assur'd:

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fools eyes

fall Teares,

I like you Lads, about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

Vill. We will my Noble Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily?

Cl. O, I have past a miserable night,

So full of fearfull Dreams, of ugly fights,

That as I am a Christian faithfull man,

I would not spend another such a night

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes:

So full of dismall terrour was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tel me.

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,

And in my company my Brother Gloster,

Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk,

Upon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During

During the Warres of *York* and *Lancaster*
That had befall'n us. As he pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Gloster* stumbled, and in falling
Strook me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord, me thought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wracks :
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon :
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,
Inestimable Stones, unvalued Jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the Sea :
Some lay in dead-men's Sculls, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of Eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And inock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the Ghost : but still the envious Floud
Stop'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony ?

Cla. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soul,
I pass (me thought) the Melancholly floud,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdome of perpetual Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soul,
Was my great Father-in-law renowned *Warwick*,
Who spake aloud : What scourge for Perjury,
Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence* ?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright hair
Dabbl'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the field by *Tewksbury* :
Seize on him Furies, take him unto torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foul Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cryes, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not believe, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinks) to hear you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my Soul)
For *Edward*'s sake, and see how he requites me.
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone :
O spare my guiltless Wife, and my poor children.
Keeper, I prethee sit by me a while,
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I wil my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night :

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honour, for an inward Toil,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feel a world of restless Cares :
So that between their Titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's here ?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow ? And how cam'st
thou hither ?

2. *Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hi-
ther on my Legges.

Bra. What so brief ?

1. 'Tis better (sir) then to be tedious :
Let him see our Commission, and talk no more. *Reads.*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keyes.
I'll to the King, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1. You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdome :
Fare you well.

2. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1. No : he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Why he shall never wake, until the great Judge-
ment day.

1. Why then he'll say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. The urging of that word Judgement, hath bred a
kind of remorse in me.

1. What ? art thou afraid ?

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'st bin resolute.

2. So I am, to let him live.

1. I'll back to the Duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2. Nay, prethee stay a little :

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. How do'st thou feel thy self now ?

2. Some certain dreggs of Conscience are yet within
me.

1. Remember the Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Come, he dies : I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy Conscience now ?

2. O, in the Duke of *Gloster*'s purse.

1. When he opens his purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let it go : there's few or none will
entertain it.

1. What if it come to thee again ?

2. I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward :
A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him : A man cannot
Swear, but it Checks him : A man cannot lie with his
Neighbour's Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosome : It
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found : It beggars any
man that keeps it : It is turn'd out of towns and Ci-
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live with-
out it.

'Tis

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the Devil in thy minde, and believe him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. Spoke like a tall man, that respect'th thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. Take him on the Costard, with the hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malinsie-Butte in the next room.

2. O excellent device; and make a sop of him.

1. Soft, he wakes.

2. Strike.

1. No, we'll reason with him.

Cl. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am Royal.

1. Nor you as we are, Loyal.

Cl. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Cl. How darkly, and how deadly do'st thou speak?

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2. To, to, to -----

Cl. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Cl. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so.

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein my friends have I offended you?

1. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cl. Are you drawn forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What's my offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up

Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor *Clarence* death?

Before I be convict by courie of Law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do upon command.

2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of kings

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shalt do no Murder, Will you then

Spurn at his Edicts, and fulfill a man's?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand

To hurle upon their heads that break his Law.

2. And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1. And like a Traytor to the name of God, Did'st break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Unrip't the Bowels of thy Sov'raign's Son.

2. Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou urge God's dreadfull Law to us, When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Cl. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publicly,

Take not the quarrel from his powerfull arme:

He needs no indirect, or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,

That Princely Novice was struck dead by thee?

Cl. My Brother's love, the Devil, and my Rage.

1. Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults, Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cl. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my Brother *Gloster*:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2. You are deceiv'd,

Your Brother *Gloster* hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

1. I so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely Father *Tork*

Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,

He little thought of this divided Friendship:

Bid *Gloster* think on this, and he will weep,

1. I, Millstones, as he lessoned us to weep.

Cl. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1. Right, as Snow in Harvest:

Come, you deceive your self,

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Cl. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And bugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1. Why so he doth, when he delivers you From this earth's thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.

2. Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Cl. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own soules so blind,

That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me?

O first consider, they that set you on

To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. What shall we do?

Cl. Relent, and save your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Son,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as your selves came to you,

Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg

Were you in my distress:

1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devillish.

My Friend, I spy some pitie in thy looks:

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,

A begging Prince, what beggar pities not?

2. Look behind you, my Lord.

1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.* I'll drown you in the Malinsie-Butte within. *Exit.*

2. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:

How fair! (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murder. *Enter 1. Murderer.*

1. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. *Exit.*

1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

*Enter the King sick, the Queen, Lord Marquess,
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.*

King. Why so: now have I done a good dayes work.
You Peers, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from bearing hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's-Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Rivers. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart.

King. Madam, your self is not exempt from this:
Nor you son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him:

Hastings, love Lord Marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon 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,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me: this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. *Embrace.*

King. A pleasing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Gloster* here;
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of Enmity, fair love of Hate,
Between these swelling wrong incensed Peers.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe: if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at Enmity:
I hate it, and desire all good men's love,
First Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service,
Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodville*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More then the infant that is born to night:
I thank my God for my Humility.

Queen. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, have I off' red love for this,
To be so flouted in this Royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him in jury to scorn his Coarse. *all start.*

King. Who knows not he is dead?
Who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this?

Buc. Look I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The order was revers'd.

Rich. But he (poor man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That come too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in bloud,
Deserve no worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derb. A boon my Sovereign for my service done.

King. I prethee peace, my soul is full of sorrow.

Derb. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Derb. The forfeit (Sovereign) of my servants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

King. Have I a tongue to doom my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me:
And said, dear 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
Even in his Garments, and did give himself
(All thin and naked) to the numme cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto my self
For him poor Soul. The proudest of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his life.
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* help me to my Closet.
Ah poor *Clarence*. *Exeunt some with K. and Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of rashness: Markt you not,
How that the Kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence* death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go.
To comfort *Edward* with our company?
Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your Breast?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Son?
Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Duc. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Father's death:
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
Boy. Then you conclude (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duc. Peace children, peace: the King doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Uncle *Gloster*

Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.
Duc. Ah! that Deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
He is my son, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my Uncle did dissemble Grandam?
Duc. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Harke, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears,
Rivers and Dorset after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Self,
I'll joyn with black despair against my Soul,
And to my self become an enemy.
Duc. What means this Scene of rude impatience?
Queen. To make an act of Tragick violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be brief,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of ne're-changing night.
Duc. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one false Glass,
That grieves me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widow: yet thou art 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 moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown my cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for your Fathers death:
How can we aid you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your Widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Queen. Give me no help 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 Moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.
Duc. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Queen. What stay had I but *Edward*? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Duc. What stayes had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never Orphans had so dear a loss.
Duc. Was never Mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the Mother of these Grievs.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she ;
These Babes for *Clarence* weep, so do not they.
Alas ! you three, on me threefold distrest :
Pour all your teares, I am your sorrows Nurse ,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort dear Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungratefull,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent :
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the Royal debt it lent you,

Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead *Edward's* grave,
And plant your joyes in living *Edward's* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining Star :
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Duc. God blefs thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's blessing ;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, and heart-sorrowing-Peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of Moan,
Now cheer each other, in each other's Love :
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splintred, knir, and joyn'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that with some little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow*, the young Prince be set
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham* ?

Buc. Marry my Lord, left by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horse beares his commanding Rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as hann apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Rivers. And so in me, and so (I think) in all,
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore I say with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall poste to *London*.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To give your censures in this business ?

Exeunt.

Manent Buckingham, and Richard.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home :
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other self, my Counsel's Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction,
Toward *London* then, for we'll not stay behind. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whither away so fast ?

2. *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self :
Hear you the Newes abroad ?

1. Yes, the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbors, God speed.

1. Give you good morrow sir.

3. Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death ?

2. I sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3. Then Masters look to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by God's good grace, his Son shall reign.

3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

2. In him there is a hope of Government.

Which in his non-age, Counsel under him,

And in his full and ripened yeares, himself

No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1. So stood the state when *Henry* the sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State so ? No, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave Counsel ; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father.

Or by his Father there were none at all :

For emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of *Gloster*,

And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we fear the worst : all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;

When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night ?

Untimely stormes, make men expect a Dearth :

All may be well ; but if God sort it so,

'Tis more then we deserve, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Ensuing

Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storm:
But leave it all to God, Whither away?
2 Marry we were sent for to the Justices.
3 And so was I: I'll bear you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-Bishop, young York, the Queen,
and the Dutchesse.*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
And at *Northampton* they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dut. I long withall my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Qu. But I hear no, they say my son of *York*
Ha's almost overtane him in his growth.

Yor. I mother, but I would not have it so.

Dut. Why, my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Unkle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Unkle *Gloster*,
Small Herbs have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if 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.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Unkles Grace, a flour,
To touch his growth, nearer then he touch'd mine.

Dut. How, my young *York*,
I prethee let me hear it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Unkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old,
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.

Dut. I prethee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere thou wast born.

Yor. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go to, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.

Qu. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What News?

Mes. Such news my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy News?

Mes. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are sent to *Pomfret*, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Gloster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Bloud, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accursed, and unquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld;
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and losse.
And being seated, and Domestick broyls
Clean over-blown, themselves (the Conquerers,)
Make war upon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Bloud to bloud; self against self: O preposterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Bucking-
ham, Lord Cardinal, with others.*

Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to *London*,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome dear Cofin, my thoughts Sovereign
The weary way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Unkle, but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, Wearisome and heavy.
I want more Unkles here to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your years
Hath not yet divid into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knows,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Unkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keep me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Major of *London* comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Major. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happy dayes.

Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Would long ere this, have met us on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would fain have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal will your Grace
Perswade the Queen, to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* you go with him,
And from her jealous armes pluck him perforce.

Car. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God forbid.
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buc. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossnesse of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord. *Exit Cardinal and Hastings.*

Prin. Good Lords, make all the speedy hast you may.
Say, Uncle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't best unto your Royal self.
If I may counsell you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prin. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Julius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages, have re-edify'd.

Prin. It is upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buc. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

Prin. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, *aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man;
With what his Valour did enrich his wit,
His Wit set down, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'll tell you what, Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buc. What, my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and Cardinal.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of *York*, how fares our Noble Bro-
ther?

Yor. Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.

Prin. I, Brother, to our grief as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *York*?

Yor. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my Brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle.

Glo. Oh my fair Cousin, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yor. I pray you, Uncle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prin. A Beggar, Brother?

Yor. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy, it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, I'll give my Cousin.

Yor. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

Yor. I wegh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thank you, as you call
me.

Glo. How?

Yor. Little.

Prin. My Lord of *York* will ever be crosse in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

Yor. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily, and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What

Yor. What, will you go unto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.
Yor. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
Yor. Marry, my Uncle Clarence angry Ghost:
 My Grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prin. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope,
Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
 But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buc. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
 Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
 To raunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
 He is all the Mochers, from top to toe.

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
 Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart:
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way,
 What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
 To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our mind,
 For the installment of this Noble Duke
 In the seat Royal of this famous Isle?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
 That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will not
 he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buc. Well then, no more but this:
 Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off,
 Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
 And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the Coronation.
 If thou do'st finde him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
 If he be laden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination:
 For we to morrow hold divided Councils,
 Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him (*Catesby*)
 His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
 To morrow are let bloud at *Pomfret* Castle,
 And bid my Lord, for joy of this good news,
 Give *Miltisse Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.

Buc. Good *Catesby*, go effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Rich. Shall we hear from you *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At *Crosby* House there shall you find us both.
Exit Catesby.

Buc. Now, my Lord,
 What shall we do, if we perceive
 Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:
 Something we will determine:
 And look when I am King, claim thou of me
 The Earldome of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
 Whereof the King, my Brother, was possesse.

Buc. I'll claim that promise at your Graces hand.

Rich. And look to have it yielded with all kindnesse.
 Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from the Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a Clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleep these tedious
 Nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:
 First, he commends him to your Noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
 He dreamt, the Bore had raised off his Helm:
 Besides, he sayes there are two Councils kept;
 And that may be determ'n'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
 If you will presently take Horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the North,
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go fellow, go return unto thy Lord,
 Bid him not fear the seperated counsell:
 His Honor and my self are at the one,
 And at the other is my good friend *Catesby*;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
 Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.
 And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple,
 To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
 To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
 Were to incense the Bore to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean to chase.
 Go, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where he shall see the Bore will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
 What news, what news in this our tottering State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
 And I believe will never stand upright,
 Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Hast. How wear the Garland?
 Do'st thou mean the Crown?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Ha. I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
 Before I'll see the Crown so foul mis-plac'd:
 But canst thou guess, that he doth aim at it?

X x 2

Cates. I.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on *Richards* side,
To bar my Masters Heirs in true Descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious
minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are dear
To Princely *Richard*, and *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boar-spear man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord Good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like these several Counsels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my dayes, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know the state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

St. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soon the day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I prove a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded.
St. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that have accus'd them, wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley and Catesby.

How now, Sirra? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queens Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy self)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercy fellow: there drink that for me.

Throws him his Purse.

Purs. I thank your Honor.

Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

Hast. I thank thee good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. I'll waite upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.*

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Bloud-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out,

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peers:

Within the guilty Closure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismal Seat,

We give to thee our guiltlesse bloud to drink.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is fain upon our Heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Son.

Riv. Then curs'd the *Richard*,

Then curs'd the *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd the *Hastings*. O remember God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sons,

Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true bloud,

Which as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make hast, the hour of death is now expir'd,

Riv. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace,
Farewell, untill we meet again in Heaven.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation :

In Gods Name speak, when is the Royal day ?

Buc. Is all things ready for the Royal time ?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buc. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein ? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke ?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his minde.

Buc. We know each others Faces : for our Hearts, He knows no more of mine, then I of yours, Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine : Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank 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 Lord, may name the time, And in the Dukes behalf I'll give my Voice, Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow : I have been long a sleeper : but I trust, My absence doth neglect no great designe, Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buc. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord, William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part ; I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business, And finds the testy Gentleman so hot, That he will lose his Head, ere give consent His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it, Shall lose the Royalty of Englands Throne.

Buc. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

Exeunt.

Dar. We have not yet set down this day of Triumph : To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden, For I my self am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster ? I have sent for these Strawberries :

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. I think there's never a man in Christendome Can lesser hide his love, or hate then he, For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face, By any livelyhood he shew'd to day ?

Hast. Marry that with no man here he is offended : For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve, That do conspire my death with divelish Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, To doom th' Offenders, whosoe're they be : I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their cvill, Look how I am bewitch'd : behold, mine Arme Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up :

And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch, Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore, That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Rich. If ? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, Talk'st thou to me of Iffs : thou art a Traitor, Off with his Head ; now by Saint Paul I swear, I will not dine, untill I see the same.

Lovell and Ratcliffe, look that it be done :

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

Exeunt.

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might have prevented this : Stanley did dream, the Boar did rowze our Helmes, And I did scorn it, and disdain to flye : Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble, And started, when he look'd upon the Tower, As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me :

I now repent I told the Pursuivant, As too triumphing, how mine Enemies

To day at Pomfret bloudily were butcher'd, And I my self secure, in grace and favour.

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy Curse Is lighted on poor Hastings wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner : Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God ! Who builds his hope in aire of your good Looks, Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Mast, Ready with every Nod to tumble down, Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard : miserable England, I prophesie the fearfull'st time to thee, That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon. Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head, They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

X x 3

Enter

*Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armor
marvellous ill-favoured.*

Rich. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buc. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pric on every side,
Tremble, and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep suspicion, gaskly Looks:
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagems.
But what is *Catesby*, gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buc. Lord Mayor.

Rich. Look to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buc. Hark, a Drum.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-look the Walls.

Buc. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent.

Rich. Look back, defend there, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe & Lovell.*

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmlesse Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with *Shores* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buc. Well, well, he was the covert shelter Traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Counsell-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of *Gloster*.

Ma. Had he done so?

Rich. What? think you we are Turks, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villains death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Ma. Now fair befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buc. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with *Mistris Shore*.
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Untill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
To avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buc. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit Mayor.

Rich. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the Bastardy of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the Signe thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.

Nay for a need, thus far come near my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble *Tork*,
My Princely Father, then had Warrs in *France*,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as t'were far off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buc. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my self: and so, my Lord, adieu.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynards* Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buc. I go, and towards three or four a Clock
Look for the News that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Go *Lovell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Fryar *Benker*, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at *Baynards* Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I go to take some privy order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Pauls*.
And mark how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is so grosse,
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet

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 seen in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buc. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardy of *Edwards* Children?

Buc. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,

And his Contract by Deputy in *France*,

Th'unfatiare greedinesse of his desire,

And his enforcement of the City Wives,

His tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,

As being got, your Father then in *France*,

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withall, I did infer your Lineaments,

Being the right *Idea* of your Father,

Both in your form, and Noblenesse of Mind:

Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,

Your Discipline in War, Wisdome in Peace;

Your Bounty, Vertue, fair Humility:

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,

Untoucht, or slightly handled in discourse.

And when my Oratory drew toward end,

I bid them that did love their Countries good,

Cry, God save *Richard*, *Englands* Royal King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buc. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,

But like dumb Statues, or breathing Stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,

And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilfull silence?

His answer was, the people were not used

To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,

But nothing spoke, in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,

And some ten voices cry'd, God save King *Richard*:

And thus I took the vantage of those few.

Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,

This general applause, and chearfull shout,

Argues your wisdome, and your love to *Richard*:

And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blocks were they,

Would they not speak?

Will not the Mayor then, and his Brethren, come?

Buc. The Mayor is here at hand: intend some fear,

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:

And look you get a Prayer-Book in you hand,

And stand between two Church-men, good my Lord,

For on that ground I'll make a holy Descant:

And be not easily won to our requests,

Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I go: and if you plead as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my self,

No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buc. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,

I think the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord;

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:

He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,

Divinely bent to Meditation;

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,

To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buc. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,

Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,

In deep designs, in matter of great moment,

No lesse importing then our general good,

Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

Buc. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,

He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed:

But on his Knees at Meditation:

Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,

But meditating with two deep Divines:

Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,

But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soul.

Happy were England, would this vertuous Prince

Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof.

But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.

Buc. I fear he will: here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of Citizens, to come to him.

His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:

He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buc. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should

Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love,

And so once more return, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*

When holy and devout Religious men

Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,

So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops

Ma. See where his Grace stands, 'tween two Clergy men.

Buc. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,

To stay him from the fall of Vanity:

And see a Book of Prayer in his hand,

True Ornaments to know a holy man.

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests,

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeal.

Rich. My Lord, there needs no such Apology:

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

Who earnest in the service of th'high God,

Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buc. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,

And all good men, of this ungovern'd I'll.

Rich. I do suspect I have done some offence,

That seems disgracious in the Cities eye,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You

Buc. You have, my Lord :
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land.

Buc. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical;
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock :
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepey thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs :
His Face defac'd with skarrs of Infamy,
His Royal Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark forgetfulnesse, and deep Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land :
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gain ;
But as successively, from Bloud to Bloud,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyre, your own.
For this, consoorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worthipfull and loving friends;
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth :
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea ;
Then in my Greatnesse cover to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need :
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starrs,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Son,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife :

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a witnesse to his Vow,
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of *France*.
These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sons,
A Beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
Even in the after-noon of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manner call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good my Lord, take to you Royal self
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity :
If not to blesse us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a Lineal true derived course:

Mayor. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buc. Refuse not mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Majesty :

I do beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buc. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the Child your Brothers Son,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeed to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and down-fall of your House :
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt.

Cates. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?

Call them again, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul.

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether, I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or four-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will
say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buc. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd?

Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buc. To

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Rich. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the
Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.*

Duch. York. Who meets us here?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Gloster*?
Now, for my Life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

An. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

An. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, we'll never enter all together:

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 Son of *York*?

Lien. Right well, dear Madam: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lien. I mean the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.

An. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.

Lien. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royal Queen.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

An. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing news.

Dorf. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go crosse the Seas,

And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care, is this your counsell, Madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours:
You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardy by unwise delay.

Duc. York. O ill dispersing Wind of Misery,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
Whose unavoyded Eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

An. And I with all unwillingnesse will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettal, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains,
Anointed let me be with deadly Venome,
And die ere men say, God save the Queen.

Qu. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy self no harme.

An. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henrie's* Gorse,
When scarce the blood was well wash't from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say, I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed:
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my dear Lords death.
Loe, e're I can repeat this Curse again,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For never yet one hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timerous Dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poor heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

An. No more, then with my soule I mourn for
yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soule, that tak'st thy leave of
it.

Duc. York. Go to *Richmond*, to *Dorset*, to *Anne*, to the
Queen, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts possesse thee
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with me.
Eighty odde years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hours joy wrackt with a week of teen.

Qu. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrows bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Sound.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart Cousin of *Buckingham*.

Buc. My gracious Sovereign.

Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we wear these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?

Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:

Young *Edward* lives, think now what I would speak.

Buc. Say on, my loving Lord.

Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* lives.

Buc. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That *Edward* still should live true noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Bu. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit Buc.*

Cates. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip,

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,
And unrespective Boyes: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whole humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*.

Rich. I partly know the man: go call him hither.
Boy. *Exit*

The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsells.
Hath he so long held out with me untyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. Know my loving Lord, the Marquess *Dorset*
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous sick,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look how thou dream'st: I say again, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queen, is sick, and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in bloud, that sin will pluck on sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrell.

Is thy thy Name *Tirrell*?

Tir. *James Tirrell*, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleeps disturbers,
Are they that I would have the deal upon:

Tirrell, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:

Heark, come hither *Tirrel*, *whispers.*
Go by this token: rise, and lend thine Ear,
There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I hear the news, my Lord.

Rich. *Stanley*, he is your Wives Son: well, look un-
to it.

Buc. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th'Earldome of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Rich. *Stanley* look to your Wife: if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my just request?

Rich. I do remember me, *Henry*, the Sixth
Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.

Buc. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. *Exit.*

Buc. And is it thus? repayes he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearfull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

The

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villains, bloudy Dogs,
 Melted with tenderesse, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story,
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alabaster innocent armes:
 Their lips were four red Roses on a stalk,
 And their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 A Book of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my mind:
 But oh the Devill, there the Villain stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speak, and so I left them both,
 To bear these tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes. All health my Sovereign Lord.

Rich. Kind *Tirrel*, am I happy in the News.

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* soon, and after Supper,
 When thou there shalt tell the proesse of their death.
 Mean time, but think how I may do thee good.
 And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take leave.

Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage,
 The Sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abrahams* bosome,
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aims
 At young *Elizabeth* my Brothers daughter,
 And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
 bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to *Richmond*,
 And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welshmen
 Is in the field, and still his power encrease.

Rich. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
 Then *Buckingham* and his rash levied Strength.
 Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay.

Delay leads impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggerly:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Joves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
 Go muster men: My counsell is my Shield,
 We must be brief, when Traitors brave the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Here in these Confinde slyly have I lurk't,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witness to,
 And will to *France*, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and Tragicall.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

Enter Dutchesse and Queen.

Qu. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
 My unblown Flowers, new appearing sweets:
 If yet your gentle souls flye in the Aire,
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hover about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morn, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrails of the Wolf?

Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy *Henry* died, and my sweet Son.

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by life usurpt,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 Rest thy unrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st as soon afford a Grave,
 As thou canst yield a melancholly seat:

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here,
 Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
 Give mine the benefit of signeury,
 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand
 If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'st to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 And *Richard* kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

That Dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle blood:

That foul defacer of Gods handy work:

That reigns in gauled eyes of weeping souls:

That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,

Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur

Preyes.

Preys on the issue of his mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witnesse with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*.
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:

Young *York*, he is but hoot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my losse.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this frantick play,

Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet livss, Hells black Intelligencer,
Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy souls,

And send then hither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his pittious and unpittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:

Cancell his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, *The Dog* is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,

The representation of but what I was;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother onely mockt with two fair Babes;
A dream of what thou wast, a garish Flag

To be the aim of every dangerous Shot;

A sign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:

A Queen in-least, only to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?

Where be thy two Sons? Wherein dost thou Joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and saies, *God save the Queen*?

Where be the bending Peers that flattered thee?

Where be the thronging Troops that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see now what thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widow:

For joyfull Mother, one that wails the name:

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues:

For Queen a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

For she being feared of all, now fearing one:

For she 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 wast.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my Sorrow?

Now thy proud Neck, bears half my burthen'd yoke,

From which, even here I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:

Think that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fouler then he is:

Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,

Aiery succeders of intestine joyes,

Poor breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them have scope, though what they will impart,

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother

My damhed Son, that thy two sweet Sons smother'd.

The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclains.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O she, that might have intercepted thee

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crown

Where't should be branded, if that right were right?

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,

And the dyre death of my poor Sons and Brothers.

Tell me, thou Villain-slave, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toad,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Son?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Dut. Where is kind *Hastings*?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drums:

Let not the Heavens hear these Tell-tale women.

Rail on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous reports of War,

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Son?

Rich. I, I thank God, my Father, and your self.

Dut. Then patiently hear my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dut. O let me speak.

Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.

Dut. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And brief; good Mother) for I am in hast.

Dut. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee
(God knows) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.

Thy School-dayes frightfull, desp'rate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of Man-hood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmfull, Kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,

That call'd your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgraciös in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike up the Drum.

Dut. I prethee hear me speak.

Rich.

Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duc. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speak to thee again.

Rich. So.

Duc. Either thou wilt die by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turn a Conqueror:

Or I with grief and extreame age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which in the day of Bartell tyre thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Quee. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
Abides in me, I say Amen to her. (curse)

Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a word with you.

Quee. I have no more Sons of the Royall blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queens:
And therefore leuell not to hit their lives.

Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royall and Gracious.

Quee. And must she dye for this? O let her live,

And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,

Slander my self, as false to *Edwards* bed:

Throw over her the vaile of infamy,

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* Daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royall Princess:

Quee. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her Birth.

Quee. And onely in that safety di'd her Brothers.

Rich. Lo, at their Birth good starres were opposite.

Quee. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Destiny.

Quee. True: when avoided Grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If Grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

Quee. Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,

Whose hands soever lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.

No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart;

To revell in the intrailles of my Lambs.

But that still use of grief, makes wilde grief tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poor Bark, of sailes and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrive 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 were harm'd.

Quee. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discovered, that can do me good?

Rich. Th'advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

Quee. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Quee. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour

Canst thou devise to any Childe of mine.

Rich. Even all I have; I, and my self and all,

Will I withall endow a Child of thine:

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou suppos'est I have done to thee.

Quee. Be brief, least that the proccess of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule I love thy Daughter.

Quee. My Daughters Mother thinks it with her Soule.

Rich. What doe you think?

Qu. That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soule,

So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers,

And from thy hearts love, I do thank thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean that with my soule I love thy Daughter,

And doe intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Qu. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King.

Rich. Even he that makes her Queen.

Who else should be?

Quee. What, thou?

Rich. Even so: how think you of it?

Quee. How canst thou wooe her?

Rich. That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Quee. And wilt thou learn of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Quee. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave

Edward and *York*, then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*:

Did to thy Father, steep't in *Rutlands* blood,

A Hand-kerchiffe, which say to her did drain

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 thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Uncle *Clarence*,

Her Uncle *Rivers*; I, (and for her sake)

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way

To win your Daughter.

Quee. There is no other way,

Unlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres gives leisure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sons,

To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:

If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood, upon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in love,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother;

They are as Children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood:

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you have, is but a Son being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.

Dorset your Son, that with a fearfull soule,
Leads discontented Steps in forreign soyle,
This fair Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauctious Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull times,
Repair'd with double riches of Content.

What? we have many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of teares that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interest
Often-times double gain of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter, go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to hear a Wooers tale.

Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring flame
Of golden Sovereignty: Acquaint the Princeesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage joyes;
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retails my Conquest won,
And she shall be sole Victoreesse, *Casars* *Cesar*.

Quee. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say her Uncle?
Or he that slew her Brothers? and her Unckles?
Under what Title shall I wooe for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre fair *Englands* peace by this Alliance.

Qu. which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the Kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Qu. But how long, shall that title ever last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair lives end.

Qu. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Sovereign, am her Subject low.

Qu. But she your Subject loathes such Sovereignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.

Qu. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poor Infants) in their graves,
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown.

Qu. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurpt.

Rich. I swear.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profan'd, hath lost his Lordly honour;
Thy Garter blenish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virtue;

Thy Crown usurpt, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my self.

Qu. Thy self, is self-misus'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:

If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,
The unity the King my Husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers di'd,
If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th'Imperiall Mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What canst thou swear by now?

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time o're-past:
For I my self have many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'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.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affaires
Of hostile Armes: My self, my self confound:
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yield me not thy light? nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if with dear hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauctious Princely Daughter.
In her consists my happinesse and thine:
Without her follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the Land, and many a Christian foule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this:

It will not be avoided, but by this.

Therefore dear Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Attorney of my love to her:

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish found in great Designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

Rich. I, if the Devil tempt you to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my self to be my self?

Rich. I, if your selfs remembrance wrong your self.

Quee. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

Rich. But in your Daughters womb I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*

Rich. Bear her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes ?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
rideth a puissant Navy : to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back,
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall :
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore,

Ric. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Nor-
Ratcliffe, thy self, or *Catesby*, where is he ? (folk,

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste,

Rich. *Catesby*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*.

When thou com'st thither : Dull unimindfull Villain.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke ?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your highnes pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cat. I go.

Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at *Salis-
bury*.

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there before I
go ?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd :

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you ?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hear-
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. (ing,

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad :

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?

Once more, what newes ?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sink, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*.
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

Rich. Is the Chayre empty ? is the Sword unsway'd ?
Is the King dead ? the Empire unpossest ?

What heir of *York* is there alive, but we ?

And who is *Englands* King, but great *York*'s heir ?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas ?

Stan. Unlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Unlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the *Welch*-man comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back ?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the Western shore,

Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships ?

Stanley. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North.

Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King,
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyn with *Richmond* :
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.

Rich. Go then, and muster men : but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley* : look your heart be firm,
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him as I prove true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devon*-shire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every hour more Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death.
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes,

Mess. The newes I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No man knows whether.

Rich. I cry thee mercy ;

There is my Purse, to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *York*-shire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The *Britain* Navy is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in *Dorset*-shire sent out a Boat
Unto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no ?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Upon his party : he mistrusting them,
Hoy'd faile, and made his courie again for *Britain*.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with Forreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best newes, that the Earl of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards *Salisbury* while we reason here,
A Royall Battell might be won and lost :
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the fye of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head,
The fear of that holds off my present aide.
So get thee gone : commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now ?

Chri. At *Penbrook*, or at *Heriford* West in *Wales*.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Penbrook*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards *London* do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hie thee to thy Lord : I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* Children, *Gray & Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the Clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction.
This is *All-Soules* Day (Fellow) is it not ?

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then *All Soules* Day, is my bodies dooms-
This is the Day, which in King *Edwards* time (day)
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this *All-soules* Day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respice of my wrongs :
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my feigned Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curse falls heavy on my neck :
When he (quoth she) will split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse :
Come lead me Officers to the Block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in Armes, and my most loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement :
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar,
(That spoyl'd your Summer-Fields, and Fruitfull Vines)
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosomes : This foule Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Isle,
Near to the Town of *Leicester*, as we learn :
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reap the Harvest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharp Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us,

Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will flye from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flyes with Swallows wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings
Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earl of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Bosworth*
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad ? (field ;

Sar. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*.

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks :

Ha, must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.

Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow ? well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traytors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebble that account :
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.
Up 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 lack no Discipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:

Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent:

I'll draw the Form and Modell of our Battell,

Limit each Leader to his severall Charge,

And part in just proportion our small Power.

My Lord of *Oxford*, you *Sir William Brandon*,

And you *Sir Walter Herbert* stay with me:

The Earl of *Pembrook* keeps his Regiment;

Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the Morning,

Desire the Earl to see me in my Tent:

Yet one thing more (good Captain) doe for me:

Where is Lord *Stanley* Quarter'd, doe you know?

Blunt. Unlesse I have mistane his Colours much,

(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)

His Regiment lies half a Mile at least

South, from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,

Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me, this most needfull Note.

Blunt. Vpon my self, my Lord, I'll undertake it,

And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Rich. Good night, good Captain *Blunt*:

Come Gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to morrows Businesse;

Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clock?

Cat. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.

King. I will not sup to night,

Give me some Ink and Paper:

What, is my Beaver easier then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is, my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good *Norfolk* hie thee to thy charge,

Use carefull Watch, chuse trusty Centinells.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the *Larke* to morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

Exit.

Rich. *Ratcliffe*.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes

To *Stanley's* Regiment: bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, least his Son *George* fall

Into the blind Cave of eternall night.

Fill me a Bowle of Wine: give me a Watch:

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow:

Look that my staves be sound, & not too heavy. *Ratcliffe*.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,

Much about Cock shut time, from Troop to Troop

Went through the Army, cheering up the Souldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied: give me a Bowle of Wine,

I have not that alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheer of Mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is Ink an Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent

And helpe to Arme. Leave me I say.

Exit Ratcliffe.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derb. Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble Father-in-law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I, by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,

Who prayes continually for *Richmond's* good:

So much for that. The silent houres steale on,

And flaky darknesse breaks within the East.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy Battell early in the morning,

And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement

Of bloody stroaks, and mortall staring Warre:

I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aide thee in this doubtfull shock of Armes.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Least being seen, thy Brother, tender *George*,

Be executed in his Fathers sight.

Farewell: the leisure, and the fearfull time

Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,

And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse;

Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:

God give us leisure for these rites of Love.

Once more adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:

I'll strive with troubled noyse, to take a Nap.

Least leaden slumber poize me down to morrow,

When I should mount with wings of Victory:

Once more, good night kind Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captain I account my self,

Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:

Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall,

Th' usurping Helms of our Adversaries:

Make us thy Ministers of Chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy Victory:

To see thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:

Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to

Henry the Sixth.

Gh. to Ri. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow:

Think how thou stabb'st me in the prime of youth,

At *Tewksbury*; despaire therefore, and die.

Ghost to Richm. Be cheerfull, *Richmond*,

For the wronged soules

Of Butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalf:

King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body

By thee was punched full of holes;

Think on the Tower, and me: Despaire, and die.

Henry the sixth, bids thee despaire, and die.

To *Richm.* Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,

Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish.

Y y 3

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
I that was wash'd to death in Fulsome Wine:
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the Battell think on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, despaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the House of *Lancaster*,
The wronged heires of *York* doe pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battell, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that di'd at *Pomfret*: despaire, and die.

Grey. Think upon *Grey*, and let thy soule despaire.

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy Lance, despair and die.

All to Richm. Awake.

And think our wrongs in *Richard's* Bosome,
Will conquer. Awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty: guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Think on *Lord Hastings*; despair, and die.

Hast. To Richm. Quiet untroubled soul,
Awake, awake:
Arise, fight, and conquer, for fair Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy bosome *Richard*,
And weigh the down to ruine, shame, and death.
Thy Nephews soul bids thee despair and die.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleep *Richmond*,
Sleep in peace, and wake in joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the *Boares* annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy Sons, doe bid thee flourish:

Enter the Ghost of Anne his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battell think on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, despaire and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleep thou a quiet sleep:
Dream of successe, and happy victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crown:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battell think on *Buckingham*,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire; despairing yield thy breath,

Ghost to Richm. I di'd for hope
Ere I could lend thee aide;
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmond's* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy *Jesu*. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blew. It is not dead midnight,

Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling flesh:
What? doe I fear my self? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye? what from my self? Great reason: why?
Left I revenge. What? my self upon my self?
Alack, I love my self. Wherefore? For any good
That I my self, have done upon my self?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my self.
I am a Villain: yet I Lye, I am not.
Fool, of thy self speak well: Fool, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand severall Tongues,
And every tongue brings in a severall tale,
And every tale condemns me for a Villain;
Perjury, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, stern murther, in the dy'r'st degree,
All severall sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I shall despair, there is no Creatures loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self,
Finde in my self, no pittie to my self.
Me thought, the soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, every one did threat
To morrows vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morn,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I fear, I fear.

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to night
Have stroke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

'Tis not yet near day. Come go with me,
Under our Tents; I'll play the Ease-dropper,
To hear if any man shrink from me.

Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Cry you mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardy sluggard here?

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my heart is very jocond,
In the remembrance of so fair a Dream.
How farre into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lord. Upon the stroke of four.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, stand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* Chayre, where he is falsly set:
One that hath ever been Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your Countreys Foes,
Your Countreys Far shall pay your pains the hire.
If you doe fight in safeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

King. What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?
Ratc. That he was never trained up in Armes,
King. He said the truth: and what said *Surrey* then?
Ratc. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the Clock there. *Clock strikes.*
Give me a Kalender: who saw the Sun to day?
Ratc. Not I, my Lord.
King. Then he disdains to shine: for by the Book
He should have brav'd the East an hour ago,
A black day will it be to some body. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seen to day,
Thesky doth frown, and lowre upon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foes vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my Horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the plain,
And thus my Battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Earl of Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

In the main Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wing'd with our chiefeft Horse:
This, and Saint *George* to boot.
What think'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold.
For *Dickon* thy Master is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our Soules:
For conscience is a word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe,
Our strong Armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyn bravely, let us too'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 sort of Vagabonds, Rascalls, Run-awayes,
A scum of *Britains*, and base Lackey-Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Countrey vomits forth
To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having Lands, and blest with beautilous Wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in *Britain* at our Mothers cost,
A Milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shooes in Snow:
Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening Ragges of *France*,
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of means (poor Rats) had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard-*Britains*, whom our Fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lie with our Wives?
Ravish our Daughters? *Drumme afar off.*
Heark, I hear their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
Kin. Off with his Son *George's* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh
After the Battell let *George Stanley* die.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome.
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
Our ancient word of Courage, fair Saint *George*
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victory sits on our helps.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter.

*Enter Richard.**Rich.* A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.*Cat.* Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the *Die* :
 I think there be six *Richmonds* in the field,
 Five have I slain to day, in stead of him.
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum. *Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight,*
Richard is slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. *Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your Armes
 Be prais'd, Victorious Friends ;
 This day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.

Der. Courageous *Richmond*,
 Well hast thou acquit thee : Loe ,
 Here these long usurped Royalties,
 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
 Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Browes withall.
 Wear it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all.
 But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living ?

Der. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester Town*,
 Whether (if you please) we may with-draw us.

Richm. What men of note are slain on either side ?

Der. *John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,*
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
 Proclaim a Pardon to the Souldiers fled,
 That in submission will return to us,
 And then, as we have eate the Sacrament,
 We will unite the *White Rose*, and the *Red*.
 Smile heaven upon this fair Conjunction,
 That long have frown'd upon their Enmity :
 What Traitor heares me, and sayes not *Amen* ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her self ;
 The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood ;
 The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son ;
 The Sons compell'd, been Butcher to the Sire :
 All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
 Divided, in their dire Division.
 O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
 By Gods fair ordinance, conjoyn together :
 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
 With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous dayes.
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody dayes again ,
 And make poor *England* weep in streames of Blood.
 Let them not live to taste this Lands encrease,
 That would with Treason, wound this fair Lands peace
 Now Civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen ;
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.





The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth.

The Prologue.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, fall of State and Woe :
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, here
May (if they think it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may passe : If they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets : Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coat, garded with Yellow,

Will be deceiv'd : For gentle Hearers, know
To rank our chosen Truth with such a show
As Fool, and Fiege is, beside forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are known
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living : Think you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends : then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mightinesse, meets Misery.
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aburgavenny.

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye
Since last we saw y'in France ? (done
Nor. I thank your Grace :
Healthfull, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sons of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say
Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
To one above it self. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone down the English ; and to morrow, they
Made Britain, India : Every man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt : the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almost sweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cri'd incomparable ; and th'ensuing night
Made it a fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them : him in Eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wag his Tongue in censure, when these Suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble spirits to Armes ; they did perform

Beyond

Beyond thoughts compasse, that former fabulous Story
Being now seen, possible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was beleev'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser lose some life,
Which Actions self, was tongue to.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I mean who set the Body, and the Limbs
of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
Once certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of *York*.

Buc. The devil speed him: No mans *Pye* is freed
from his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulk
Take up the Rayes oth' beneficiall Sun;
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose grace
Chalks Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his self-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,
If not from Hell? the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buc. Why the Devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him
(Without the privy o'th' King) r'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own Letter
The Honourable Board of Council, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue.

Nor. Grievingly, I think.
The Peace between the *French* and us, not values
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was

A thing inspired, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboarded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out -
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at *Burdeaux*.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards your
Honour, and plentiful safety) that you read
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my counsell,
You'll find it wholesome, Loe, where comes that Rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse born before him,
certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Pa-
pers: the Cardinall in his passage fixeth his eye on
Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of
disdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham's* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Car. Is he in person ready?

Secr. I, an't please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, and *Bucking-
ham* shall lessen his big look.

Exeunt Cardinall and his train.

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 slumber. A Beggars book,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aske God for Tem'prance, that's th' appliance onely
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to th' King:
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a man in *England*
Can advise me like you: Be to your self,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down

This *Ipswich* fellows insolence ; or proclaim.
There's difference in no persons.

Norf. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it doe singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at ;
And lose by over-running : know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run o're,
In seeming to augment it, waistes it : be advis'd ;
I say again, there is no *English* soule
More stronger to direct you then your self :
If with with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buc. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravell ; I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buc. To th'King I'll say't, and make my vouch as
As shore of Rock : attend. This holy Fox, (strong
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
And he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another ; yea reciprocally,
Onely to shew his pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this costly Treaty : Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did break ith' wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and so it did.

Buc. Pray give me favour, Sir : This cunning Cardinal
The Articles oth' Combination drew
As himself pleas'd : and they were ratif'd
As he cri'd, thus let it be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and 'tis well : for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this follows,
(Which as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th' old damme Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Under pretence to see the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their anity
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. He privily
Deales with our Cardinall, and as I trow,
Which I doe well ; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pay'd with Gold : the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I doe pronunce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter *Brandon*, a Serjeant at Armes before him, and
two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Serjeant : execute it.

Serjeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham* and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high Treason, in the name
Of our most Sovereign King.

Buc. Loe you, my Lord,
The net has faln upon me, I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to look on
The businesse present. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence : for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things : I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany* : Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know.
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, to attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellour.

Buck. So, so ;
These are the Limbs oth' Plot, no more I hope.

Bra. A Monk oth' *Charrenux*

Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*.

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is false ; the o're great *Cardinall*
Hath shew'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By darkning my cleer Sun. My Lords, Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornees. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinalls
shoulder : the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell : the
Cardinall places him under the Kings feet on his
right side.

King. My life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i'th' levell
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and gives thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckingham*s, in person,
I'll hear him his Confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master,
He shall again relate.

A noise with crying room for the Queen, usher'd by the
Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queen, Norfolk and
Suffolk : she kneels. King riseth from his State, takes
her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Quee. Nay, we must longer kneele ; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us ; half your Suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :

The

The other moiety ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Quee. Thank your Majesty
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the point
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Quee. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been Commissions
Sent down among'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Master, (not
Whose honour heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
Language unmannerly: yea, such which breaks
The sides of Loyalty, and almost appears
in loud Rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these Taxations,
The *Clothiers* all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The *Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers*, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' State: and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Quee. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sovereign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to bear'em,
The Back is Sacrifice to th' load; They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kind; let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Quee. I am much too venterous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grief
Comes through Commissions, which compells from each
The sixth part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quick consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voyce, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue must go through; we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As ray'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cri'd up
For our best Act: if we stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd; or carp'd at;
We should take root here, where we sit;
Or fir State Statues onely.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And stick them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution: why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part oth' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The Aire will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deni'd
The Force of this Commission: pray look too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Revokement
And Pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am sorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.

Quee. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with ravisht listning, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Us, you shall hear
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Kin. Speak freely.

Sur. First, it was usual with him ; every day
It would infect his Speech : That if the King
Should without issue dye ; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinall*.

Card. Please your Highnesse, note
This dangerous conception in this point;
Not friended by his wish to your High person ;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speak on ;
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Upon our faile ; to this point hast thou heard him,
At any time speak ought ?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vain Prophesie of *Nicholas Henton*.

Kin. What was that *Henton* ?

Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Sovereignty.

Kin. How know'st thou this ?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the Parish
Saint *Lawrence Poulteney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*,
Concerning the *French* Journey. I repli'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger : presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choyce houre
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This pawingly entu'd ; neither the King nor's Heires
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To the love oth' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England*.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint oth' Tenants ; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a Noble person,
And spoyle your Noble Soule ; I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

Kin. Let him on. Go forward.

Sur. On my Soule, I'll speak but truth.
Itold my Lord the Duke, by th' Devils illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this so farre, untill
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd
It was much like to doe : He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage ; adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The *Cardinal's* and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads

Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha ? What, so rank ? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

Sur. I can, my Liege.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*. (vant,

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-
The Duke receiv'd him his. But on : what hence ?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought ; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor,

Card. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all. (say'st ?

Kin. There's something more would out of thee ; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his Dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his Knife in us : he is attach'd,
Call him to present Triall : if he may
Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : By day and night
He's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *L. Chamberlain*, and *L. Sandys*.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange Mysteries ?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two oth' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very Noses had been Counsellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State so.

L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones ; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death, my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too',
That sure th' have worn out Christendome : how now ?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell* ?

Enter Sir *Thomas Lovell*.

Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I hear of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

Z z

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and Taylors,

L. Cham. I'me glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Mounseurs
To think an *English* Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either,
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-works,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old Play-fellowes; there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio*, wear away
The Lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. 'Tis time to give him Phylick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lovell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords, the flye whorsons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies.
A *French* Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.

L. San. The Devil fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musick too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stump.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whether were you a going?

Lov. To the Cardinalls;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom I'll assure you.

Lov. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,
His dewes fall every where,

L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sin, then ill Doctrine.
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set here for exampples.

L. Cham. True they are so;
But few now give so great ones:

My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Guests at one door; at another door enter Sir *Henry Guilford*.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: None here he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlain, L. Sands, and Lovell.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir *Harry Guilford*.
San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running Banket, ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie penance,

Lov. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a down Bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir *Harry*,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray sit between these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship: by your leave, sweet Ladies
If I chance to talk a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad, Sir?

San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I doe now,
He would kisse you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you; if these fair Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall *Wolsey*, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are welcome my fair Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking,

Card. My Lord *Sands*.

I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbour :
Ladies, you are not merry ; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

San. The red Wine first must rise
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

An. Bu. You are a merry Gamester,
My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play :
Here's to your Ladiship, and pledge it, Madam :
For 'tis to such a thing.

An. B. You cannot shew me.

Drumme and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.

San. I told your Grace, they would talk anon :

Card. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Car. What warlike voyce.

And to what end is this ? Nay, Ladies, fear not ;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seem ; th'have left their Barge and Landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forrain Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

All arise, and Tables remov'd.

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye : welcome all

*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gratefully sa-
lute him.*

A Noble Company : what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace : that having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace :
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd : O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Musick, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my self, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Car. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall,
You hold a fair Assembly, you doe well, Lord.
You are a Church-man, or I'll tell you Cardinall,
I should judge now unhappily.

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prethee come hither, what fair Lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women.

Kin. By Heaven she is a dainty one ; Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Card. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the Banquet ready
Ith' Privy Chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I fear too much.

Card. There's fresh aire, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies every one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall : I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musick knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall doors.

1. Whether away so fast ?

2. O, God save ye :

Even to the Hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Prisoner.

2. Were you there ?

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speak what has happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty ?

1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't.

2. I am sorry for't

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it ?

1. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Barre ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the Law.
The King's Attorney on the contrary ;
Urg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnessess, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *viva voce* to his face ;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car*,
Confessor to him, with that Devill Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1. The same,
All these accus'd him strongly which he fain
Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not ;
And so his Peeres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life : But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. I doe not think he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First *Kildares* Attaindure ;
Then Deputy of *Ireland*, who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too.
Least he should help his Father.

2. That trick of State
Was a deep envious one.

1. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it ; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall instantly will find employment,
And far enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deep : This Duke as much
They love and doat on : call him bountious *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement. Tiptaves
before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Hal-
berds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lo-
vell ; Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and com-
mon people, &c.*

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus have come to pittie me ;
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traytors judgement,
And by that name must die ; yet heaven bear witness,
And if I have a Conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
To th' Law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians :
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em ;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief ;

Nor build their evils on the Graves of great men ;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry again 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.

You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes ; whom to leave
Is onely bitter to him, onely dying :
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.

Lovell. I doe beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with :
No black envy shall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace :

And if he speak of *Buckingham* ; pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my voves and prayers
Yet are the Kings ; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares ;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be ;
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument.

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming : See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The Greatnesse of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham* : now, poor *Edward Bohun* ;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant : I now seale it ;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My Noble Father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against Usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without Tryall, fell ; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pittying
My Fathers losse ; like a most Royall Prince
Restor'd me to my Honours : and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name, and all
That made me happy ; at one stroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say, a Noble one ; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father :
Yet thus farre are we one in Fortunes, both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most :
A most unnaturall and faithlesse Service.
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberall of your loves and Counsells,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,

And

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.

I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and train.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keep it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith, Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me have it;
I doe not talk much.

2. I am confident;
You shall, Sir: Did you not of late dayes hear
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and Katherine?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay the tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander, Sir,
Is a sound truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good Queen, posselt him with a scruple
That will undoe her: To confirm this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this businesse.

1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meety to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Arch-Bishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. I think
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis wofull.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Horse your Lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and
furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the
best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out
for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commis-
sion, and main power took 'em from me, with this reason:

*His Master would be serv'd before a Subject,
fore the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he
have all I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Nor-
folk and Suffolk,*

Norf. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Has crept too near his Conscience.

Suf. No, his Conscience
Has crept too near another Lady.

Norf. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinalls doing: the King-Cardinall,
That blind Priest, like the eldest Son of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he doe,
He'll never know himself else.

Norf. How holily he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and Despaire, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsells a Divorce, a losse of her,
That like a Jewell, has hung twenty yeares
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsell: 'tis most true,
These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affaires, see this main end,
The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open
The Kinges eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this Imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
And I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his Blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King has sent me other-where: Besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Norfolk. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the Curtain, and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks ; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there ? Ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry. *(selves)*

Kin. Who's there I say ? how dare you thrust your
 Into my private Meditations ?
 Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. 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.

Kin. Ye are too bold :

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of businesse :
 Is this an houre for temporall affaires ? ha ?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinall ? O my *Wolsey*,
 The quiet of my wounded Conscience ;
 Thou art a cure fit for the King ; you'r welcome,
 Most Learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
 Use us, and it : my good Lord, have great care,
 I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot :

I would your Grace would give us but an houre
 Of private conference.

Kin. We are busie ; go.

Nor. This Priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though for his place :
 But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it doe, I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

Exeunt Norfolk, and Suffolk,

Wol. Your Grace has given a President of wisdom
 Above all Princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome :
 Who can be angry now ? what Envy reach you ?
 The *Spaniard* tild by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
 The Triall just and noble. All the Clerks,
 (I mean the Learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
 Have their free voyces. *Rome* (the Nurse of Judgement,
 Invited by your noble self hath sent

One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
 This just and Learned Priest, Cardinall *Campeius*,
 Whom once more I present unto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy Conclave for their loves,
 They have sent me such a Man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
 You are so Noble : To your Highnesse hand
 I tender my Commission ; by whose virtue,
 The Court of *Rome* commanding : You my Lord
 Cardinall of *York*, are joyn'd with me their Servant,
 In the impartiall judging of this businesse.

Kin. Two equall men : The Queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has alwayes lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A Woman of lesse Place might ask by Law ;
 Schollars allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
 To him that does best, God forbid else : Cardinall,
 Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
 I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy & favour to you ;
 You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walks and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
 In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a Learned man ?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
 Even of your self Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How ? of me ?

Camp. They will not stick to say, you envi'd him ;
 And fearing he would rise (he was so virtuous)
 Kept him a forreign man still, which so griev'd him,
 That he ran mad, and di'd.

Wol. Heavens peace be with him :

That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers,
 There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole ;
 For he would needs be virtuous. That good Fellow,
 If I command him, follows my appointment,
 I will have none so ne're else. Learn this Brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of Learning, is *Black Fryers* :
 There ye shall meet about this weighty businesse.
 My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a Bedfellow ? But Conscience, Conscience ;
 O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *(Exeunt.)*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and old Lady.

An. Not for that neither, here's the pang that pinches.
 His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
 So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing : Oh, now after
 So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
 Still growing in a Majesty and pomp, the which
 To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
 'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Proesse,
 To give her the avant, it is a pitty
 Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her,

An. Oh Gods will, much better
 She ne're had known pomp ; though't be temporall,
 Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, doe divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soule and bodies severing.

Old La. Alas poor Lady,
 She's stranger now again.

An. So much the more
 Must pitty drop upon her ; verily
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And

And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be peck'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old. L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old. L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your hypocrisie;
You that have so fair parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiverell Conscience, would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

An. Nay, good troth.

Old. L. Yestroth & troth: you would not be a Queen?

An. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old. L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd now would
Old as I am, to Queen it: but I pray you, (hire me,
What think you of a Dutchesse? have you limbs
To bear that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old. L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little.
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talk;
I swear again, I would not be a Queen,
For all the world.

Old. L. In faith for little England
You'll venture an emballing: I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many virtues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Do's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembrook*; to which Title,
A thousand pound a year, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kind of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed, nor my Wishes
More worth then empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;

I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Jemme,
To lighten all this Isle? I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlain.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old. L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteen yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune: have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old. L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was no Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

An. Come, you are pleasant.

Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the *Larke*: The Marchionesse of *Pembrook*?
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mee thousands: Honours train
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your back will bear a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what followes.

The Queen is comfortlesse, and we forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What here y' have heard to her.

Old. L. What doe you think me-----*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets.

*Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them
two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bi-
shop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lin-
coln, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: next them, with
some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the
Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: then
two Priests, bearing each a Silver Crosse: then a Gentle-
man-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at
Armes, bearing a Mace: then two Gentlemen, bearing
two great Silver Pillars: after them, side by side, the two
Cardinals, two Noble-men, with the Sword and Mace.
The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two
Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes
place some distance from the King. The Bishops place
themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Confi-
story: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the
Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient
order about the Stage.*

Card.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from *Rome* is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.

Scri. Say, *Henry K. of England*, come into the Court.

Crier. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queen of England*,
Come into the Court.

Crier. *Katherine Queen of England, &c.*

*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chayre,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles
at his Feet. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you doe me right and Justice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your Dominions: having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? when was the hour
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deri'vd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde;
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty yeares, and have been blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And proceesse of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honour ought;
My bond to Wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turn me away: and let foul'st Contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of Justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most prudent; and an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit and Judgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Council to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose Counsell
I will implore. If not, ith' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choyce) these Reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity and Learning:
Yea, the elect oth' Land, who are assembled
To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and justly; Therefore, Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session doe proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinall, to you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd so) certain
The Daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
I'll turn to sparkes of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
Or God will punish me. I doe believe
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to truth.

Wol. I doe professe

You speak not like your self: who ever yet
Have stood to Charity: and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdomes,
O're-topping womans power. Madam, you doe me wrong,
I have no spleen against you, nor in justice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (shall) I warrant
By a Commission from the Consistory;
Yea, the whole Consistory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coale: I doe deny it,
The King is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falshood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speak in, I doe beseech
You (gracious Madam) to unthink your speaking,
And to say no more.

Quee. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Yare meek, & humble-mouth'd,
You sign your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meeknesse and Humility: But your heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleen, and Pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highnesse favours,
Gone slightly o're low steps, and now are mounted:
Where Powers are your Retainers; and your words
(Domesticks to you) leave your will; as't please
Your self pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honour, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I doe refuse you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause fore his Holinesse,
And to be judg'd by him.

She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

Kin. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Upon this businesse my appearence make,
In any of their Courts.

Exe: Queen, and her Attendants.

Kin. Go thy wayes Kate,
That man ith' world, who shall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and Pious, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens: She's Noble born:
And like her true Nobility, she has
Carried her self towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnesse,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these eares (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfi'd) whether ever I
Did broach this businesse to your Highnesse, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like the Village Curres,
Bark when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justifi'd? You ever
Have with'd the sleeping of this businesse, never desir'd
It to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinall to this point;
And thus farre clear him.
Now, what mov'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heed
My Conscience first receiv'd a tenderesse,
Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
And Marriage' twixt the Duke of Orleance, and
Our Daughter Mary: Ich' Progressse of this businesse,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yea with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies womb
If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life to't, then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or dyed where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kiugdome
(Well worthy the best Heir oth' world) should not
Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger that my Realmes stood in
By this my Issues faile, and that gave tome
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wilde sea of my Conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together: that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors Learn'd. First I began in private,
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did seek
When I first mov'd you.

B. Lin. Very well, my Liege.

Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your self to say
How farre you satisfi'd me.

Lin. So please your Highnesse,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringst Counsell which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highnesse in this course,
Which you are running here.

Kin. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present Summons unsolicited.
I left no reverend person in this Court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your Hands and Scales: therefore go on,
For no dislike ith' world against the person
Of our good Queen; but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear her mortall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queen) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon'd oth' World.

Camp. So please your Highnesse,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,
That we adjourn this Court to a further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeale
She intends unto his Holinesse.

Kin. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My Learn'd and welbelov'd Servant Cranmer,
Prethee return, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: break up the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Woman, as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute, Wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst : leave working :

SONG.

O Rpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring ; as Sun and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet Musick is such Art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now ?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near : what can be their businesse
With me, a poor weak woman, faine from favour,
I doe not like their comming ; now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affaires are righteous,
But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolfsey and Campian.

Wolf. Peace to your Highnesse.

Qu. Your Graces find me here part of a Houwife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen :
What are your pleasures with me, Reverend Lords ?

Wolf. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber ; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience
Deserves a Corner : would all other Women
Could speak this with as free a Soule as I doe,
My Lords, I care not (To much I am happy
Above a number) If my actions
Were tri'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your businesse
Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in ;
Out with it boldly : Truth loves open dealing.

Card. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas (Regina se-*

Queen. Good my Lord, no Latine ; *(renissima.)*

I am not such a Traunt since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in : *(ous :*
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speak in *English* ; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor Mistris sake ;
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English* :

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant ;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good Lady : But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Camp. Most honoured Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a sign of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
But how to make ye suddenly an Answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine Honour,
(More near my Life I fear) with my weak wit ;
And to such men of Gravity and Learning ;
In truth I know not. I was set at work,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse ;
For her sake that I have been, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse ; good your Graces
Let me have time and Council for my Cause :
Alas, I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.

Wolf. 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 think, Lord,
That any *English*-man dare give me Counsell ?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highnesse pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a Subject ? Nay forsooth my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine own Country, Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How, Sir ?

Camp. Put your main cause into the Kings protection,
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better and your Cause :
For if the Tryall of the Law o're-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wolf. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine :
Is this your Christian Counsell ? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule, two Reverend Cardinall Virtues :
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I fear ye :
Mend 'em for shame my Lords : Is this your comfort ?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Car. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Quee. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habit)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas, ha's banisht me his bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old, my Lords,
And ail the fellowshipp I hold now with him
(s onely by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchednesse ? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this :

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Virtue finds no friends) a Wife, a true one ?
A Woman (I dare say without Vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I, with all my full Affections

Still met the King ? Lov'd him next Heav'n ? Obey'd him ?

Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him ?

Almost forgot my Prayers to content him ?

And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, Lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,

One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure ;

And to that Woman (when she has done most)

Yet will I adde an honour ; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Quee. My Lord,
I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.

Card. Pray hearme.

Qu. Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
O felt the Flatteries that grow upon it :
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heaven knowes your hearts.
What shall become of me now, wretched Lady ?
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alas (poor Wenches) where are now your Fortunes ?
Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me ?
Almost no Grave allow'd me ? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we (good Lady)
Upon what cause wrong you ? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it ;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodnes sake, consider what you doe,
How you may hurt your self : I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they love it. But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as stormes.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A Soule as even as a Calme ; Pray think us,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.

Camp. Madam, you'll find it so :
You wrong your Virtues

With these weak Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false Coyn from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loose it not : For us (if you please
To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies in your service.

Qu. Doe what you will, my Lords :
And pray forgive me ;
If I have us'd my self unmannerly,
You know I am a Woman lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty,
He has my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Countells on me. She now begs
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her Dignities so dear. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyfull
To meet 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
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? When did he regard
The stamp of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himself ?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know :
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Barre his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him : for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O fear 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 settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded : wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His practises to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how ? how ?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And

And come to th' eye oth' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did entreat his Holinesse
To stay the Judgement oth' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I doe (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queens, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeve it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Physick
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I professe you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To some eares unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In minde and feature, I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing 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. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Wasps that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stoln away to *Rome*, hath tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause to th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I doe assure you,
The King cri'd Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him.
And let him cry Ha, louder.

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfi'd the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I believe)
His second Marriage shall be published, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeesse Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much pain
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-Bishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Car. The Packet, *Cromwell*,
Gav't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he oth' in-side of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseale them, and the first he view'd.
He did it with a serious minde: a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is,

Card. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutchesse of *Alanson*,
The *French Kings* Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: I'le no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then fair Visage. *Bullen*?

No, we'll no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish
To hear from *Rome*. The Marchionesse of *Penbrook*?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy Justice.

Car. The late Queens Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis Mistis? the Queens Queen?
This Candle burns not cleer, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny *Lutheran*, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie ich' bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An Heretick, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King reading of a Schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that 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 own portion? and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him? how, ich' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moon: in most strange Postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwittingly)
Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's heavens will,
Some Spirit put this Paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did think

His Contemplations were above the earth,
And fixt on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes
to the Cardinal.*

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God blefs your Highness.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly stuff, and bear the Inventory,
Of your best Grace, in your minde; the which,
You were now running o're: you have scarce time
To steal from Spiritual leisure, a brief span
To keep your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'th' State: and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son, among't my Brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with this deed did Crown
His sword upon 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 present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon you.

Car. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business.

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withall
If you are to bound to us, or no. What say you?

Car. My Sovereign, I confess your Royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine own ends,
Have been so, that evermore they pointed
To th'good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poor Undeserver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayers to heaven for you; my Loyalty
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A Loyal, and obedient Subject is
Therein illustrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Love, my pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart.

Your Brain, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Love's particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profess,
That for your Highness good, I ever labour'd
More then mine own: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my Duty,
As doth a Rock against the chiding Floud,
Should the approach of this wild River break)
And stand unshaken, yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken;
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
throng after him whispering, and smiling.*

Car. What should this mean?
What sudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper has undone me: 'Tis th'Account
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawn together.
For mine own ends, (Indeed to gain the Popedom
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What croles Devil
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his Brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness,
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 see me more.

*Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
Till you hear further from his Highness.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suff. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Car. 'Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I mean your Malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what course Mettal ye are molded, Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruine?
 Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
 You have a Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
 In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
 You ask with such a Violence, the King
 (Mine, and your Master) with his own hand, gave me:]
 Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
 During my life; and to confirm his Goodness,
 Tt de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Car. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traytor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these fourty houres, *Surrey* durst better
 Have burnt that Tongue, then said so.

Sur. Thy Ambition
 (Thou Scarlet finner) robb'd this bemoaning 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 hair of his. Plague of your policy,
 You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his succour; from the King, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault, thou gay'f't him:
 Whil'st your great Goodness, out of holy pitie,
 Absolv'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 deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His Noble Jury, and foul Cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little Honesty, as Honour,
 That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
 Toward the King, my ever Royal Master,
 Dare mate a sounder man then *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soul,
 Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
 Thou should'st feel
 My Sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
 And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
 Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.

Car. All Goodness

Is poison to thy Stomack.

Sur. Yes, that Goodness
 Of gleaning all the Land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands (Card'nal) by Extortion:
 The goodness of your intercepted Packets
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King: your goodness
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly Noble,
 As you respect the common good, the State
 Of our dispis'd Nobility, our Issues,
 (Who if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen)
 Produce the grand summe of his finnes, the Articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the brown Wench
 Lay kissing in your armes, Lord Cardinal.

Car. How much me thinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in Charity against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
 But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless, shall mine Innocence arise,
 When the King knows my Truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thank my Memory, I yet remember
 Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty Cardinal,
 You'll shew a little Honesty.

Wol. Speak on Sir,
 I dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
 It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
 Have at you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
 You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
 To Foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*,
 Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
 To be your Servant.

Suff. Then, that without the knowledge
 Either of King or Council, when you went
 Ambassador to the Emperour, you made bold
 To carry into *Flanders*, the Great Seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
 To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
 Without the King's will, or the States allowance,
 A League between his Highness, and *Ferrara*.

Suff. That out of mere Ambition, you have caus'd
 Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the King's Coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
 (By what means got, I leave to your own Conscience)
 To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the wayes
 You have for Dignities, to the mere undoing
 Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
 Which since they are of you, and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
 Press not a falling man too far: 'tis Virtue:
 His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
 (Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little, of his great Self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suff. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
 Because all those things you have done of late
 By your power Legantive within this Kingdome,
 Fall into th' compass of a *Præmunire*;
 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 King's protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your Meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
 The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thank you.
 So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatness.
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
 The tender Leaves of Hopes, to morrow Blossoms,
 And beares his blushing Honours thick upon him:
 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
 And when he thinks, good easie man, full suely

His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders :
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor min, that hangs on Princes favours ?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet Aspects of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lusifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell* ?

Crom. I have no power to speak Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? Can the Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Card. Why well :

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my self now, and I feel within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace : and from these shoulders
This ruin'd Piller, out of Pity, taken
A load, would sink a Navy, (too much Honour.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right use of it.

Card. I hope I have :
I am able now (me thinks)
(Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel)
To endure more Miseries, and greater far
Then my Weak-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blefs him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's somewhat sodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness favour, and do Justice
For truth's-sake, and his Conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in Blessings,
May have a tombe of Orphan's teares wept on him.
What more ?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome ;
Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappel : and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Card. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me : All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever.

No Sun, shall ever usher forth mine Honours,
Or gild again the Noble Troops that weigh'd.
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seek the King
(That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me, will stir him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull service perish too. Good *Cromwel*,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forgoe
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Card. *Cromwel*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries : But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes : And thus far hear me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of : Say I taught thee ;
Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of Glory,
And sounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
Found thee a way (out of his wrack) to rise in :
A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
Mark but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me :
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sin fell the Angels : how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it ?
Love thy self last, cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption win not more then Honesty,
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy God's, and truth's : then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwel*)
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Serve the King : and prethee lead me in :
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*
Had I but serv'd my God, with half the Zeal
I serv'd my King : he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Y'are well met once again.

2. So are you.

1. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

A a a 2

2. Tis

2. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Trial.

1. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This general joy.

2. 'Tis well : the Citizens
I am sure have shewn at full their Royal minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.

1. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken Sir.

2. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That Paper in your hands ?

1. Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claim their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high Steward ; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marshal : you may read the rest.

1. I thank you Sir : Had I not known those customes,
I should have been bebolding to your Paper :
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princess Dowager ? How goes her business ?

1. That I can tell you too : the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of this Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable* ; six miles off
From *Amphill*, where the Princess lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The King's late Scruple, by the main assent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect :
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2. Alas good Lady.
The trumpets sound : stand close,
The Queen is coming.

Ho-boys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
 2. *Then two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
 4. *Quiristers singing.* Musick.
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Carter, in his Coat of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crown.*
 6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demi-Coronet of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earle's Coronet. Collars of Esses.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
 8. *A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queen in her Robe, in her hair, richly adorned with Pearl, Crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*
- Excunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royal Train believe me: these I know:
Who's that bears the Scepter ?

1. *Marquess Dorset,*
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the Rod.
2. A bold brave Gentleman, That should be
The Duke of *Suffolk*.

1. 'Tis the same : high Steward.
2. And that my Lord of *Norfolk* ?

1. Yes.
2. Heaven blest thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel ;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his Armes,
And more, & richer, when he strains that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience,

1. They that bear
The Cloath of Honor over her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2. Those men are happy,
And so are all, are near her,
I take it, she that carries up the Train,
Is that old Noble Lady, Duchess of *Norfolk*,

1. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2. Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1. No more of that

Enter a third Gentleman.

1. God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling ?
3. Among the crou'd i' th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. You saw the Ceremony ?

3. I did.

1. How was it ?

3. Well worth the seeing.

2. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich Chair of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.

Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a Noise arose,
As the shrowds make at Sea, in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think) flew up, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd Women,
That had not half a week to go, like Rammes
In the old time of War, should shake the prease
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2. But what follow'd ?

3. At length, her Glace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen ;
As holy Oyl, Edward Confessor's Crown,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
Laid Nobly on her : which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choicest Musick of the Kingdome,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd back again
To *York*-Place, where the Feast is held.

1. Sir.

You must no more call it *York*-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3. I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2. What two Reverend Bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3. *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary:
The other *London*.

2. He of *Winchester*

Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3. All the Land knows that:

How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will find a Friend will not shrink from him.

2. Who may be that, I pray you.

3. *Thomas Cromwel*,

A man in much esteem with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend, The King has made him
Master o'th' Jewel House,
And one already of the Privy Council.

2. He will deserve 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:
Someth'ing I can command: as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith, her Gentleman-Usher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sick to death:

My Legges like loaded Branches bow to th'Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chair,
So, now (me thinks) I feel a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'st me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I think your Grace
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes Madam,
For after the stout Earl *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poor man.

Grif. At last, with easie Roads he came to *Leicester*,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world agen,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,

His faults lye on him.

Yet thus far *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with Charity: he was, a man
Of an unhounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdome, Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull.

His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his Performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Men's evil manners, live in Brasse, their Virtues
We write in Water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,

Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and perswading:
Lofty, and sower to them that lov'd him not:
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely: Ever witness for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford*: one of which, fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfinish'd) yet so Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
That Christendome shall ever speak his Virtue.
His Overthrow, heap'd Happiness upon him:
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the Blessedness of being little.

And to adde greater Honours to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honour, from Corruption.
But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made me
With thy Religious Truth, and Modesty,
(Now in his Ashes) Honour: Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me still, and set me lowet.

I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating.

On that Celestial Harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their head Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palm in their hands. They first Congee unto her, then Dance : and at certain Changes; the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Charges, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two : who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleep) signes of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? Are ye all gone ?
And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast a thousand beams upon me, like the Sun ?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possess your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musick ceases.*

Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodain ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace -----

Kat. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatness
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see again. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight fail me not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request, that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution ;
That gentle Physick given in time, had cur'd me :
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away.

Pati. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The Model of our chaste loves : his young daughter,
The dewes of Heaven fall thick in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's sake : that lov'd him :
Heaven knows how dearly.

My next poor Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pitie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For honesty, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure 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 something over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to Soules departed,
Stand these poor peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven I will.

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness :
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will :) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honour ; strew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife to my Grave : Embalm me,
Then lay me forth (although un-Queen'd) yet like
A Queen, and Daughter to a King interr me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Alms

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. It's one a clock Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strook.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: times to repair our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, *Sir Thomas*:
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, *Sir Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too

Before he goe to Bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet *Sir Thomas Lovel*: what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier then this work. The Queen's in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
She'll with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stock *Sir Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Me thinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
She's a good Creature, and sweet Lady, do's
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Hear me, *Sir Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way. I know you are Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well;
'Twill not, *Sir Thomas Lovel*, tak't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and she
Sleep in their Graves.

Lov. Now Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,
Beside that of the Jewel-House, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the King's Secretary. Further Sir
Stands in the gap and trade of more Preferments,
With which the Lime will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, *Sir Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords of the Councel, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given ear to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefs,

Our Reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To morrow morning to the Councel Board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, *Sir Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, *Sir Thomas*.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.

Enter King and Suffolk,

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my Fancie's on my Play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News.

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an Heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*.
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suff. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good Mistress will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. *Charles*, good night, *Exit Suffolk.*
Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha? *Canterbury*?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?

Den. He attends your Highness pleasure.

King. Bring him to Us.

Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. *Lovel seemeth to stay.*
Ha? I have said, be gone.

Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

Cran. I am fearfull: Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness pleasure.

King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows,
I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many grievous ; I do say my Lord
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd Us, and our Councel, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your self,
But that 'till further Trial, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre : you, a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Coin shall flie afunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Then I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Prythee let's walk. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you ? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains, to bring together
Your self, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty :
If they shall fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world ?
Your Enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The due o'th' Verdict with it ; at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure, Knaves as corrupt
To swear against you : Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great size. When you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witness, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth ? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail, then we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you :
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemencie
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps :
He's honest on mine Honour. God's blest Mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He has strangled all his Language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back : what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness in manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy Message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say I, and of a Boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege ;
And of a lovely Boy ; the God of heaven
Both now, and ever blest her : 'Tis a Girl
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you
As Cherry, is to Cherry

King. Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Marks.
I'll to the Queen.

Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Marks ? By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary Groom is for such payment,
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Girl was like to him ? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't : and now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councel, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast ? What means this ? Hoa ?
Who waits there ? Sure you know me ?

Enter Keeper.

King. Yes ; my Lord :
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of Malice : I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently.

Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's Physician, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me :
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace : for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour ; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door : a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a Window
above.*

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts ?

Butts.

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body a me : where is it ?

Butts. There my Lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at door 'mongst Pursevants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.

King. Ha ? 'tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above'em yet ; I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among'em,
At least good manners ; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the door too, like a Poste with Packets :
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knavery ;
Let'em alone, and draw the Curtain close :
We shall hear more anon.

*A Councel Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and
placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places
himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand:
A Seat being left void above him, as for Canterburies
Seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey,
Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in Or-
der on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.*

Char. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary ;

Why are we met in Council ?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The chief cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Ha's he 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 half an hour to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councel Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That Chair stand empty : But we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels ; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdean'd your self, and not a little :
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous ; which are Heresies ;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sudden too
My Noble Lords, for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace'em not in their hands to make'em gentle ;
But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits and spurre'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our easiness and childish pitie
To one man's Honour, this contagious sickness ;
Farewell all Physick : and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State : of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness :
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords ; Hitherto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living,
(I speak it with a single heart my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirres against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick Peace then I do :
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With less Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment ;
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be ; you are a Counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. (ment,

Gard. My Lord, because we have business of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our content, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I fear) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester* : I thank you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship, Judge and Juror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord
Become a Churchman better then Ambition :
Win straying Soules with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
Lay all the waight ye can upon my patience,
I make a little doubt as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y^e are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; Men so Noble,
How ever faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy ; you may worst
Of all this table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gard. Not sound I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest :
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much.
Forbear for shame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voices : that forthwith,
You be convey'd to th' Tower a Prisoner ;
There to remain till the Kings further pleasure
Be known unto us ; are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a Traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there my Lords,
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cham. This is the King's Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'T would fall upon our selves.

Norf. Do you think my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Sovereign.

How much are we bound to Heaven,
In daily thanks; that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most Religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aime of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His Royal self in Judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden Commendations
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit down: Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Then but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace, -----

King. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve the title)
This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean,
Which ye shall never have while I do live.

Cham. Thus far

My most dread Sovereign, 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 tryal,
And fair purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more a doe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you must not deny me.
That is, a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?

King. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoons:
You shall have two Noble Partners with you: the old
Duchess of *Norfolk*, and Lady Marquess of *Dorset*?
Will these please you?

Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how dear, I hold this Confirmation. (heart,
King. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
The common voice I see is verified.

Of thee, which sayes thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gain. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon ye Rascals: do you
take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave
your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Por. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye Rogue,
Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
Staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
'le scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you look for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Ras-
calls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we swept them from the door with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against *Poule's* as stir 'em.

Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in ?
As much as one sound Cudgel of four foot,
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*; nor Sir *Gay*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow'em down before me : but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker ;
Let me ne're hope to see a Chint again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her,

With. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. *Puppy*.
Keep the door close Sirrha.

Man. What would you have me do?

Por. What should you do,
But knock 'em down by th' dozens ? Is this *Moor-fields*
to muster in ? Or have we some strange *Indian* with the
great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege us ?
Bless me ! what a fry of Fonication is at the door ? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir : there is a
fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a Brasier
by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-
dayes now reign in's Nose ; all that stand about him are
under the Line, they need no other penance : that Fire-
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against me ; he stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow us up. There was a Habber-
dasher's Wife of small Wit, near him, that rail'd upon
me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kin-
dling such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor
once, and hit that Woman, who cryed our Clubbs, when I
might see from far, some forty Truncheons draw to
her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strond where she
was quartered ; they fell on, I made good my place ; at
length they came to th' broom-staff to me, I defi'de 'em
still, when suddenly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose
shot, deliver'd such a shower of Pibbles, that I was fain to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em wunne the Work, the
Devil was amongst 'em I think luredly.

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Play-house,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-House*,
their dear Brothers are able to endure. I have some of
'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and these they are like to dance
these three dayes ; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

L. Cham. Mercy o' me : what a Multitude are here ?
They grow still too ; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here ? Where are these Porters ?
These lazy knaves ? Y' have made a fine hand fellows ?
There's a trim rabble let in : are all these
Your faithfull friends o' th' Suburbs ? We shall have
Great store of room no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they pass back from the Christening ?

Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men, and what so many may doe,
Not being torn a peeces, we have done :
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't ; I'll lay ye all

By th' heels, and suddenly : and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect : y' are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should do Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th' are come already from the Christening,
Go break among the preas, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Moneths.

Por. Make way there, for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Por. You i' th' Chamblet, get up o' th' raile,
I'll peck you o're the pales else.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshall's Staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noble men, bearing great standing Bowls for the Christening Gifts: Then four Noble men bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Trainborne by a Lady. The follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven

From thy endless Goodness, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princess of England, *Elizabeth*.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my self thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

King. Thank you good Lord Arch-bishop :
What is her Name ?

Cran. *Elizabeth*.

King. Stand up Lord,
With this Kiss, take my Blessing : God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My Noble Gossips, y' have been too Prodigal,
I thank ye heartily : So shall this Lady.
When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak Sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery ; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heaven still move about her,
Though in her Cradle ; yet now promises
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisdom, and fair Virtue
Then this pure Soul shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy

Holy and heavenly thoughts still Counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
 Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow :
 Good growes with her.
 In her dayes, Every Man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own Vine what he plants ; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
 And by those claim their Greatness ; not by Bloud.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Maiden Phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self.
 So shall she leave her Blessedness to One,
 (When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
 That were the Servants to this chosen Infant;
 Shall then be his. and like a Vine grow to him ;
 Where ever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour, and the greatness of his name,
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plains about him : Our Children's Children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess ; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crown it.
 Would I had known no more : But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must have her ; yet a Virgin,
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she pass
 To th'ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

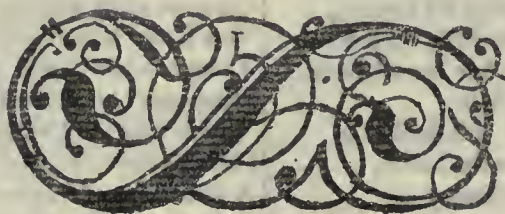
King. O Lord Archbishop
 Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker,
 I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Mayor,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding :
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye.
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 'Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
 This little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

The Epilogue.

TListen to one, this Play can never please
 All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep out an Act or two ; but those we feare
 W' have affrighted with our Trumpets : so 'tis clear,
 They'll say it's naught. Others to hear the City
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty,
 Which we have not done neither ; that I fear

All the expected good w' are like to hear,
 For this Play at this time, is only in
 The mercifull construction of good Women;
 For such a one we shew'd 'em : If they smile,
 And say 'twill doe ; I know within a while,
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

F I N I S.



THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy there lies the Scene: from Iles of Greece
 The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel Warr: Sixty and nine that wore
 Their Crownets Regal, from th' Athenian Bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy, within whose strong Immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the Quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come,
 And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
 Their Warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave Pavillions. Priams six-gated City,
 Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenonidus with massy Staples
 And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts
 Stirr up the Sons of Troy.
 Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Troian and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of Authors pen, or Actors voice; but suited
 In like conditions, as our Argument;
 To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
 Leaps ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
 To what may be digested in a Play:
 Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warr.



THE TRAGEDY OF

Troilus and Cressida,

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

C All here my Varlet, Ile unarm again.
Why should I warr without the walls of Troy
That find such cruel battel here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'r be mended? (strength,

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
Feitce to their skill, and to their feircenefs Valiant:
But I am weaker than a womans tear:
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Lefs valiant than the Virgin in the night,
And skillefs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. He that will
have a Cake out of the Wheat, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening: but heres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddes ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do:

At *Priams* Royal Table I sit;
And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence—

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, than ever I saw her look,
Or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Left *Hektor*, or my father should perceive me:
I have (as when the Sun doth light a-scorn)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth, Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. And her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helens, well go to, there were no more comparison be-
tween the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearm it) praise it, but I would

some-body had heard her talk yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but—

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
in *Cressids* love. Thou answer'st she is Fair,
Powr'st in the open Ulcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Ink
Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure,
The Cignets Down is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lai'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou do'st not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't. Let her be as she is,
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
ha's the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought-
on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and
between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because she is Kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as *Helen*, and she were not Kin to me, she would
be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what
care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moor, 'tis all
one to me.

Troi. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
Fool to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks,
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part,
Ile meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me, I will leave all
as I found it, and there's an end *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarm

Troi. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fools on both sides, *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood, you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argument :
It is too Rar'd a subject for my Sword,
But *Pandarus* : O gods ! How do you plague me ?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborn, chaf't, against all sure.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we :
Her bed is *India* , there she lyes, a Pearl,
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides
Let it be call'd the mild and wandering flood ,
Our self the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our Bark.

Alarm. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. How now Prince *Troilus* ?
Wherefore not afield ?

Troi. Because not there ; this womans answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence :
What news *Aeneas* from the field to day ?

Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom *Aeneas* ?

Aeneas. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn.

Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horn. *Alarm.*

Aeneas. Hark what good sport is out of town to day.

Troi. Better at home, if would I might were may ;
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither ?

Aeneas. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come go we then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Cressid* and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Man. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Man. Up to the Eastern Tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the barrel ; *Hektor* whose patience,
Is as a Virtue fixt, to day was mov'd :
He chides *Andromache*, and strook his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warr
Before the Sun rose, he was harvest light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foresay,
In *Hektor's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Man. The noise goes this ;

There is among the Greeks,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to *Hektor*.
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men , unless they are drunk, sick , or
have no legs.

Man. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lion, churlish
as the Bear , slow as the Elephant : a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht
into folly , his folly sauced with discretion : there is no
man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-
ny man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair, he
hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing so out
of joynt, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and
no use ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make *Hektor* angry ?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hektor* in the bat-

tel and strook him down, the disdain and shame where-
of, hath ever since kept *Hektor* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Man. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hektor's* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressid* : what do you talk
of ? good morrow *Alexander* : how do you Cozen ? when
were you at *Ilium* ?

Cre. This morning Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came ? VVas
Hektor arm'd and gone ere ye came to *Ilium* ? *Helen* was
not up ? was she ?

Cre. *Hektor* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'ne so ; *Hektor* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he sayes here.

Pan. True he was so ; I know the cause too, he'll lay
about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus*
will not come farr behind him , let them take heed of
Troilus ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too ?

Pan. Who *Troilus* ?

Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter* ; there's no comparison.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hektor* ? do you
know a man if you see him ?

Cre. I, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not *Hektor*.

Pan. No, nor *Hektor* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just, to each of them he is himself.

Pan. Himself ? alas poor *Troilus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hektor*.

Pan. Himself ? no ? he's not himself , would a were
himself ; well, the gods are above, time must friend or
end : well *Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-
dy ; no, *Hektor* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-
ther tale when th'others come too't : *Hektor* shall not
have his will this year.

Cre. He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece ; *Helen* her self
swore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour (for
so 'tis I must confes.) not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith to say truth, brown and not brown

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. VVhy *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much, if she prais'd

Bbb 2

him

him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion I had as lieve *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compass window, and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soon bring his particulars therein, to a total.

Pand. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumn*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that *Hellen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the
Proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin, indeed she has a marvel's white hand I must needs confels.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas poor chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laugh't that her eyes run ore.

Cre. With Millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laugh't.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laugh't.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white hair that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cre. And 'thad been a green hair, I should have laugh't too.

Pand. They laugh't not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that: two and fifty hairs quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sons. *Jupiter* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laugh't, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pand. Ile be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April. *Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And Ile spring up in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark they are comming from the field, shall we stand up here and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, Ile tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter Aeneas.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*, is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that? *Enter Antenor.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrew'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' soundest judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that there's a fellow. Go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's a countenance; is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you see? Look you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one, by Godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do *Helens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*, I think he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight Uncle?

Pan. *Helenus* no: yes he'll fight indifferent well, I marvel where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man Neece, hem; Brave *Troilus* the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him Neece, look you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helm more hackt than *Hectors*, and how he looks

looks, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne'r saw three and twenty. Goe thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Hellen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'r look, ne'r look; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws: I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks *Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. I, a minc'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 knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty; my Mask, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hir, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then is past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cre. Adieu Unkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cre. To bring Unkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and loves full sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprife:
But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandarus*'s praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the souls joy lyes in doing:
That she belov'd, knows nought, that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love go so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
"Achievement, is command: ungain'd, beseech."
That though my hearts Contents firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. *Exit.*

Sonet. Enter *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Menelaus*, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What grief hath set the Jaundies on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hopes makes
In all designs, begun on Earth below
Fails in the promist largenets: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and diverts his Grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so farr,
That after seven years siege, yet *Troy* walls stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheeks abash'd, behold our works,
And think them shame, which are (indeed) nought else
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which Metal is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wise and Fool, the Artist and un-read,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a loud and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by it self,
Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godly fear,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words.

In the reproof of Chance,
Lies the true proof of men: The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boats dare fail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of noble bulk?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Bark, through liquid mountains cuts
Bounding between the two moist Elements
Like *Persus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toft for *Neptune*. Even so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth divide
In storms of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightness,
The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize
Than by the Tyger: But, when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. *Agamemnon.*

Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Should be shut up; Hear what *Ulysses* speaks,
Besides th'applause and approbation
The which (most mighty) for thy place and may,

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,
I give to both your speeches : which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Brass : and such again
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre , strong as the Axeltree
On which the Heavens ride , knit all Greeks ears
To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to hear *Vlysses* speak.

Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of less expect;
That matter needless of importless burthen
Divide thy lips : then we are confident
When rank *Thersites* opes his Mastick jaws,
We shall hear Musick, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyss. Troy yet upon his basis had been down ,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The speciality of Rule hath been neglected ;
And look how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers shall all repair,
What Hony is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season; form,
Office, and custom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evil,
And posts like the Command'ment of a King ,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea ? shaking of Earth ?
Commotion in the Winds ? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture ? O, when degree is shak'd ,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peaceful Commerce from dividable shores ,
The Primogenitive, and due of Birth ,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by degree) stand in Authentique place ?
Take but degree away, un-tune that string,
And hark what Discord follows : each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher than the Shores.
And make a sopp of all this solid Globe :
Strength should be Lord of imbecillity,
And the rude Son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jarr, justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes it self in Power ,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an universal Wolf ,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an universal prey ,
And last, eat up himself.

Great *Agamemnon* :

This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choaking :

And this neglect on of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath : so every step
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his Superiour, grows to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodless Emulation.

And 'tis this Feaver that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length ,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* here discover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The Nature of the sickness found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedy ?

Vlyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The finew; and the fore-hand of our Host,
Having his ear full of his ayery Fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril Jests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon* ,
Thy toplefs deputation he puts on ;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Seaffolage ,
(Such to-be-pitted, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatness in :) and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearms unsquar'd ,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seem Hyperboles. At this fusty stuff ,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deep Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* just.
Now play me *Nestor* ; hum; and stroke thy beard
As he, being drest to some Oration,
That's done, as neer as the extremest ends
Of paralels ; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet good *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarm,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of mirth, to cough and spit ,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the River : and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steel, I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crowns
With an Imperial voyce, many are infect :
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a reign, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him ;
Makes factious Feasts, rails on our state of Warr

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A slave (whose Gall coins slanders like a Mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They tax our Policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisdom as no member of the Warr,
Fore-stall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toyl, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bedwork, Mapp'ry, Cloister-Warr:
So that the Ramm that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls,
By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thetis* sons. Tucket

Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his Kingly ears?

Aga. With fury stronger than *Achilles* arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

Aene. I : I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus* :

Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seem Souldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joynts, true swords, and *Joves* accord
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,
Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that he prais'd himself, bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your self *Aeneas*?

Aene. I Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately
That comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive beare,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud.

Send thy brass voyce through all these lazy Tents,
And every Greek of metal, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great *Agamemnon*, here in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce
Is rusty grown, He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among't the fayr 'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise, more than he fears his peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.

Hector, in view of Troians, and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and walls of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meers *Hector*, if none, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Granfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Love; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth.

Ulys. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Aeneas*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pavillion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent;

Your self shall Feast with us before you goe,

And find the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulys. *Nestor*.

Nest. What sayes *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up

In

In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or (shedding) breed a Nursery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Vlyf. This challenge that the gallant *Hektor* sends,
How ever it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, though (*Apollo* knows)
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgement,
I, with celerity, find *Hektor's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Vlyf. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hektor* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportful Combate,
Yet in this tryal, much opinion dwells.
For here the *Troians* tast our deer'st repute
With their fin'st Palate: and trust to me *Vlyf*,
Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd
In this wild action. For the success
(Although particular) shall give a scantling
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in such Indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the Gyant-mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hektor*, issues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyl
As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd
Out of our Virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conq'ring part
To steel a strong opinion to themselves
Which entertain'd, Limbs are his instruments,
In noless working, than are Swords and Bows
Directive by the Limbs.

Vlyf. Give pardon to my speech:

Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hektor*:
Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And think perchance they'll sell: if not,
The lustre of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That ever *Hektor* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Vlyf. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hektor*,
(Were he not proud) we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Africk Sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape *Hektor* fair. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hektor*: Among our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon
Who broyls in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that powder than blew *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'll dress him up in voyces: if he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our projects life this shape of fence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to rellish thy advice,
And I will give a tast of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, goe we to him straight;
Two Currs shall tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarr the Mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone, *Exeunt.*

Enter Ajax, and Therites.

Aja. *Therites*?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (full) all over
generally.

Aja. *Therites*?

Ther. And those Biles did run, say so; did not the
General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dogg.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfs Son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then. *Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel
beef-witted Lord.

Aja. Speak then you whinid'st leaven speak, I will
beat thee into handfomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
but I think thy horse will sooner con an Oration, than
thou learn a prayer without book: Thou canst strike,
canst thou? A red Murren o'thy Jades tricks.

Aja. Toads stool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doe'st thou think I have no sence thou strik'st

Aja. The Proclamation. (me thus?)

Ther. Thou art proclam'd a fool, I think.

Aja. Do not Porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-
som'st scab in Greece.

Aja. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest and raylest every hour on *A-*
chilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cer-*
berus is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'st at him.

Aja. Mistress *Therites*.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aja. Coblose.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as
a Sailor breaks a bisket.

Aja. You horfen Curr.

Ther. Doe, doe.

Aja. Thou stool for a Witch.

Ther. I doe, doe, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast
no more brain than I have in mine elbows: An *Afinico*
may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Afs, thou art here
but to thresh *Troians*, and thou art bought and sold a-
mong those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use
to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou
art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aja. You dogg.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Aja. You Curr.

Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudeness, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Parroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?
How now *Therites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that fool.

Ther. I, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicum of wit he utters: his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a penny, and his *Pianater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not be there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Curr, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fools?

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fools will shame it.

Pat. Good words *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad thee vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary and you as under an Impres.

Ther. E'ne so, a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be Liars: *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What with me too *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclam'd through all our host, That *Hector* by the fifth hour of the Sun, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call some Knight to Arms, That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel? who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottery: otherwise

He knew his man.

Aja. O meaning you, I will go learn more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again sayes *Nestor* from the Greeks, Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else (As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd In not digestion of this cormorant Warr.) Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't.

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, There is no Lady of more softer bowels, More spongy, to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out, who knows what follows, Than *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety, Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd The Beacon of the wise: the Tent that searches To'th'bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go. Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tythe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes, Hath been as dear as *Helen*: I mean of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us (Had it our name) the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason which denies The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fye, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and honour of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters sum The past proportion of his infinite? And buckle in a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive, As fears and reasons? Fye for godly shame?

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are empty of them, should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers brother Priest, You furr your gloves with reason: here are your reasons You know an enemy intends you harm. You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm, Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels: Or like a Starr disorb'd. Nay, if we talk of reason, And flye like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*, Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and Honour Shold have hard hearts, would they but sat their thoughts With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect, Makes lovers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth What she doth cost the holding.

Troi. What's aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will, It holds his estimate and dignity As well, wherein 'tis precious of it self, As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry, To make the service greater than the god, And the will dotes that is inclineable To what infectiously it self affects, Without some image of th'affected merit.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of Will and Judgement. How may I avoid
 (Although my will distast what it elected)
 The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
 When we have spoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
 Your breath of full consent bellied his Sails,
 The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
 And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
 And for an old Aunt whom the Greeks held Captive,
 He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our Aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
 And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cri'd, Go, go:)
 If you'll confess, he brought home Noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapt your hands)
 And cri'd inestimable; why do you now
 The issue of your proper Wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did?
 Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
 Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep.
 But Thieves unworthy of a thing so stoln,
 That in their Country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our Native place.

*Enter Cassandra with her hair about
 her ears.*

Cres. Cry Troians cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. Cry Troians.

Hec. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry Troians Cry; lend me ten thousand eyes;
 And I will fill them with Prophetick tears.

Hec. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and Boys; mid-age and wrinkled old,
 Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
 Add to my clamour: let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry Troians cry, practise your eyes with tears,
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand,
 Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all.
 Cry Troians cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
 Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let *Helen* go. *Exit.*

Hec. Now youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our Sister work
 Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why brother *Hector*,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such, and no other than event doth form it,
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds;
 Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainfick raptures
 Cannot distast the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several Honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd, than all *Priams* sons,
 And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen,
 To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity,
 As well my under-takings as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what (alas) can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one mans valour
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'r retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;
 You have the Honey still, but these the Gall,
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self,
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
 But I would have the soyl of her fair Rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set foot in your generous bosomes?
 There not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say)
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
 The worlds large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
 And on the cause and question now in hand,
 Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear Moral Philosophy,
 The Reasons you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than Adders, to the voyce
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than Wife is to the Husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills resist the same,
 There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
 (As it is known she is) these Moral Laws
 Of Nature, and of Nation, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth : yet nere the less,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joynt and several dignities.

Troi. Why? there you touch the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown,
A spurr to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I presume brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
Whil'st emulation in the army crept :
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites solus.

Now now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
fury? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats
me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beat him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoot, Ile learn to conjure and raise Devils, but
Ile see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, a rare Enginier. If *Troy* be not taken till these
two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of
themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*,
forget that thou art *Jove* the King of gods: and *Mercury*,
lose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take
not that little little less than little wit from them that
they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows, is
so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a
Fly from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinks is the
curse dependant on those that warr for a placket. I have
said my prayers, and devil, Envy, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come
in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit,
thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self. The common
curse of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great
revenue; heaven blefs thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till
thy death, then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art a
fair course, Ile be sworn and sworn upon't she never
shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese,
my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy self into my
Table, so many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*; then tell me *Patroclus*,
what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therites*: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*
knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal.

Ther. Peace fool I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man, proceed *Therites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Ther-
sites* is a fool, and as afore said, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamem-
non*, *Therites* is a fool to serve such a fool: and *Patroclus*
is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlysses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffices me
thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speak with no body: come in
with me *Therites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such
knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a
good quarrel to draw emulations factions, and bleed to
death upon: Now the dry Serpego on the subject, and
Warr and Lechery confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Vlyf. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sick.

Aja. Yes, Lion sick, sick of a proud heart: you may
call it Melancholy if you will favour the man, but by my
head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him shew us the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vlyf. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Nes. Who, *Therites*?

Vlyf. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his
Argument.

Vlyf. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment, *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our with
than their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Fool could disunite.

Vlyf. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may
easily untie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulys. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for courtesie;
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure,
Did move your greatness, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Hear you *Patroclus*:

VVe are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
VVhy we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
(Not virtuously of his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholsome dish,
Are like to rot untasted; go and tell him,
VVe come to speak with him, and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over proud,
And under honest: in self assumption greater (self.
Than in the note of judgement: and worthier than him.
Here tends the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And under write in an observing kind
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
VVee'l none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warr:
A stirring Dwarf, we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
VVe come to speak with him, *Vlysses* enter you.

Exit Vlysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think, he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wife, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer *Ajax*, and your virtues
the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himself, Pride is his
own Glass, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and
what ever praises it self but in the deed, devours the
deed in the praise.

Enter Vlysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering
of Toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Vlyss. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow,

Aga. What's his excuse?

Vlyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in self admission.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the ayre with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for requests sake only
He makes important: possess he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd wrath
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst it self; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That baits his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself; Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staul his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And add more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This L. go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause.

Aja. If I go to him, with my armed fist Ile pash him
ore the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Aja. And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let
me go to him.

Vlyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aja. A poultry insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes himself.

Aja. Can he not be sociable?

Vlyss. The Raven chides blackness.

Aja. Ile let his humors blood.

Aga. He will be the Physician that should be the pa-
tient.

Aja. And all men were a my mind,

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aja. A should not bear it so, a should eat Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. A would have ten shares.

Aja. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, he's not
yet through warm.

Nest. force him with praises, pour in, pour in, his
ambition is dry.

Vlyss. My L. you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vlyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vlyf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aja. A horson dog, that shall palter thus with us, would he were a *Trojan*.

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now —

Vlyf. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Vlyf. I, or surly born.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

VI. Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition ;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,

And give him half, and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield

To sinnowie *Ajax* : I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts ; here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times :

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nestor*, were your dayes

As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him.

But he as *Ajax*.

Aja. Shall I call you Father ?

Vlyf. I my good Son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

Vlyf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicket : please it our General,

To call together all this state of warr ;

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy* ; to morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast :

And here's a Lord (come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flower) *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Go we to Counsel, let *Achilles* sleep ;

Light Bores may sail swift, though greater bulks draw

deep. *Exeunt.* *Musick sounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word : Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris* ?

Ser. I sir, When he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean ?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman : I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, do you not ?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your Honour better.

Pa. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace ?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, Honour and Lordship are my titles : What Musick is this ?

Ser. I do but partly know sir : it is Musick in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians ?

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to ?

Ser. To the hearers sir,

Pa. At whose pleasure Friend ?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love Musick.

Pa. Command, I mean friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir ?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play ?

Ser. That's to't indeed sir : marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L. who's there in person ; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart blood of Beauty, loves invisible soul.

Pa. Who ? my Cofin *Cressida*.

Ser. No, sir, *Helen*, could you not find out that by her attributes ?

Pa. It should seem fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus* : I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business, there's a stewd phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Fair be to you my Lord, and to all this fair company : fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them, especially to you fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Hel. Dear L. you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure sweet Queen : fair Prince, here is good broken Musick.

Par. You have broken it Cofin : and by my life you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord : well, you say so in fits,

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen : my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word ?

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, wee'l hear you sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me ; but, marry thus my Lord, my dear Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus* —

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweet Lord.

Pan. Go to sweet Queen, go to.

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody :

If you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sowre offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make this excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What sayes my sweet Queen, my very, very sweet Queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night ?

Hel. Nay but my Lord.

Pan. What says my sweet Queen ? my Cofin will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida* ?

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord : why should you say *Cressida* ? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

C c c

Pan. You

Pan. You spie, what do you spie? come, give me an Instrument now sweet Queen.

Hel. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweet Queen.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pand. He? no she'l none of him, they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile hear no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prithee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Love? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O loves Bow,

Shoots both Buck and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seems they wound to kill,

Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he:

So dying love lives still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha;

O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?

Sweet Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to day, but my Nell would not have it so.

How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Hel. He hangs the lip at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?

Pan. Not I honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to day:

You'll remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel sweet Queen.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweet Queen.

Sound a retreat.

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priams Hall To greet the warriors. Sweet Hellen, I must woo you, To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey than to the edge of Steel, Or force of Greekish sinews, you shall do more Than all the Iland Kings, disarm great Hector.

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be your servant Paris: Yea what he shall receive of us in duty, Gives us more palm in beauty than we have: Yea overshines our self.

Sweet above thought I love thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousin Cressidas?

Man. No sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troi. Sirra walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my Cousin?

Troi. No Pandarus: I stalk about her door Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus, From Cupids shoulder pluck his painted wings, And flie with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round, Th' imaginary relish is so sweet, That it enchants my sense: what will it be When that the watry palats tast indeed Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I fear me Sounding destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in sweetness, For the capacitie of my ruder powers; I fear it much, and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joyes, As doth a battel, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'l come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush & fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new ta'en sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosome: My heart beats thicker than a feavourous pulse, And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What are you gone again, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward we'l put you i'th' files: why do you not speak to her? Come draw this Curtain, & lets see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day light; and 'twere dark you'd cloze sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there Carpenter; the ayr is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giver her deeds: but she'l bereave you o'th' deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what billing again? here's in witness whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire.

Exit Pand.

Cres. Will you walk in my Lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant; what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More

Cres. More dregs than water, if my tears have eyes.
Troi. Fears make devils of Cherubins, they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear,
 In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but their undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrositie in love (Lady,) that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble: few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cres. Will you walk in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me: be true to my Lord, if he pinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages: your Unkles word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are Burs I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance that ever: pardon me, If I confess much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now so much But I might master it; in faith I lye: My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too head-strong for their mother: see we fools, Why have I blab'd? who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not, And yet good faith I wisht my self a man; Or that the women had mens privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent: see, see your silence Comming in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My soul of counsel from me. Stop my mouth.

Trai. And shall, albeit sweet Musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troi. Your leave sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning—

Cres. Pray you content you.

Troi. What offends you Lady?

Cres. Sir mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that it self will leave,

To be anothers fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance my Lord, I show more craft than love.

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not: for to be wise and love,

Exceeds mans might, that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman:

And if it can, I will presume in you,

To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,

To keep her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decayes:

Or that perswasion could but thus convince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in love:

How were I then up-lifted! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that Ile warr with you.

Troi. O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars, who shall be most right?

True swains in love, shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by *Troilus* when their rimes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes: truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the Moon,

As Sun to day, as Turtle to her mate,

As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authentick author to be cited)

As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the Verse,

And sanctifie the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it self,

When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,

And blind oblivion swallow'd Cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood, when they've said as false,

As Air, as Water, as Wind, as sandie earth;

As Fox to Lamb; as Wolf to Heifers Calf;

Pard to the Hind, or Stepdame to her Son;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, Ile be the witness, here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pittiful goers between be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troilus*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers between, Panders: say, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tounge-tide Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appear it to your mind, That through the fight I bear in things to love, I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession, Incurr'd a Traytors name, expos'd my self, From certain and possess conveniences, To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to do you service am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted. I do beseech you, as in way of taft, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us *Troian*? make demand?

Cal. You have a *Troian* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*, Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear. Oft have you (often have you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange. Whom *Troy* hath still deni'd: but this *Antenor*, I know is such a wrest in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his marriage: and they will almost, Give us a Prince of blood, a Son of *Priam*, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him, And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall have What he requests of us: good *Diomed* Furnish you fairly for this interchange; Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow. Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to bear. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of this Tent; Please it our General to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him; I will come last, 'tis like he'll question me,

Why such unplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I have decision medicinable, To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink; It may do good, pride hath no other glass To show it self, but pride: for supple knees, Feed arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along, So do each Lord, and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Than if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the General to speak with me? You know my mind, Ile fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What sayes *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achi. What does the Cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too, *Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They pass strangely: they were us'd to bend, To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*: To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness once fall'n out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as soon read in the eyes of others, As feel in his own fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer; And not a man for being simple man, Hath any honor; but honor'd by those honors That are without him; as place, riches, favour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall (as being slippery standers) The love that lean'd on them as slippery too, Doth one pluck down another, and together Dye in the fall; But 'tis not so with me, Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess, Save these mens looks: who do me thinks find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they have often given. Here is *Vlysses*, Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vlysses*?

Vlys. Now great *Thetis* Son.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlys. A strange fellow here Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted, How much in having, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath; Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his virtues shining upon others, Heat them, and they retort that heat again To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlysses*: The beauty that is born here in the face, The bearer knows not, but commends it self, Not going from it self: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other, with each others form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is married there
Where it may see it self; this is not strange at all.

Uly. I do not strain it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th' applause,
Where they're extended: who like an arch reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure, and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*;
Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse, (are
That has he knows not what Nature, what things there
Most abject in regard, and dear in use;
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth: now shall we see to-morrow,
And act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eats into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness
To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it:
For they pass by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What are my deeds forgot?

Uly. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockerie: take the instant way,
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast, keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand Sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right,
Like to an entered Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or like a gallant Horse slain in first rank,
Lye there for pavement to the abject, near
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Host,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;
And with his arms out-stretcht, as he would flye,
Grasps in the commor: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewells goes out sighing: O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud in gilt ore-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the eye,
Than what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy,
I have strong reasons.

Uly. But 'gainst your privacy,
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priamus* daughters.

Achil. Ha? known?

Uly. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful State,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles:
There is a mystrie (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expresseure too:
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 down *Hector* than *Polixena*,
But it must grieve young *Pyrrius* now at home,
When fame shall in her Island sound her trumpet;
And all the Greekish Girls shall tripping sing,
Great *Hector's* sister did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your Lover speak;
The fool slides ore the Ice that you should break.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loth'd, than an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the warr,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse your self: and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the Lions mane,
Be shook to airie air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,

He send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
 T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
 To see us here unarm'd : I have a womans longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withall,
 To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace; *Enter Ther.*
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalks up and down like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess, that hath no Arithmerique but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politrique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head and 'two'd out; and so there is; but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck in i'th' Combat, hee'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? Hee's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who I? why hee'll answer nobody: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in's arms: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. do this.

Patro. *Jove* blefs great *Ax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patro. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patro. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patro. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patro. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patro. What say you to't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patro. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me e'r he has me.

Patro. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musick will be in when *Hector* has knockt out his brains, I know not: but I am sure none, unless the Fidler *Apollo* get his

sinews to make carlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a Letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a Fountain stirr'd, And I my self see nor the bottom of it.

Ther. Would the Fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an Ass at it: I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one door Aeneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Patr. See ho, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long
 As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly business,
 Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my mind too: good morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek *Aeneas*, take his hand,
 Witness the process of your speech within;
 You told how *Diomed*, in a whole week by dayes
 Did haunt you in a Field.

Aene. Health to you valiant sir;
 During all question of the gentle truce:
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
 As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
 Our bloods are now in calm; and so long health:
 But when contention, and occasion meet,
 By *Jove*, He play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursure and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will flie
 With his face backward, in humane gentleness:
 Welcome to *Troy*; now by *Anchises* life,
 Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I swear,
 No man alive can love in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize. *Jove* let *Aeneas* live
 (If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
 A thousand compleat courses of the Sun:
 But in mine emulous honor let him die,
 With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We do, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despihtfull't gentle greeting;
 The noblest hateful love, that e'r I heard of.
 What business Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent 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 enfrued *Anthenor*, the fair *Cressid*:
 Lets have your company; or if you please,
 Haste there before us, I constantly do think
 (Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
 My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality, whereof I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
 Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There

Par. There is no help :
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On Lord, weel follow you.

Anc. Good morrow all. *Exit Aeneas*

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed* ; faith tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most ?
My self, or *Menelaus* ?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not pallating the tast of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends ;
He like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece ;
You like a lercher, out of whorish loyns,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : hear me *Paris*,
For every false drop in her bawdy veins,
A Grecians life hath sunk : for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Troians suffred death.

Par. Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well ;
We'll not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self : the morn is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call my Unkle down ;
He shall unbolt the Gates.

Troi. Trouble him not :
To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troi. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me ?

Troi. O *Cressida* ! but that the busie day
Wak'd by the Lark, hath rouz'd the ribald Crows,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer :
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief. *(staves)*

Troi. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights she
As hideously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary, swifter than thought :
You will catch cold and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry ;
O foolish *Cressid*, I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Heark there's one up.

Pand. within. What's all the doors open here ?

Troi. It is your Unkle. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cres. A pestilence on him : now will he be mocking :
I shall have such a life.

Pan. How now, how now ? how go maiden-heads ?
Hear you Maid : where's my cozin *Cressid* ?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Unkle :

You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what :
What have I brought you to do ?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: you'll ne'r be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poor wretch : a poor *Chipschia*, hast
not slept to night ? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleep : a bug-bear take him. *One knocks.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd ith'
head. Who's that at door ? good Unkle go and see.

My Lord, come you again into my Chamber :

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.
How earnestly they knock : pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. *Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? How now, what's the matter ?

Anc. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Aeneas*? by my troth I
knew you not : what news with you so early ?

Anc. Is not Prince *Troilus* here ?

Pan. Here? what should he do here ?

Anc. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more than I know, Ile be
sworn : For my own part I came in late ; what should
he do here ?

Anc. Who, nay then : Come, come, you'll do him
wrong, ere y'are ware : you'll be so true to him, to be
false to him : Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch
him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now, what's the matter ?

Anc. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash : there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so ?

Anc. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it,

Troi. How may achievements mock me ?

I will go meet them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,
We met by chance : you did not find me here.

Anc. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible ? no sooner got but lost : the devil
take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad : a plague
upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's neck.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here ?

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord ?
gone? tell me sweet Unkle what's the matter ?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter ?

Pan. Prethee get thee in: would thou hadst ne'r been
born ; I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor Gen-
tleman : a plague upon *Anthenor*.

Cres.

Cres. Good Uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Uncle: I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of consanguinity: No kin, no love, no blood, no soul, so neer me, As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods divine! Make *Cressida*'s name the very crown of falsehood! If ever she leave *Troilus*: rime, and death, Do to this body what extremity you can; But the strong base and building of my love, Is as the very Centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks, Crack my cleer voice with sobs, and break my heart With-sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. *Ex.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon: good my brother *Troilus*, Tell you the Lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus* A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love, And would, as I shall pity, I could help. Please you walk in, my Lords.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste, And no less in a sense as strong, as that Which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palat, The like alaiment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying cros: *Enter Troilus.* No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck.

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh heart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heavy heart, why sittest thou without breaking? where he answers again; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was never a truer rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a Verse; we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troi. *Cressid*, I love thee in so strange a purity; That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal, than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

Troi. A harefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cres. Ist possible?

Troi. And suddenly, where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure: forcibly prevents Our lockt embrasures; strangles our dear vows, Even in the birth of our own labouring breath. We two that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selves, With the rude brevity and discharge of one; Injurious time, now with a robbers haste Crams his rich Thee every up, he knows not how. As many farewels as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up in a loose adieu: And scants us with a single famisht kiss, Dittasting with the salt of broken tears, *Enter Aeneas.*

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd: some say the genius so Cries, come, to him that instantly must die. Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the toot.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry Greeks.

Troi. When shall we see again?

Hear me my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Glove to death himself, That there's no maculation in thy heart; But be thou true, say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation: be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troi. And Ile grow friend with danger; Wear this Sleeve.

Cres. And you this Glove.

When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens: be true again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, Love: The Grecian youths are full of quality, Their loving well compos'd, with gift of nature, Flowing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise: How novelties may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy, Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin, Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heavens, you love me not!

Troi. Dye I a villain then:

In this I do not call your faith in question So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor sweeten talk; Nor play at subtille games; fair virtues all:

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb-discourfivè devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Do not think I will.

Troi. No, but something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful porençie.

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord.

Troi. Come kifs, and let us part.

Paris within. Brother Troilus.

Troi. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord will you be true ?

Troi. Who I ? alas it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles other fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity,
Whil'st some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Enter the Greeks.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you.

At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreat her fair ; and by my soul, fair Greek,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in Ilion.

Diom. Fair Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage, and to *Diomed*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farr high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant :
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge :
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troilus* ;
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust : and know my Lord,
Ile nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd : but that you say be't so ;
Ile speak in my spirit and honor, no.

Troi. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head :
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Hark, *Hectors* Trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning ?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegrooms fresh alacrity

Let us address to tend on *Hectors* heels :
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single Chivalry.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Vlysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appauled ayr
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, Trumpet, there's my purse ;
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow villain, till thy sphered Bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood :
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Vlyf. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Enter Dio. Cres.

Aga. Is't not young *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter ?

Vlyf. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressid* ?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
Lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kifs.

Vlyf. Yet is your kindness but particular ; 'twere bet-
ter she were kist in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : Ile begin. So much
for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips: fair Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now ;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Vlyf. Oh deadly gall, and theam of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patro. The first was *Menelaus* kifs, this mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kifs evermore for him.

Mene. Ile have my kifs fir : Lady by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. Ile make my match to give,
The kifs you take is better than you give : therefore no
kifs.

Mene. Ile give you boot, Ile give you three for one.

Cres. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Mene. An odd man Lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, *Paris* is not ; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cres. No, Ile be sworn.

Vlyf. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I sweet Lady beg a kifs of you ?

Cres. You may.

Vlyf. I do desire it.

Cres. Why beg then.

Vlyf. Why then for *Venus* sake, give me a kifs :
When *Hellen* is a maid again, and his——

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Vlyf. Never's

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

Nest. A woman of quick sence.

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her :

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip ;

Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirrils look out

At every joynt, and motive of her body :

Oh these encounters so glib of tongue ,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes ;

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts,

To every tickling reader : set them down,

For sluttish spoils of opportunitie ;

And daughters of the game.

Exeunt.

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Troians Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.

Aene. Hail all you state of Greece: what shall be done

To him that victorie commands? or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known: will you the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extremitie

Pursue each other; or shall be divided

By any voice, or order of the field: *Hector* bad ask?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Aene. He cares not, he'l obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprising

The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,

In the extremity of great and little :

Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector* ;

The one almost as infinite as all ;

The other blank as nothing : weigh him well :

And that which looks like pride, is courtesie :

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hectors* blood,

In love whereof, half *Hector* staves at home :

Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, comes to seek

This blended Knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden batel then? O I perceive you.

Aga. Here is sir *Diomed*: go gentle Knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest Son of *Priam*,

And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;

Not soon provok't, nor being provok't, soon calm'd;

His heart and hand both open, and both free:

For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous ;

For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action

Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him *Troilus* ; and on him erect,

A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus sayes *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth,

Even to his inches: and with private soul,

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

Alarum.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd there *Ajax.* *trumpets*

Diom. You must no more.

cease.

Aene. Princes enough, so please you.

Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then will I no more :

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers Sisters Son ;

A cousin german to great *Priams* seed :

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gorie emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixion, Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan : the sinews of this Leg,

All Greek, and this all Troy : my Mothers blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my fathers : by *Jove* multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impresseure made

Of our rank feud : but the just Gods gainfay,

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword

Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee *Ajax* :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus,

Cousin, all honor to thee.

Aja. I thank thee *Hector* :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee Cousin, and bear hence

A great addition, earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,

On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)

Cries, This is he ; could promise to himself,

A thought of added honor, torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides:

What further you will do.

Hect. We'l answer it :

The issue is embracement : *Ajax*, farewell,

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

As feld I have the chance ; I would desire

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon*s wish, and great *Achilles*

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hec. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me :

And signifie this loving interview

To the exectors of our Trojan part :

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin :

I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Arms : as welcome as to one,

That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome: understand more clear

What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with husks

And formless ruine of oblivion :

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing :

Bids thee with most divine integritie,

From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of-warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus* Glove;
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theam.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I have (thou gallant Trojan) seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee
As hot as *Persus*, spurr thy Phrygian Steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th' air.
Nor letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Loe *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life.

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks, have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastring. This have I seen,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steel)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great *Mars* (the Captain of us all,)
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe the.

N. I would my arms could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcom: I have seen the time—

Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour Lord *Ulysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead;
Since first I saw your self, and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your Greekish Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophecie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that partly front your Town,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at thy Tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.

Hec. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O like a book of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But there's more in me than thou understand'lt.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flew. Answer me heavens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again;
Think'lt thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helm,
Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ax. Do not chafe thee Cofin:

And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*
If you have stomach. The general state I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you let us see you in the field,
We have had pelting Warrs since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.

Achil. Do'st thou intreat me *Hector*?

To morrow do I meet thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.

Hect. Thy hands upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall
Concurr together, severally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborines, let the Trumpets blow.
That this great Souldier may his welcom know *Exeunt*.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Cilias* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*, had she no Lover there
That waits her absence?

Troi. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due: will you walk on my Lord?
She was below'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
Which

Which with my Semitar Ile cool to morrow :

Patroclus, let us Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Here comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy ?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news ?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment ?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Fool, from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now ?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the patients wound.

Patr. Wel said adversity, and what need these tricks ?

Ther. Prethee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talk, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot,

Patr. Male Varlot you Rogue ? What's that ?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loads a gravell i'th' backs, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take again, such preposterous discoveries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whorson indistinguishable Curr.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of Sleyd silk ; thou green Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tossell of a Prodigals purse thou ? Ah how the poor world is pestred with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egg.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am th'warted quite From my great purpose in to morrows battel: Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*, A token from her daughter, my fair Love, Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it, Fall Greek, fall Fame, Honor or go, or stay, My major vow lyes here ; this Ile obey : Come, come *Thersites*, help to trim my Tent, This night in banquetting must all be spent. Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad : but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves Quails, but he has not so much Brain as ear-wax ; & the good transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memorial of Cuc-kolds, a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his Brothers legg, to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to ? to an Ass were nothing, he is both Ass and Ox ; to an Ox were nothing, he is both Ox and Ass : to be a Dogg, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care : but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites* : for I care not to be the Lowse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aja. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid goodnight,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks general,

Men. Good night my Lord.

Hect. Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught ; sweet quoth a ? sweet sink, sweet fure.

Achil. Good night and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent, Ile keep you company.

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a most unjust Knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change : the Sun borrows of the Moon when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan Drab, and uses the Traitor *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after — Nothing but Letchery ? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho ? speak.

Chal. Who calls ?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I think, where's your Daughter ?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses.

Ulys. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge ?

Cres. Now my sweet guardian: heark, a word with you.

Troi. Yea, so familiar ?

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may find her, if he can take her life : she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cres. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember ?

Ulys. Lift.

Cres. Sweet hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworn —

Cres. In faith I cannot : what would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me do any thing but that sweet Greek.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troi. Hold patience.
Ulys. How now Troian?
Cres. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your fool no more.
Troi. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague and madness!
Ulys. You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you,
 Left your displeasure should enlarge it self
 To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
 The time right deadly: I beseech you go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you.
Ulys. Nay, good my Lord go off:
 You flow to great distraction: come my Lord.
Troi. I pray thee stay?
Ulys. You have not patience, come.
Troi. I pray you stay; by hell and all hells torments,
 I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!
Ulys. VVhy, how now Lord?
Troi. By *Jove* I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian? why Greek?
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cres. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Ulys. You shake my Lord at something; will you go?
 You will break out.
Troi. She Strokes his cheek.
Ulys. Come, come.
Troi. Nay stay, by *Jove* I will not speak a word.
 There is between my will, and all offences,
 A guard of patience, stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil Luxury with his fat rump and
 Porato finger, tickles these together: fry lechery, fry.
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith I will go; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. Ile fetch you one.
Ulys. You have sworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not sweet Lord.
 I will not be my self, nor have cognition
 Of what I feel: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres. Here *Diomed*, keep this Sleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where is thy Faith?
Ulys. My Lord.
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that Sleeve; behold it well:
 He lov'd me: O false wench: give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to morrow night:
 I prithee *Diomed* visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Cres. O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge;
 Thy Master now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my Glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it;
 As I kiss thee.
Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had you heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it *Diomed*: faith you shall not
 Ile give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Cres. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
 But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all *Diana's* waiting women yonder,
 And by her self, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my Helm,
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
 It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
 I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
 Thou never shalt mock *Diomed* again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
 But it strait starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleas-
 ses me best.
Dio. What shall I come: the hour.
Cres. I, come: O *Jove*! do, come: I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel till then. *Exit.*
Cres. Good night: I prithee come:
Troilus farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
 But with my heart, the other eye, doth see—
 Ah poor our sex; this fault in us I find:
 The error of our eye, directs our mind.
 What error leads must err: O then conclude,
 Minds sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
 Unless she say my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulys. All's done my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulys. Why stay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke:
 But if I tell how these two did coast;
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert that rest of eyes and ears;
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was *Cressid* here?
Ulys. I cannot conjure Troian.
Troi. She was not sure.
Ulys. Most sure she was.
Troi. Why my negation hath no tast of madness.
Ulys. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
 Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn Criticks, apt without a Theme
 For depravation, to square the general sex
 By *Cressids* rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.
Ulys. What hath she done Prince, that can foyl our
 mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomed's Cressida*;
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony ;
 If sanctimony be the gods delight ;
 If there be rule in unity it self ,
 This is not she: O madness of discourse !
 That cause sets up, with, and against thy self ,
 By foul authority : where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss, assume all reason,
 Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid* :
 Within my soul, there doth conduce a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate,
 Divides more wider than the skie and earth :
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division,
 Admits no Orifice for a point as subtle,
 As *Ariachnes* broken woof to enter ;
 Instance, O instance ! strong as *Plutoes* gates :
Cressid is mine, tyed with the bonds of heaven ;
 Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven it self :
 The bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolv'd, and loos'd :
 And with another knot five finger tyed,
 The strassions of her faith, ors of her love :
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques,
 Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Vlyf. May worthy *Troilus* be half attached
 With that which here his passion doth expresse ?

Troi. I Greek, and that shall be divulged well
 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*; never did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fixt a soul.

Heark Greek: as much as I do *Cressida* love ;
 So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his Helm :
 Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
 My Sword should bite it : Not the dreadful spout,
 Which Shipmen do the Hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mafs by the Almighty Fenn,
 Shall dizzie with more clamour *Neptunes* ear
 In his descenr, than shall my prompted Sword
 Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his Concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid* ! O false *Cressid* ! false, false, false :
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Vlyf. O contain your self :
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aen. I have been seeking you this hour my Lord :
Hektor by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax your Guard, stayes to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you Prince: my courteous Lord adieu:
 Farewel revolted fair : and *Diomed*,
 Stand fast, and wear a Castle on thy head.

Vlyf. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Vlysses.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomed*, I
 would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode :
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
 this whore: the Partot will not do more for an Almond,
 than he for a commodious drab : Lechery, lechery, still
 warrs and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
 devil take them.

Exit.

Enter Hektor, and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungenrly temper'd,
 To stop his ears against admonishment ?
 Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hekt. You train me to offend you : get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreams will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hekt. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*

Cas. Where is my brother *Hektor* ?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent :
 Confort with me in loud and dear petition :
 Pursue we him on knees : for I have dreamt
 Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
 Hath nothing been but shapes, and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hekt. Ho ? bid my Trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hekt. Begon I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot, and peevish vows ;
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
 Than spotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
 To hurt by being just; it is as lawful:
 For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
 And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
 But vows to every purpose must not hold :
 Unarm sweet *Hektor*.

Hekt. Hold you still I say ;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
 Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
 Holds honor far more precious-dear, than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now young man? mean'st thou to fight to day ?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassandra.

Hekt. No faith young *Troilus*; doff thy harness youth:
 I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry :
 Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong ;
 And tempt not yet the brushes of the warr.
 Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not brave boy,
 Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
 Which better fits a Lion, than a man.

Hekt. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
 Even in the fann and wind of your fair Sword :
 You bid them rise, and live.

Hekt. O 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by heaven *Hektor*.

Hekt. How now? how now ?

Troi. For th' love 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 upon our swords,
 Spur them to rueful work, reign them from ruth.

Hekt. Fie savage, fie.

Troi. *Hektor*, then 'tis warrs.

Hekt. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me ?

Not fare, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
 Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
 Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees ;
 Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of tears ;
 Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawn
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way :
 But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him *Priam*, hold him fast :
 He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I my self,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith :
You know me dutiful, therefore dear sit,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :
Look how thou diest ; look how thy eye turns pale ;
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents ;
Hark how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth ;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless Anticks one another meet,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead : O *Hector* !

Troi. Away.

Cas. Farewel : yet, soft : *Hector* I take my leave ;
Thou dost thy self, and all our *Troy* deceive. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim :
Go in and cheer the Town, we'll forth and fight :
Do deeds of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel : the gods with safety stand about thee.

Alarum.

Troi. They are at it, heark : proud *Diomed*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you hear my Lord ? do you hear ?

Troi. What now ?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson tiffick, a whorson rascally tiffick,
So troubles me : and the foolish fortune of this girl, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o'th'dayes ; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and
such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to think on't. What sayes she there ?

Troi. Words, words, meer words, no matter from
the heart :

Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together :
My love with words and errors still she feeds ;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you ?

Troi. Hence brother lacky ; ignomy and shame
Perfue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile
go look on : that dissembeling abominable varlet *Diomed*,
has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young
knaves Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm : I would fain
see them meet, that, that same young Troian ass, that loves
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-ma-
sterly villain, with the Sleeve, back to the dissembeling
luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errant. O'th'tother side,
the policy of those crafty swearing rascals ; that stale
old Mouse-eaten dry-cheese, *Nestor* : and that same dog-
fox *Ulysses* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set
me up in policy, that mungril curr *Ajax*, against that
dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the curr
Aax prouder than the curr *Achilles*, and will not arm
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclame
barbarism ; and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th' other.

Troi. Fly not : for should'st thou take the River Styx,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou dost miscall it :
I do not flye ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee.

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian : now for thy whore
Troian : Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek ? art thou for *Hectors* match ?
Art thou of blood, and honour ?

Ther. No, no : I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ; a
very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; but a
plague break thy neck—for frightening me : what's be-
come of the wenching rogues ? I think they have swal-
lowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet
in a sort, lechery eats itself : Ile seek them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus* Horse ;
Present the fair Steed to my Lady *Cressid* :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Troian,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beat down *Menon* : bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
And stands *Colossus* wife waving his beam,
Upon the pashed courses of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Prolixines* is slain ;
Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'n or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised ; the dreadful Sagittary
Appalls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-inforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field :
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse ;
And there lacks work : anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

D d d 2

Before

Before the belching Whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mowers swath ;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does, and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus wounds have rouz'd his drowfie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him ;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it :
Roaring for *Troilus* ; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very sight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector* ?
Come, come, thou boy-quiller, shew thy face :
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector* ? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, wher's *Troilus* ?

Aja. What would'st thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the General,
Thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction : *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus* ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitour *Diomed* !
Turn thy false face thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there ?

Aja. Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you both. *Exit Troilus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troilus* ? O well fought my youngest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud Trojan ;
Be happy that my arms are out of use :
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again :
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well :

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'n *Aeneas*; shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him : Ile be ta'n too,
Or bring him off : Fate hear me what I say ;

I wreak not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand thou Greek,
Thou art a goodly mark :
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But Ile be master of it : wilt thou not best abide ?
Why then flie on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come hear about me you my *Myrmidons* :
Mark what I say; attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about :
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me first, and my proceeding eye ;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great must die. *Exit.*

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker are at it:
now bull, now dog, low ; *Paris* low ; now my double
hen'd sparrow, low *Paris*, low ; the bull has the game :
ware horns ho.

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn slave and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Bast. A Bastard Son of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in mind, Bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard ? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the Son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell Bastard.

Bast. The devil take the coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most purrified core so fair without :
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my days work done; Ile take good breath :
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look *Hector* how the Sun begins to set :
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels,
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun.
To close the day up, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage Greek.

Achil. Strike fellows strike, this is the man I seek.
So Ilium fall thou : now Troy sink down :
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a main.

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain. *Retreat.*

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth,
And stickler-like the Armies separates;
My half supt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horses tail :
Along the field: I will the Trojan trail. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat.

Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slain Achilles.

Dio. The bruit is Hector slain, and by Achilles.

A a. If it be so, yet bragless let it be :

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our Tent.*

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

*Aene. Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field,
Never go home; here starve we out the night.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector; the gods forbid.

Troi. He's dead: and at the murderers Horses tail,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shameful Field,

Frown on you heavens, effect your rage with speed:

Sit gods upon your throats, and smile at Troy.

I say at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone :

Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screechowl aye be call'd.

Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;

Make wells, and Niobes of the maids and wives;

Cool statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scare Troy out of it self. But march away,

Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abominable Tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains :

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

Ile through, and through you: & thou great siz'd coward,

No space of Earth shall funder our two hates,

Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort go :

Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus

Pand. But hear you? hear you?

Troi. Hence brothel, lacky, ignominy, and shame

Persue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world,

world, world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh traitors

and bawds; how earnestly are you set a work, and

how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so de-

spir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for

it? what instance for it? let me see,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting;

And being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet hony, and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloaths,

As many as be here of Pandarus hall,

Your eyes half out weep out at Pandarus fall :

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some grones ;

Though not for me, yet for your akingbones :

Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,

Some two months hence, my will shall here be made :

It should be now, but that my fear is this,

Some galled Goose of Winchester would hiss :

Till then, Ile swear, and seek about for eases ;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEfore we proceed any further, hear me speak.
All. Speak, Speak.
1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First you know, *Caius Martius* is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority sursets on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: But they think we are too dear; the leannefs that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become racks. For the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?

1 Cit. Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of Accusations, he hath faults (with surplus) to tire in repetition.

Shouts within.

What shouts are those? The other side a'th' City is risen: why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol.

All. Come, come,

1 Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

Men. VVhat works my Countrymen in hand?

VVhere go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter, Speak I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to th' Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew'm in deeds: they say poor Suters have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. VVhy Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2 Cit. VVe cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care

Have the Patricians of you for your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman State, whose course will on

The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbs

Of more strong link'd a funder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,

The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and

Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack,

You are transported by Calamity

Thither where more attends you, and you slander

The Helms o'th' State; who care for you like Fathers,

VVhen you curse them, as Enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us? True indeed, they ne'r cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Grain: Make Edicts for Usury, to support Usurers; repeal daily any wholesome Act established against the rich, and provide more peircing Statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the VVars eat us not up, they will, and ther's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess your selves wondrous Malicious,

Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you

A prettry tale, it may be you have heard it,

But since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,

Ile hear it fir: yet you must not think

To fobb off our disgrace with a tale:

But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:

That only like a Gulf it did remain

I'th'

I'th' midd'lt a'th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body; the Belly answers.

2 *Cit.* Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile,
Which ne'r came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For look you I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak; it rantingly replied
To'th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt: even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arm our Souldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then? Foreme, this fellow speaks.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink a'th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while; you'll hear the Bellies answer.

2 *Cit.* Y're 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 general food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th' seat o'th' Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) mark me.

2 *Cit.* I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do back receive the flowr of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsels, and their Care; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weal a'th' Common, you shall find
No publike benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:

Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bars and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battel,
The one side must have bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayl, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues?
That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curs,
That like not Peace, nor Warr? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves Greatness,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with finns of Lead,
And hews down Oaks, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the City,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
VVould feed on one another? VVhat's their seeking?

Men. For Corn at their own rates, whereof they say
The City is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say,
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjectural Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough.
VVould the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
VVith thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
A I could pick my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
VVhat says the other Troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs
That Hunger broke stone walls: that dogs must eat
That meat was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corn for the Rich men only: VVith these shreds
They vented their Complaining, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns a'th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Bruttus*,
Sicinius velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble should have first unrooted the City
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Insurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mes. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mes. The news is fir, the Volcies are in Arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annulus Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Martius tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volcies are in Arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you too't:
I sin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th'ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy Martius,
Attend upon Cominius to these Wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Tit. No Caius Martius,
He lean upon one Crutch, and fight with tother;
Ere stay behind this Business.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your company to th'Capitol, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must follow
you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble Martius.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volcies have much Corn: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. Manent Sicin, and Brutus.

Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this Martius?

Brn. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people--

Brn. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Brn. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest Moon.

Brn. The present Warrs devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good success, dis-
dains the shadow which he treads on at noon, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brook to be commanded un-
der Cominius?

Brn. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had born the business.

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Martius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Brn. Come: half all Cominius Honors are to Martius
Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults
To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present Action.

Brn. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsails,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'tis not four dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I think
I have the Letter here: yes here it is;
They have prest a power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this Preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortned in our aym, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we are a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard Coriolus
If they set down before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army: but (I think) you'll find
Th'have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and Caius Martius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your Honors safe.

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius
They set them down on two low stools and sow.*

Vol. I pray you daughter sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: If my Son were my Husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonn Honor, than in the embracements of his Bed, where he should show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comelines pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame: To a cruel Warr I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Business Madam, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should have been my Son, I therein would have found issue. Here me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, than one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I hear hither your Husbands Drum:
See him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
(As children from a Bear) the *Volcies* shunning him:
Me think, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,
Come on ye Cowards, you were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harvest man, what's task'd to more
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Volum. Away you Fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his Trophy. The breasts of *Hecuba*
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords Contending: tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. He'll bear *Aufidius* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Son: He swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wednesday half an hour together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Virg. A Crack Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stichery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this after noon.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of dores.

Val. Not out of dores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; He not over the threshold, till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self most unreasonably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you?

Virg. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitty. Come you shall go with us.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truch la go with me, and He tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam?

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speak it. Thus it is: the *Volcies* have an Army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their City *Corioli*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Lady, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Lady.
Prithee *Virgilia* turn thy solemnness out a dore,
And go along with us.

Virg. No

At a word Madam; indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then Farewel.

Exeunt Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Souldiers, as before the City Corioli: to them a Messenger.

Mart. Yonder comes News:
A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good horse is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you.

Lar. No, Ile not sell, nor give him; Lend him you I wil
For half a hundred years; Summon the Town.

Mar. How farr off lies these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now *Mars*, I prithe thee make us quick in work,
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blatt.

*They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on
the Walls of Coriolus.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1 Senat. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: *Drum a far off.*

Heark, our Drums

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they shall pound us up, our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with Rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you farr off

Alarum farr off.

There is *Aufidius*. Lift what work he makes
Amongst your cloven Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoe.

Enter the Army of the Volcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than Shields.

Advance brave *Titus*,

They do disdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Com on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volcie*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the Sourh, light on you,
You shames of Rome: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than feen, and one infect another
Against the Wind a mile: you souls of Geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
And make my Warrs on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to
the gates, and is shut in.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enter the Gates.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 So. Nor I.

1 Sol. See they have shut him in. *Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius.*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain (Sir) doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who upon the sodain
Clapt to their Gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his senceless Sword,
And when it bows, stand't, up: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a Jewel. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to *Calves* with, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look Sir.

Lar. O'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certain Romans with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. *Exeunt.*
Alarum continues still a farr off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, These base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up, down with them.
And hark, what noise the General makes: To him,
There is the man of my souls hate, *Aufidius*,
Peircing our Romans: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil't I with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath been too violent,
For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physical
Than dangerous to me. To *Aufidius* thus, I will appear
Lar. Now the fair Goddess Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with souldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, well fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off
Nor Cowardly in retire: Believe me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have strook
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountering,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy News?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battel.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mef. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News so late?

Mef. Spies of the *Volcians*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I fir
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martins.

Com. Whose yonder,
That does appear as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martins*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taber,
More than I know the found of *Martins* Tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clipye
In Arms as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding *Coriolanus* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne'r shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th' Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martins* we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battel? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess *Martins*,
Their Bands I'th' Vaward are the Ancients
Of their best trust: O're them *Aussidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battels wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have shed together,
By th' Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Aussidius*, and his *Antians*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the air with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be here;
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear
Lesser his person, than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Countries dearer than himself,
Let him alone: or so many so minded,
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow *Martins*.

*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their
Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volcians*? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aussidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certain number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us.

Exeunt.

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Coriolanus, going
with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius
Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiers,
and a Scout.*

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the Field,
We cannot keep the Town.

Lien. Fear not our care Sir.

Lar. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Camp conduct us. *Exit.*
Alarum as in Battel.

Enter Martins and Aussidius at several doors.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afrik owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger die the others Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I flie *Martins*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three hours *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolanus* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the *Heitor*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.

*Here they fight, and certain Volcians come in the aid of
Aussidius. Martins fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Door Cominius, with the Romans: At another Door Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy days work, Thou't not believe thy deeds: but Ile report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug, I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the suffy Plebeians, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thank the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier. Yet cam'st thou to a Moisel of this Feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursute.

Titus Lartius. Oh General: Here is the Steed, we the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her blood, When she do's praise me, grieves me: I have done as you have done, that's what I can, Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country: He that has but effected his good will, Hath overta'n mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving, Rome must know the value of her own: 'Twere a Concealment worse than a Theft, No less than a Traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire, and top of praises vouch'd, Would seem but modest: therefore I beseech you, In sign of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not: Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude, And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses, Whereof we have ta'n good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field achiev'd, and City, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'n forth, Before the common distribution, At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you General: But cannot make my heart consent to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuse it, And stand upon my common part with those, That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Ma. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made of all false-fac'd soothing: When Steel grows soft, as the Parasites Silk, Let him be made an Overture for th' wars: No more I say, for that I have not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch, Which without note, here's many else have done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolic, As if I lov'd my little should be dieted In praises, lawc't with Lies.

Com. Too modest are you: More cruel to your good report, than grateful To us, that give you truly: by your patience, If against your self you be incens'd, we'l put you (Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles, Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it known, As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius* Wears this wars garland: in token of the which, My noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give him, With all his trim belonging, and from this time, For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him; With all th'applause and clamor of the Host, *Martius Caius Coriolanus*. Bear th'addition Nobly ever?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*

Mar. I will go wash: And when my Face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you. I mean to stride your Steed, and at all times To under-crest your good Addition, To th'fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent: Where ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success: you *Titus Lartius* Must to *Coriolus* back, send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their own good, and ours.

Lar. I shall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me: I that now refus'd most Princely gifts, Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Coriolus*, At a poor mans house: he us'd me kindly. He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: But then *Aufidius* was within my view, And wrath o're-whelm'd my pitty: I request you To give my poor Host freedom.

Com. Oh well begg'd: VVere he the Butcher of my Son, he should Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lar. *Martius*, his Name.

Mar. By *Jupiter* forgot: I am weary, yea my memory is tyr'd: Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our Tent: The blood upon your Visage dries, 'tis time It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three Souldiers.

Auf. The Town is ta'n,

Soul. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.

Auf. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a *Volcie*, be, that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Treaty find I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*, I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me. And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As

And often as we eat. By the Elements,
If ere again 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 pitch at him some way,
Or wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valor's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him : for him
Shall lie out of it self, nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor Phane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice :
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Privilege, and Custom 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' City,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mill) bring me word thither
How the world goes : that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The Augurer tells me, we shall have news to night.

Brut. Good or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sicinius. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love ?

Sicinius. The Lamb.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two have not in abundance ?

Brut. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sicinius. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now : Do you two know, how you are censured here in the City, I mean of us a'th' right hand File, do you ?

Brut. Why? how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry ?

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience :

Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so ; you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your necks, and make but an interieur survey of your good selves. Oh that you could !

Both. What then sir ?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy Magistrates (alias Fools) as any in Rome.

Sicinius. *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like upon, to trivial motion: One, that converses more with the Buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weals-men as you are (I cannot call your *Licurgusses*) if the drink you give me, touch my Palat adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the Als in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those, that say you are reverend grave, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces ; if you see this in the Map of my Microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too ? What harm can your beesome Conspicuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too ?

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome Fore-noon, in hearing a cause between an Orendge wife, and a Forset-feller, and then rejourne the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Collick: you make faces like Mummers, set up the bloody Flagg against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber pot, dismiss the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing : All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a necessary Benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speak best unto the purpose, It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Pack-saddle ; yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud : who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God den to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the Heards-men of the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus, and Sicinius.

E e e

Aside,

Enter

Enter Volumnia and Valeria.

How now (my as Fair as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon were she Earthly, no Nobler ; whither do you follow your Eyes so fast ?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches : for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home ?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cap *Jupiter*, and I thank thee : hoo, *Martius* comming home ?

2 *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reel to night : A Letter for me ?

Virgil. Yes certain, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me ? it gives me an Estate of seven years health ; in which time, I will make a Lip at the Physician : The most sovereign Prescription in *Galen*, is but Empericktique ; and to this Preservative, of no better report than 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 thank the gods for't.

Menen. So do I too, if it be not too much : brings a Victorie in his Pocket ? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Brows : *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly ?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that : and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in *Coriolus*, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this ?

Volum. Good Ladies let's go. Yes, yes, yes : The Senate ha's Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the Warr, he hath in this Action out done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous ? I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The gods grant them true.

Volum. True ? pow waw.

Mene. True ? Ile be sworn they are true : where is he wounded, God save your good Worship ? *Martius* is comming home : he ha's more cause to be proud : where is he wounded ?

Volum. I'th'Shoulder, and i'th'left Arm : there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when he shall stand for his place : he received in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th'Body.

Men. One i'th'Neck, and two i'th' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. He had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty seven, every gash was an Enemies Grave. Hearn, the Trumpets.

A shout, and Flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of *Martius* : Before him, he carries Noise ; And behind him, he leaves Tears :

Death, thar dark Spirit, in's nerry Arm doth lye, Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sonet. *Trumpets sound.*

Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius : between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Souldiers, and a Herald.

Hera. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within *Coriolus* Gates : where he hath wonn, With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius* : These in honor follows *Martius Caius, Coriolanus*. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. *Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Corio. No more of this, it does offend my heart ; pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Corio. Oh ! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods for my prosperity. *Kneels.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up :

My gentle *Martin*, worthy *Caius*, And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd, What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee ? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hail : Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah my dear, Such eyes the Widows in *Coriolus* wear, And Mothers that lack Sons.

Men. Now the gods Crown thee.

Com. And live you yet ? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turn.

Oh welcome home : and welcome General, And y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand Welcomes : I could weep, and I could laugh, I am light, and heavy ; welcome : A Curse begin at very root on's heart, That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on : Yet by the faith of men, we have Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafted to your Rellish. Yet welcome Warriors :

We call a Nettle, but a Nettle ; And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Hera. Give way there, and go on :

Cor. Your Hand, and yours ?

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good Patricians must be visited, From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings, But with them, change of honors.

Volum. I have lived,

To see inherited my very Wishe, And the Buildings of my Fancy : Only there's one thing wanting, Which (I doubt not) but our Rome. Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. *Flourish.* *Cornets*
Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prating Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinns
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechy neck;
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are smother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown Flamins
Do press 'mong the popular Throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd Dames
Commit the Warr of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th'wanton spoil
Of *Phæbus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were sily crept into his humane powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sici. On the suddain, I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our Office may, during his power, go
sleep.

Sici. He cannot temp'rately transpore his honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their antient malice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i' th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of humility,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking Breaths.

Sici. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miss it, rather than carry it,
But by the sure of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Sici. I wish no better, than have him hold that pur-
pose, and to put it in execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sici. It shall be to him then, as our good wills, a sure
destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And disproportioned their Freedoms; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than Camels in their Warr, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sici. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Doggs on Sheep, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffs, and Handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Joves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th'time,
But hearts for the event.

Sici. Have with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitol.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many
stand for Consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one
Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud,
and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there hath been many great men that
have flatter'd the people, who ne'r loved them; and there
be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore:
so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to
care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his No-
ble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or
no, he wou'd indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither
good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater
devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing
undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now
to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the Peo-
ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Countrey,
And his ascent is not by such easie degrees as those, who,
having been supple and courteous to the People, Bon-
netted, without any further deed, to have them at all into
their estimation, and report: but he hath so planted his
honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confess so much;
were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise,
were a Malice, that giving it self the Lye, would pluck
reproof and rebuke from every Ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make
way, they are coming.

*A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Me-
nenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and
Brutus take their places by themselves:
Coriolanus stands.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volcies*,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,

E e c 2

To

To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
Thus flood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,
In our well-sound Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honors like himself.

Sen. Speak good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our states defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We do request your kindest ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what passes here.

Sicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treaty, and
have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theam
of our Assembly.

Bru. Which the rather we shall be blest to do, if he
remember a kinder value of the People, than he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more
pertinent than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people, but tye him not to be
their Bedfellow: Worthy *Cominius* speak.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.
Nay, keep your place.

Senat. Sir, *Coriolanus*, never shame to hear
What you have Nobly done.

Corio. Your honors pardon:
I had rather have my Wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Corio. No Sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now sit down.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawn, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbs for honor,
Than one on's Ears to hear it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Chin he drove
The brizled Lips before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view
Slew three opposers: *Tarquins* self he met,
And struck him on his Knee: in that days feats,
When he might act the woman in the Scene,
He prov'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oak. His Pupil-age

Man-entred thus, he waited like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen Battels since,
He lurcht all Swords o'th'Garland: for this last,
Before, and in *Coriolus*, let me say
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turn terror into sport: as Waves before
A Vessel under sayl, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword (Deaths stamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was trimm'd with dying Cries: alone he entred
The mortal Gate o'th'City, which he painted
With shunlefs defamy: aidlefs came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Coriolus like a Planet: now all's this,
When by and by the din of Warr 'gan peirce
His ready sence, then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battel came he, where he did
Run reeking o're the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoyl; and till we call'd
Both field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with painting.

Men. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the honors
which we devise him.

Com. Our spoys he kickt at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck o'th'World: he covets less
Than Misery it self would give, rewards his deed.
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
thee Consul.

Corio. I do owe them still my life, and Services.

Men. It then remains, that you do speak to the
People.

Corio. I do beseech you,
Let me o're-leap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sicin. Sir, the people must have their Voices,
Neither will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you go fit you to the Custom,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th'unaking Skarrs, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consul
Wish we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat.

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honor.
Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the People.

Sicinius. May they perceive's intent: he will require them
As if he did condemn what he requested,
Should be in them to give.

Brutus. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: For, if he shew
us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: So if
he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monster of
the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
bring our selves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little
help will serve: for once we stood up about the Corn,
he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Multi-
tude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some brown, some black, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diversly Colour'd; and truly
I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
sent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th' Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my
wit would flye?

3 *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soon out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a Fogg, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dews, the fourth would
return for Conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks, you may,
you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If he
would incline to the People, there was never a worthier
man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gown of Humility, with
Menenius.*

Here he comes, and in the Gown of humility, mark
his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes.
He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every
one of us ha's a single Honor, in giving him our own
voices with our own tongues, therefore follow me and
He direct you how you shall go by him.

All Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right, have you not known
The worthiest men have don't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran

From the noise of our own drums,

Men. Oh me the gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to think upon you.

Corio. Think upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll marr all,
He leave you: Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you
In wholesome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth clean: So here comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Corio. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Corio. I, nor mine own desire.

3 *Cit.* How not your own desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble
the poor with begging.

3 *Cit.* You must think if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to
shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good
voice Sir, what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voices
begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the
Customary Gown.

1. You have deserved Nobly of your Country, and
you have not deserved Nobly.

Corio. Your Enigma?

1. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have
been a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved
the Common People.

Corio. You should account me the more Virtuous, that
I have not been common in my Love, I will fir flatter
my sworn Brother the People to earn a dearer estima-
tion of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my hat,
than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be
off to them most counterfitly, that is sir, I will counter-
fit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it
bountiful to the desires: Therefore beseech you, I may
be Consul.

2 We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give
you our voices heartily.

1. You have received many wounds for your Coun-
treys.

Corio. I will not Seal your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble
you no farther.

Both. The gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Corio. Most sweet Voices:

Better it is to dye, better to sterve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that does appear

Their heedless Vouches : Custom calls me to't :
 What Custom wills in all things, should we do't ?
 The Dust on antique Time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
 For Truth to o're-peer. Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high Office and the Honor go,
 To one that would do thus. I am half through,
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voices.

Your Voices ? for your Voices I have fought,
 Watcht for your Voices : for your Voices, bear
 Of Wounds, two dozen odd : Battels thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of : for your Voices,
 Have done many things, some less, some more :
 Your Voices ? indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done Nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest mans Voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul : the Gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Consul.

Corio. Worthy Voices.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your Limitation :
 And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice,
 Remains, that in th'Official Marks invested,
 You anon do meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done ?

Sici. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd :
 The People do admit you, and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where ? at the Senate-house ?

Sici. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments ?

Sici. You may Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my self again
 Repair to th'Senate-house.

Men. Ile keep you company. Will you along ?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Sici. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*
 He ha's it now : and by his Looks, me thinks
 'Tis warm at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
 Will you dismiss the People ?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man ?

1 *Cit.* He ha's our Voices, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir : to my poor unworthy notice,
 He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flowted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but sayes
 He us'd us scornfully : he should have shew'd us
 His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sici. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had Wounds,
 Which he could shew in private :
 And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorn,
 I would be Consul, sayes he : aged Custom,
 But by your Voices, will not so permit me.
 Your Voices therefore : when we granted that,
 Here was, I thank you for your Voices, thank you

Your most sweet Voices: now you have left your Voices
 I have no further with you. Was not this mockery ?

Sici. Why either were you ignorant to see't ?
 Or seeing it, of such Childish friendliness,
 To yield your Voices ?

Brut. Could you not have told him,
 As you were lesson'd ; When he had no Power,
 But was a petty servant to the State,
 He was your Enemy, ever spake against
 Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
 I'th'Body of the Weal : and now arriving
 A place of Potency, and sway o'th'State
 If he should still malignantly remain
 Fast Foe to th'*Plebeij*, your Voices might
 Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for : so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you, for your Voices, and
 Translate his Malice towards you, into Love,
 Standing your friendly Lord.

Sici. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
 And try'd his inclination : from him pluckt,
 Either his gracious Promise, which you might
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature ;
 Which easily endures not Article,
 Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
 You should have ta'n th'advantage of his Choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Brut. Did you perceive,
 He did sollicit you in free Contempt,
 When he did need your Loves : and do you think,
 That his Contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your Bodies
 No heart among you ? Or had you Tongues, to cry
 Against the Restorship of judgement ?

Sici. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker :
 And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,
 Bestow your su'd-for Tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

Ile have five hundred Voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They have chose a Consul, that will from them take
 Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
 Than Doggs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sici. Let them assemble : and on a safer judgement,
 All revoke your ignorant election : Enforce his Pride,
 And his old Hate unto you : besides, forget not
 With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
 How in his Sure he scorn'd you: but your Loves,
 Thinking upon his Services, took from you
 Th'apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate Hate he bears you.

Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
 That we labour'd (no impediment between)
 But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
 Than as guided by your own true affections, and that
 Your minds pre-occupi'd with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To Voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Brut.

Brut. I, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble house o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* Daughters Son:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Sicinius. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To beset high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your suddain approbation.

Brut. Say you ne'r had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe, and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sicinius. To th' Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o'th' People:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Menenius*, all the Gentry,
Cominius, *Titus Lartius*, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head.

Lartius. He had my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the *Volcians* stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

Com. They are worn (Lord Consul) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners wave again.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lartius. On safeguard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volcians*, for they had so vildly
Yielded the Town: he is retired to *Antium*.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Lartius. He did my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Lartius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At *Antium* lives he?

Lartius. At *Antium*.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth, I do despise them:

For they do prank them in Authority,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Sicinius. Pass no further.

Corio. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on—No Further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Commons?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voices?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall to th' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Sicinius. Stop, or all will fall in broyl.

Corio. Are these your herd?

Must these have Voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandall'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Corio. Why this was known before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I inform them?

Com. You are like to do such business.

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consul? by yond Clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Sicinius. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so Noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Lets be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this palting
Becomes not Rome: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonoured Rub, laid falsely
Ith' plain way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corn! this was my speech,
And I will speak't again.

Men. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this hear, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable rank-sented Meiny,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selves have Plow'd for, sow'd & scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggars.

Men. VVell, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speak a'th' People, as if you were a god,
To punish; Not a man of their infirmity.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the People know't.

Men. What, what? his Choler?

Cor. Choler? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sicin. It is a mind that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poison any further.

Corio. Shall remain?

Here you this Triton of the *Minnows*? Mark you
His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Corio. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians! why
You grave, but wreakeless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hidra* here to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your Current in a ditch,
And make your Chanel his? if he have power,
Then vale your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: if you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'tt taft
Most pallats theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By *Jove* himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to th' Market place.

Corio. Who ever gave that Counsel, to give forth
The Corn a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute power
I say they nourish disobedience: fed the ruine of the State.

Brut. Why shall the People give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Corio. He give my Reasons,
More worthy than their Voices. They know the Corn
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne'r did service for't; being prest to th' VVarr,
Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deserve Corn gratis. Being i'th' VVarr,
Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
VVhich they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the Native
Of our so frank Denotion. VVell, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates courtesie? Let deeds exprefs
VVhat's like to be their words. VVe did request it,
VVe are the greater pole, and in true fear
Thy gave us our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break ope the Locks a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crows to peck the Eagles.

Men. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both Divine and Humane,
Seal what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all season; where Gentry, Title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, it must omit
Real Necessities, and give way the while
To unstable Slightness: Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be less fearful, than discreet,
That love the Fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't: that prefer
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To jump a Body with a dangerous Physick,
That's sure of death without it: at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should become't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th' ill which dorth controul't.

Brut. Ha's said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelm thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Brut. Manifest treason.

Sicin. This a Consul? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Brut. The Ædiles hoe; Let him be apprehended.

Sicin. Go call the People, in whose name my Self
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innovator:
A Foe to th' publike Weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. We'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin. Help me Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Here's he, that would take from you all your
power.

Brut. Seize him Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him.

2 *Sena.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what hoe:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusion's near, I cannot speak. You Tribunes
To th' People: *Coriolanus*, patience: speak good *Sicinius*.

Sicin.

Sicin. Hear me, People peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune : peace , speak , speak , speak .

Sici. You are at point to lose your Liberties :

Martius would have all from you ; *Martius*, Whom late you have nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie , this is the way to kindle , not to quench.

Sena. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sici. What is the City, but the People ?

All. True, the People are the City.

Bru. By the consent of all , we were established the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat, To bring the Roof to the Foundation, And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges, In heaps, and piles of Ruine.

Sicin. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority, Or let us lose it : we do here pronounce, Upon the part o'th'People, in whose power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of present Death.

Sicin. Therefore lay hold of him : Bear him to th'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ediles* seize him.

All Ple. Yield *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word , 'beseech you Tribunes , hear me but a word.

Ediles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold wayes, That seem like prudent helps, are very poysonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him, And bear him to the Rock. *Corio. draws his sword.*

Corio. No, Ile dye here : There's some among you have beheld me fighting, Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help : you that be noble , help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to our House : be gone, away, All will be naught else.

2 Senat. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

Sena. The Gods forbid :

I prithee noble friend, home to thy house, Leave us to cure this Cause.

Men. For 'tis a Sore upon us.

You cannot Tent your self : begon, 'beseech you.

Com. Come Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd : not Romans, as they are not, Though calved i'th'Porch o'th'Capitol :

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue ,

One time will owe another.

Com. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a Brace o'th best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolry, when it stands Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tag return ? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o're-bear What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you be gone :

Ile try whether my old Wit be in request With those that have but little : this must be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

Patri. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the World : He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder : his heart's his Mouth : What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that ever He heard the Name of death. *A Noise within.* Here's goodly work.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber.

VVhat the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair ?

Enter Brutus, and Sicinius with the rabble again.

Sicin. VVhere is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian Rock With rigorous hands : he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorn him further Tryal Than the severity of the publick Power, VVhich he so sets at naught.

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir.

Sicin. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt VVith modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have help To make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak ; As I do know The Consuls worthiness, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consul ? what Consul ?

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul ?

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two, The which shall turn you to no further harm, Than so much loss of time.

Sicin. Speak briefly then , For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor : to eject him hence VVere but one danger, and to keep him here Our certain death : therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd In *Joves* own Book, like an unnatural Dam Should now eat up her own.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh he's a Limb, that ha's but a Disease;
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath.
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th'World.

Sicin. This is clean kamm,

Bru. Meerly awry:

When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more:

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskan'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by Process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so——

Sici. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot, our selves resisted, come.

Men. Consider this: He ha's been bred i'th' Warrs
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
He go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawful Form
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it,
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay down your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sici. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there,
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. He bring him to you.

Let me desire you company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother

Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassails, things creared
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speak of Peace, or Warr, I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir.

I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Corio. Lets go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volum. I, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough: you must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midd'lt, and perish.

Volum. Pray be counsell'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of Anger
To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physick
For the whole state; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Corio. What must I do?

Men. Return to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Corio. For them? I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute,

Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th' Warr do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other lose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Men. A good demand.

Volum. If it be honor in your Warrs, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it less or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With honor, as in Warr; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, that

Now it lies you on to speak to th'people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
That are but roared in your Tongue:
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosoms truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honor. I am in this

Your

Your Wife, your Son : these Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our general Lowts,
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

Men. Noble Lady,
Come go with us, speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Volum. I prithee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonner in thy hand,
And thus farr having stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones : for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling : or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyls
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farr,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why their hearts were yours :
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fiery Gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' Market place; and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence : all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must and will :
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Corio. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble heart
A Lye, that it must bear well ? I will do't :
Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the Wind. To th' Market place :
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Volum. I prithee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier : so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must do't :
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some Harlots spirit : My throat of Warr be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drum into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voice
That Babies lull a-sleep : The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and School boyes Tears take up
The Glasses of my sight : A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stitrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not do't,
Left I surcease to honor mine own truth,

And by my bodies action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness,

Volum. At thy choice then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
Thy dangerous Stoutness : for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me :
But own thy Pride thy self.

Corio. Pray be content :
Mother, I am going to the Market place.
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebank their Loves,
Cogg their hearts from them, and come home below'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my Wife, Ile return Consul,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Exit Volumina.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you : arm your
To answer mildly : for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildly. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuse me by invention : I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Men. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Br. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antians*
Was ne'r distributed. What, will he come ?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. He's comming.

Br. How accompanied ?

Edil. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes favour'd him.

Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set down by th'
Edil. I have : 'tis ready. *(Pole ?)*

Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes ?

Edil. I have : 'tis ready.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I'th' right and strength a'th' Commons : be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment ; then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine ; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

Edil. I shall inform them.

Br. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd,
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edil. Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Br. Go about it,
Put him to Choler strait, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be reign'd again to Temperance ; then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume :

Th'honor'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the Chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Through our large Temples with the shews of peace
And not our streets with Warr.

Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw near ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience ;
Peace I say.

Corio. First hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say : Peace ho.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here ?

Sici. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Corio. I am content,

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content :
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider ; Think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scars to move
Laughter only.

Men. Consider further :

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Souldier : do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious founds :
But as I say, such as become a Souldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice :
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sici. Answer to us.

Corio. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sici. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to wind
Your self into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How ? Traitor ?

Mene. Nay temperately : your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell, Fould in the people :
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clucht as many Millions, in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers, I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the gods.

Sicin. Mark you this people ?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sicin. Peace :

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Laws with stroaks, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him,
Even this so criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th'extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome—

Corio. What do you prate of Service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Corio. You ?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no farther :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people ; seeking means
To pluck away their power : as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it. In the name a'th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th' peoples name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd : No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been Consul, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear Wives estimate, her wombs encrease,
And treasure of my Loyns : then if I would
Speak that—

Sicin. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek a'th' rotten Fenns : whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Air : I banish you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts :
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into despair : Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your own Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That won you without blows, despising
For you the City. Thus I turn my back ;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Cum aliis,
They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our Enemy is banish'd, he is gone. Hoo hoo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight,
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at the gates, come.
The gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
VVith many heads butts me away Nay Mother,
VVhere is your antient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances, common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mattership in floating. Fortunes blows,
When most strook home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
VVith precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!

Corio. Nay, I prithee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. VVhat, what, what:
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the VVife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not, Adieu: Farewel my VVife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
I have seen thee Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wait inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believ't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen: your Son
VVill or exceed the Common, or be caught
VVith cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first Son,
VVhether will you go? Take good *Cominius*
VVish thee a while; determine on some course
More than a wild exposure, to each chance
That starts i'th' way before thee.

Corio. O the gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Month, devise with thee
VVhere thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the wars sursets, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet VVife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
VVhile I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: and we'll no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sicin. Bid them home, say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their antient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. VVhy?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en more of us: keep on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th' gods requite your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,
Nay, and you shall hear some. VVill you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankind?

Volum. I fool, is that a shame? Note but this Fool,
VVas not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strook more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heavens!

Vol. More Noble blows, than ever thou wise words.
And for Romes good Ile tell thee what; yet go:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Son
VVere in *Arabia*, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. VVhat then?

Virg. VVhat then? He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he do's bear for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had: 'Twas you incens'd the rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
VVill not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: Ere you go, hear this:
As farr as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so farr my Son

FFF

This

This Ladies Husband here ; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all,

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sicin. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her Wits? *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause: you'll sup with me?

Volum. Angers my Meate: I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

Men. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volcie.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know me: your
name I think is *Adrian*.

Volcie. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are
against 'em. Know you me yet?

Volcie. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volcie. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
the News in Rome? I have a Note from the Volcean
state to find you out here. You have well saved me a
days journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange Insurrections:
the people, against the Senators, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath been; is it ended then? Our State thinks
not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope
to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so
to heart the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that
they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people,
and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature
for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Micanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard
it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
she's fall'n out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*
Aufidius will appear well in these VVars, his great
Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Business,
and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of
their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royal one. The Centurions, and their
charges dist'n'tly billeted already in th' entertainment,
and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am
the man I think, that shall set them in present Action.
So sir, heart'ly well met, and most glad of your Company.

Vol. You take my part from me sir, I have the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. VVell let us go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, Disguis'd and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyr
Of these fair Edifices for my VVarrs
Have I heard groan, and drop: Then know me not,
Left thar thy VVives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
In puny Bartel slay me. Save you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius*
lies; Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his
house this night.

Corio. VVhich is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Corio. Thank you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen.*

Oh World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seem wear on heart,
Whose Hours, whose Bed, whose Meal and Exercise
Are still together: who Twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a Doit, break out
To bitterest Enmity So fellest Foes,
Whose passions, and whose Plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an Egg, shall grow dear friends
And inter-joyn their issues. So with me,
My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon
This Enemy Town Ile enter, if he slay me
He does fair Justice: if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service. *Exit.*

Much playes. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is here? I
think our Fellows are a sleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*? my M. calls for him: *Cotus. Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly house;
The Feast smels; but I appear not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you have Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the dore. *Exit.*

Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being
Coriolanus. *Enter second Servant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Has the Porter his eyes in
h's head, that he gives entrance to such Companions?
Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so brave? Ile have you talkt with anon.

Enter 3 Servingmen, the first meets him.

3. What Fellow's this?

1. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him
out o'th'house: Prithee call my Master to him.

3. What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid
the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harch.

3. What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3. A marv'llous poor one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3. Pray you poor Gentleman, take up some other station,

tion here's no place for you, pray you void : Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on cold bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3. What you will not? Prithce tell my Master, what a strange Guest he ha's here.

2. And I shall.

Exit second Servingman.

3. Where dwell'st thou ?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3. Under the Canopy ?

Corio. I.

3. Where's that ?

Corio. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3. I'th' City of Kites and Crows. What an Ass it is, then thou dwell'st with Daws too ?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3. How fir? Do you meddle with my Master ?

Corio. I, tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy Mistris : Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher : Hence.

Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius with a Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow ?

2. Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

name?

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou ? Thy Why speak'st not? Speak man: what's thy name ?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name ?

Corio. A name unmusical to the Volceans ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name ?

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face Bears a Command in't : Though thy Tackles torn, Thou shew'st a noble Vessel : What's thy name ?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy Name ?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volcies Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witness may My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painful Service, The extreme Dangers, and the drops of Blood Shed for thy thankless Country are requited : But with that Surname, a good memory And witness of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou could'st bear me, only that name remains.

The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Have all forlook me, hath devour'd the rest :

And suffer'd me by th'voice 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 save my life : for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' world I would have voided thee. But in meer spight

To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here : Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight

And make my misery serve thy turn : So use it, That my revengeful Services may prove

As benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the spleen Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary : and present My throat to thee, and to thy Antient Malice : Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fool, Since I have ever followed thee with hate, Drawn Tunns of Blood out of thy Countries brest, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*,

Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A root of Antient Envy. If Jupiter

Should from yon Clowd speak divine things,

And say 'tis true ; I'de not believe them more

Than thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against

My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scarr'd the Moon with splinters : here I cleep

The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,

As ever in Ambitious strength, I did

Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,

I lov'd the Maid I married : never man

Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee here

Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I first my wedded Mistris saw

Befrid my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,

We have a Power on foot : and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,

Or lose mine Arm for't : Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters twixt thy self and me :

We have been down together in my sleep,

Unbuckling Helms, fistng each others Throat,

And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy : And powring Warr

Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,

Like a bold Flood o're-beat. Oh come, go in,

And take our Friendly Senators by'th' hands

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepar'd against your Territories,

Though not for Rome it self.

Corio. You blefs me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take

Th'one half of my Commission, and set down

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st

Thy Countries strength and weakness, thine own waies

Whether to knock against the Gares of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,

Let me comment thee first, to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,

And more a friend, than ere an Enemy,

Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Here's a strange alteration.

2 By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a Cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his cloaths made a false report of him.

1 What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his finger, and his thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had fir, a kind of face me thought. I cannot

F f f 2

tell

tell how to term it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, than I could think.

2. So did I, Ile be sworn : He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I think he is : but a greater soldier than he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master ?

1 Nay it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither : but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you News, 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 thwack our General, *Cains Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwack our General ?

3 I do not say thwack our General, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellows and friends : he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Coriolanus*; he scotcht him, and notchd him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had been Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy News.

3 Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to Mars, set at upper end o'th' Table : No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, Sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottome of the News is, our General is cut i'th'middle, & but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. Hee'll go hee sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Do't? he will do't : for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir, as it were, durst not (look you sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? Whats that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Rain) and revell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strook up this afternoon : 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then we shall have a stirring World again : This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have Warr say I, it exceeds peace as farr as day do's night : It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace. is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, than Warrs a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as Warrs in some sort may bee said to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then less need one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietness of the people, Which before Were in Wilde hurry. Here do We make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well : who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, than see Our Tradefmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Brn. VVe stood too'r in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O he is grown most kind of late: Hail Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends : the Common wealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. VVhere is he, hear you?

Mene. Nay I hear nothing :

His Mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden Neighbours.

Brn. 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.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Brn. Farewell kinde Neighbours : We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens.

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brn. *Cains Martius* was

A worthy Officer i'th'Warr, but Insolent, O'recome with pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Self-loving.

Sici. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance.

Mene. I think not so.

Sicin. VVe should by this to all out Lamentation, If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Brn. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Aedile.

Aedile. VVorthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison, Reports the Volces with two several Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the VVarr, Destroy what lies before'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,

VVho hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the VVorld VVhich were In-shell'd, VVhen *Martius* stood for Rome, And

And durst not once peep out.

Sicin. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Brn. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volcies dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be?

We have record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Left you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beat the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Brn. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:

Go whip him 'fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sicin. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young't and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Brn. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may with
Good *Martius* home again.

Sicin. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely,
He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Than violent't Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*'s Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-born their way consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good work.

Men. What news? What news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boar.

Men. Pray now the news?

You have made fair work I fear me: pray your news?
If *Martius* should be joyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapen man Better: and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no less Confidence,
Than Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron men: you, that flood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and

The brearh of Garlike-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down Mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.

Brn. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The Noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pittie of him, as the Wolf
Do's of the Shepherds; For his best friends if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made fair hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Clusters.

And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayr unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. How he's coming,
And not a hair upon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pittie.

2. And so did I.

3. And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very ma-
ny of us, that we did, we did for the best: and though we
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. Y're goodly things, you Voices.

Men. You have made you good work
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh I, what else?

Exeunt both.

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismay'd,
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of Fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us : Come Masters let's home, I ever said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all, but come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this News.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol : would half my ealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flie to th' Roman ?

Lien. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him : but Your Souldiers use him as the grace 'fore meate, Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless by using means I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudly, Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish Sir, (I mean for your particular) you had not Joyn'd in Commission with him : but either have born The action of your self, or else to him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him, although it seems And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shews good Husbandry for the Volcean State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon As draw his Sword : yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down, And the Nobility of Rome are his : The Senators and Patricians love him too : The Tribunes are no Souldiers : and their people Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty To expell him thence. I think he'll be to Rome As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was A Noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors even : whether 'twas Pride Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints The happy man ; whether defect of judgement, To fail in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of : or whether Nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving From th' Cask to th' Cushion : but commanding peace Even with the same austerity and garb, As he controll'd the warr. But one of these (As he hath spices of them all) not all, For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd, So, hated, and so banish'd : but he ha's a Merit To choak it in the utterance : So our Virtues, Lie in th' interpretation of the time, And power unto it self most commendable, Hath not a Tomb so evident as a Chair T' extol what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire ; one Nail, one Nail ; Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.

Come let's away : when *Cains* Rome is thine, Thou art poor't of all ; then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go : you hear what he hath said Which was sometime his General : who loved him In a most dear particular. He call'd me Father : But what o'that ? Go you that banish'd him A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd To hear *Cominius* speak, Ile keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Menen. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name : I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not answer to : Forbad all Names, He was a kind of Nothing, Tittleless, Till he had forg'd himself a name a'th' fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why, so : you have made good work : A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coals cheap : A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon When it was less expected. He replied, It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say less ?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to pick them, in a pile Of noysom musty Chaff. He said, 'twas folly For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt And still to nose th' offence.

Menen. For one poor grain or two ? I am one of those : his Mother, Wife, his Child, And this brave Fellow too : we are the Grains, You are the Musty Chaff, and you are smelt Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your aid In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More than the instant Army we can make Might stop our Countryman.

Menen. No : Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your Love can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius* return me, As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard : what then ? But as a discontented Friend, grief-shot With his unkindness. Say't be so ?

Sicin. Yet your good will Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Men. Ile undertak't : I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and feeding, we have suppler Souls
Than in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be diere'd to my request,
And then Ile set upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. *Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sicin. Not?

Com. I tell you, he do's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pittie I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his Noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to sollicite him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haist them on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*.

1. From whence? *Men.* From Rome.

1. You may not pass, you must return: our General
will no more hear from thence.

2. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My name hath toucht your ears: it is *Menenius*.

1. Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name,
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell the Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover: I have been
The book of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparallel'd, happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a subtil ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lyes in his behalf,
as you have uttered words in your own, you should not
pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to
live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary on the party of your General.

2. Howsoever you have been his Liar, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you
cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Ha's he din'd can st thou tell? For I would not
speak with him, till after dinner.

1. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your
enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the
easie groans of old women, the Virginal palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore
back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve
and pardon.

Men. Sitra, if the Captain knew I were here,
He would use me with estimation.

1. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1. My General cares not for you. Back I say, go: left
I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the ut-
most of your having, back.

Men. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Men. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceive, that a Jack gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guess but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th' State of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourly Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it.
I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured
none but my self could move thee, I have been blown
out of your Gates with sighs: and conjure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good
Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it, upon
this Varlet here: This, who like a block hath denyed
my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Men. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your sutes, are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee speak. This man *Aufidius*
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. *Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1. Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home again.

1. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your
greatness back?

2. What cause do you think I have to swoond?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General:
for such things as you, I can scarce think ther's any, y're
so slight. He that hath a will to dye by himself, fears it
not

not from another: Let your General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit.*

1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oak not to be winde-shaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set down our Host. My partner in this Action You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly I have born this Business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected. Stopt your ears against the general sure of Rome: Never admitted a privat whisper, no not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me, above the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge, Was to send him for whose old love I have (Though I shew'd sowlly 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 to. Fresh Embassies, and Sutes, Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter Will I lend ear 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 Martius; with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But our affection, All bond and privilege of nature break; Let it be Virtuous to be Obstinate. What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doves eyes, Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others: my Mother bows, As if *Olympus* to a Mole-hill should In supplication Nod: and my young Boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volcies Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be such a Gosling to obey instinct: but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin.

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgive our Romans. O a kiss Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge! Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiss I carried from thee dear; and my true Lip Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray, And the most Noble Mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sink my knee ith' earth; Of thy deep duty, more impression shew Than that of common Sons.

Volum. Oh stand up blest!

Whil'st with no foster Cushion than the Flint I kneel before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Between the Child, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?

To your Corrected Son?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starrs: Then, let the mutinous winds Strike the proud Cedars 'against the fiery Sun: Murd'ring impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee, Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*; The Moon of Rome: Chast as the Icfie That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow, And hangs on *Diana's* Temple: Dear *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poor Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May shew like all your self.

Corio. The God of Souldiers, With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou maist prove To shame invulnerable, and strike i'th' Warrs Like a great Sea-mark standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave boy.

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my self, Are Suters to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace: Or if you'd ask, remember this before; The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never Be held by your denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my Souldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's Mechanicks. Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not t'allay My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You have said you will not grant us any thing: For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask, That if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness, therefore hear us.

Corio. *Aufidius*, and you Volcies, mark, for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Think with thy self, How more unfortunate than living women Are we come hither; since that thy fight, which should Make our eys flow with joy: hearts dance with comforts, Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow, Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to see, The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out: and to poor we Thine enmities most capital: Thou barr'st us 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: Alack, or we must lose The Country our dear Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must find An evident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a Forein Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy Countries ruine,

And

And bear the Palm, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood : For my self, Sonn,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warrs determin : if I cannot perswade thee
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me : Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderness to be
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I have sate too long.

Volm. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our sute
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shew'd : the Romans,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonn)
The end of Warr's uncertain: but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses :
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speak to me Son:
Thou hast affected the five strains of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.

To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boulr.
That should but rive an Oak. Why do'st not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, Speak you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our Reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shewed thy dear Mother any curtesie,
When she (poor Hen) fond of no second brood
Ha's cluck'd thee to the Warrs, and safely home
Loden with Honour. Say my Request's unjust,
And spurn me back : But if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away :
Down Ladies : let us shame him with our knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Than pitty to our Prayers. Down : 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 kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength,
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother :
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Childe
Like him by chance : yet give us our dispatch:

I am husht until our City be afire, & then Ile speak a little.
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother !
What have you done ? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother : Oh !
You have wonn a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Son, beleeve it : Oh beleeve it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come :
Aufidius, though I cannot make true Warrs,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less *Aufidius* ?

Auf. I was mov'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworn you were
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good fir)
What peace you'l make, advise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
A difference in thee : Out of that Ile work
My self a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by: But we will drink together :
And you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come enter with us : Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you : All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

(Stone?)

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th' Capitol, yon'd corner
Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there
is no hope in 't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon
execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub : this *Martius*, is
grown from Man to Dragon : He has wings, hee's more
than a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Mene. So did he me : and he no more remembers his
Mother now, than an eight years old horse, The tartness
of his face, sours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Trea-
ding. He is able to peirce a Corset with his eye : Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternitie, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him : There is no more
mercy in him, than there is milk in a male-Tyger, that
shall our poor City find : and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them :
and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

Mef. Sir, if you'd save your life flye to your House,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the News? (prevayl'd,

Mef. Good News, good news, the Ladies have
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't most certain?

Mef. As certain 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 blown Tide
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why heark you?

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beat, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Cymbles, and the shouting Romans,
Make the Sun dance. Heark you. *A shout within.*

Mene. This is good News:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throats,
I'de not have given a doit. Heark, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods bless you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sicin. They are neer the City?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'll meet them and help the joy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronness, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strow Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that banish'd *Martius*;
Repeal him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. *Exeunt.*

A Flourish with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' Market place, Where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse;
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appear before the People, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.
Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so, as with a man by his own Alms im-
poysen'd, and with his Charity slain.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wish't us parties: Wee'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The people will remain uncertain, whil't
Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyr of all.

Auf. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterie,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bowd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. Consp. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping.

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I took him,
Made him joynt-servant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designements
In mine own person: hope to reap the Fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do my self this wrong; Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, nor Partner; and
He wag'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marveyled at it, and in the last
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less Spoil, than Glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhevm, which are
As cheap as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But heark.

*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.*

1. Con. Your Native Town you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2. Con. And patient Fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their bafe throats tear
With giving him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your Sword:
Which he will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

A l. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear'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 Levies, answering us
With our own charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Auf.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drum, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Hail Lords, I am return'd, your Souldier:
No more infested with my Countries love
Than when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warrs, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoils we have brought home
Doth more than Counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no less Honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th'Romans. And we here deliver
Subscrib'd by th'Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seal a'th' 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.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou think
He grace thee with that Robbery, thy stoln name
Coriolanus in *Corioli*?

You Lords and Head a'th'State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of Salt, your City Rome,
I say your City, to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silk, never admitting
Counsaile a'th'Warr: But at his Nurses tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victorie,
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 Tears.

Corio. Ha?

Auf. No more,

Corio. Measureless Lyar thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slave.
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scould. Your judgements my grave Lords
Must give this Cutr the Lye: and his own Notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my bearing to his Grave, shall joyn
To thrust the Lye unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Corio. Cut me to pieces Volcies, Men and Lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I

Flutter'd your Volcians in *Corioli*.

Alone I did it, Boy!

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart:
Fore your own eyes, and ears?

All Consp. Let him dye for'r.

All. Peopl. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Son, my Daughter, he kill'd my Cofin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th'earth: His last offences to us
Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more:
His Tribe to use my lawful Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villain.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kills Martius, who falls, Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O *Tullus*.

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.

Auf. My Lords.

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'll rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
My self your loyal Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience,
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three a'th'chiefest Souldiers; Ile be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble memory. *Affist.*

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS,



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one dore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Plead my Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the first-born Son, that was the last
That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassian. Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right :
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Son,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperial Seat to Virtue : consecrate
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility :
But let Desert in pure election shine ;
And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie :
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A special Party, have by Common voice
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-nam'd *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Walls.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warrs against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yok'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant Sons
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honors Spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Arms.

Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
Whom (worthily) you would have now succed,
And in the Capitol and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Saturnin. How fair the Tribune speaks,
To calm my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do asse
In thy uprightness and Integrity :
And so I Love and honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
And her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends :
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Ex. Souldiers.

Saturnin. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey ,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause :
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

They go up into the Senate-house.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans make way : the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, Romes best Champion,
Successful in the Battels that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then Enter two of Titus Sons ; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with black, then two other Sons. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Gothes, and her two Sons, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can be : They set down the Coffin, and Titus Speaks.

Andronicus. Hail Rome :
Victorious in thy mourning Weeds :

Loe as the Bark that hath discharg'd his freight,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrel bowes,
To resalute his Country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that Survive, let Rome reward with Love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
VVith burial amongst their Ancestors.
Here *Gothes* have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
VVhy suffer'st thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

They open the Tomb.

There greet in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your Countries wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay Roman brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, true the tears I shed,
A Mothers tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weal,
VVere piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, stain not thy Tomb with blood.
VVilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first born-son.

Tit. Patient your self Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is markt, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

Exit Sons with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety.

Chi. VVas ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me *Scythia* to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus go to rest, and we survive,
To tremble under *Titus* threatening looks,
Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,
The self same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
VVith opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queen of *Gothes*,
(VVhen *Gorhes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus again.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites, *Alarbus* limbs are lop't,
And intrals feed the sacrificizing fire,
VVhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to inerr our Brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.
In peace and honour rest you here my Sons,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no Treason, here no envie swells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and Eternal sleep:
In peace and Honour rest you here my sons.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour, live Lord *Titus* long.
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tomb my tributary tears,
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
VVhose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordial of mine age to glad my hearr,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers days:
And Fames eternal date for virtues praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanks gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome. Nephews from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in Fame:
Fair Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* happiness,
And Triumphs over chance in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotless Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire
With these our late deceased Emperors Sons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feebleness:

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What

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld up rule; resigne my life,
And set abroach new business for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty years,
And led my Countries strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonns,
Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
In right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a staff of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controul the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empiry.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romans do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou werest shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the peoples hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friends
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribu. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe return to Rome
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rays on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advise,

Crown him, and say, Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.

And say, Long live our Emperour *Saturnine*.

A long Flourish till they come down.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Romes Royal Mistris, Mistris of my heart,
And in the Sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:

Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperial Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feet.

Sat. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of thes unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will use you Nobly and your Followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choos, were I to choos a new:
Cleer up Fair Queen that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warr hath wrought this change of
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome: (cheer,
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make you Greater than the Queen of Gothes?
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobility,
Warrants these words in Princely curreisie.

Sat. Thanks sweet *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:

Ransomless here we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaim our Honours Lords with Trumpet and Drum,
Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave this Maid is mine.

Tit. How fir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolv'd withall,
To doe my self this reason, and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique*, is our Romane Iustice:
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Mut. Brothers help to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord you pass not here.

Tit. What villain Boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Help, *Lucius* help. *He kills him.*

Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonns of mine.
My sonns would never so dishonour me.

Traitor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawful promist Love.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonns and Aaron the Moor.*

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never: nor thy Traiterous haughty sonns,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragg of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy ways, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisheth for her with his Sword:

A Valiant sonn in-law thou shalt enjoy:

One, fit to bandy with thy lawless Sonns,

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queen of Gothes,
That like the stately *Phoebe* mong'rt her Nymphs,
Dost over-shine the Gallant't Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodain choice,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Emperers of Rome.
Speak Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neer,
And Tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not refuse the streets of Rome,
Or climb my Palace, till from forth this place,
I lead espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of Gothes,
She will a Hand-maid be to his desires.
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend Fair Queen,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousal rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.
Titus when wer't thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sons.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel, slain a Vertuous Son.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No Son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes.
Give *Mutius* burial with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sons speak.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Titus son speaks.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, even thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these Boys mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. *Son.* He is not himself, let us withdraw.

2. *Son.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sons kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

2. *Son.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,

Luc. Dear Father, soul and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His Noble Nephew here in virtues nest,
That died in Honour and *Lavinias* cause.

Thou art a Romain, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advise did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself: And *Laertes* son
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismall't day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tomb.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorn thy Tomb. (friends,

They all kneel and say.

No man shed tears for Noble *Mutius*.

He lives in Fame that di'd in virtues cause. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Gothes,
Is of a sodain thus advanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell,
Is the not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so farr?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the
Moor at one door. Enter at the other door Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy Sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bas. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, If Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it my Lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Mean while I am posselt of that is mine.

Sat. Tis good sir: you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I ow to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
Tis thou, and those; that have dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*,

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Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all :
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome fore-fend,
I should be Author to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all :
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
Then at my sute look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sower looks afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Lest then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heynous sin.
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone :
He find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family.
The cruel Father, and his trayt'rous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear sons life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.
Come, come, sweet Emperour (come *Andronicus*)
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise *Titus*, rise,
My Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty,
And her my Lord.
These words, these looks,
Infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily :
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be my 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 mild and tractable.
And fear not Lords :

And you *Lavinia*,
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Sen. We do,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart look back.

Sat. *Marcus*,
For thy sake and thy brothers here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit these young mens heynous faults.
Stand up *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swear,

I would not part a Batchelor from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends :
This day shall be a Love-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound,
Wee'll give your Grace *Bon jour*,

Sat. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy too.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aron alone.

Aron. Now climberth *Tamora* Olympus top,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envies threatning reach :
As when the golden Sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glistening Coach,
And over-looks the highest piring hills :

So *Tamora*.

Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aron* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Imperial Mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* tied to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in Pearl and Gold,
To wait upon this new made Emperess,
To wait said I ? To wanton with this Queen,
This Goddess, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
This Syren, that will charm Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwrack, and his Common weals.
Holla, what storm is this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowst affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou do'st over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my Mistress grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia*'s love.

Ar. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a dancing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?
Go to : have your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. I Boy, grow ye so brave ?

They draw.

Ar. Why now Lords ?

So near the Emperours Palace dare you draw ?

And

And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withall
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken Coward,
That chundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Ar. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Goths adore,
This pretty brable will undo us all:
Why Lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, Justice or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empress know
This discord ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling,
Learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Ar. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome
How furious and imparient they be,
And cannot brook Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this devise.

Chi. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.

Ar. To archieve her, how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What inan, more water glideth by the Mill
Than wors the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a slave we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcanus* badge.

Ar. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to
With words, fair looks, and liberality? (court it
What hast thou not full often struck a Doe,
And born her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Ar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. I so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Ar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why hark yee, hark yee, and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Ar. For shame be friends, and joyn for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* love,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troop:
The Forest walks are wilde and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advise,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There speak, and strike brave Boyes, and take your turns.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
And revel in *Lavinia's* Treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel Lad smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Si fas aut nefas*, till I find the streams
To cool this heat, a Charm to calm their fits,
Per Stygia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noise
with hounds and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour and his lovely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peal,
That all the Court may eccho with the noise.
Sons let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Wind Horns.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron,
Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace a hunters peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Bas. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lav. I say no:

I have been awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And climb the highest Promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes away, and run like Swallows o're the plain.

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Dem. Chiron.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with Horse nor Hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Ar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coin a stratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany :
And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,
That have their Alms out of the Empress Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moor.

Tam. My lovely *Aron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Glee-ful boast ?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, *Aron* let us sit,
And whil'st the babling *Eccho* mocks the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelping noise :
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And Curtain'd with a counsel-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others arms,
(Our pastimes done) possess a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horns, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleep.

Ar. Madam,
Though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My fleece of Woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an Adder when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution ?
No Madam, these are no Venereal signs,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are Hammering in my head,
Hark *Tamora*, the Empress of my Soul,
Which never hopes more heaven, than rests in thee,
This is the day of Doom for *Bassianus* ;
His *Philome!* must lose her tongue to day,
Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
See'st thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl ;
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my sweet *Moor*,
Sweeter to me than life.

Ar. No more great Empress, *Bassianus* comes,
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy Sons
To back thy quarrels whatsoe're they be.

Bas. Whom have we here ?
Romes Royal Empress,

Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the general Hunting in this Forest ?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps :
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently
With Horns, as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in *Hornings*,
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your Husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pity they should take him for a Stag.

Bas. Believe me Queen, your swarth Cymmerian
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, defected, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train ?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For Sauciness; I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven-coloured love,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have notice of this.

Lav. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now dear Sovereign
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Higness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason think you to look pale ?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees (though Summer) yet forlorn and lean,
Ore-come with Moss, and baleful Mistletoe.
Here never shines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toads, as many Urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foul Adulterers,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ears did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy Son. *Stab him.*

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my strength.

Lav. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poygnard: you shall know my boys
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam, here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corn, then after burn the straw :
This Minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her Nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your Mightiness,
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. And if she do,
I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunk-Pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the hony ye desire,
Let not this Whasp our-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure :
Come Mistress, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora* thou bear'st a womans face.

Tam. I will not hear her speak, away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the Tygers young-ones teach the dam?
O do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.

Chi. What,
VWould'st thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lyon mov'd with pitty, did indure
To have his Princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorn children,
The whil'st their own birds famish in their nests :
Oh be to me though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittiful.

Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake.
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person been offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pittiless :
Remember Boys I powr'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long,
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
Oh keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
VWhere never mans eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sons of their fec,
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away.

For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ?

No woman-hood ? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name,
Confusion all ———

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth,
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aron* bid us hide him. *Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel my Sons, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away :
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful Sons this Trul destour. *Exit.*

Enter Aron with two of Titus Sons.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
VWhere I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mar. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
VVell could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

Quin. VWhat art thou fallen ?

VWhat subtle Hole is this,
VVhose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whose leavs are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me :
Speak Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mar. Oh Brother,
VVith the dismall'st object
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Ar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

Exit Aron.

Mar. VWhy dost not comfort me and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole ?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouch fear,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
VVill not permit mine eyes, once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
VVas I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to the slaughtred Lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how do'st thou know 'tis he ?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole :
VVhich like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the Moon on *Piramus*,
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood :
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocitus* mistie mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,

Or

Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus* grave:
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moor.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodg,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound,
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyranny.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus;
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Look first, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murdered *Bassianus* here.

Ar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of Gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What are they in this pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sons,
Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparent,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their bail.

For by my Fathers reverent Tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Higness will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain,
For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Emperors Sons, with Lavinia, her hands cut off,
and her tongue cut out, and ravishd.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravishd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumps will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. And 'twere my cause, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Wind Horns.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Niece, that flies away so fast?
Cosen, a word, where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, some Planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.

Speak gentle Niece, what stern ungente hands
Hath lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments,
Whose circling shadows, Kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a Crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubling fountain stir'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue;

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?

Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stop'd,
Doth burn the heart to Cinders where it is.

Fair *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her mind.
But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off

That

That could have better sewed than *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seen those Lilly hands
 Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss 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 knife and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind,
 For such a sight will blind a fathers eye.
 One howers storm will drown the fragrant Meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy Fathers eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Titus's two Sons bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Tit. Hear me grave Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept :
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought :
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.
 For these, these Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My hearts deep languor, and my souls sad tears :
 Let my tears stench the earths dry appetite,
 My sons sweet blood, will make it shame and blush :
 O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain, *Exeunt.*
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers
 In Summers drought : I'll drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal Spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverend Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
 And let me say (that never wept before)
 My tears are now prevailing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you --

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did hear,
 They would not mark me : oh if they did hear,
 They would not pity me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,

Who though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale ;
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me,
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
 A stone is as soft wax,
 Tribunes more hard than stones :
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee :
 Why foolish *Lucius*, do'st thou not perceive
 That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers ?
 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine : how happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished ?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here ?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
 Or if not so, thy noble heart to break :
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lu. Aye me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her,
 Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handleless in thy Fathers sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the Sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds :
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain :
 And they have nur'd this woe,
 In feeding life :

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other :
 'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome service, is but vain.

Lu. Speak gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
 Sweet various notes inchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this deed ?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Park,
 Seeking to hide her self, as doth the Deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Dear,
 And he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a Rock,
 Inviron'd with a wilderness of Sea,
 Who makes the waxing tide
 Grow wave by wave,

Expecting

Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me. What shall I do?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah son *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gath'ed Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weeps becaus they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becaus she knows him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath tane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd in meadows yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miseries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Ma. Patience dear Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou poor man hast drown'd it with thine own.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheeks.

Ti. Mark *Marcus*, mark, I understand her signs,
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farr from help as Limbo is from blifs.

Enter Aaron the Moor alone.

Moor. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did ever Raven sing so like a Lark,
That gives sweet tydings of the Suns uprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battelax,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moo. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will use the Ax.

Exeunt.

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moo. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hower pass.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
Good *Aaron* give his Majesty my 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 my sons, say I account of them,
As jewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine owne.

Aaron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads I mean: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools doe good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Exit.

Ti. O hear I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched tears,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneel with me?
Doe then dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs weel breath the welkin dimm,
And stain the Sun with fogg as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes
Mar. Oh brother speak with possibilities.
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottome?

Then

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth ore-flow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the Sea. Heark how her sighs do blow :
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my Sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears,
Become a deluge, overflow'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 losers will have leave,
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperour :
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons.
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs, their sports : Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :
These miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them, that weep, doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat :
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poor heart that kifs is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here :
Thy other banisht sons with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numm.
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears,
Then which way shall I find Revenges Cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what task I have to do ;
You heavy people circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I bear.

Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these things :
Bear thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth :
As for thee boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kifs and part, for we have much to do. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :
The woful't man that ever liv'd in Rome :
Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come again,
He loves his pledges dearer than his life :
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast been,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs :
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Banquet.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy Neece and I (poor Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief,
With foul'd Arms. This poor right hand of mine,
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast
Who when my heart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating ;
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still :
Wound it with sighing girl, kill it with groans :
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool, in Sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie brother fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

An. How now ! Has sorrow made thee doat already ?
Why *Marcus* no man should be mad but I :
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o're
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O handle not the theam, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talk
As if we should forget we had no hands :
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands ?
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girl eat this,
Here is no drink : Heark *Marcus* what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
She saies, she drinks no other drink but tears
Brew'd with her sorrows : mesh'd upon her cheeks.

Speech-

Speechless complaint, O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good Grandfire leave these bitter deep laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his Grandfires heaviness.

An. Peace tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What do'st thou strike at *Marcus* with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord, a Fly.

An. Out on thee murderour: thou kill'st my heart.
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kill'd a Fly.

An. But? How if that fly had a father and Mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the Ay?
Poor harmless Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
Like to the Empress Moor, therefore I kill'd him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my self, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*; Ah firra,
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeness of a Cole-black Moor.

Mar. Alas poor man, grief ha's so wrought in him,
He takes false shadows, for true substances.
And, Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
Ile to thy cloister, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazel. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his books under his
arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. Help Grandfire help, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee boy too well to do thee harm.

Boy. I when my Father was in Rome she did,

Ma. What means my Niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frensy do possess her:

For I have heard my Grandfire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.

And I have read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to fear,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loves me as dear as ere my Mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly

Causless perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,

I most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Tit. How now *Lavinia*? *Marcus* what means this?

Som book there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girl of these? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skill'd,
Come and take choice of all my Library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:

What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Tit. *Lucius* what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire tis Ovids *Metamorphosis*,
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft, so busily she turns the leaves.

Help her, what would she find? *Lavinia* shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*?

And treats of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I fear was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O Why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or sunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Camp to sin in *Lucrece* bed?

Mar. Sit down sweet Niece, brother sit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,

Inspire me that I may this treason find.

My Lord look here, look here *Lavinia*.

*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it
with feet and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain, guide if thou canst

This

This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift :
Write thou good Neece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her
fumps and writes.*

Tit. Oh do you read my Lord what she hath writ ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera ! tam lentus vides !

Mar. Oh calm thee gentle Lord : Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a murmur in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.

My Lord kneel down with me : *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel sweet boy, the Roman *Hectors* hope,
And swear with me, as with the woful *Peer*
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these trayterous *Goths*,
And see their blood, or dye with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Bear-whelps, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone :
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a Gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry Northern wind
Will blow these sands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then ? Boy what say you ?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress Sons,
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 bosome Grandfire.

Tit. No boy nor so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* look to my house,
Lucius and Ile go brave it at the Court,
I marry will we sit, and we'll be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens ! Can you hear a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore : and at
another dore young Lucius and another, with a bun-
dle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius* here's the Son of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Roman Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the news ?

Boy. For villains mark'd with Rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie 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,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both : like bloody villains. *Exit.*

Dem. What's here, a scrole, and written round about ?
Let's see.

*Integer vita scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec
arcu.*

Chir. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Moor. I just, a verse in *Horace* : right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Ass ?
Here's no sound jest, th'old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick :
But were our witty Empress well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit :

But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starr
Led us to Rome's strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
It did me good before the Palace gate
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Moor. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius* ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman Dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Moor. Here lacks but your Mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved Mother in her pains.

Moor. Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.
Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus ?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here ?

Enter Nurse with a black-a-Moor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow Lords :
O tell me, did you see *Aron* the Moor ?

Aron. Well, more or less, or ne'r a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now ?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aron. Why, what a cattervalling dost thou keep ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empress shame, and stately Rome's disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.

Aron. To whom ?

Nurse. I mean she is brought to bed ?

Aron. Well God give her good rest.

H h h

V What

What hath he sent her ?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why then she is the devils Dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue,
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee Christen it with thy daggers point.

Aaron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossome sure.

Deme. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aaron. That which thou can'st not undo.

Chir. Thou hast undone our Mother.

Deme. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone---
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accur'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend.

Chir. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not dye.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What, must it *Nurse* ? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. I'll broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point :
Nurse give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay murderous villains, will you kill your brother ?
Now by the burning Tapers of the sky
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of War,
Shall seize this prey out of his fathers hands :
What, what, ye sanguin shallow-hearted Boyes,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue :
For all the water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swans black legs to white,
Although the lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistress thus ?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress : this my self,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This, before all the world do I prefer,
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chir. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doom her death.

Chir. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aaron. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears :
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
As who should say, old Lad, I am thine own.
He is your brother, Lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were,
He is enfranchised and come to light :
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Deme. Advise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advise :

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there, now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Deme. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why so brave Lords, When we all joyn in
I am a Lamb : but if you brave the *Moor*, (league

The chafed Boar, the mountain Lioness,

The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :

But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my self,
And none else but the delivered Empress.

Aaron. The Empress, the Midwife, and your self,
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the Empress, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Week, week, so cries a Pig prepar'd to the spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron* ?

Wherefore did'st thou this ?

Aaron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of policy :

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long-tongu'd babling Gossip ? No Lords, no :

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be receiv'd for the Emperours heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his own.

Hark ye Lords, ye see I have given her Physick,

And you must needs bestow her funeral,

The fields are neer, and you are gallant Grooms :

This done, see that you take no longer dayes

But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chir. *Aaron*, I see thou wilt not trust the ayr with se-

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*, (crets.
Her self, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as Swallow flies,

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the Empress friends :

Come on you thick-lipt-slave, I'll bear you hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whay, and suck the Goat,

And cabin in a Cave, and bring you up

To be a warriour, and command a Camp. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentle-
men with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with
Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.

Sir Boy, now let me see your Archery,

Look yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :

Terras Astra reliquit, be you remembered *Marcus*.

She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tools,

You cousens shall go sound the Ocean :

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet there's as little justice as at Land :

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must do it,

Tis you must dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you to deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for Justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Go get you gone, and pry be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for Justice.

Marc. O *Publius*, is not this a heavy case
To see thy Noble Vncle thus distraſt?

Pub. Therefore my Lord it highly us concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Joyn with the Goths, and with revengefull war,
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my masters?
What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall,
Marry for Justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinks with *Iove* in heaven, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
He dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
Nobig-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But metal *Marcus*, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our back can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicit heaven, and move the Gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Iovem, thats for you: here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem thats for my self,

Here Boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:

Of my word, I have written to effect,

Theres not a God left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now masters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I ay'm a Mile beyond the Moon.
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* horns.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shor,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the Rams horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Emperess villain:
She laught, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his Master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two Pigeons.

Tit. News, news, from heaven.

Marcus the Poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?

Shall I have Justice, what says *Iupiter*?

Clow. Ho he Jibbetmaker, he says that he hath taken
them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next week.

Tit. Tut what says *Iupiter* I ask thee?

Clow. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain art nor thou the Carrier?

Clow. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold to prefs to heaven in my
young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl, betwixt
my vncle, and one of the Emperials men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your
Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Em-
perour with a Grace?

Clow. Nay truly sir, I could never say grace in all my
life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour.

By me thou shalt have Justice at his bands.

Hold, hold, mean while her's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. I sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel,
then kiss his foot, then deliver up your Pigeons, and
then look for your reward. He be at hand sir, see you do
it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Here *Marcus* fold it in the Oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant,

And when thou hast given it the Emperour,

Knock at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clow. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us go, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

*Enter Emperour and Emperess, and her two sons, the
Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperour in Rome thus overborn,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal Justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the might'full Gods
(How ever these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilfull Sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress,
See, heres to *Iove*, and this to *Mercury*,

H h h 2

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the god of warr:
Sweet scrowls to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome, no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleep,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whose loss hath peirc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose witha ll:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood on't: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clown.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. Tis he: God and Saint Stephen give you good den,
I have brought you a Letter, and a couple of Pigeons here.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Go take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come sirrah thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? bir Lady, than I have brought up a
neck to a fair end. *Exit.*

Satur. Despightful and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this Monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same devise proceeds:
May this be born? As if his Traytrous Sons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor Age, nor Honor, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What news with thee *Emilius*?

Emil. Arm my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of High resolved men, bent to the spoyl
They hither march again, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
VWho threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Satur. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
I, now begin our sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My self bath often heard them say,
(VWhen I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. VWhy should you fear? Is not our City strong?

Satur. I, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so may'st thou, the giddy men of Rome;
Then cheer thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
VWith words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or hony stalks to sheep,
VWhen as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

King. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear,
VWith golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before to our Embassador,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Emilius* do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Satur. Then go successfully and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
VWhich signifies what hate they bear their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
VWhose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
VWhose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt:
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Summers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omni. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth leading Aron with his child
in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troup I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monastery,

And

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy Mothers look,
Villain thou mightst have been an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never doe beget a cole-black Calf.
Peace, villain peace (even thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawn I rusht upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use, as you think needfull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnat devill ,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand :
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress eye,
And here's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-cy'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak? what deaf? no ! Not a word ?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruit of Bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royal blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
First hang the Child, that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soul withall.

Aaron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, save the Child,
And bear it from me to the Emperess :
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speak no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourish.

Aaron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vex thy soul, to hear what I shall speak :
For I must talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Black-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to hear, yet pitiouly perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnless thou swear to me my Child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind,
I say thy Child shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I swear by?
Thou beleevest no God,
That granted, how can'st thou beleeve an oath ?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty Popish tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee carefull to observe :
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that Ile urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reverence,
To save my Boy, nourish and bring him up,
Ore else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou,
I begot him on thy Emperess.

Luci. Oh most insatiate luxurious Woman!

Aaron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon,
Twas her two Sons that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and Ravisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou sawst.

Luci. Oh detestable villain !
Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aaron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimm'd ,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villains like thy self !

Aaron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Coddling spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as ever won the Set:
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:

I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queen, and her two Sons,
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischief in it.

I plaid the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my self apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laught so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. I, like a black Dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deeds?

Aaron. I, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self ;
Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
Make poor mens Cattell break their necks,
Set fire on Barns and Haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear Friends doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the Bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your sorrow dye, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things,
As willingly, as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring down the devil, for he must not dye
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devill,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

H h h 3

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a Messenger from Rome Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome *Emilius*, whats the news from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Goths, The Roman Emperour greets you all by me, And for he understands you are in Arms, He craves a parly at your Fathers house, Willing you to demand your Hostages, And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What sayes our General?

Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour give his pledges Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange, and sad Habiliments, I will encounter with *Andronicus*, And say, I am Revenge sent from below, To joyn with him and right his heynous wrongs: Knock at his study where they say he keeps, To ruminat strange plots of dire Revenge, Tell him Revenge is come to joyn with him, And work confusion on his Enemies.

They knock and Titus opens his study doore.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the dore, That so my sad decrees may flye away, And all my study be to no effect? You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do, See here in bloody lines I have set down: And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No nor a word: how can I grace my talk, Wanting a hand to give it action? Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, Thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough, Witnes this wretched stump, Witnes these crimson lines, Witnes these Trenches made by grief and care, Witnes the tyring day, and heavy night, Witnes all sorrow, that I know thee well For our proud Empress, Mighty *Tamora*: Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*, She is thy Enemy, and I thy friend, I am Revenge sent from th' infernal Kindome, To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind, By working wreakfull vengeance on thy Foes: Come down and welcome me to this worlds light, Confer with me of Murder and of Death, There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place, No Vast obscurity or Misty vale, Where bloody Murther or detested Rape, Can couch for fear, but I will find them out, And in their ears tel them my dreadfull name, Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me, To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some service ere I come to thee: Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands, Now give some surance that thou art Revenge, Stab them or tear them on thy Chariot wheels, And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner, And whirl along with thee about the Globes, Provide thee two proper Palfries, black as Ier, To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away, And find out Murder in their guilty Caves. And when thy Car is loaden with their heads, I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheel Trot like a Servile footman all day long, Even from *Hiperious* rising in the East, Vntill his very downfall in the Sea. And day by day Ile do this heavy task, So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called so, Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresss Sons they are, And you the Empress: But we worldly men, Have miserable mad mistaking eyes: Oh sweet Revenge, now doe I come to thee, And if one arms imbracement will content thee, I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacy, What ere I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, Doe you uphold, and maintain in your speeches, For now he firmly takes me for Revenge, And being credulous in this mad thought, Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Son, And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure, Ile find some cunning practice out of hand To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths, Or at the least make them his Enemies: See here he comes, and I must play my theam.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee, Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house, Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too, How like the Empress and her Sons you are. Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor, Could not all hell afford you such a devil? For well I wore the Empress never wags; But in her company there is a Moor, And would you represent our Queen aright It were convenient you had such a devill: But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou have us doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deal with him.

Chir. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape, And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome, And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self, Good Murder stab him, he's a Murtherer. Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap To find another that is like to thee, Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher. Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court, There is a Queen attended by a Moor, Well maist thou know her by thy own proportion, For up and down she doth resemble thee, I pray thee do on them some violent death, They have been violent to me and mine.

Tamora.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please the good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Son,
VVho leads towards Rome a Band of VVarlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
VVhen he is here, even at thy solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her Sons,
The Emperour himself, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stopp, and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
VVhat says *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeft Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empress 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 soon return again. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else Ile call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you Boys, will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their own devises,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complor to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou do'st, and sweet Revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress Sons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

Chi. Villains forbear, we are the Empress Sons.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh Villains, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Summer with your VVinter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhumane Traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
VVhat would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains for shame you could not beg for grace.
Heark VVretches how I mean to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
VVhil'st that *Lavinia* tween her stumps doth hold,
The Basen that receives your guilty blood.
You know your Mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Heark Villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Past,
And of the Past a Coffin will I rear,
And make two Pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the Feast that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worse than *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their Bones to powder small,
And with this hateful Liquor temper it,
And in that Past let their wild Heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be ever one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I wish might prove,
More stern and bloody than the Centaures Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cook,
And see them ready, 'gainst the Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what fortune will.

Luc. Good Unkle take you in this barbarous Moor
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devil,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperors face,
For testimony of his foul proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour means no good to us.

Aron. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away inhumane Dogg, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs help our Unkle, to convey him in, *Flourish*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour, and Empress, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. VVhat, hath the firmament more Suns than one?

Luc. VVhat boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?

Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the party
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the careful *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome :
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Satur. *Marcus* we will .

Hoboy.

A Table brought in.

*Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meats on the
Table, and Lavinia with a veil
over her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Weldome Dread Queen ,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all : although the cheer be poor,
Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were :
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this,
Was it will done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord ?

Sat. Because the Girl should nor survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ,
A pattern, president, and lively warrant,
For me (most wretched) to perform the like :
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow dye.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was ,
And have a thousand times more cause than he.

Sat. What was she ravish't ? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Wilt please you eat,
VVilt please your Highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine onely Daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
They ravish't her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satur. Goe fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witness my knives sharp point.

He stabs the Empress.

Satur. Dye frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the Sons eyes, behold his Father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people, and Sons of Rome,
By uprore sever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts ,
Oh let me teach you how, to knit again
This scattered Corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself ,
And the whom mighty kingdoms curse to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shamefull execution on her self.
But if my frosty signes and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak Romes dear friend, as'erst our Ancestor ,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Didoes* sad attending ear,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewicht our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief ,
But floods of tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Here is a Captain , let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murther'd our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that ravished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our fathers tears despis'd, and basely couzen'd
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears ,
And op'd their arms to imbrace me as a Friend :
And I am turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome took the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventrous body.

Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witness, dumb although they are ,
That my report is just and full of truth:
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: Oh pardon me ,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an Irreligious Moor ,
Chief Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villain is alive in *Titus* house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romans ?
Have we done ought amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down ,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains ,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak Romans speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome ,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand ,
Lucius our Emperour : for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail Romes Royal Emperour,
Go, go into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor ,
To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all hail to Romes gracious Governour.

Lucius

Luc. Thanks gentle Romans, may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wo.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof, but Vnckle draw you neer
To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk:
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Son.

Mar. A tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless, and infinit, yet would I pay them.,

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in shows: thy Grandfire lov'd thee well,
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleep, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow.
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine Infancy
In that respect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kind Nature doth require it so:
Friends should associat Friends, in Grief and Woe;
Bid him farwel, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Live again
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping,
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth:

Romans. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him brest deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fastned in the earth.

Aaron. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very Soul.

Luci. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him buriall in his fathers grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No funeral Rite, nor man in mournful Weeds,
No mournful Bell shall ring her Burial:
But throw her forth to Beast and Birds of prey:
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 Moor,
From whom, our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State.
That like Events may ne'r it ruinate. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS,





THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and JULIET.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.



Gregory: A my word we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. I while you live, draw your neck out
o'th' Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague, moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:

I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagues.

Greg. That shews thee weak slave, for the weakest
goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weakest
Vessells, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maids to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is between our Masters, and us

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: when
I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their maiden-heads;
Take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:
And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: if thou had'st, thou
had'st been poor John. Draw thy Tool, here comes of
the House of the Mountagens.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? Turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No marry: I fear thee.

Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr. I wilfrown as I pass by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Doe you bite your Thumb at us sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumb, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at us sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumb at you sir: but
I bite my Thumb sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel sir?

Abra. Quarrel sir? no sir.

(as you.)

Samp. If you do sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory, remember thy
washing blow. They fight.

Ben. Part Fools, put up your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyba. What art thou drawn, among these heartless
Hinds? Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace, put up thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Mountagues, and thee:
Have at thee Coward. Fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down,
Down with the Capulets, down with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his Gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho?

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Mountague is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, and his wife.

Moun. Thou villain Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.

Wife. Thou shalt not stirr a foot to seek a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steel,
Will they not hear? What ho, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountains issuing from your Veins:
On pain of Torture, from these bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the Sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil Broyls, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old Capulet and Mountague
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient Citizens
Cast by their Grave beseeching Ornament,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mounague* come you this afternoon,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case :
To old Free-town, our common judgement place :
Once more on pain of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this antient quarrell new abroad ?
Speak Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiss'd him in scorn,
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side,
So early walking did I see your Son ;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood ;
I measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Persued my honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds, more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady Curtains from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy Son,
And private in his Chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble Uncle do you know the cause ?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Moun. Both by myself, and many other Friends,
But he his own affections Counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Fen. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new strook nine.

Rom. Ay me, sad hours seem long :

Was that my Father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was : what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours ?

Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love.

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will :

Where shall we dine ? O me : what fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all :

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O any thing of nothing first create :

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of well-seeming forms,

Feather of lead, bright smoak, cold fire, sick health,

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is :

This love feel I, that feel no love in this,

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No Couze, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loves transgression.

Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my breast ;

Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest

With more of thine, this love that thou hast shown,

Doth ad more grief, to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoak made with the fume of sighs,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Lovers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with loving tears,

What is it else ? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet :

Farewell my Couze.

Ben. Soft, I will go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee ?

Ben. Grone ? why no : but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sick man in good sadness makes his will :
O, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill :

In sadness Cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man, and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair Couze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miss, she'll not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit :

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd :

From loves weak childish Bow, she lives uncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms

Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint-seducing Gold :

O she is rich in beauty, only poor,

That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ?

For beauty serv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She

Shee is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit blifs by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ral'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties. (more,

Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question
Those happy masks that kiss fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair :
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a Mistress that is passing fair :
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair.
Farewel, thou can'st not teach me to forget.

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clown.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I think,
For men so old as we, to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckning are you both,
And pittty 'tis you liv'd at ods so long :
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?

Capu. But saying ore what I have said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger than she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soon marr'd are those so early made :
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful Lady of my earth :
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choice,
Lies my consent, and fair according voice :
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a Guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more :
At my poor house, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh Female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house : hear all, all see :
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me : go firrah trudge about
Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it
is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Penfil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, and can never
find what names the writing person hath here writ (I
must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out anothers burning,
One pain is less'ned by anothers anguish :

Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning :
One desperate grief, cures with anothers languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
VVhipt and tormented : and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read ?

Rom. I mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.

But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Yesay honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*S*eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-
selm and his beauctious sisters: the Lady widdow of *Vitru-
vio*, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neeces: *Mercutio* and
his brother *Valentine*, mine Uncle *Capulet*, his wife and
daughters : my fair Neece *Rosaline*, *Livia*, Seigneur *Valen-
tio*, and his Cosen *Tybalt* : *Lucio*, and the lively *Helena*.
A fair assembly, whether should they come ?

Ser. Up.

Rom. VVhither? to supper ?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. VVhose house ?

Ser. My Matters.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Matter 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
you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Supps the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lovest :
VVith all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. VVhen the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire :
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self poys'd with her self in either eye :
But in that Crystal scales, let there be wai'd,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this Feast,
And she'll shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. Ile go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine own.

Enter Capulets Wite and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve year old
I bad her come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girl ? what *Juliet* ?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls ?

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am here, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse give leave a while, we
must

must talk in secret. Nurse come back again, I have remembered me, thou'lt hear our counsel. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. He lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teeth be it spoken,
I have but four, she's not fourteen,
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the year come *Lammas* Eve at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan*, and 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 *Lammas* Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the daies in the year, upon that day: for I had then laid Worm-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did cast the Worm-wood on the Nipple of my Dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it reachy, and fall out with the Dug, Shake quoth the Dove house, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' Rood she could have run, and waddled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soul, a was a merry man, took up the Child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Juliet*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a Jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not *Juliet* quoth he? and pretty fool it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nur. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had upon its brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Juliet*? It stinted, and said I.

Julie. And stent thee too I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace I have done: God mark thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurs't, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theam I came to talk of, tell me daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Julie. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nur. An hour, were not I thine only Nurse, I would say that thou hadst suck't wisdom from thy teat.

Old La. Well think of marriage now, younger then you Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteem, Are made already Mothers. By my count, I was your Mother, much upon these yeares. That you are now a maid, thus then in brief: The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his Love.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona's* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you love the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes,
This precious Book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautifie him, only lacks a Cover.

The fish lives in the Sea, and ris much pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide:
That Book in manies eyes doth share the glory,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, meking your self no less.

Nurse. No less, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. See briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Julie. He look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Madam, the Guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady ask't for, the Nurse curst in the Pantery, and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Exit.

Mo. We follow thee, *Juliet*, the County stiaies.

Nurse. Go Girl, seek happy nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity,
Weel have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a Scarf,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skating the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure us 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 bear the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a sole of Lead,
So stikes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupid's* wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore impeaced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers, and to bond:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavy burden do I sink.

Hora. And to sink in it should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down,
Give me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man berake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantrons light of heart
Tickle the fenceless rushes with their heels:
For I am proverb'd with a Grandfier Phrase,
He be a Candle-holder and look on,
The Game was nere so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, 'dun's the Mause, the Constables own word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the eares, come we burn day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I mean sir I. delay.

We wast our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement sits
Five times in thar, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That Dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you:
She is the Fayries Midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger
then an Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawn with a team of little Atomies, over mens noses as
they lie asleep: her Waggon Spoke's made of long Spin-
ners legs: the Cover of the wings of Grasshoppers, her
Trace of the smallest Spiders web, her Collars of the
Moon-shines warry beames, her Whip of Creakers bone,
the Lash of filme, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
Gnat, not half so big as a round little worm, prickt from
the Lazy-finger of a woman. Her Chariot is an empty Hal-
felmut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out
of mind, the Fayries Coach-makers: and in this state she
gallops night by night, through Lovers braines: and then
they dream of Love. On Countries knees, that dream on
Curfies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dream on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream, which
oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-
lops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling
out a suit: and sometime comes she with a Tich-pigs tale,
tickling a Parsons nose as he lies asleep, then he dreams
of another Benefice. Sometime she driverh ore a Souldiers
neck, and then dreams he of cutting Forraign throats, of
Breaches, Ambuscadoes, Spanish Blades: Of Healths five
Fadom deep, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, swears a
prayer or two, and sleeps again: this is that very Mab that
plats the Manes of Horses in the night: and bakes the Elf-
locks in foul fluttish haïres, which once entangled, much
misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace.

Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True I talk of dreames:

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the Air,
And more unconstant then the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of blowes us from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early, for my mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this nights revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direft my sute: On lusty Gentlemen,

Ben. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth
with their napkins.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's *Porpan*, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? He scrape a Trencher.

1. When good Manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foul thing.

Ser. Away with the Joyn-stooles, remove the Court-
cubbord, look to the Plate: good thou, save me a piece of
Marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the Porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and *Nell*, *Anthony* and *Porpan*.

2. I Boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for, cal'd for, askt for, and sought for,
in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Guests and Gentlemen to the
Maskers.*

1 *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with Cornes, will walk about with you:
Ah me Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainry,
She Ile swear hath Cornes: am I come neer ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worn a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcom Gentlemen, come Musicians play:

Musick plaies: and they dance.

A Hall, hall, give room, and foot it Girles,
More light ye Knaves, and turn the Tables up:
And quench the fire, the Room is grown too hot.
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I, are past our dancing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your self and I
Were in a Mask?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1 *Capu.* What man! 'is not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Penticost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Son is elder sir:
His Son is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His Son was but a Ward two years ago.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the hand
of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burn bright:
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich Jewel in an Æthiops ear.
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear:
So shews a Snowy Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now, forswear it sight,
For I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy, what dares the Slave
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,
To sleet and scorn at our Solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storm you so?

Tib. Uncle this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A Villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our Solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a verruous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill becoming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits vvhen such a Villain is a guest,
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What Goodman-boy. I say he shall, go to,
Am I the Master here or you? go to,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soul,
Youle make a mutiny among the Guests:
You will set cock a hoop, youle be the man!

Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a saucy Boy, 'tis so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a princ Cox, goe,
Be quiet or more light, for shame,
He make you quiet. What, cheerly my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilful choller meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrim,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this,
For Saints have hands, the Pilgrims hand, do touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Have not Saints Lipps, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then dear Saint let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect do take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took,

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kisse by th'book.

Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marry Batchler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and verruous,
I Nur'st her Daughter that you talk withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thank you all.

I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late.

He to my rest.

Exeunt.

Jul. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heir of old *Tyberis*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nur. Marry that I think to be young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go aske his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only Son of our great Enemy.

Jul. My onely Love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seen, unknown, and known, too late,
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed Enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rime I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withall.

One calls within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his Heir,
That fair, for which Love groan'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not fair
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and Loves again,
A like bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal Loves sweet bait from fearful hooks
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breath such vows, as Lovers use to swear;
And she as much in Love, her means much lesse,
To meet her new Beloved any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extream sweet.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back Dull earth, and find my Centor out.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise,

And on my life hath stoln him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, he conjure too.

I i i 2

Mer.

Mer. Romeo Humours, Madam, Passion, Lover,
Appear thou in the likeness of a fight,
Speak but one time, and I am satisfied :
Cry me but ayme, Couply but Love and day,
Speak to my Goship *Venus* one fair word,
One Nickname for her putblind Son and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eies,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeans that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him,
To raise a spirit in his Mistress circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down,
That were some spight.

My invocation is fair and honest, and in his Mistress name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these Trees
To be comforted with the Humerous night :
Blind is his Love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the mark,
Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
And with his Mistress were that kind of Fruit,
As Maids call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Pear,
Romeo goodnight, ile to my Trundle-bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to sleep
Come shall we go ?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to seek him here —
That means not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He jests at scarres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun,
Arise fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her Maid, art farre more fair then she :
Be not her Maid since she is envious,
Her vestall Livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off :
It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that she knew she were,
She speaks, yet she saies nothing ; what of that ?
Her eye discourfes, I will answer it :
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest Starrs in all the heaven,
Having some businesse do entreat her eies,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they return.
What if her eies were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek would shame those starres,
As day-light dorth a Lamp, her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy Region stream so bright,
That Birds would sing and think it were not night :
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O that I were a Glove upon that hand.
That I might touch that cheek.

Jul. Ayme.

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speak again bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white upturned wondring eies
Of mortalls that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrids the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?
Deny thy Father, and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I (peak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy :
Thou art thy self, though nor a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague* ? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What's in a name ? that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but Love, and ile be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell ?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name dear Saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Rom. Neither fair Maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither.

Tell me, and wherefore ?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Loves light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine eie,
Then twenty of their swords, look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eies
And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By Love that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eies,
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore : wash'd with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Merchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is one my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night,
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke, but farewell Complements
Dost thou Love ? O I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayest prove false, at Lovers perjuries
They say *Love* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
Ile frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But else not for the world.
In truth fair *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist think my haviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Then those that have more coynng to be strange,
I should have been more strange I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware
My true Loves passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon I vow:
That tips with silver all these Fruit-tree tops.

Jul. O swear not by the Moon, th'unconstant Moon,
That monthly changes in her circled Orbe,
Lest that thy Love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all:
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile believe thee.

Rom. If my hearts dear love —

Jul. Well do not swear although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweet good night:
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet:
Goodnight: goodnight, as sweet repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loves faithful vow of mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it?

For what purpose Love?

Jul. But to be frank and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within, dear Love adieu.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Jul. Three words dear *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of love be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time thou wilt perform the Rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy foot Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord, throughout the world.

Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee.

Within: Madam

(By and by I come.)

To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night.

Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love as school boys from their books,
But Love from Love, towards school with heavy looks,

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver sweet, sound Lovers tongues by night,
Like softest Musick to attending eares.

Jul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My sweet.

Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of Nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember'st.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other name but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone.

And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Goodnight, goodnight.

Rom. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Exit.

Rom. Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eastern Clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheelles,
Hence will I to my Ghostly Friers close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and nights dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this Oser Cage of ouths,
With baleful weeds, and precious juyced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying grave that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find :
 Many for many vertues excellent :
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give.
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it self turnes vice being misapplied.
 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower,
 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
 Being tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos^t Kings encamp them still,
 In man as well as he rbs grace and rude will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the Canker death eats up that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salute them ?
 Young Son, it argues a distempered head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed ;
 Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
 And where Care lodgeth, sleep will never lie :
 But where unbrused youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;
 Therefore thy carlines doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd with some distemperature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night,

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin : wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my Ghostly Father ? No,
 I have forgot that name, and that Names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. He tell thee ere thou ask it me agen :

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded : both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies :
 I bear no hatred, blessed man : for lo
 My intercession likewise reads my foe.

Fri. Be plain good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession, finds but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts dear Love is set,
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet* :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow :
 He tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here ?
 Is *Rosaline* that thou didst love so dear

So soon forsaken ? young mens Love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu *Maria*, what a deal of brine
 Hath wast thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline* ?

How much salt water thrown away in wast,
 To season Love, that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient eares ;
 Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit,

Of an old tear that is not wast off yer.

If ere thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now

Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow :

The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well,

Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell :

But come young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household rancord to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should 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-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*
 torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter
 to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the Letters Master how he
 dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, stab'd with a
 white wenches black eye, run through the ear with a
 Love-song, the very pin of his heart, cleft with the
 blind Bow-boys-bur-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt ?

Ben. Why what i *Tybalt* ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous
 Captain of Complements : he fights as you sing prick-
 song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his
 minum, one, two, and the third in your Bosom : the very
 butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist : a Gentleman
 of the very first house of the first and second cause : ah the
 immortal passado, the punto rever so, the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lispings affecting phantasies,
 these new tuners of accent : Jesu a very good blade,
 a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
 mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted
 with these strange flies : these fashion-mongers, these par-
 don-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they
 cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
 bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O flesh,
 flesh, how art thou fishified ? Now is he for the numbers
 that *Petrarch* flow'd in : *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen
 wench, marry she had a better Love to berime her : *Dido*
 a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and
 harlots : *Thisby* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose
 Signior *Romeo*, *Bonjour*, there's a French salutation to your
 French

French flop : you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night :

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to courtesie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of courtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this jeaft, now till thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jeaft may remain after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single sol'd jeft,
Soly singular, for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Swits and Spurres,
Swits and Spurs, or ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-Goose chase, I am done : For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goose ?

Rom. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeft.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet Goose ?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves the farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groaning for Love, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo* : now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my Tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two : a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. Peter ?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter* ?

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face :
For her Fan's the fairer face ?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden fair Gentewomen,

Nur. Is it gooden ?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you : for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you : what a man are you ?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himself to, mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himself to, mar quotha Gentleman, can any of you tell me whete I may find the young *Romeo* ?

Romeo. I can tell you : but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well.

Very well took : Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you ?

Ben. She will invite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No Hare sir, unlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers ? Wee'l to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady :
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. *Mercutio*, *Benvolio*.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcy Merchant was this that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Mone:h.

Nur. And a speak any thing against me, ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twenty such Jacks : and if I cannot, ile find those that shall : scurvy knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skains mates and thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure : if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the Law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvy knave : pray you sir a word : and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you our, what she bid me say I will keep to my self : but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fools paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say : for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistris, I, protest unto thee——

Nur. Good heart, and Ifaith I will tell her as much :
Lord, Lord she will be a joyful woman :

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse ? thou dost not mark me ?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beshtiev'd and married : here is for thy pains.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go to I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoon Sir? well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abby-wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring the Cords made like a rackled stair,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty, and ile quite thy pains:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistress.

Nur. Now God in heaven bleste thee: haik you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my dear Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere hear say two may
keep counsel putting one away.

Rom. I warrant thee my man as true as steel.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistress is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
ble man in Town one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife a-
board: but she good soul, had as leewe see a Toad, a very
Toad as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say
so, she looks as pale as any clour in the versal world, doth
not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. R. is for the no,
I knowv it begins vvith some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that it
vvould do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock strook nine, vvhen I did send the Nurse,
In half an hour she promised to return,
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loves Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinnion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long hours, yet she is not come:
Had she affections and warm youtbful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet Love,
And his to me, but old folks,
Many fain as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O honey Nurse what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gare.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord why looks thou sad?

Though news, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay come I pray thee speak, good Nurse speak.

Nur. Jesu what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see how I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excells all mens, and
for a hand and a foot, and a bawdy, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle as a Lamb: go thy
waies wench, serve God, what have you din'd at home.

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I:
It bears as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My back a torther side: O my back, my back.
Besfrew your heart for sending me about
To carch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I faith I am sorry that thou art so ill,
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?

Nur. Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handfom
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?
Why she is vvithin where should she be?
How oddly thou reply'st:

Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is my Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Hence forward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Here's such a coil, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in Scarlet straight at any news:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Love:
Must climb a birds nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight:
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night,
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours, with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Love devouring death do vvhat he dare,
It is enough. I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and povvder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his ovvn delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too svift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere vwear out the everlasting flint;

A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanron Summer ayr,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayr, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true Love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short work,
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl, for now these
hot dayes is the mad bloud stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword up-
on the table, and saies, God send me no need of thee: and
by the operation of the second Cup, drawes him on the
Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood,
as any in *Italy*; and as soon moved to be moody, and as
soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair
less in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a
man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hasel eyes; what eye, but such an eye,
would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quar-
rell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Did'st
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoos,
with old Ribband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an hour and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel I care not.

Tib. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that sir, and you
will give me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giv-
ing?

Tib. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make us Minstrels? and
thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Dis-
cords: here's my Fiddlestick, here's that shall make you
dance. Come consort.

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no mans pleasure.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he wear your Livery:
Marry go before to field, hee'l be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term then this. Thou art a Villain.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou can'st devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Allastucatho carries it away.

Tibalt, You Rat-catcher: will you walk?

Tib. What woulds thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall
use me hereafter dry beat the rest of the eight, Will you
pluck your sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, lest mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat down their weapons:
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague of both the houses, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? go Villain fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd
I warrant for this world: a plague of both your houses.
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to
death! a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain: that fights by the
book of Arithmetick, why the dev'l came you between us?
I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
They have made wormes meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too, your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes near Allie,
My very friend hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf, my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt* that an hour
Hath been my Cozen : O Sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softened Valours steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This daies black Fate, on mo daies do depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* slain ?
Away to Heaven respective Lenity,
And fire, and Fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villain back again
That late thou gav'st me, for *Mercutio's* soul,
Is but a little way above our heads,
Straying for thine to keep him company :
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone :
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken : hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O I am Fortunes fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio* ?
Tybalt that Murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Up sir, go with me :
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, their
Wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vild beginners of this Fray ?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky mannage of this fatal brall :
There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt* my Cozin ? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spill'd,
Of my dear Kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benvolio*, Who began this Fray ?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him berhink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt* deaf to peace, but that he Tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* brest,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Exit.

Retorts it : *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His able arm, bears down their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
An to't they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain :
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly :
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a Kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give :
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His fault concludes but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding.
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Toward *Phaebus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately,
Spred thy close Curtain Love-performing night,
That run-awaies eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leapt to these armes, untalkt of and unseen,
Lovers can see to do their Amorous rights,
By their own Beauties : or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with night : come civil night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in black,
And learn me how to loose a winning match,
Playd for a pair of stainless Maydenheads,
Hood my unmann'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy black mantle, till strange Love grow bold,
Think true Love acted simple modesty :
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter then new Snow on a Ravens back :
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night.
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festival,

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse :

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeos*, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what news ? what hast thou there ?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news ?

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*.

Jul. What devil art thou,
That dost torment me thus ?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell,
Hath *Romeo* slain himself ? say thou but I :
And that bare vowel *I* shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*.
Or those eies shot that makes the answer *I*,
If he be slain say *I*, or if not, no.

Brief, sounds, determine of my weal or woe.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eies
God save the mark here on his manly breast.
A pitteous Coarse, a bloody pitteous Coarse :
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood
All in gore blood I sounded at the sighr.

Jul. O break my heart,
Poor Bankrout break at once,
To prison eies nere look on liberty.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse one heavy beer.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had :
O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

Jul. What storm is this that bowes so contrary ?
Is *Romeo* slaugtered ? and is *Tybalt* dead ?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord :
Then dreadful Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God !

Nur. Did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Jul. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave ?
Beautiful Tyrant, fiend Angellicall :
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolvish-ravening Lamb,
Dispis'd substance of Divinest show :
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Villain :
O Nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man ? give me some *Aqua-vita* ?
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old !
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
For 'tis a throan where honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universal earth :

O what a beast was I to chide him so ?

Nur. Will you speak well of him
That kill'd your Cozen ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cozen ?
That villain Cozen would have kill'd my husband :
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which your mistaking offer up to joy :
My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my husband :

All this is comfort. wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was worser then *Tybalts* death

That murdered me, I would forget it fain,
But oh it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished :

That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts* : *Tybalts* death
Was woe enough if it had ended there :

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both.

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished to speak that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse ?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalts* Coarse.
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shal be spent
When theirs are dry for *Romeos* banishment.

Take up those Cords, poor ropes you are beguil'd.
Both you and *I*, for *Romeo* is exil'd :

He made you for a high way to my bed,
But *I* a Maid, dye Maiden widdowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, ile to my wedding-bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

Nur. Hye to your Chamber, ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, *I* wot well vvhether he is :
Hark ye your *Romeo* vwill be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him ; give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farevvell.

Exit.

Enter Friar, and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts :
And thou art vvedded to calamity.

Romeo. Father vvhether nevs ?

What

What is the Princes Doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear Son with such sower company :
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doom.

Rom. What lette then Doo ns-day,

Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be merciful, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more then death, do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, hell it self :

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a Golden Axe,
And smilst upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that black word death, to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More Honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo* : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
This may Flies do, when I from this must flye,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though nere so mean,
But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Frier, the damned use that word in hell :
Howlings attend it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absolver, and my friend profest :
To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri. Fond Mad man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. Ile give thee Armour to keep off that word,
Adversities sweet Milk, Philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy :
Unless Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a Town, reverse a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it prevails nor, talk no more :

Fri. O then I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How should they,
When wise-men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me despair with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel,
Wert thou as young, as *Juliet* my Love :
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak,
Then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse and knocks.

Fri. Arise one knocks,
Good *Romeo* hide thy self.

Rom. Not I,
Unlesse the breath of Heart sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knock.

Fri. Hark how they knock
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken stay a while stand up :

Knock.

Run to my study : by and by, Gods will ?
What simpleness is this : I come, I come.

Knock.

Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in.
And you shall know my errand :
I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his own tears made drunk.

Nur. O he is even in my Mistressse cause,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy :
Piteous predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliet's* sake, for her sake rise and stand :
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what saies
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nur. Oh she saies nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up.
And *Tybalt* calls, and then *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.

Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly level of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy self?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Usurer abound'st in all :
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit :
Thy Noble shape, is but a form of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish,
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both :
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine own defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too
The Law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a misshapen and a fullen wench,
Thou putt'st up thy Fortune and thy Love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the Watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou went'st forth in Lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all night,
To hear good counsell : oh what learning is !
My Lord ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me give you sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence.

Goodnight, and here stands all your state :
Either be gone before the Watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence,
Sojourn in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap, to you that chances here :
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell Goodnight.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his wife, and Paris

Cap. Things have faln out sir so unluckily,
That we have no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
Tis very late, she'll not come down to night :
I promise you, but for your company,

I would have bin a bed an hour agoe.

Par. These times of woe, afford no times to wooe :
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lad. I will, and know her mind early to morrow.
To night, she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childs love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not,
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris* Love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,
But soft, what day is this ?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha, ha, well Wednesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it be : a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle :
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
Wee'l keep no great a do, a friend or two,
For hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore wee'l have some half a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, ger you gone, a Thursday be it then :

Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloof.

Juli. Wilt thou be gone ?

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranet tree,
Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale,

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herald of Morn :
No Nightingale : look Love what envious streaks
Do lace the severing Clouds in yonder East :
Nights Candles are burnt out, and joyous day
Stands tipto on the misty Mountain tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juli. Yond light is not day light, I know it I :
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st 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 yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow.
Nor that is not the Lark whose notes do beat
The vaultry heavens so high above our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will to go :
Come death and welcome. *Juliet* wills it so.
How ist my soul, let's talk, it is not day

Juli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :

It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and displeasing Sharps.
Some say the Lark makes sweet Division ;
This doth not so : for she divideth us.

Some say, the Lark, and loathed Toad change eies,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too :

K k k

Since

Jul. The teares have got small victory by that :
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then tears with that report

Jul. That is no slander sir, which is truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me penfive daughter now.
My Lord I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield: I should disturb Devotion:

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rowse ye,
Till then adue, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit Paris.*

Jul. O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It straines me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife, Ile help it presently.
God joynd my heart, and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:
Shall be the Label to another Deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien't time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of my yeares and Arr,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marry County *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death him self, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather then marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thievish waies, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Ore-covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With recky shankes, and yellow chaple's skuls:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then: go home, be merry, give consent,
To marry *Paris*: Wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Vial being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livest.
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To mealy ashes, the eyes windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and stark, and cold appear like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death,
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Beer,
Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear,
Abare thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve, Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me strength,
And strength shall help afford:
Farewel dear Father.

Exit.

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
serving men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile try if they can
lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry sir, 'tis an ill Cook that cannot lick his own
fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes
not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this
time: What is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish self-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merry look.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:

To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Count, go tell him of this
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,

This

This is as't should be, let me see the County :

I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reverend holy Frier,

All our whole City is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you go with me into my Closer,

To help me sort such needful ornaments,

As you think fit to furnish me to morrow ?

Mo. No not till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,

Wee'l to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision,

Tis now neer night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife :

Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,

Ile not to bed to night, let me alone :

Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho ?

They are all forth, well I will walk my self

To County *Paris*, to prepare him up

Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same way-ward Girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I, those attires are best, but gentle Nurse

I pray thee leave me to my self to night :

For I have need of many Orisons.

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which well thou know'st is cross'd and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho ? need you my help ?

Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoo'veful for our state to morrow :

So please you, let me now be left alone ;

And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,

For I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Jul. Farewell :

God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of fire :

Ile call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse, what should she do here ?

My dismall Scean, I needs must act alone :

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,

What if it be a poison which the Frier

Subtilly hath ministr'd to have me dead.

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?

I fear it is, and yet me thinks it should not.

For he hath still been try'd a holy man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Come to redeem me ? There's a fearful point :

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault ?

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.

Or if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried Aunceltors are pack'd,

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,

At some hours in the night, Spirits resort :

Alack, alack is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals hearing them, run mad.

Or if I walk, shall I not be distraught,

Invironed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my fore-fathers joynts ?

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd ?

And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As (with a club) dash out my desperate brains.

O look, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body

Upon his Rapiers point : stay *Tybalt*, stay ;

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink : I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies and fetch more spices Nurse

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry,

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,

The second Cock hath Crow'd,

The Curfew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clock :

Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,

Spare not for coill.

Nur. Go you Cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed, faith you'll be sick to morrow

For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit, what ? I have watch'd ere now

All night for a lesse cause, and nere been sick.

La. I, you have been a Mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will warch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood,

Now fellow, what's there ?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cook sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha.

Thou shalt be logger-head, good Faith, 'tis day.

Play Musick.

The Country will be here with Musick straight,

For so he said he would, I hear him near,

Nurse, wife, what ho ? what Nurse I say ?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,

Ile go and chat with *Paris* : hie, make haste,

Make haste, the Bridegroom, he is come already :

Make haste I say.

Nur. Mist'riss, what Mist'riss ? *Juliet* ? Fast I warrant her.

Why Lamb, why Lady ? fie you sluggabed,

Why Love I say ? Madam, sweet heart : why Bride ?

What not a word ? You take your penniworths now.

Sleep for a week, for the next night I warrant

The Country *Paris* hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgive me :

Marry and Amen : how sound is the sleep ?

I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
 I, let the County take you in your bed ;
 Hee'l fright you up yfaith. Will it not be ?
 What drest, and in your cloths, and down again ?
 I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady ?
 Alas, alas, help, help, my Lady's dead.
 Oh weladay, that ever I was born,

Some *Aqua-vite* ho, my Lord, my Lady ?

Mo. What noise is here ?

Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

Nur. Look, look, oh heavy day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my only life :

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee :

Help, help, call help.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. She's dead : decess't, she's dead : alack the day.

Mo. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead,

Fa. Ha ? Let me see her : out alas she's cold,

Her blood is fetled, and her joynts are stiffe :

Life and these lips have long been separated :

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day !

Mo. O woful time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
 Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar and the County.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Fa. Ready to go, but never to return.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death lain with thy wife : see there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowr'd now by him.

Death is my Son in law, death is my Heir,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all life living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
 And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

Mo. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
 Most miserable hour, that ere time saw
 In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,

And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight,

Nur. O wo, O woful, woful, woful day,

Most lamentable day, most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,

Never was seen so black a day as this :

O woful day, O woful day.

Pa. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown :

O love, O life ; not life, but love in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our Solemnity ?

O Child, O Child ; my Soul and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alack my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions : Care lives not

In these confusions, heaven and your self

Had part in this fair Maid, now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid :

Your part in her, you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life :

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven that she should be advanc'd.

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the Clouds, as high as Heaven it self ?

O in this love, you love your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :

She's not well married, that lives married long,

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Drie up your tears, and stick your Rosemary

On this fair Coarse, and as the custom is

And in her best array bear her to Church :

For though fond Nature bids all us lament,

Yet Natures tears are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festival,

Turn from their office to black Funeral :

Our instruments to melancholly Bells

Our wedding cheare, to a sad burial Feast :

Our solemn Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change ;

Our Bridal Flowers serve for a buried Coarse :

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this fair Coarse unto her grave :

The heavens do lowre upon you, for some ill :

Move them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good fellows : Ah put up put up,

For well you know this is a pittiful case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitians, oh Musitians,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease ;

Pet. O Musitians,

Because my heart it self plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mu. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will give you the Ministrell.

Mu. Then will I give you the Serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creatures Dagger on
 your pate. I will carry no Crotchets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you,
 do you note me ?

Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.

2. *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
 And put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Pet. I will drie-beat you with an iron wit,

And put up my iron Dagger.

Answer me like men :

When griping griefs the heart doth wound, then Musick
 with her silver sound.

Why silver sound ? why Musick with her silver sound ?

What say you *Simon Catling* ?

Mu. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest, What say you *Hugh Rebick* ?

2. *Mu.* I say silver sound, because Musicians sound for sil-

Pet. Pratest too, what say you *James Sound-Post* ? (ver

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you, it is Musick with her silver sound,

Be-

Because Musicians have no gold for sounding :
Then Musick with her silver sound, with speedy help doth
lend redress. *Exit.*

Mu. What a pestilent knave is this same ?

M. 2. Hang him Jack, come weele in here, rarry for
the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreames preface some joyful newes at hand :
My bosomes Lord sits lightly in his throne :
And all this winged unaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips.
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it self posselt,
When but loves shadows are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

News from Verona, how now Balthazar ?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?
How doth my Lady ? Is my Father well ?
How doth my Lady Juliet ? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Ma. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in Capels Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives
I saw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault.
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even so ?

Then I deny you Stars.

Thou knowest my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
And hire post-horses, I will hence to night.

Ma. I do beseech you sir, have patience :
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?

Ma. No, my good Lord.

Exit Ma.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, Ile be with thee straighr.
Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for means : O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men :
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a Tortois hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, Bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noring this penury, to my self I said,
And if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho ? Apothecary ?

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. V Who call's so lowd ?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty Dukets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such soon speeding gear,
As will disperse it self through all the veines,
That the life-weary-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Cannons womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mannas Law*
Is death to any he, that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang on thy back !
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Pur this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straighr.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
VVorse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poor compounds that thou maist not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewel, buy food, and get thy self in flesh.
Come Cordial, and not poyson, go with me
To Juliets grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence

John. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho ?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voyce of Frier John.
VVelcome from Mantua, what saies Romeo ?
Or if mind be writ, give me his Letter.

Joh. Going to find a bare foot brother our.
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Ciry visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town
Suspecting that we both were in a house
VVhere the infectious Pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. V Who bare my Letter then to Romeo ?

Joh. I could not send it, here it is again ;
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy Fortune ! by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Frier John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Joh. Brother, Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone ;
VVithin this three houres will fair Juliet wake,
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these Accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,

Exit.

And

And keep her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond young trees lay thee all alone,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground.
So shall no foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of Graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Exit.

Pa. Sweet Flower, with flowers thy Bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obsequies, and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the Light: upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
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 use,
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joyn't by joyn't,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wild:
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Exit.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth:

Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open,
And in despite, Ile cram thee with more food

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Montague*,
That murdered my Loves Cozin; with which grief.

It is supposed the fair Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallowed toyl, vile *Montague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my self,
For I come hither arm'd against my self:
Stray not, be gone, live, and here. I say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do desire thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slain, if thou be merciful.

Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,

Mercutius Kinsman, Noble County *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betroffed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,

To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sour misfortunes book,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A Grave, O no a Lanthorn; slaughterd Youth:

For here lies *Juliet*, and her beauty makes

This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death be thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they been merry? which their Keepers call

A lightning before death? Oh how may I

Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,

Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd, Beauties ensign yet

Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O what more favour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

To funder his that was thy enemy?

Forgive me Cozen. Ah dear *Juliet*:

Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe,

Shall I believe, that unsubstantial death is amorous?

And that the lean abhorred Monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his Paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,

And never from this Palace of dim night

Depart again: come lie thou in my Armes,

Here's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die,

Depart again; here, here will I remain,

With Wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest:

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this worlds wearied flesh: Eyes look your last:

Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come unfavoury guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sick weary Bark:

Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary:

Thy

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade,

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you, Tell me good my friend
What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse Sculls? As discern,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir,
And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Man. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare tno Sir.

My Master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, fears come upon me.
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Man. As I did sleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Frier. Romeo.

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What mean these Misterlesse and goary Swords
To lie discolout'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Julie. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy bosom there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Julie. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poison I see hath been his timelesse end
O churle, drink all? and left no friendly drop,
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happly some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Julie. Yea noise?

Then ile be brief. O happy Dagger.

Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *Kills her self.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, where ere you find attach.
Pittyful sight, here lies the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead

Who here hath lain these two daies buried.

Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capules*,
Raife up the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye.
But the true ground of all these pitteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Wat. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard sicer.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wif. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*.
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Pri. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Wat. Sovereigne, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Pri. Search,
Seek, and know how, this foul murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O heaven!

O wife look how our daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistain, for loe his house
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosom.

Wif. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warns my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To see thy Son and Heir now early down.

Mount. Alas my Liege my wife is dead to night,
Grief of my Sons exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Pri. Look: and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy Father to a Grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death, mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder:
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithful wife:

I married them ; and their stoln marriage day
 Was *Tybalis* Doomesday : whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City :
 For whom (and not for *Tybalis*) *Juliet* pin'd.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
 To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And (with wild looks) bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my Cell there would she kill her self.
 Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my Art)
 A sleeping Potion, which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave.
 Being the time the Potions force should cease.
 But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
 Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter back, then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
 Til I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The Noble *Paris* and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of Heaven, with patience:
 But then, a noise did scare me from the Tomb,
 And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on her self.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
 And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
 Unto the rigor of severest Law.

Pri. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Bey. I brought my Master news of *Juliet's* death,

And then in posse he came from *Mantua*
 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.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirrah, what made your Master in this place?

Pag. He came with Flowers to strew his Ladies grave
 And bid me stand aloof. and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb
 And by and by my Master drew on him,
 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their course of Love, the tidings of her death:
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 Of a poor Pothecary, and there withall
 Came to this Vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*,
 Where be these enemies? *Capulet Mountague*,
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joyes with Love;
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
 This is my Daughters joyniture, 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 known,
 There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
 As that of True and Faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things,
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
 For never was a Story of more woe
 Then this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

EXEUNT OMNES.

FINIS.



THE LIFE OF TYMON OF A THENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several doores*

Poe.



Ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y're well.

Poe. I have not seen you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poe. I thai's well known.

But what patticular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not marches: see
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pai. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. Oh 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an uncytable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Tymon*, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate, but for that—

Poe. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It stains the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: here is a Water look ye.

Pai. You are rapt sir, in some work, some Decication
to the great Lord.

Poe. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gown, which uses
From whence 'tis nourtisht: the fire i'th' Flint
Shewes not, till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self, and like the current flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pai. A Picture sir: when comes your Book forth?

Poe. Upon the heels of my presentment sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pai. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poe. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellenr.

Pain. Indifferenr.

Poe. Admirable! How this grace
Speakes his own standing: what a mental power
This eye shoors forth? How big imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th' dumbness of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poe. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier then life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pai. How this Lord is followed.

Poe. The Senators of *Athens*, happy men.

Pain. Look mee.

Poe. You see this confluence, this great floud of visitors,
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugg
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it self
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 behind.

Pai. How shall I understand you?

Poe. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord *Tymon*: his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Then to abhor himself, even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pai. I saw them speak together.

Poe. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Fain'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Base o'th' Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of Natures
That labour on the bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their states: among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pai. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinks

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poe. Nay Sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his value ; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain Sacrificial whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his Styrop, and through him
Drink the free Ayr.

Pai. I marry, what of these ?

Poe. When fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes down her late beloved ; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him sit down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pai. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself curiously
to every Smiler.*

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you ?

Mef. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait :
Your honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well :

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchized, bid him come to me ;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your Honour.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Old. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Here at your Lordships service.

Old. This fellow here, *L. Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been enclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well : what further ?

Old. One only Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The Maid is fair, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prythee (Noble Lord)

Joyn with me to forbid him her resort,
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old. She is young and apt :

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid ?

Luci. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Old. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband ?

Old. Three Talents on the present, in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath serv'd me long :

To build his Fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him He counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Most Noble Lord,

Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, never may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Poe. Vouchsafe my Labour,

And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend ?

Pai. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Natural man :
For since Dishonour Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but outside : The Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it ; Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pai. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman : give me your hand.
We must needs dine together : fir your Jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What my Lord, dispraise ?

Tim. A meer faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give : but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Believ't dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks the common tongue
VWhich all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid ?

Jew. VVee'l bear with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus*.

Aper.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*.

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knock out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't die for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a Dog.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thou'd'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eat Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou liest:

Look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. Ene as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy self?

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 Traffick do it, the gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us,
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank't you: and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece, I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcom Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and starve your supple Joynts: that there should be small love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Curtesie. The strain of man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alci. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcom Sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serves still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Shouldst have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Hang thy self.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeaceable Dog,

Or Ile spurn thee hence.

Ape. I will fly like a dog, the heeles a'th' Ass.

1 Hees opposite to humanity.

Come shall we in,

And tast Lord *Timons* bounty: he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the god of gold
Is but his Steward; no meed but he repaies
Seven-fold above it self: No gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return: exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 The Noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?
Ile keep you company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing, Lord Musick.

A great Banquet serv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigins which Timon redeemed from prison. Then comes dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly like himself.

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those Talents
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honest *Ventigins*: you mistake my Love,

L 11

I gave

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

Vent. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, forty ere 'tis shown :
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies have confest it.

Ape. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it? have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Ape. No : you shall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fye, th'art a Churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, tis much to blame :
They say my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yond man is very angry.
Go, let him have a Table by himself :
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thine apperil *Timon*,
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; Th'art an *Athenian*, there-
fore welcom : I my self would have no power, prethee
let my meat make thee silent.

Ape. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me : for I should
nere flatter thee. Oh you gods! What a number of men
eates *Timon*, and he sees em not? It grieves me to see so
many dip their meat in one mans blood, and all the mad-
ness is, he cheeres them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Methinks they should invire them without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a divided draught : is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
been proved, if I were a huge man, I should fear to drink
at meales, lest they should spy my wind-pipes dangerous
notes, great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart : and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Ape. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keeps his tides
well, those healths will make thee and thy state look ill,
Timon.

Heres that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere lest man i'th'mire :
This and my food are equal, theres no ods,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping.
Or a Dog that seems a sleeping.
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need em.

Amen. So fall too's :

Rich men sin, and I eat roor.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus.*

Tim. Captain,

Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies, then
a dinner of Friends.

Alci. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
meat like em, I could wish my friend at such a Feast.

Ape. Would all those flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou mightst kill em : and bid me to em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness my Lord, that
you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express
some part of our zeales, we should think our selves for ever
perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the gods them-
selves have provided that I shall have much help from you:
how had you been my Friends else? Why have you that
charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly
belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my self,
then you can with modesty speak in your own behalf.
And thus far I confirm you. Oh you gods (think I)
what need we have any Friends; if we should nere
have need of em? They were the most needless Crea-
tures living; should we nere have use for em? And
would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases,
that keep their sounds to themselves. Why I have often
wish't my self poorer, that I might come neerer to you :
we are born to do benefits. And what better or prop-
ter can we call our own, then the riches of our friends?
Oh what a precious comfort tis to have so many like Bro-
thers commanding one anothers Fortunes! Oh joyes,
e'ne made away ere't can be born, mine eyes cannot
hold out water me thinkes to forget their faults. I drink
to you.

Ape. Thou weep'st to make them drink *Timon*.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Ape. Ho, ho : I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Ape. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with
Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certain Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Bounties tast : the five best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous
Bosom.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise :
They only now come but to Feast thine eyes.

Tim. Their welcom all, let em have kind admittance.
Musick make their welcom.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample ye are below'd.

Ape. Hoyday,
What a sweep of vanity comes this way.
They dance? They are mad women.

Like

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oyle and roor.
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves,
And spend our Flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up agen
With poisonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves :
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends gift :
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me : 'Tas been done,
Men shut their doors against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (fair Ladies)
Sets a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful, and kind :
You have added worth unto'r, and lively luster,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for't.

1. *Lord.* My Lord you take us even at the best.

Ape. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquer attends you.
Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. *Flavius.*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet ?
There is no crossing him in's humour,
Else I should tell him well, ifaith I should,
When all's spent, he'd be crost then, and he could :
Tis pittie Bounty had not eies behind,
That man might nere be wretched for his mind.

1. *Lord.* Where be our men ?

Ser. Here my Lord in readinesse.

2. *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my Friends ;
I have one word to say to you : Look you, my good Lord :
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so farre already in your gifts,

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senat
newly alighred, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concern you neer.

Tim. Neer ? why then another time Ile hear thee.
I prethee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your honour, Lord *Lucius*
(Our of his free Love) hath presented to you
Four Milk-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ? What news ?

3. *Ser.* Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your honor two brace of
Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him.

And let them be received, not without fair Reward.

Fla. What will this come to ?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all
out of an empty Coffer :

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,

To shew him what a Beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good,

His promises flye so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word :

He is so kind, that he now paises interest for't ;

His Lands put to their Books. Well, would I were

Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd :

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You do your selves much wrong,

You bate too much of your own merits.

Here my Lord, a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more then common thanks
I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rode on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1. *L.* Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord : I know no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh
my friends affection with mine own ? Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, tis not enough to give :
Me thinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Souldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee ; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead : and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pircht-field.

Alci. I desie Land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so verriuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endeet'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.

1. *Lord.* The best of Happines, Honour, and Fortunes,
Keep with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What a coils here, serving of becks, and jutting
out of bummes, I doubt whether their leggs be worth
the summes that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dreggs,

Me thinks false hearts should never have sound leggs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on Court'fies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee

Aper. No, ile nothing ; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giv'st so long *Timon* (I
fear me) thou wilt give away thy self in paper shortly.
What need these Feasts, Poms, and Vain-glories ?

L 11 a

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Musick. *Exit.*

Aper. So: thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then. Ile lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears should be
To Counsell deaf, but not to flattery. *Exit.*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? it cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal but a Beggers Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dogge coyne Gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better then be; why give my horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foals me straight
An able Horse: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa.
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak. and haste you to Lord *Timon*
Importune him for my monies, be not ceast
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, then
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Plaies in the right hand, thus: but tell him firrah
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own, his daies and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do fear
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I goe sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, with many Bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of Rior. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be sounwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done, he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Ca. Good even *Varro*, what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinners done, wee'l forth again
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here: my Lord.

Tim. Goe to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new daies this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prethee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thy self good friend.

Var. One *Varro*'s servant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, six weeks, and past.

Isid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keep on,
Ile wait upon 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, long since due debts
Against my Honour?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacy 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 draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, lets ha some sport with em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him dog.

Var. How dost Fool?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Ape. No tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the Fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No thou standst single, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poor Rogues and
Usurers men, Bauds between Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

All. Why?

Ape. That you aske me what you are, and do not know
your selves. Speak to em fool.

Fool. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Fool:

How does your Mistrifs?

Fool.

Fool. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chick-
ens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captain? what do you in this
wife company?

How dost thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might
answer thee profitably,

Boy. Prethee *Apermantus* read me the superscription of
these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning die then that day thou
art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go
thou wast born a Bastard, and thou't die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a Dog, and thou shalt famish a
Dogs death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit.

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst grace,

Fool I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.

You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Aper. So would I:

As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers men?

All. I Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer, but has a fool to his Servant.
My Mistress is one, and I am her fool: when men come
to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go
away merrily: but they enter my Masters house merrily,
and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-
master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a Whoremaster fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloathes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a Lord, some-
time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
two stones more then's artificial one. He is very often like
a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes
up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit
walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,

As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apermantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon, and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (fool) come.

Fool. I do not alwaies follow Lover, elder Brother, and
Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk near,

He speak with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me marvel wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expence
As I had leave of means.

Stew. You would not hear me:

At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some single vantages you took,
VVhen my indisposition put you back,
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accomps,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty,
VVhen for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept:
Yea against th' Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you here now (too late) yet now's a time
The greatest of your having, lacks a half,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
VVhat shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
Vere it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods blefs me,
VVhen all our Offices have been oppress'd
VVith riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
VVith drunken spilch of VVine; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wastful cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prethee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I said, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have Slaves and Peazants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force meanes, but is *L. Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timons*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showers,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart,
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weep, canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance blefs your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my fortunes:
I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, *Flavius, Servilius*?

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, *I* hunted with his Honour to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loves, and *I* am proud say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health, *I* have Deserv'd this hearing; bid'em send o'th' instant A thousand Talents to me.

Stew. *I* have been bold

(For that *I* knew it the most general way)
To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and *I* am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a joynt and corporate voyce,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry: you are Honourable,
But yet they could have wish'd, they know not,
Something hath been amiss; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastful lookes; and these hard Fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You gods reward them:

Prythee man look cheerly. These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flowes,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it growes again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Venidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously *I* speak,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Venidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With those five Talents; that had, give't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Nev'r speak, or think,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. *I* would *I* could not think it:

That thought is Bounties Foe:

Being free it self, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt.*

Flaminus waiting to speak with a Lord from his Master,
enters a servant to him.

Ser. *I* have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. *I* thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heres my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift *I* warrant.
Why this hits right: *I* dream'd of a Silver Bason and
Ewre to night. *Flaminus*, honest *Flaminus*, you are ve-
ry respectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And
how does that honourable, Complear, Free-hearted

Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master.

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. *I* am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminus*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalf, *I* come to entreat your honour to supply, who having great and instant occasion to use fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often *I* ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and co ne again to supper to him on purpose, to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. *I* ha told him on't, but *I* could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminus*, *I* have noted thee alwaies wise. Heres to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luci. *I* have observed thee alwaies for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firrah. Draw nearer honest *Flaminus*. Thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Heres three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ And we alive that liv'd? Fly damned baseness To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now *I* see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. *Exit Lucullus.*

Fla. May these add to the number that may scald thee: Let molten Coyn be thy damnation, Thou disease of a Friend, and not himself: Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turnes in less then two nights? O you gods! *I* feel my Matters passion. This Slave unto his honour, Has my Lords meat in him: VVhy should it thrive, and come to Nutriment, VVhen he is turn'd to poyson? O may diseases only work upon't: And when he's sick to death, let not that part of Nature Which my Lord paid for, be of any power, To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But *I* can tell yon one thing my Lord, and which *I* hear from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happy houres are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2. But believe you this my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay urg'd extremly for't, and shewed whar

what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. I tell you, deny'd my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confesse, I have received some small kindneses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should nere have denyed his occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have swet to see his honour. My honour'd Lord.

Luc. *Servilius*? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your Honor, my Lord hath sent

Luci. Ha? what has he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. Has only sent his present occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not urge it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously *Servilius*.

Servil. Upon my soul 'tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undoe a great deal of honor? *Servilius*, now before the gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witnesse; but I would not for the wealth of *Athens* I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable Gentleman. Good *Servilius* will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Servilius.

Luci. Ile look you out a good turn *Servilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed, And he tha'ts once deny'd will hardly speed.

Exit.

1. Doe you observe this *Hofilins*?

2. I, too well.

1. Why this is the worlds soul, And just of the same peece
Is every Flatterers sport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has been this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He nere drinks,
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstroufnesse of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape:
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3. Religion groans at it.

1. For mine own part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble mind, illustrious vertue,
And honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pitty to dispence.
For policy fits above Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owe their Estates unto him.

Servil. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and all are found base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? have they deny'd him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shews but little love or judgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? his Friend: (like Physicians)
That thriv'd, give him over. Must I take th' Cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have known my place, I see no sense for't.
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For in my conscience I was the first man
That ere received gift from him.
An does he think so backwardly of me now,
That ile require it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a fool:
Ide rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my minds sake:
Ide such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply, this answer joyne;
Who bates mine Honour, shall not know my Coyn. *Exit.*

Servil. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain, the
divel knew not what he did, when he made man Poli-
tick; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but
in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How
fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? Takes vertuous
Copies to be wicked: like those, that under hot ardent
zeale, would set whole Realms on fire, of such a nature is
his politick love.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled,
Save onely the Gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were nere acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous year must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberal course allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. *Exit.*

*Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to
wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius
and Hortensius.*

Var.man. Well met, good morrow *Timus* and *Hortensius*.
Timus

Tit. The like to you kind *Varro*.

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luc. I, and I think one businesse do's command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phi. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seven.

Luci. I, but the daies are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
may reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Phil. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. Ile shew you how t' observe a strange event:
Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timons* gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Mark how strange it shows,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hort. I'm weary of this Charge,
The gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes mine's three thousand Crowns:
What's yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Var. Tis much deep, and it should seem by th'sum
Your Masters confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too
diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloak, muffled.

Luci. Ha, is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2. *Varro.* By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my friend.

Tit. We wait for certain Money here, sir.

Stew. I, if money were as certain as your waiting,
Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Bills
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th'intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selves but wrong, to stirre me up,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleev't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serve.

Stew. Ift twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve knaves.

1. *Varro.* How? what does his cashierd worship mut-
ter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, he's poor, and that's re-
venge enough. Who can speak broader, then he that has
no house to put his head in? Such may raile against great
buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh here's *Servilius*, now we shall know some
answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from't. For tak'g
of my soul, my Lord leans wondrously to discontent: his
comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out
of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sick:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Servil. Good gods.

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Servilius* help, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doores oppos'd against my passage?
Have I bin ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy? My Goal?
The place which I have Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here is my Bill.

Luci. Heres mine.

1. *Varro.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Bills.

Tim. Knock me down with em, cleave me to the
Girdle.

Luc. Alas my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in summes:

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops paies that,
What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Masters may throw their caps
at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate
ones, for a madman owes em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Tim. They have e'ne put my breath from me the Slaves,
Creditors? Divels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile have it so. My Steward?

Stew. Here my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Goe, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*: All,
Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you only speak from your distract-
ed soul; there's not so much left to furnish out a mode-
rate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cook and Ile provide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them,
with Attendants.*

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voyce to't,
The fault's Bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much, as Mercy.

2. Most true; the Law shall bruise em.

Alci. Honour, health and compassion to the Senate.

1. Now Captain.

Alci. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pity is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heed) do plunge into't.
He is a man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyl the fact with Cowardise.
(And honour in him, which buies out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and fair spirit
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe;
And with such sober and unnoed passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

2 Sen. You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such paines, as they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects and Factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his wrongs, his Out-sides,
To wear them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne'r prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me.
If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to Battel,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the Ass, more Captain then the Lion? the fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge?
If VVifdom be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good,
VVho cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin extreamest Guilt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not Angry?
VVeigh but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vain.

Alci. In vain?

His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
VVere a sufficient briber for his life.

1. VVnat's that?

Alci. VVhy I say my Lords ha's done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with em
He's a sworn Rioror, he has a sin
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury,
He has been known to commit outrages,
and cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His daies are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. He dies.

Alci. Hard fate: he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and joyn em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,
Ile pawn my Victories, all my honours to you,
Upon his good returns.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
VVhy let the war receiv't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 VVe are for Law, he dies, urge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spils another.

Alci. Must it be so? It must not be:

My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

2 How?

Alci. Call me to your remembrances.

3. VVhat.

Alci. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be deni'd such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis few words, but spacious in effect.
VVe banish thee for ever.

Alci. Banish me?

Banish your dorage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 If after two dayes shine, *Athens* contain thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alci. Now the gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coyn upon large interest. I my self
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the B Isom, that the usuring Senate
Powres into Caprains wounds? ha Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a Cause worthy my Spleen and Fury,
That I may strike at *Athens*. Ile chear up
My discontented Troupes, and lay for hearts:
'Tis honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

*Exit.
Enter*

Enter divers Friends at several doores.

- 1 The good time of day to you, sir.
- 2 I also wish it to you: I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.
1. Upon that were my thoughts tying when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the tryal of his several Friends.
- 2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.
- 1 I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.
- 2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Provision was out.
- 1 I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
- 2 Every man heare so: what would he have borrowed of you?
- 1 A thousand Pieces.
- 2 A thousand Pieces?
- 1 What of you?
- 2 He sent to me sir—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

- 1 Ever 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, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your cares with the Musick a while: if they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently.

1 I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2 My most honourable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship the other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All cover'd Dishes.

1 Royal Chear, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. How? How?

2. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?

3 He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward.

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It does, but time will, and so.

3. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the first plate. Sir, sir.

The gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your god-heads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more then the man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legges of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction, For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blest them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What do'es his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold You knot of Mouth-friends: Smoak, and luke-warm water Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last, Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites, Curteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek Beares: You fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Time flies, Cap and knee Slaves, Vapours, and Minute Jackes Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady Crust you quite o're. VVhat do'st thou go? Soft, take thy Physick first; thou too, and thou; Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none. VVhat? All in motion? Henceforth be no Feast, VVhereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest. Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be Of *Timon*, Man, and all humanity.

Exit.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2. Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3. Push, did you see my Cap.

4. I have lost my Gown.

1 He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour swaies him. He gave me a Jewel th'other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.

Did you see my Jewel?

3 Did you see my Cap?

3 Here 'tis.

4 Here lies my Gown.

1. Lets make no stay.

2. Lord *Timon's* mad.

3. I feel't upon my bones.

4. One day he gives us Diamonds, next day Stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou VVall That girdles it those VVolves, dive in the earth, And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent, Obedience fail in Children: Slaves and Fooles

Pluck

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds to general Filthes.
Convert o'th' instant green Virginitie,
Do't in your Parents eies. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render back; out with your knives,
And cut your Trusters throats. Bound Servants, steal,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maid to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistress is o'th' Brothell. Sonne of sixteen,
Pluck the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beat out his Brains. Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customs, and Laws.
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feavors, heap
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of verue they may strive,
And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general Leprosie: Breach, insect breath,
That their Society (as their friendship) may
Be meerly poison. Nothing ile bear from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Town.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder than Mankind.
The gods confound (hear me you good gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And grant as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low,
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Hear you Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be Recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. Such a house broke?
So Noble a Master slain, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his fortune by the arme,
And goe along with him.

2. As we do turn our backs
From our Companion, thrown into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pickt. And his poor self
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3. Yet do our hearts wear *Timons* Livery,
That see I by our faces: we are Fellowes still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poor Mates stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Air.

Stew. Good fellowes all.

The latest of my wealth ile share amongst you.
Where ever we shall meet, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
We have seen better daies. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Embrace and part several waies.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a Dream of friendship,
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his varnisht friends:
Poor honest Lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodnesse: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sinne is, he do's too much good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kind agen?
For Bounty that makes gods, do still marre men,
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
He's slung in Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever serve his mind, with my best will,
Whilst I have gold, ile be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the Woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the air. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant; touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all fores lay siege) can bear great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall bear contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar Native honor.
It is the Pastor Lords, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him lean: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood, stand upright
And say, this man's a flatterer. If one be,
So are they all, for every grize of fortune
Is smoothe'd by that below. The Learned pate
Ducks to the Golden fool. Alls obliquy:
There's nothing level in our cursed Natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,
Destruction phang mankind, Earth yield me Roots,
Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant poison. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you clear Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Black, white; fowl, fair; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Pluck stout mens pillows from below the heads.

This

This yellow Slave,
Will knit and break Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoar Leprosie ador'd, place Theeves.
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senarors on the Bench? This is it
That makes the wapen'd Widdow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To th'*April* day again. Come damn'd earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puts oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March as farre off.*
Ha? a Drumm? Th'art quick,
But yet ile bury thee: Thou'rt go (strong Thief)
When Gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike manner
and Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Alci. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For shewing me again the eies of man.

Alci. What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy self a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alci. I know thee well:

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know, Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin look.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alci. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moon do's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alci. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alci. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou
art a man.

Alci. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou sawst them when I had prosperity.

Alci. 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,
Voyc'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they love thee not that use thee,
give them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make
use of thy salt hours, season the slaves for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring down Rose-checkt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alci. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and griev'd
How curst *Athens*, mindlesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour stares
But for thy Sword and Fortune trode upon them.

Tim. I prethee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alci. I am thy friend, and pity thee dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble,
I had rather be alone. (ble,

Alci. Why fare thee well:

Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot ear it.

Alci. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap.

Tim. Warri'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alci. I *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd.

Alci. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou was't born to conquer my Countrey.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, whom *Jove*
Will ore some high-vic'd City hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pitty nor honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only, that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins, cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword: for those Milk-papps
That through the window Barn bore at mens eies,
Are not within the Leaf of pitty writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against Objects,
Put Armour on thine ears, and on thine eies,
Whose proof, nor yels of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes
Nor sight of Priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy self. Speak not, be gone.

Alci. Hast thou gold yet, ile take the gold thou givest
me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon
thee.

Both. Give us some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your aprons mountant, you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortal gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
Ile trust to your conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up,
Let your close fire predominate his smoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
VVeare them, betray with them, Whore still.
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleev't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Crack the Lawyers voice,
That he may never more false Title plead.
Nor sound his Quilllets shrilly, Hoar the Flamen,
That scold'tt against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeves himself, Down with Nose,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the general weal. Make curl'd pate Ruffians
And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the Warre
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That you activity may defeat and quell
The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all.

Both. More counsel with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first, I have given
you earnest.

Alci. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, ile visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, ile never see thee more.

Alci. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'tt well of me.

Alci. Call'tt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alci. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sick of mans unkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all: whose selfe same merkle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is puffed,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd worm,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plentious bosom, one poor root.
Ensear thy Fertile, and Conceptions womb,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Bears,
Teem with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root, dear thanks:
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Liquorish draughts
And Morfels Unctions, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate, consumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseased Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee; hindege thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears (like Tappers, that bid welcome)
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
That thou turn Rascal, hadst thou wealth again,
Rascalls should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my self.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy self, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Fool: what think'st
That the bleak Air, thy boisterous Chamberlain
Will put thy Shirt on warm? VVill these moist Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'st it out? VVill the cold Brook
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of wreekful Heaven, whose bare unhoused Trunks,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meer Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt find.

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Ape. I love thee better now then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwaies a Villains Office, or a Fools.
Dost please thy self in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. VVhat, a knave too?

Ape. If thou didst put this sowe cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Countier be again
VVere thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: in certain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
VVorse then the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
VVith favour never claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Hadst thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive druggs of it
Freely command'tt: thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
In general Rior, melted down thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my self
VVho had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eies, the hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employments:
That numberlesse upon thee stuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one VVinters brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open bare,
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen
Thy Nature did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. VVhy shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. VVhat hast thou given?

M m m

If

If thou wilt curse: thy Father (that poor ragge)
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stusse
To some she-Begger, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence be gone,
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am nor thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

VVere all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eat it.

Ape. Here, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy self.

Ape. So I shall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. VVhat wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, look, so I have.

Ape. Here is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and do's no hyred harm.

Ape. Where ly'st a nights Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a daies *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomack finds meate, or rather where
I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind.

Ape. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt,
and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curiosity:
in thy Rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the
contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Dost hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it look like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou should'st
have loved thy self better now. What man did'st thou
ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to
keep a Dog.

Ape. What things in the world canst thou neereft com-
pare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world *Ape-*
manus, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion
of men, and remain a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant
thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lyon would suspect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dullnesse would torment thee:
and still thou liv'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the
Lion, and the spots of thy kindred, were Jurors on thy life.
All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.
What Beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a
Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that see'st not
thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou couldst please me.

With speaking to me thou might'st

Have hit upon it here.

The Common-wealth of Athens is become

A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How has the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:

The Plague of Company light upon thee:

I will fear to catch it, and give way.

When I know not what else to do,

Ile see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggars Dog

Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. VVould thou wert clean enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villains

That do stand by thee, are pure:

Ape. There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, ile beat thee;

But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy dog,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art alive, I swound to see thee.

Ape. VVould thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose
a stone by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave:

Lye where the light Foam of the Sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear divorce

Twixt natural Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

Of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant *Mars*

Thou ever, young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

VVhose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lies on *Dians* lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities.

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with every Tongue

To every purpose ; O thou touch of hearts,
Think thy slave-man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Ape. VVould 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th' hast Gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too ?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy back I prythee.

Ape. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men ;
Eat *Timon*, and abhor then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1. VVhere should he have this Gold ? It is some poor
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder : the meer
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.

3. Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply us easily : if he covetously reserve it, how
shall's get it ?

2 True : for he bears it not about him :
'Tis hid.

1 Is not this he ?

All. VVhere ?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He ? I know him.

All. Save thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Thieves.

All. Soldiers, not Thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.

All. VVe are not thieves, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat :
VVhy should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Roots :
Within this Mile break forth an hundred Springs :
The Oakes bear Mast, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Lays her full Mefs before you. VVant ? why want ?

1 VVe cannot live on Grass, on Beries, VVater,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves protest : that you work not
In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves
Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle bloud o'th Grape,
Till the high Feaver seeth your Bloud to Froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
More then you Rob : Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villain do, since you protest to do't.

Like workmen, Ile example you with Theevery :
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an artant thief,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a thief, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moon into Salt reares. The Earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
From gen'ral excrement : Each thing's a thief.
The Lawes, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Ha's uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meet are thieves : to *Athens* go,
Break open shops, nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it : steal less, for this I give you
And Gold confound you howsoere : Amen.

3 H'as almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us
not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ile believe him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.

1 Let us first see peace in *Athens*, there is no time so mi-
ferable but a man may be true.

Exeunt Thieves.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods !

Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord :
Full of decay and failing ? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !
What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want made ?
What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest minds, to basest ends,
How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
When man was wisht to love his Enemies :
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, then those that do.
His caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grief
Unto him ; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.
My dearest Master.

Tim. Away : what art thou ?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grunt'st th' art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor Servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :
I nev'r had honest man about me, I all,
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meat to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witness,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What dost thou weep ?

Come nearer, then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind : whose eyes do never give,
But through Lust and Laughter : pitie's sleeping :
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wild :
Let me behold thy face : Surely, this man
Was born of woman.

Forgive my general, and exceptless rashness
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest man : Mistake me not, but one :
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self : But all save thee,
I sell with Curses.

Me thinks thou art more honest now then wise :
For, by oppressing and betraying me,

M m m 2

Thou

Thou might'st have sooner got another Service :
For many so arrive at second Masters ,
Upon their first Lords neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, coverous,
If not a Usuring kindness, and as rich men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose breast
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your Food and Living, and believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To require me, by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee 'tis so : thou singly honest man,
Here take : the Gods out of my misery,
Ha's sent 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 flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to dogs
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow'em,
Debts wither'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick up their false blouds,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Stew. O let me stay and comfort you my Master :

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not : flee, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee. *Exit.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold ?

Pain. Certain.
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
Poor stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has been but a try for his Friends.

Pain. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palm in Athens again,
And flourish with the highest :
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distress of his :
It will shew honesty in us,
And is very likely to load our purposes
With what they travail for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
To present unto him ?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation : only I will promise him
An excellent Piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too ;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best
Promising, is the very Ayre o'th' Time ;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of Saying is quite out of use.
To promise, is most Courteously and fashionable ;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workman.
Thou canst not paint a man so bad
As is thy self.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him :
It must be a personating of himself :
A Satyre against the softness of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

Timon. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work ?
Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate.
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True :
When the day serves before black-corner'd night ;
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. He meet you at the turn :
What a God's Gold, that he is worshippt.
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feed ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Fome,
Serleest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worshippt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once liv'd
To see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir :

Having often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends faln off,
Whose rattleless Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the whips of Heaven, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whose Star-like Nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and my self
Have travel'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come
To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honest men :

Why how shall I requite you?

Can you eat Roots, and drink cold water, no?

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 sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man: thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens, that's indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Arr.

But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we my Lord?

Tim. I, and you hear him cogge,
See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up Villain.

Paip. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you,

I love you well, ile give you Gold
Rid me these Villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him company:
If where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not neer him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye slaves:
You have work for me,; there's payment, thence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is set so onely to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefs

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former daies,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chance it as it may.

Stew. Here is his Cave:
Peace and content be here, Timon, Timon,
Look out, and speak to friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speak to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Catherizing to the root o'th tongue
Consuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy Timon.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of Timon.

1. The Senators of Athens greet thee Timon.

Tim. I thank them,
And would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them,

1. O forget

What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens, who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too general grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth seldom,
Play the re-carter, feeling in it self
A lack of Timons aid, hath since withall
Of it own fall, restraining aid to Timon,
And send forth us to make theirorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitful
Then their offence can weigh down by the Dramme,
I even such heaps and summes of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee, the figures of their Love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a fools heart, and a womans eies,
And ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades h'approaches wild
Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
His Countreys peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If Alcibiades kill my Countreymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it.

M m m 3

In

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th'unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverendst Throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1. We speak in vain,

Tim. But yet I love my Countrey, and am not
One that rejoyces in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrey-men.

1. These words become your lips as they passe thorow
them.

2. And enter into our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile vessell doth sustaine
In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindnesse do them,
He teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* wrath.

1. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himself, I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Which once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens works, and Death their gain;
Sunne, hide thy beams, *Timon* hath done his Raign.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Na-
ture.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our deer peril.

1. It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Here come our Brothers.

3. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard and fearful scouting
Doth choak the air with Dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I fear, our foes the Snare. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier in the woods seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak ho. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-streht his span,
Some Beast read this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb?
I cannot read: the Character ile take with wax,
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in daies:
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *Exit.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers
before Athens.*

Alc. Sound to this Coward and lascivious Town,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a parly.

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licencious measure, making your wills
The scope of Justice. Till now my self and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travest Arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it self) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
And purse Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe our our ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.

2. So did we wooc
Transformed *Timon* to our Cities love
By humble Message, and by promist means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1. These walls of ours,
Vere nor erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2. Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you first went out,
Shame (that they wanted cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts, March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let die the spotted.

1. All have not offended:

For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. What thou wilt,

Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew to't with thy Sword.

1. Set but thy foot

Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'rt enter Friendly.

2. Throw thy Glove,

Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Descend and open your uncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of *Timon*, and mine own
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, nor a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of Regular Justice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied by your publick Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, Catiffs left:
Here lie I *Timon*, who all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but slay not here thy gate.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhord'st in us our humane griefes,
Scorn'd it our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drums strike.

Exeunt.

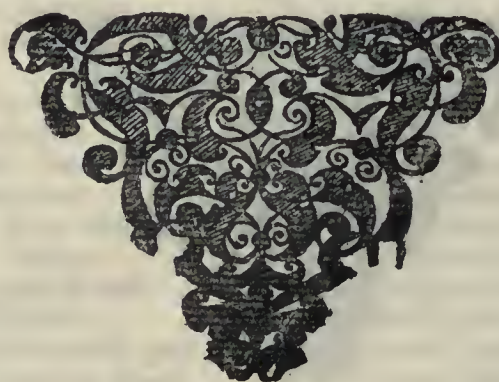
FINIS.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYmon of Athens.
 Lucius And
 Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
 Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
 Sempronius another flattering Lord.
 Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
 Poet.
 Painter.
 Jeweller.
 Merchant.
 Certain Senators.
 Certain Maskers.
 Certain Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Ty nons Servants.
 Servilius, another.
 Caphis
 Varro.
 Philo.
 Titus. } Several Servants to Usurers.
 Lucius
 Hortensius. }
 Ventidius, one of Tymons false Friends.
 Cupid.
 Sempronius.
 With divers other Servants.
 And Attendants.



THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners
over the Stage.*

Flavius.

Hence : home you idle Creatures, get you home :
Is this a Holiday ? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession ? Speak, what Trade art thou ?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenier.

Mur. Where is thy Leather apron, and thy Rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?
You sir, what Trade are you ?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobl.

Mur. But what Trade art thou ? answer me directly.

Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a mender of bad fowls.

Fla. What Trade thou knave ? Thou naughty knave,
what Trade ?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me : yet
if you be our Sir I can mend you.

Mur. What meanst thou by that : Mend me, thou
fawcy Fellow ?

Cobl. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobl. art thou ?

Cobl. Truly sir, all that I live by is with the Aule : I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womans mat-
ters ; but withall I am indeed Sir a Surgeon to old Shooes,
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as ever trode upon Neats-Leather, have gone
upon my handy work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Cobl. Truly sir, to wear out their shooes, to get my
self into more work. But indeed sir we make Holy-day
to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce ?

What Conquest brings he home ?

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot wheels.

You Blocks, you stones, you worse then senselesse things :

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft ?

Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,

To Towers and Windows ? Yea to Chimney tops ;

Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat

The live-long day with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of *Rome* :
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a Holy-day ?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* blood ?
Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrey-men, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channell, till the lowest stream
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltinesse :
Go you down that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I : Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so ?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercall*.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with the *Cæsars* Trophies : Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets ;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
VVho else would fore above the view of men.
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Dé-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer : af-
ter them Murellus and Flavius.*

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Calp. Here my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
VVhen he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia* : for our Elders say,

The Barren touched in, this holy chafe,
Shake off their sterill curse.

Ant. I shall remember

VVhen *Caesar* saies Do this; it is perform'd.

Cas. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar.

Cas. Ha? VVho calls?

Cas. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.

Cas. VVho is it in the presse, that calls on me?

I hear a Tongue shriller then all the Musick

Cry, *Caesar*: Speak, *Caesar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cas. VVhat man is that?

Br. A Sooth-fayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face,

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Caesar*.

Cas. VVhat saist thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cas. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Passe.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cass. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lack some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leave you.

Cass. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eies that gentlenesse

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand

Over your Friends, that loves you.

Brut. *Cassius*.

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veyl'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my Countenance

Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my self,

Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor contrive any further my neglect,

Then that poor *Brutus* with himself at warre,

Forgets the shews of Love to other men.

Cass. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,

By means whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Brut. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not himself, but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis juil,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,

That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,

(Except immortal *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,

And groaning underneath this ages yolk,

Have wish'd that Noble *Brutus* had his eies.

Brut. Into what dangers would you

Lead me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seek into my self,

For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus* be prepar'd to hear;

And since you know you cannot see your self

So well as by Reflection, I your Glasse,

Will modestly discover to your self

That of your self, which yet you know not of,

And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*

Were I a common Laughter, or did use

To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love

To every new Prorester: if you know,

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandall them: or if you know,

That I professe in Banqueting

To all the Rour, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and Shouts.

Brut. What means this Showting?

I do fear the people choose *Caesar*

For their King.

Cass. I do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour, more then I fear death.

Cass. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward favour,

Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life: But my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing, as I my self.

I was born free as *Caesar*, so were you,

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.

For once upon a Raw and Gustly day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her Shores,

Caesar saies to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leap in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.

But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,

Caesar cry'd. Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.

I (as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,

Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder

The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of *Tyber*

Did I the tired *Caesar*: And this Man

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*

And when the Fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lips did from their colour flye,

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:

I, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*

Mark him, and writ his Speeches in their Books,

Alas, it cryed, Give me some drink *Titinius*,

As a sick Girdle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majestick world,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shout.

Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout?
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at some time, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?
Why should that name be sounded more then yours
Write them together: yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with'em man,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Caesar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Caesar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Blouds.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
VVhen could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walks incompart but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
VVhat you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
I would not so (with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd: VVhat you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter *Caesar* and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Caesar* is returning.

Cassi. As they pass by,
Pluck *Caesar* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sower fashion) tell you
VVhat hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: but look you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth blow on *Caesars* brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caesar* will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonio.

Ant. Caesar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are far,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. VVould he were fatter; But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musick:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing,
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease
VVhiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I fear: for alwaies I am *Caesar*,
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt *Caesar* and his Train.

Cas. You pul'd me by the Cloak, would you speak with
me?

Bru. I *Caesar*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* looks so sad.

Cas. VVhy you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Caesar* what had chanc'd.

Cas. VVhy there was a Crown offer'd him; and being
offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. VVhat was the second noyse for?

Cas. VVhy for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cas. VVhy for that too.

Bru. VVas the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cas. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time
gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest
Neighbours shouted.

Cas. VVho offer'd him the Crown?

Cas. VVhy *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caesar*.

Cas. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it:
It were meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark*
Antony offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown nei-
ther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you,
he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he
would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again:
then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was
very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offe-
red it the third time: he put it the third time by, and still
as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd
their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-
caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, be-
cause *Caesar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almost)
choaked *Caesar*: for he swooned, and fell down
at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh,
for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad
Ayr.

Cassi.

Cassi. But soft I pray you : what did *Caesar* swoond ?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness.

Cassi. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I. And honest *Caska*, we have the falling sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Caesar* fell down, if the rag rag people did not clap him; and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doubler, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had been a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greek.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Caesar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you sup with me to night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble Enterprize, How-ever he puts on this tardy form: This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good wir, Which gives men stomack to digest his words With better Appetites.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leave you:

To morrow if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you: or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit Brutus.

VVell *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see Thy honourable Metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet, That Noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd? *Caesar* doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*, He should not humor me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several Citizens, VVritings, all tending to the great opinion That *Rome* holds of his Name: wherein obscurely *Caesar's* ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let *Caesar* seat him sure, For we will shake him, or worse daies endure.

Exit.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *Caska*, and *Cicero*.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home? VVhy are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*, I have seen Tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty Oakes, and I have seen Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threatening Clouds: But never till to night, never till now, Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Either there is a Civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too sawcy with the Gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. VVhy, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight, Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty Torches joyn'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword, Against the Capitol I met a Lion, VVhose glaz'd upon me, and went surely by, VVithout annoying me. And there were drawn Upon a heap, a hundred gasty women, Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit, Even at Noon day, upon the Market place, Howling, and shrieking. VVhen these Prodigies Do so conjoyn'tly meet, let not men say, These are their Reasons they are Natural: For I believe, they are portentous things Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves, Comes *Caesar* up the Capitol to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio* Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*: This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewel *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter *Cassius*.

Cas. VVho's there?

Cask. A *Romane*.

Cas. *Caska*, by your voyce.

Cask. Your Ear is good.

Cassius. VVhat night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cask. VVho ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night:
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the aime, and very flash of it. (vens?)

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most Mighty Gods by tokens send
Such dreadful Heraulds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And those sparks of Life that should be in a *Roman*,
You do want, or else you use not,
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Nighr,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and tears,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol;
A man no mightier then thy self, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. Tis *Caesar* that you mean,
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have Sinews and Limbs like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yolk, and sufferance, shew us womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor air-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life being weary of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dismisse it self.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The power to Cancel his Captivity.

Cas. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh grief,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Grievs,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Noblest minded *Romans*
To under-goe, with me, an enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch; for now this fearful night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand close a while, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you: Who's thar, *Metellus*
Cymbre?

Cas. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't.

What a fearful Night?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Pretors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cymbre*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bad me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompeys* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the peoples hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

*Actus Secundus.**Enter Brutus in his Orchard.*

Bru. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
 Give guesse how neer to day-- *Lucius*, *I* say?
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 VVhen *Lucius*, when? awake, *I* say: what *Lucius*?

*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Ger me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his Nature, there's the question?
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
 And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
 And then *I* grant we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it disjoynes
 Remorse from power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his affections sway'd
 More then his Reason. But tis a common prooffe,
 That Lowlinesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
 VVhereto the Climber upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the upmost Round,
 He then unto the Ladder turns his back.
 Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
 Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 VVill bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 VVould run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a Serpents egge,
 VVhich hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
 Searching the window for a Flint, *I* found
 This Paper, thus seal'd up, and *I* am sure
I did not lye there when *I* went to bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of *March*?

Luc. *I* know not, Sir.*Bru.* Look in the Callender, and bring me word.*Luc.* *I* will, Sir.*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air.
 Give so much light: that *I* may read by them.

*Opens the Letter and reads.**Bru.* thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:*Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redresse.**Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.*

Such inligations have been often dropt.

VVhere *I* hwe took them up:*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must *I* piece it out:*Shall Rome* stand under one mans awe? VVhat *Rome*?My Ancestors did from the Streets of *Rome*The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.*Speak, strike, redresse, Am I entreated*

To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, *I* make the promise,
 If the redresse will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Sir, *March* is wait'd fifteen daies.*Knock within.*

Bru. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
 Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
 Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dream:
 The *Genius*, and the mortal instruments
 Are then in councill; and the stire of man,
 Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
 VVho doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?*Luc.* No, Sir, there are moe with him.*Bru.* Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
 And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
 That by no means *I* may discover them,
 By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
 Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
 VVhen evils are most free? O then, by day
 VVhere wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
 Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
 For if thou path thy native semblance on,
 Not *Erebus* it self were dimme enough,
 To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. *I* think we are too bold upon your Rest:
 Good morrow *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. *I* have been up this hour, awake all Night:
 Know *I* these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
 But honors you: and every one doth wish,
 You had but that opinion of your self,
 VVhich every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
 This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.*Cas.* This, *Decius Brutus*.*Bru.* He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Caska*; this *Cinna*; and this *Metellus*
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

VVhat watchful Cares doe interpose themselves
 Berwixt your Eies and Night?

Cas. Shall *I* intreat a word? *They whisper.**Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?*Cas.* No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
 That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cas. You shall confesse that you are both deceiv'd:
 Here as *I* point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
 VVhich is a great way growing on the South,

VVeigh-

Weighing the youthful Season of the year.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cass. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our soules, the times abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting Spirits of women; Then Country men,
What need we any spur, but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Swear Priests and Cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering soules
That welcom wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion.
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him.
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cas. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Caesar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Caesar*,
Should out-live *Caesar*, we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like wrath in death, and Envy afterwards.
For *Antony*, is but a Limb of *Caesar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand up against the spirit of *Caesar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Caesar's* Spirits,
And not dismember *Caesar*! But (alas)
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carcase fit for Hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious,
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more then *Caesar's* Arm,
When *Caesar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he beares to *Caesar*.

Bru. Alas good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Caesar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought; and die for *Caesar*.
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Cas. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: for he loves to hear,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toiles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He saies, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Caesar's* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The Morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And friends disperse yourselves; but all remember
VVhat you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
VVith untir'd spirits, and formal Constancy,
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

N n n 2

VVhich

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men ;
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus. my Lord.

Brut. Portia, What mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Not for yours neither. Y^e have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my Bed : and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foot :
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd nor,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled, and withal ;
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do : good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick ? and is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dark Morning ? What, is *Brutus* sick ?
And will he steal out of his wholesom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the Night ?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurg'd Ayr
To add unto his sickness ? No my *Brutus*,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of : And upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self ; your half ;
Why you are heavy, and what men to night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brut. Kneel not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I your self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation ?
To keep with you at meales, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,

A woman well reputed : *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded ?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose em :
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets ?

Brut. O ye Gods !

Render me worthy of this Noble wife. *Knock.*
Heark, heark, one knocks : *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,
All the Character of my sad browes :
Leave me with hast,

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brut. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how ?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
To wear a Kerchief ? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Brut. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loynes,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do ?

Brut. A piece of work,
That will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick ?

Brut. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder.
Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-Gown.

Caesar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night :
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out ;
Help, ho : they murder *Caesar*. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cas. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Caesar* ? Think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Cas. *Caesar* shall forth ; the things that threaten'd me,
He's lookt but on my back : When they shall see
The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of war
Which drizzel'd blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurried in the Ay:
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoidd
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cas. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cas. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear:
No, *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.
VVe hear two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keepes you in the house, and not your own.
VVe'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee prevail in this

Cas. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus* he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Caesar*, all hail: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cas. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannor, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cas. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,
Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cas. The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here my wife, staies me at home:
She dream't to night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bath their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For Tinctures, Straines, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signified.

Cas. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say,
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time,
When *Caesars* wife shall meet with better Dreames:
If *Caesar* hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo *Caesar* is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my dear dear love
To your Proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cas. How foolish do your fears seem now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Cas. Welcom *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow *Caska*, *Cains Ligarius*,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Caesar*, tis stricken eight.

Cas. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*.

Cas. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I have an houres talk in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Caesar*, I will; and so near will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cas. Good Friends go in, and tast some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Caesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnest to think upon.

Exeunt.

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of *Brutus*; take heed of *Cassius*; come not

near Caska, have an eye to Cynna. trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cymbel, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover Artemidorns.

Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the reach of Emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou maiest live;
If not, the Fates with Traytors do contrive.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what Sutors press to him.
Heark Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:

I heard a bussling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suite to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have Lady; if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Exit.

Say I am metty; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorns, Popilius, and the Soothsayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone.

Art. Hail Caesar: read this Schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Art. O Caesar, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it great Caesar.

Cas. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.

Cas. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your Enterprize to day may thrive.

Cas. VVhat enterprize Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Caska be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes.

For look he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He drawes Mark Antony out of the vway.

Dec. VVhere is Metellus Cimper, let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reates your hand.

Cas. Are vve all ready? VVhat is now amiss,
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimper throwes before thy Seat
An humble hearr.

Cas. I must prevent thee Cymber:

These couchings, and these lovly curtesies
Might fire the bloud of ordinary men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar beates such Rebel bloud
That vwill be thav'd from the true quality
VVith that vvich melteth Fooles, I mean sweet vvords,
Lovv-crooked-curtesies, and base Spaniel favvning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and favvn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my vway:
Know, Caesar doth not vvrong, nor vvithout cause
VVill he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voyce more vvorthy then my ovvn,

To

To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar's* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brn. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar* :
Desiring thee that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. VVhat *Brutus*?

Cas. Pardon *Cæsar* : *Cæsar* pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament,
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine :
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this :
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar*.

Cas. Hence : wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*.

Cas. Do not *Brutus* bootlesse kneel?

Cas. Speak hands for me.

They stab Cæsar.

Cas. Et tu *Brute*. — Then fall *Cæsar*.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom ; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, freedom, and Enfranchisement

Brn. People and Senators, be not affrighted :
Fly not, stand still, ambitious debt is paid.

Cas. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Brn. VVhere's *Publius*?

Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance —

Brn. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else : so tell them *Publius*.

Cas. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Brn. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd,
Men, VVives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Brn. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die we know, tis but the time
And drawing daies out, that men stand upon.

Cas. VVhy he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brn. Grant that, and then is death a Benefit :
So are we *Cæsars* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood
Up to the Elbowes, and besmear our Swords :

Then walk we forth even to the Market place,
And waving our red weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace; Freedom, and Liberty.

Cas. Stoop then, and wath. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Brn. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis lies along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The men that gave their Countrey liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. I, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the molt boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Brn. Soft, who comes here? a friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus*, did my Master bid me kneel ;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest,
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving :
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honor him ;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So saies my Master *Antony*

Brn. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse :
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied, and by my honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Exit Servant.

Brn. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cas. I wish we may : But yet have I a mind
That fears him much : and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brn. But here comes *Antony* :
Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar* ! dost thou lye so low ?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood; who else is rank :

If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil't your purpled hands do reek and smock
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this age.

Brn. O *Antony*! Beg not your death of us :
Though now we must appear bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do : yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding businesse they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful :
And pittie to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie,
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*;
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Brn. Onely be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Caesar* when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom :
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you ;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand ;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Metellus* ;
Yours *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Caska*, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all : alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad waies you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a flatterer.

That I did love thee *Caesar*, O tis true :
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes ?
Most Noble in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eies, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave heart.
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O world ! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O world, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye ?

Cas. *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius* :
The enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this :
Then, in a friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick't in number of our friends,
Or shall we on ; and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
VVhy, and wherein *Caesar* was dangerous.

Brn. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his Funeral.

Brn. You shall *Mark Antony*

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you :
You know not what you do ; do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Brn. By your pardon :
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death,
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission :
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brn. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Caesars* body :
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :

I do desire no more.

Brn. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth :
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre :
All pity choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Aie* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarks voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of Warre,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not ?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Caesar* !

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee a-part and weep :
Passion I see is catching, for mine eies,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming ?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd :
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,

Thou

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this Coarse
Into the market place : There shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other street,

And part the Numbers :

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, goe with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Casars* death.

1 *Ple.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Beleeve me for
mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeve. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be
any in this Assembly, any deer friend of *Casars*, to them
I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cesar*,
this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Cesar* lesse, but
that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cesar* were li-
ving, and die all Slaves ; then that *Cesar* were dead, to
live all Free-men ? As *Cesar* lov'd me, I weep for him ;
as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it ; as he was valiant, I
honour him : But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Tears for his Love : Joy, for his Fortune : Honour, for
his Valour : and Death for his Ambition. Who is here,
so base that would be a Bondman ? If any, speak, for him
have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not
be a *Roman* ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who
is here so vile, that will not love his Countrey ? If any,
speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no
more to *Cesar* then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questio-
n of his death, is intoll'd in the Capitoll : his Glory
not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offen-
ces enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Casars body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Common-wealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my
best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dag-
ger for my self, when it shall please my Countrey to need
my Death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house,

2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Cesar*.

4. *Casars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his house,
With Showrs and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrey-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace ho,

Bru. Good Countrey-men, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony* :

Do grace to *Casars* Corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Casars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart.

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit.

1. Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3. Let him go up into the publique Chair,
Wee'l hear him : Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake I am beholding to you.

4. What does he say of *Brutus* !

3. He saies for *Brutus* sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. 'Twere best speak no harme of *Brutus* here ?

1. This *Cesar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay that's certain :

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him,

2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*.

All. Peace hoe, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrey-men, lend me your ears :

I come to bury *Cesar*, not to praise him :

The evil that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cesar* was Ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath *Cesar* answer'd it

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Casars* funeral.

He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me ;

But *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,

Whose Ransomes did the general Coffers fill :

Did this in *Cesar* seem Ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cesar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious :

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* saies he was Ambitious :

And sure he is and Honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know ;

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him ?

O Judgement ! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cesar*.

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cesar ha's had great wrong.

(his place.

3. Ha's he Masters ? I fear there will a worse come in

4. Mark'd

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,
Therefore tis certain, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deer abide it.
2. Poor soul, his eies are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
Have stood against the world: Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Caesar*,
I found it in his Closet, tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would goe and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred blood:
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeaching it as a rich Legacy
Unto their issue.

4. Wee'l hear the VVill, read it *Mark Antony*.

All. The VVill, the VVill; we will hear *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Caesar* lov'd you:
You are not VVood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the VVill of *Caesar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the VVill, wee'l hear it *Antony*:
You shall read us the VVill, *Caesars* VVill.

Ant. VVill you be Patient? will you stay a while?
I have o're shot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wtong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Caesar*: I do fear it.

4. They were Traitors, Honourable men?

All. The VVill, the Testament.

2. They were Villains, Murderers: the VVill, read the VVill.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the VVill;
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Caesar*,
And let me shew you him that made the will:
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2. Descend.

3. You shall have leave.

4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2. Room for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.

All. Stand back, room, bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Caesar* put it on,
Twas on a Summers evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*
Look, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made:
Through this, the welbelov'd *Brutus* stab'd
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away.

Mark how the blood of *Caesar* followed it.

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no:

For *Brutus* as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how dearly *Caesar* lov'd him:

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muttling up his face,

Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrey-men?

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.

Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold

Our *Caesar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pittreous spectacle!

2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. Owoful day!

4. O Traitors, Villains!

1. O most bloody sight!

2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge

About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrey-men.

1. Peace there, hear the Noble *Antony*,

2. Wee'l hear him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dye with him. (you up)

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a suddain Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deed, are Honourable,

What private griefs they have, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are wise and honourable,

And will no doubt with reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends,) to steal away your hearts;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man:

That love my friend, and that they know full well,

That give me publick leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stirre mens Blood. I onely speak right on:

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,

Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths

And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Caesar*, that should move

The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burn the house of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me Countrey-men, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace hoe, hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deceiv'd your loves?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Caesars* Seal:

To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l revenge his death.

3 *Ple.* O Royal *Caesar*.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho.

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards.

On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your heires for ever: common pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1 *Ple.* Never, never: come, away, away:
Wee'l burn his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traytors houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Ple.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Ple.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Ple.* Pluck down Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. VVhere is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantacie:
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 VVhat is your name?

2 VVhither are you going?

3 VVhere do you dwell?

4 Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 Answer every man directly.

1 I, and briefly.

4 I, and wisely.

3 I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. VVhat is my name? VVhither am I going? vvhether
do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then
to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and
truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marry:
you'l bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funeral.

1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Your name sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad
Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name
out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Tear him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:
to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius* houses, and
some to *Caska's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prick't.

Oct. Your Brother too must die: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I dam him.

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesars* house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to heston on Errands; is it fit
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him
And took his voyce who should be prick't to die
In our black Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more daies then you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers stand'rous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we print the way:
And having brought our treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his eares,
And gaze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your will:

But he's a tri'd, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight;
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some cast, is *Lepidus* but so:

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds

On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of use, and stal'd by other men

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,

But as a property: and now *Octavius*,

Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:

Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,

Our best Friends made, and our best means stretcht out,

And let us presently go sit in Council,

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,

And open Perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear
Millions of Mischiefs.

Exeunt.

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meet them.*

Brut. Stand ho.

Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Brut. What now *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With curtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius, and his Powers.

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, speak the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cas. Most Noble Brother; you have done me wrong.

Brut. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here.
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us nor wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefs
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,

Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brut. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door.

Exeunt.

Mænent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet.

That every nice offence should bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your self,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching Palm?

You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brut. The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement?

Brut. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?

What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the Formost man of all this world,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Then such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me.

He not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practise, abler then your self
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away slight man.

Cas. Is't possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a mad man stares?

Cas. O ye Gods, ye Gods, must I endure all this?

Brut. All this? I more. Fret till your proud heart break,
Go shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I boudge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods
You shall digest the Venom of your spleen
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
He use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Brut. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.

Cassi. I durst not.

Brn. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Brn. For your life you durst no.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brn. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats.

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Pezants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his friends,
Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Brn. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart
A friend should bear his friends infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Brn. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Brn. I do not like your faults.

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brn. A flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eies: There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within a heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine: Richer then Gold:
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Then ever thou lovedst *Cassius*.

Brn. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,
Do what you will, dishonour, shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb
That carries anger, as the Flint bears fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*.
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Brn. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Brn. And my heart too.

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Brn. What's the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brn. Yes *Cassius* and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Post.

Pa. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between em, tis not meet
They be alone.

Luci. You shall not come to them.

Post. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cassi. How now? What's the matter?

Post. For shame you Generals? what do you mean?
Love, and befriends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years Ime sure then ye.

Cassi. Ha, ha, how vildly doth this Cynick rhyme:

Brn. Get you hence sirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cassi. Bear with him *Brutus*, tis his fashion.

Brn. He know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Warres do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cassi. Away, away be gone.

Exit Post.

Brn. *Lucilius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cassi. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us

Brn. *Lucius*, a bowl of Wine.

Cassi. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brn. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassi. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brn. No man bears sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cassi. Ha? *Portia*?

Brn. She is dead.

Cassi. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Upon what sicknesse?

Brn. Impatient of my absence.

And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this the fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cassi. And dy'd so?

Brn. Even so.

Cassi. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with wine, and Tapers.

Brn. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*.

Drinks.

Cassi. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge,
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

Brn. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassi. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Brn. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*.

O o o

Mess.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self same tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and bills of Outlary,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree :
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?

Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription.
Had you your Letters from your wife my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in you Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That me thinks is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Hear you ought of her, in yours?

Mess. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a *Roman* tell me true.

Mess. Then like a *Roman*, bear the truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Porcia*: we must die *Messala*:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men, great losses should endure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. VVhat do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

Tis better that the enemy seek us
So shall he waste his means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassi. Hear me good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our caule is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or loose our ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gown: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Tuinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deer brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division tween our souls:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel every one.

Exeunt.

Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave I blame thee, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

He have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus* and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businessse to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy instrument a strain or two.
And touch thy heavy eies a while.

Luc. I my Lord an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musick and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O murderous slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my boy,
That plaies thee Musick? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
He take it from thee, and (good boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weaknesse of mine eies
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well : then I shall see thee again ?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then :
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs : awake :
Claudio.
Luci. The strings my Lord are false.
Brut. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Brut. Didst thou dream *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst
 out ?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes that thou didst ; Didst thou see any thing ?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Sleep again *Lucius* : Sirra *Claudio*, fellow,
 Thou, awake.
Var. My Lord,
Clau. My Lord.
Brut. Why did you so cry out first in your sleep ?
Both. Did we my Lord ?
Brut. I : saw you any thing ?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Brut. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius* :
 Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions :
 It proves not so : their battels are at hand,
 They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here :
 Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : They could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery : thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage :
 But tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew :
 Their bloody sign of Battel is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battel softly on
 Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?
Octa. I do not cross you : but I will do so. March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast *Tullius*, we must out and talk.
Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel ?
Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Octa. Stir not until the Signal.
Brut. Words before blowes : is it so Countreymen ?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brut. Good words are better then bad stroakes *Octavius*.
Ant. In your bad stroakes *Brutus*, you give good words,
 Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,
 Crying long live, hail *Cæsar*.
Cassi. *Antony*,
 The posture of your blowes are yet unknown ;
 But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* bees,
 And leave them honey-less.
Ant. Not stingle's too.
Brut. O yes, and soundless too :
 For you have stoln their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villaines : you did not so, when your vile daggers
 Hack one another in the sides of *Cæsar* :
 You shew'd your teeth like Apes,
 And fawn'd like hounds,
 And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Cæsar*'s feet :
 Whilst damned *Cæsar*, like a Cur, behind
 Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O you flatterers !
Cassi. Flatterers ? Now *Brutus* thank your self
 This tongue had not offended so to day,
 If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing inake us swer,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops :
 Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
 When think you that the Sword goes up again ?
 Never till *Cæsar*'s three and thirty wounds
 Be well aveng'd ; or till another *Cæsar*
 Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Brut. *Cæsar*, Thou canst not die by Traytors hands,
 Unless thou bringst them with thee.
Octa. So I hope :
 I was not born to die on *Brutus*'s Sword.
Brut. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Strain,
 Young-man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthies of such honour
 Joyn'd with a Masker and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* kill.
Octa. Come *Antony* : away :
 Defiance Traytors, hurle we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight to day, come to the field :
 If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cassi. Why now blow wind, swell billow,
 And swim Barke :
 The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. Ho *Lucillius*, heark, a word vvith you.
Lucillius, and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.
Cas. *Messala*.
Messa. What saies my General ?
Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day : as this very day
 Vvas *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand *Messala* :
 Be thou my vvitness, that against my vvill,
 (As *Pompey* vvas) am I compel'd to set
 Upon one battel all our Liberties.
 You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his opinion : Now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* here conformed us :
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey ; their shadowes seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Believe not so.

Cassi. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucilius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our dayes to age.
But since the affaires of men rests still incertain,
Lets reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how :
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cassi. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of *Rome*.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no :
Think not thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*
He bears too great a mind, But this same day
Must end that work, that Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not :
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meet again, why we shall smile :
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus* :
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this daies business, ere it come :
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarums.

Let them set on at once : for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*'s wing :
And sudden push gives them the overthrow :
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come down. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O look *Titinius*, look, the Villaines fly :
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy :
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,

Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly : his Souldiers fell to spoyl,
VVhilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord : fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord :
Fly therefore Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cassi. This hill is far enough. Look, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
VVhether yond Troups, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
My sight was ever thick : regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breath'd first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass. Sirra, what newes ?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. VVhat newes ?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
VVith horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him :
Now *Titinius*, Now some light : O he lights too.
He's tane. *Shout.*

And hark, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come down, behold no more :
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend tane before my face !

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah ; In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the Hilt,
And vvhhen my face is cover'd, as tis now,
Guide thou the Sword—*Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even vvhith the Sword that kill'd thee. *Kills him.*

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet vvhould not so have been
Durst I have done my vwill. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Contry *Pindarus* shall run,
VVhere never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

Messa. It is but change. *Titinius* : for *Octavius*
Is overthrow'n by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tidings vwill vvell comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. VVhere did you leave him ?

Titin. All disconsolate,
VVith *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart !

Messa. Is not that he ?

Titin. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun :
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sink to night ;

So in his red blood *Cassius* day it set.
The Son of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melanchollies Child:
VWhy dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. VWhat *Pindarus*? VWhere art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seek him *Titinius*: whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while:
VWhy didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (Howts?)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
VWill do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. Dyes.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*,
Sirato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

Brn. VWhere, where *Messala*, doth his body lie?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Brn. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brn. O *Julius Cæsar* thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. Low *Alarums*.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,

Look where he have not Crownd dead *Cassius*.

Brn. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?

The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well:

It is impossible, that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow: friends I owe moe tears

To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,

His funerals shall not be in our Camp,

Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,

And come young *Cato*, let us to the field,

Labio and *Flavius* set our Battails on:

Tis three a clock, and *Romans* yet ere night,

VVe shall try fortune in a second fight. Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,
and *Flavius*.

Brn. Yet Countreymen: O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. VWhat Bastard doth not? who will goe with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countreys friend,

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter *Souldiers* and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.

Brutus my Countries friend: know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?

Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2 *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1 *Sold.* He tell thee news, here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:

The gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do find him or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have

Such men my friends, then enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,

And bring us, unto *Octavius* Tent,

How every thing is chang'd.

Exeunt.

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Sirato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Brn. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this
Rock.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not back, he is or tane, or slain.

Brn. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Harke thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

Brn. Peace then, no words.

Clit. He rather kill myself.

Brn. Hark thee, *Dardanius*

Dard. Shall I do such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eies.

Brn. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What saies my Lord?

Brn. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me

Two severall times by night: at *Sardis*, once;

And this last night, here in *Philippi-fields*:

I know my hour is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brn. Nay I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes,

Our enemies have beat us to the Pit: Low *Alarums*.

It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,

Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*

Thou knowest that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Swords Hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarm still.

O o o 3

Clit.

Cl. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Br. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countreymen:

My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day

More then *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.

Alarum. *Crywihiu.* Fly, flye, flye.

Cl. Flye my Lord, flye:

Br. Hence: I will follow:

I prethee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Br. Farewell good *Strato*.——*Caesar*, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,
Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* onely overcame himself,

And no man elie hath honor by his death.

Luci. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How dyed my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators save onely he,

Did that they did, in envy of great *Caesar*:

He, onely in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made ore of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Mature might stand up,

And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him

With all respect, and rites of Burial.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,

Most like a Souldier ordered honorably:

So call the field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2 When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.
3 That will be ere the set of Sun.

- 1 Where the place?
- 2 Upon the Heath.
- 3 There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1 I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

*All. Paddocke calls anon: fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivity: Hail, hail brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyl,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their Art: The merciless *Macdonnell*
(V Vorthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his dammed Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels whore: but all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,
V Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) cutt'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
V Which nev'r shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direful Thunders breaking
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Mark King of *Scotland*, mark,
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
V With farushst Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled stroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bath in reeking V Vounds,
Or memor zeianother *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They smack of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

V Vho comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Lenox. V Vhat hast lookes through his eyes?
So should he look, that seemes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. V Vhence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King.

V Vhere the Norweyan Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traynor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proof
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious arm gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now *Sveno*, the *Norwayes* King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at *Saint Colmer-hill*,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom interest : Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title great *Macbeth*.

Rosse. He see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where hast thou been, Sister ?
2 Killing Swine.
3 Sister, where thou ?
1 A Saylor's wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht :
Give me, quoth I.
Anoynt thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Master oth' *Tiger* :
But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayl,
Ile do, Ile do, and Ile do.
2 Ile give thee a wind.
1 Th'art kind.
3 And I another.
1 I my self have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know.
Ith' Shipmans Card.
I'll drain him dry as Hay :
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid :
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
Look what I have.
2 Shew me, shew me.
1 Here I have a Pilots Thumb,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.
3 A Drum, a Drum :
Macbeth doth come.

Drums within.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land.
Thus dogo, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banq. How far is't call'd to *Soris* ? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th'inhabitants oth' Earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question ? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips : you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak if you can : what are you ?

1 All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Glamis*.

2 All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*.

3 All hail *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ? i'ch name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew ? Ny Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal ; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say, which Grain will grow, and which will nor,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Hayl.

2 Hayl.

3 Hayl.

1 Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none :
So all hail *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1 *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all hail.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more :
By *Sinels* death, I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*,
But how of *Cawdor* ? the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives
A prosperous Gentleman : And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more then to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such Propherique greeting ?
Speak, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them : whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the Ayr : and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind.
Would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten on the insane Roor,
That takes the Reason Prisoner ?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too : went it not so ?

Banq. Toth' self-same tune, and words : who's here ?

Enter *Rosse*, and *Angus*.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success : and when he reads
Thy personal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his : silenc'd with thar,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as tale
Can post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his Kingdoms great defence,
And pow'r'd them down before him.

Ang. VVe are sent,
To give thee from our Royal Master thanks,
Only to herra'd thee into his fight,
Not pay thee,

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor* :

In which addition hail most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives:
Why do you dresse me in his borrowed Robes?

Aug. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life,
Which he deserves to loose:
Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*
Or else did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wrack, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Aet
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it given me earnest of sucresse,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my heire,
And make my feared heart knock at my Ribbs,
Against the use of nature? present fears
Are lesse then horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is nor.

Banq. Look how our Partners rapr.

Macb. If chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crown me.
Without my stirre.

Banq. New honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the hour, runs through the roughest day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are registred,
Where every day I turn the Leaf,
To read them.

Let us toward the King; think upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are 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 he
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse pardon
And set forth a deep Repentance:
Notbing in his life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As twere a carelesse trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To find the minds construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Banquo*, *Ross*, and *Angus*.
O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wine of Recompence is slow:
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
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.

Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe;
In doing it paises it self
Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne and State.
Children, and Servants; which do 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 lesse deserv'd, nor must be known
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plentious joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
VVe will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only.
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starrs shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to *Envernes*
And bind us further to you.

Ma. The Rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
He be my self the Herbeneger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*: that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o're leap,

Exeunt.

For

For in my way it lies. Starrs hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand: yet let that be,
Which the eie fears, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me, Lets after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerlesse kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success: and I have learn'd
by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortal
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further,
they made themselves Air. into which they vanish'd. Whiles
I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King,
who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before,
these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the com-
ing on of times, with hail King that shalt be. This have I
thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness)
that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant
of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and
farewell.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milk of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neereft way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition: but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.
Thouldst have, great *Glamis*, that which cries,
Thus thou must do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine ear,
And chasteise with the valour of my tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to night,

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wert so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,

He brings great news.

Exit Messenger.

The Raven himself is hoarse,
That croakes the farall entrance of *Duncane*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thicke my blood,
Stop up th'accesse and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milk for Gall, you Murth'ring Ministers,
VWhere-ever in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischief. Come thick Nighr,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great *Glamis*, worthy *Cawdor*,
Greater then both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,

Duncane comes here to nighr.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,

Shall Sunne that morrow see.

Your Face, my *Thane* is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great businesse into my dispatch,
VWhich shall to all our Nights and Daies to come,
Give solely Sovereign sway and Masterdom.

Macb. VVe will speak further.

Lady. Onely look up cleer:

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbrin,
Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Rosse, Angus,
and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant fear,
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansourey, that the Heavens breath,
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant Cradle,
VWhere they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
The air is delicate, *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
VWhich still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
VWere poor, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those honors deep, and broad,
VWherewith your Majesty loads our house:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermits.

King.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
 VVe courtst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
 To be his Purveyor: But he rides vvell,
 And his great Love (sharp as his Spur) hath holp him
 To his home before us: Fair and Noble Hostes
 VVe are your guest to night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
 Have theirs, themselves, and vvhhat is theirs in compt,
 To make their Audit at your highness pleasure,
 Still to return your ovvn.

King. Give me your hand:
 Conduct me to mine Host, vve love him highly,
 And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
 By your leave Hostes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Ho boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it vvhere done, vvhen tis done, then 'vvhere vvell,
 It were done quickly: if the Assassination
 Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, Success: that but this blow
 Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,
 But here, upon this Bank and School of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these Cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague th'ingredience of our poylon'd Challice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the Deed: then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife my self. Besides this *Duncan*
 Hath born this Faculty so meek: hath been
 So clear in his great Office, that his Vertues
 Will plead like Angels, Trumper-congu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And Pity, like a naked new-born-babe,
 Striding the blast, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless Curriers of the Ay,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no Spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it self,
 And falls on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
 How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost sup: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business:
 He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest glos,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd your self? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale?
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
 To be the same in thine own Aft, and Valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
 And live a Coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poor Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prethee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
 Who dares no more, is none.

Lady. What beast wast thou then
 That made you break this Enterprize to me?
 When you durst 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 place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gummes,
 And dasht the Braines out, had I but so sworn
 As you have doneto this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
 And we'll not fail: when *Duncan* is asleep,
 (Where to the rather shall his daies hard Journey
 Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
 Will I with wine, and wassel, so convince,
 That Memory, the warder of the Brain,
 Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
 A Lymbeck only, when in Svinish sleep,
 Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
 His spongy Officers? who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
 For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
 Nothing but Males. VVill it not be receiv'd,
 VVhen we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Diggers,
 That they have don't?

Lady. VVho dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
 Upon his Death?

Macb. I am secl'd, and bend up
 Each corporal Agent to this terrible Fear,
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
 False Face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moon is down: I have not heard the
 Clock.

Banq. And she goes down at Twelve,

Fleanc. I tak't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Svword:
 There's Husbandry in Heaven,
 Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

See, and then speak your selves : awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm-Bell : Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine* : *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downy sleep, Death's counterfeit,
And look on Death it self : up, up, and see
The great Doom's Image . *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the business?

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House ? speak, speak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition in a Woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royal Matter's murder'd.

Lady. VVoe, alas :
What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear *Duff*, I prythee contract thy self,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time : for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality :
All is but toys : Renown and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't :
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Bloud
Is stop't ; the very Source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'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 bloud,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows : they star'd, and were distracted,
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. VVherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment ? No man :
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin, lac'd with his Golden Bloud,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance : there the Murderers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known ?

Lady. Help me hence, ho.

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

VVhere our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May rush, and seize us ? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion,

Banq. Look to the Lady :
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure ; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us :
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readines,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*

Malc. VVhat will you do ?
Let's not consort with them :
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.

It's to England.

Don. To Ireland, I :

Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer :
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The near in bloud, the nearer bloody.

Malc. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted : and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aime. Therefore to house,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that Theft
VVhich steals it self, when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ross, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
VVithin the volume of which time, I have seen
Houres dreadfull, and things strange : but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage : by th'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night strangles the travelling Lamp :
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame,
That Darknes do's the face of Earth intombe,
VVhen living Light should kiss it ?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done : on Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
VVas by a Mowling Owle hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses,
(A thing most strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make war with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so :

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. VVhy see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned,

Malcolm, and *Donalbain* the King's two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftless Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine own lives means: then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmekill*,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu.
Lest our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old. M. God's benison go with you Sir, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weyward Woman promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'd'st most foulely for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my self should be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

*Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

La. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn Supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Banq. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councel: but we'll take to morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Go not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hye you to horse:
Adieu, till you return at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so do I commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
'Till seven at Night, to make society
The sweeter welcome:

We will keep our self till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirra, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in *Banquo* stick deep,
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthony's was by *Caesar*, He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me
And bad them speak to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fill'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seeds of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather then so, come Fate into the List,
And champion me to th'utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Now go to the Door, and stay there 'till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then,

Now you have consider'd of my speeches?

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent self,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them!
And all things else, that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature, that you can let this go?
Are you so Gossip'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heavy hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye go for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currs,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Doggs: 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 l'th'worst rank of Manhood, say't,
And I will put the business in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Biffets of the world
Hath so incens'd that I am reckless what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my near't of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives -----

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the VVork:
Fleans, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: resolve your selves a-parr,
I'll come to you anon.

Murth. VVe are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soule's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out to Night.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
VWhere our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
VWith them they think on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,

Both the Worlds suffer,
E're we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace:
Then on the torture of the Mind to lie
In restless extasie:

Duncan is in his Grave:

After Life's fitfull Fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst: nor Steel nor Poison
Malice domestick, foreign Levie, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleek o're your rugged Looks,
Be bright and Jovial'mong your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave
Our Honours in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Nature's Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund: e're the Bat hath flown
His Cloyster'd flight, e're to black Hecar's summons
The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible Hand
Cancell and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyn with us?

3. *Macbeth.*

2. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.

1. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
Now spurs the latest traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3. Hark, I hear Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis he:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th'Court.

1. His Horses go about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th'Palace Gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis he.

1. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be Rain to Night.

1. Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treachery!

Flie good *Fleans*, flie, flie, flie,
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one down: the Son is fled.

2. VVe have lost

Best half of our Affair.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir

Fleans is scap'd,

Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that,
There the grown Serpent lies, the worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Well hear our selves again. *Exit Murtherer.*

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making:
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countrie's Honour, roof'd,
VVe're the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
VWho may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Then pitie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Here my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep fear, The fit is momentary, upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him You shall offend him, and extend his Passion, Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaves and Starts

(Impostors to true fear) would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandsire: shame it self,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, look, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.

If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send

Those that we bury, back; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kites. *Exit Ghost.*

Lady. What? quite unman'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame.

Macb. Bloud hath been shed e're now, i'th'olden time

E're humane Statue purg'd the gentle Weal:

I, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That when the Brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; But now they rise again

With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Then such a Murder is.

Lady. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,

Then I'll sit down: Give me some wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th'general joy o'th' whole Table,

And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:

Would he were here: to all; and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowless: thy bloud is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this good Peers

But as a thing of Custome: 'tis no other,

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcan* tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit, then protest me

The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow,

Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, be gone

I am a man again: pray you sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud

Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural Rubie of your Cheeks,

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. VVhat signes, my Lord?

La. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse,

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Lenox. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majesty.

La. A kind goodnight to all.

Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have bloud they say:

Bloud will have Bloud:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:

Augures, and understood Relations, have

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, and Rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of bloud. What is the night?

La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person

At our great bidding?

La. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.

More shall they speak: for now I am bent to know

By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,

All causes shall give way, I am in bloud

Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o're:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, e're they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We are yet but young indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecate.

1. Why how now *Hecate*, you look angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (Beldames) as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To trade, and traffick with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

And

And I the Mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harines,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art ?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : Get you gon,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie,
Your Vessels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beside ;
I am for th' Air : this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, and a Fatal end.
Great business must be wrought e're Noon.
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'll catch it e're it come to ground ;
And that distill'd by Magick flights,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is mortals chiefeft Enemy.

Musick, and a Song.

Heark, I am call'd : my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
Back again.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : Onely I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth* : marry he was dead :
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled : Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father ? Damned Fact,
How it did grieve *Macbeth* ? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was that not Nobly done ? I, and wisely too :
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do think,
That had he *Duncan's* Sonnes under the Key,
(As and't please Heaven he shall not) they shall find
What 'twere to kill a Father : So should *Fleance*.
But peace ; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
His presence at the Tyrant's Feast ; I hear
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himself ?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the *English* Court, and is receiv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the holy King, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the help of these (with him above
To ratifie the Work) we may again
Give to our Tables meat) sleep to our Nights :
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives ;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honours ;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Lenox. Sent he to *Macduffe* ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,
And hums ; as who should say, you'll rue the time
That cloggs me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisdome can provide. Some holy Angel
Flie to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message e're he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Countrey,
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedges Pig whin'd.
3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Round about the Cauldron go :
In the poison'd Entrails throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, has thirty one :
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed por.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Filler of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake :
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog :
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dog ;
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Scing,
Lizards Leg, and Howler's Wing :
For a Charm of powerfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark :
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark :
Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse :

Noise

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Dirch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Cool it with a Baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall share i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profess,
(How-e're you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yetty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: though the treasure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I ask you.

1. Speak.
2. Demand.

3. We'll answer.

1. Say, if th'had'st rather hear it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call'em: let me see'em.

1. Pour in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Self and Office deftly show. *Thunder.*

1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me thou unknown power.

1. He knowes thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1. *Appar.* Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduff,

Beware the Thane of Fife: disinis me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What-e're thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.*

2. *Apparition, a Bloody Child.*

2. *Appar.* Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd hear thee.

2. *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute:

Laugh to scorn

The power of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*

Macb. Then live Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance, double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. *Thunder.*

3. *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Byrnam* wood, to high *Dunfinane* Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the Forrest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise never 'till the Wood

Of *Byrnam* rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Custome. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdome?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Why sinks that Cauldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes.*

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a
glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crown do's sear mine Eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hags,
Why do you shew me this? ---- A fourth? Start eye!
What will the Line stretch out to th'crack of Doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who beares a glass,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Bloud-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

1. I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.

I'll Charm the Air to give a sound,
While you perform your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musick.*

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious hour,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*

Lenox. What's your Graces will?

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Sisters ?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you ?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
 And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
 The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by ?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word :
Macduff is fled to *England*.
Macb. Fled to *England* ?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
 The flighty purpose never is o're-took
 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
 The very firstling 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.
 Seize upon *Fife* ; give to th'edge o'th Sword
 His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
 That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool,
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool,
 But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen ?
 Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land ?
Rosse. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none :
 His flight was madness : when our Actions do not,
 Our feares do make us traytors.
Rosse. You know not
 Whether it was his wisdome, or his fear.
Wife. Wisdome ? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
 His Mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does flie ? He loves us not.
 He wants the natural touch : for the poor Wren
 (The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
 Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle :
 All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love ;
 As little is the Wisdome, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest Couz,
 I pray you school your self ; But for your Husband,
 He is Noble, Wile, Judicious, and best knowes
 The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
 But cruel are the times, when we are traytors
 And do not know our selves : when we hold Rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent Sea
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you :
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,
 To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
 Blessing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
 And yet he's Fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Father's dead,
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?
Son. As Birds do, Mother.
Wife. What with woimes and flies ?
Son. With what I get, and so do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
 Thoud'lt never fear the Net, nor Line,
 The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother ?
 Poor Birds they are not set for :
 My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead :
 How wilt thou do for a Father ?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband ?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
 And yet i' faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a traitor, Mother ?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor ?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all traitors that do so ?
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a traitor,
 And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye ?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them ?
Wife. Why, honest men.
Son. Then the Lyars and Swearers are Fools: for there
 are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest men,
 and hang up them.
Wife. Now God help thee, poor Monkey :
 But how wilt thou do for a Father ?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
 would not it were a good signe, that I should quickly
 have a new Father.
Wife. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st ?
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Bless you fair Dame : I am not to you known,
 Though in your state of honour I am perfect ;
 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
 If you will take a homely man's advice,
 Be not found here : hence with your little ones :
 To fright you thus, Me thinks I am too savage :
 To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
 I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*
Wife. Whither should I flie ?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world : where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say I had done no harm ?
 What are these faces ?
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your Husband ?
Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shag-car'd Villain.
Mur. What you Egg ?
 Young fry of treachery ?
Son. He has kill'd me Mother,
 Run away I pray you. *Exit, crying Murder.*

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword: and like good men,
Beside our downfall Birthdome: each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an Imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpoise;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did find my doubts
Why in that rawness left you Wife, and Children?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs
The Title is afear'd. Fare thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrant's Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Macb. I grant him Bloudy,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sudden, Malicious, smoaking of every sinne
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness: Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o're-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath been
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing Danies enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Poisons to fill up your will
Of your mere Own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay had I power I should
Pour the sweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O *Scotland, Scotland!*

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloudy Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his breed? thy Royal Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queen that bore thee,
Often upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Hath banisht me from Scotland. O my Breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Child of Integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devillish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power : and modest Wisdome plucks me
From over-credulous haste : but God above
Deal between thee and me ; For even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeake mine own detraction. Here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my Nature, I am yet
Unknown to women, never was forswore,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my self, what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command :
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth ?
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you ?

Doct. I Sir : there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in *England*,
I have seen him doe : How he solicits heaven
Himself best knows : but strangely visited people
Allswolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction : with this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See who comes here.

Mal. My Countreyman : but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, the means that makes us strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did ?

Ross. Alas poor Countrey,
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave ; where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile :
Where sighes and groans, and shrieks that rent the air

Are made, not mark'd : Where violent sorrow seems
A Modern extasie : the Dead-man's knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e're they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation ; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife ?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how gos't ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my belief witness the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot,
Now is the time of help : your eye in *Scotland*
Would create Souldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither : Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they,
The general cause, or is it a Fee-grief
Due to some single Breast ?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your eares despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh : I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd : your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heaven :
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your brows :
Give sorrow words ; the grief that do's not speak,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too ?

Ros. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ? My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones ?
Did you say All ? O Hell-Kite ! All ?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damm
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so.

But

But I must also feel it as a man ;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me : Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strook for thee : Naught that I am ,
Not for their own demerits , but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword , let grief
Convert to anger : blunt not the heart , enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with nine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission : Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my self
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly :
Come go we to the King , our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments : Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two Nights watch'd with you , but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last
walk'd ?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field , I have
seen her rise from her bed , throw her Night-Gown up-
on her , unlock her Closet , take forth Paper , fold it,
write upon't , read it , afterwards seal it , and again re-
turn to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature , to receive at
once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking , and other
actual performances , what (at any time) have you heard
her say ?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness
to confirm my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes : This is her very guise , and up-
on my life fast asleep ; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why it stood by her : she has light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now ?

Look how she rubbs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her , to seem
thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in
this a quarter of an hour.

Lad. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark , she speaks , I will set down what comes
from her , to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot : out I say. One : Two : Why
then 'tis time to do't : Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord , fie,
a Souldier, and afeard ? what need we fear ? who knows
it, when none can call our power to account : yet who

would have thought the old man to have had so much
bloud in him.

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lad. The *Thane of Fife*, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands ne're be clean ? No more o'that
my Lord , no more o'that : you marre all with star-
ting.

Doct. Goto, go to :

You have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not , I am sure
of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

La. Here's the smell of bloud still : all the perfumes
of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for
dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise : yet I have
known those which have walkt in their sleep , who have
died holyly in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands , put on your Night-Gowne,
look not so pale : I tell you yet again *Banquo's* buried ;
he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the Gate :
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : What's
done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad : unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :
More needs she the Divine , then the Physician :
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her : So good night :
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Souldiers.*

Men. The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neer *Byrnam* wood

Shall we meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Lenox. For certain Sir, he is not : I have a File

Of all the Gentry ; there is *Seyward's* Son,

And many unruff Youths, that even now

Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly Fortifies,
Some say he's mad : Others, that lesser hates him,
Do call it valiant Fury , but for certain

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now do'es he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne.
It self, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds
Make we our March towards Birnam. *Exeunt Marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolme?
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
Shall e're have power upon thee. Then flye false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damne thee black, thou cream-fac'd Loon:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villain?

Ser. Souldiers sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soul, those linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear. What Souldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fain into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,
And that which should accompany Old Age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of Friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Mac. I'll fight, till from my bones, my flesh is hackt.

Give me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skir the Country round,
Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her from that:
Canst thou not Minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raife out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuff bosome, of that perillous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must Minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine Armor on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cæny, or what Purgative drug
Would scour these English hence: hearst thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnam Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Mac-
duffe, Seywards Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Souldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cousin I hope the dayes are near at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of Birnam.

Malc. Let every souldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our best Censures
Before the true event, and put we on

Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Souldiers, with
Drum and Dolours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn: Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?

A cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a Night-shrick, and my Fell of hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouze, and stir
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, have lighted Fooles
The way to study death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My Gracious Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I look'd toward *Byrnam*, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming.
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till *Byrnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunfinane*, and now a Wood

Comes toward *Dunfinane*. Arme, arme, and out,
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with Harnes on our back. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drum and Colours.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now near enough:
Your Leavy Screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble son,
Lead our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clamorous Harbingers of blood, & death. *Exeunt.*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Sey. The Devill himself could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

Y. Sey. Thou liest thou abhorred tyrant, with my sword
I'll prove the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward's slain,

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn.
Brandish'd by man thar's of a Woman born. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slain, and with no stroak of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to bear their Staves; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Scems

Seems bruited. Let me find him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred :
The tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum.*
Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword, thou bloudiet Villain
Then tearmes can give the out. *Fight, Alarums.*

Macb. Thou lofest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Aire
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Dispair thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so ;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man :
And be these Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our eare,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse,
Though *Byrnam* Wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield : Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.
Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours.
Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Souldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.

Sey. Some must go off : and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your noble Son.

Ross. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers debt,
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Ross. I, and brought off the Field : your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before.

Ross. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he :
Had I as many sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hail King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Usurpers curs'd head : the time is free :
I see thee compass't with thy Kingdomes Pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland.

All. Hail King of Scotland. *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before you reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be plant'd newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull tyranny,
Producing forth the cuell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen ;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her life. This, and what needfull else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Qqq 2

THE



The Tragedy of HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me : Stand and unfold
your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most chearfully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to Bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewell honest Souldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Barnardo has my place: give you good night.

Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*; welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night.

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes, 'tis but our phantasie,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yon same Star, that's westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven.

Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*
Look where it comes again.

Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speak to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march: By heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay: speak; speak: I charge thee, speak.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*? You tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more then fantasie?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self,

Such was the Armor he had on,
When th'ambitious *Norway* combatted:
So fround he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Polax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my opinion,
This boads some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toils the subject of the Land,
And why such daily cast of Brazon Cannon
And forraign Mart for Implements of War:
Why such impresse of Shipwrights, whose fore Task
Dost not divide the Sunday from the week,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joynt-labourour with the day:
Who ist that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At least the whisper goes so : Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(There to prick'd on by a most emulate pride)
Dai'd to the Combate. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*, who by a seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now fir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a List of Landleffe Resolutes,
For food and Dyet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appear unto our State)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And termes compulsative, those foresaid Lands
So by his father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the main motive of our Preparations,
The sourse of this our Watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold : Lo, where it comes again :
I'll crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak 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 avoid) Oh speak.
Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death)
Speak of it. Stay, and speak. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do if it will not stand,

Barn. 'Tis here

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majestical
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Barn. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of Day : and at his warning.
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Aire,
Th'extravagant and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long :
And (they say) no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No fairy talks, nor Witch hath power to Channe :

So hollow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But look, the Morn in Ruffet Mantle clad,
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eastern hill,
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This spirit dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Clandius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the
Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Si-
ster Ophelia, Lords Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brothers death,
The Memory be green : and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe :
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperial Joyntrousse of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to wife ; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdomes, which have freely gone
With this affair along, for all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late dear Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagu'd with the dream of his Advantage ;
He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

Now for our self, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein. In that he Levies,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjeet : and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further personal power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow :
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you ?

You told us of some suit. What is't *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And loose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking ?
 The head is not more Native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Then is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France.
 From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again towards *France*,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon,

King. Have you your Fathers leave ?
 What sayes *Polonius*.

Pol. He hath my Lord :

I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will :

But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Son ?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun,

Que. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*,
 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
 Seek for thy Noble Father in the dust ;
 Thow know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be ;

Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Madam ? Nay, it is : I know not Seems :
 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suits of solemne Black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shews of Grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play :
 But I have that Within, which passeth shew ;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your Father :
 But you must know, your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filial Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unanly grief,
 It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An Understanding simple, and unschool'd :
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peevish Opposition
 Take it to heart ? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common theam
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that died to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
 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 dearest Father bears his Son,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going back to School in *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrogarde to our desire :

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefeft Courtier Cofin, and our Son.

Que. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet* :
 I prethee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply.
 Be as our self in *Denmark*, Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the heavens shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Fleish, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew :
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, O God ?
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seems to me all the uses of this world ?
 Fie on't ? Oh fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
 That grows to Seed : things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meerly. That it should come to this :
 But two months dead : Nay, not so much ; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre : so loving to my Mother,
 That he might not between the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember : why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
 Let me not think on't : Frailty, thy name is woman :
 A little Month, or ere those shoos were old,
 With which she followed my poor Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all tears. Why she, even she,
 (O heaven ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
 My fathers brother : but no more like my father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Month ?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend,
 I'll change that name with you :
 And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?

Marcellus.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you : good even sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*.

Hor. A Truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would have your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To take it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no Truant :
But what is your affair in *Elseneur* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me (fellow Student)
I think it was to see my Mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followeth hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: the Funeral Bak'd meats,
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage tables ;
Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven,
E're I had ever seen that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my Lord ?

Ham. In my mindseye (*Horatio*)

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I should not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ? Who ?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear : till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heavens love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn March
Goes slow and stately : By them thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length ; whilst they be still'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecy 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 upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addresse
It self to motion, like as it would speak :
But even then, the morning Cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honorable Lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch to night ?

Both. We do my Lord ?

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his *Beaver* up.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like : staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer. (dred.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly ?

Hor. It was, I have seen it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
I'll speak to it, though hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight ;
Let it be trebble in your silence still :
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue ;
I will require your loves ; so, fare ye well :
Upon the Platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you : farewell.

My fathers spirit in Armes ? All is not well :
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come ;
Till then sit still my soul ; foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbarck'd, farewell :
And sister, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant ; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you,

Ophe. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud ;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;
Forward, not permanent ; sweet, not lasting
The suppliance of a minute ; No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more :
For nature creffant does not grow alone,
In thews and Bulk : but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his fear : but you must fear

His

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his own:
 For he himself is subject to his Birth:
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for, on his choyce depends
 The sanctity and health of the whole State.
 And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voyce and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
 It fits your wisdome so far to believe it;
 As he in his peculiar Sect and force
 May give his saying deed: which is no further,
 Then the main voice of *Denmark* goes withall.
 Then weigh that losse your honor may sustain,
 If with two credent ear you list his Songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaistred importunity.

Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear Sister,
 And keep within the rear of your affection;
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maide is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it self escapes not calumnious stroaks,
 The Canker galls the infant of the Spring
 Too oft before the Buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Ophe. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilest like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
 Himself, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
 A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polon. Yet here *Laertes*? Aboard, aboard for shame,
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 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 unproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul, with hoops of steel:
 But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
 Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in
 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear; but few thy voice:
 Take each mans censure: but reserve thy judgement:
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 And they in *France* of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For Loan oft loses both it self and friend:
 A borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all; to thine own self be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farwell: my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis my memory lockt,

And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What is't *Ophelia*, he said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the *L. Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you your self

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous,
 If it be so, as so it is put on me;

And that in way of caution: I must tell you,

You do not understand your self so clearly,

As it behooves my Daughter, and your honour.

What is between you, give me up the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speak like a green Girle,
 Unstifted in such perillous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
 That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not startling. Tender your self more dearly;
 Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honorable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 My Lord, with all the vows of heaven.

Polon. I, Springs to catch Woodcocks. I do know
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Gives the tongue vows: these blasés, daughter,
 Giving more light then heat; extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, 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 *Hamlet*,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are Broakers,
 Not of the eye, which their investments shew:
 But meer implorators of unholy Suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain termes, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 Look too't, I charge you; come your way.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shrew'dly: it is very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and eager aire.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No; it ha's strook.

(season,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes near the
 Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

What

What do's this mean my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassels, and the swaggering upspring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry is't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born: It is a custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance,

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us:
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearse'd in death,
Have burst their Cearments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat steel,
Reviv'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous? and we fools of Nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our souls,
Say, why is this, wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost Beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckens you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what curteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means,

Ham. It will not speak: then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a Pins fee?
And for my soul what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it self:
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse? think of it.

Ham. It wafts me still: go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go,

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in his body,
As hardy as the Nemean Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me Gentlemen:
By heav'n, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, go on, I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no
Ghost. Mark me. (further.)

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit.
Doom'd for a certain terme to walk the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in fiers,
Till the foul crimes done in my dayes of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-house;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freez thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starrs, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like Quills upon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

Ham. Oh heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Gho. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste, haste me to know it,
That I with wings as swift
As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May sweep to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weed
That rots it self in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now *Hamlet* hear:
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick soul: mine Uncle?

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath traiterous gifts,
Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce? Won to his shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen:
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
Upon a Wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though Ledwnesse court it in a shape of heaven:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will seat it self in a Celestial bed, and prey in Garbage.

But

But soft, me thinks I sent the mornings Aire:
Brief let me be: sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoon;
Upon my secure hour thy Uncle stole
With juyce of curfed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine ears did pour
The leaporous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The natural Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholsome bloud: so did it mine
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruft,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once dispatcht:
Cut off even in the blossomes of my Sin,
Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest,
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind: nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosome lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worme shews the Matine to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet*: remember me.

Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of heaven! Oh Earth; what else?
And shall I couple hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant Old;
But bear me stiffly up: remember thee?
I, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All saws of books, all formes, all pressuures past,
That youth and observation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and Volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by heaven:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!
My Tables, my Tables: meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*;
So Uncle there you are: now to my word;
It is; adieu, adieu, Remember me: I have sworn't.

Hor. & *Mar.* within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter *Horatio* and *Marcellus*.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heaven secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret? (think it?)

Both. I, by heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne're a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Grave to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th'right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You as your businesse and desires shall point you:
For every man has businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offended you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily:

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision here:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O're-master't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Gho. Swear. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, say'st thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come on, you hear this fellow in the selleridge.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose my oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*? Then we'll shift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen.

And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't work i'th'ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friend.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger bid it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never so help you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I bear my self:
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick 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 speak; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,

That

That you know ought of me ; this not to do :
So grace and mercy at your most need help you :
Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : so Gentlemen,
With all my love commend me to you ;
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lack : let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joynt : Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to see it right.
Nay, come, let's go together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him his money, and those notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvels wisely : good *Reynoldo*.
Before you visit him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said :

Very well said. Look you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris* ;
And how, and who ; what means ; and where they keep :
What company, at what expence : and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son : Come you more near
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Do you mark this *Reynoldo* ?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord,

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well ;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wilde ;
Addicted so and so ; and there put on him
What forgeries you please : marry, none so rank,
As may dishonor him : take heed of that :
But sir, such wanton, wilde, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing. You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge ;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency ;
That's not my meaning ; but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaim'd bloud of general assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you do this ?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working :
Mark you your party in converse ; him you would sound,
Having ever seen. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence :
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then sir do's he this ?

He do's : what was I about to say ?
I was about to say nothing : where did I leave ?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence :
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or 'tother day ;
Or then, or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouse,
Their falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sail ;

Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now ;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth ;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach
With Windleses, and with assaies of Byas,
By indirections find directions out :
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my son ; you have me, have you not ?

Reynol. My Lord, I have.

Polon. God buy you ; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your self.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musick.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell :

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the Name of Heaven ?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
To speak of horrors : he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy love ?

Ophe. My Lord, I do not know : but truly I do fear it.

Polon. What said he ?

Ophe. He took me by the wrist.

Then goes he to the length of all his Arme ;
And with his other hand, thus o're his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of my arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoors he went without their help ;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very extasie of Love,
Whose violent property foredoes it self,

And

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am sorry,
What have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee: but beshrew my jealousy:
It seems it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come go we to the King,
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to bide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrosse, and Guildenstare cum aliis.

King. Welcome dear *Rosencrosse* and *Guildenstare*.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him:
So much from th'understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humor,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedy,

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures, more into command
Then to Entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosencrosse*, and gentle *Guildenstare*.

Que. Thanks *Guildenstare* and gentle *Rosencrosse*,
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much changed son.

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises,
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exeunt.*

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good News.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, so be sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My News shall be the News to that great Feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your sons distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in brief) obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th'assay of armes against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Cronws in annual Fee,
And his commission to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the Polak:
With an intreaty herein further shewn,
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 set down.

King. It likes us well:
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this Businesse.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-look't labor.
Go to your rest, at night we'll Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambas.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Brevity is the soul of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your Noble Son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use 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 use no Art.

Mad

Mad let us grant him then : and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, 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, whilst she is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, marke,
Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beauti-
fied Ophelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase : but you shall hear these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sun doth move :

Doubt Truth to be a Liar,

But never Doubt, I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers : I have not
Art to reckon my groanes ; but that I love thee best, oh
most Best believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shew'd me :
And more above hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What doe you think of me ?

King. As of a man, faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so, But what might you think?

When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the Deske or Table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight,
What might you think ? No, I went round to work,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeak ;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This must not be : and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens :
Which done, she took the fruits of my Advice,
And he repulsed, a short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Doe you think 'tis this ?

Quee. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes four houres together, here

In the Lobby.

Quee. So he has indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'le loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he love her not,
And be not from his reason faine thereon ;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keep a Farme and Carters,

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Quee. But look where sadly the poor wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I doe beseech you, both away,
I'le boord him presently. *Exit King and Queen.*

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a *Fishmonger*.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

Ham. I, Sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to be
one pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
being a good kissing Carrion-----

Have you a Daughter ?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk ith' Sun : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend
look too't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my Daugh-
ter : yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a *Fishmon-
ger* : he is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth, I
suffered much extremity for love : very near this. I'le
speak to him again. What doe you read, my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Between whom ?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir : for the Satyricall slave sayes here,
that old men have gray Beards ; that their faces are wrin-
kled ; their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme : and that they have a plentifull lock of Wit.
together with weak Hammes. All which, Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not
Honesty to have it thus set down : For you yourself,
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 ayre, my Lord ?

Ham. Into my Grave ?

Pol. Indeed that is our oth' Ayre :

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are ?
A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanity could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And suddenly contrive the meanes of meeting
Between him, and my Daughter.

My honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

R r r

Ham.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Polon. You go to seek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Rosincros and Guildenstar.

Rosin. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most dear Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How dost thou *Guildenstar*? Oh, *Rosincros*, good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

Rosin. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. Whats the newes.

Rosin. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day near: but your newes is not true. Let me question inore in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. *Denmark's* a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o' th' worst.

Rosin. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerly the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it self is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs, and out stretcht Heroes, the Beggars shadowes: shall we to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speak to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elfsnoore*?

Rosin. To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halspenny; were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale justly with me: come, come; nay speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks; which your modesties have not craft enough to colour, I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of your fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the King and Queen: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre look you this brave o're-hanging, this Majestickall Roof, fretted with golden fire; why, it appeared no other thing to me, then a foule and peitilient congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; und yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To think my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target: The Lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled ath' sere: and the Lady shall say her mind freely; or the blank Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they travell? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I think their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: these are now the fashion,

fashion, and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers doe them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Rosin. Faith there has been much to doe on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Doe the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they doe my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange for mine Unkle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophy could find it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Gild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsinore*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unkle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen,

Ham. Heark you *Guildestar*, and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will Prophesie, He comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right, Sir: for a Munday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have newes to tell you, When *Roscius* an Actor in *Rome*-----

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse-----

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall; Tragicall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scène indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not ith' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot? and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: the first row of the *Pans Chançon* will shew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends. Oh my old friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to heard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Mistress? Berlady your Lordship is nearer heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voyce, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters, you are all welcome: we'll c'ne to't like *French* Faulconers, flye at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cantary* to the Generall: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scènes, set down with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallers in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honest method. One chief speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Aneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th *Hyrcean* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes Black as he purpose, did the night resemble When his lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and black Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismal: head to foot Now is he to take Geules, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons, Bak'd and impasted, with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o'refizd with coagulate gore, Witheyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Play.* Anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greeks. His antick Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lies where it falls Repugnant to command: unequall match, *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'unnerved father falls. Then senselesse *Illium*, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoops to his Bace, and with a hideous crash Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milky head Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd ith' Aire to Rick:

R r r 2

So

So as a Tirant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And lik'd a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the Rack stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed Vengeance sets him new a work,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*,
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you gods,
In generall Synod take away her power :
Break all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And bowle the round Nave down the hill of heaven.
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is two long.

Ham. It shall to th' Barbers with your Beard. Pre-
thee say on : He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Bawdry, or he
sleeps. Say on ; come to *Hecuba*.

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the Mobled Queen.

Ham. The Mobled Queen ?

Pol. That's good : Mobled Queen is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot up and down,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheume : a clout about that head,
VVhere late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o're-teamed Loynes,
A Blanket in th' alarum of fear caught up.
VVho this had seen, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
Gainst fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd ?
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
VVhen she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes.
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Unless things mortall meant them not all)
VVould have made milche the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his colour, and
has teares in's Eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.
Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd.
Doe ye hear, let them be well us'd : for they are the ab-
stracts, and brief 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 use them according to their de-
sert.

Ham. Godsbodykins man, better. Use every man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping : use
them after your own Honour and Dignity. The lesse
they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take
them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Exit Polonius.

Ham. Follow him friends : we'll hear a Play to mor-
row. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago* ?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which
I would set down, and insert in't ? Could ye not ?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you
mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night,
you are welcome to *Elfinore*.

Rein. Good my Lord.

Manet Hamlet.

Exeunt.

Ham. I so, god buy'ye : Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pezant slave am I ?
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his Soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd ;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With formes, to his conceit ? and all for nothing ?
For *Hecuba* ?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her ? what would he doe,
Had he the motive and the Cue for passion
That I have, he would drown the 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-metled Rascall, peake
Like *John-a-deames*, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing : No, not for a King,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward ?
Who calls me Villain ? breaks my pate a-crosse ?
Plucks off my Beard, and blowes it in my face ?
Tweaks me by th' Nose, gives me the Lye ith' Throat,
As deep as to the Lungs ? who does me this ?
Ha ? Why should I take it ? for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloody : a Bawdy villain,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindlesse villain !
Oh Vengeance !
Who ? what an Ass am I ? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Son of the dear murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion ? Fye upon't. Foh. About my Brain.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been struck so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ. I'll have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll rent him to the quick : if he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weaknesse, and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More Relative then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
sincros, Guildenstar, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he fees himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloof:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state,

Quee. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
Weo're-took on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall, my Lord,

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my self (lawfull espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th'affliction of his love, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you:

And for your part, *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnesse: so shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves: Read on this Book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The Devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheek beautied with plaistring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed, to my most painted word,
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleep
No more: and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks

That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreames may come,
When he hath shuffled off this mortall coyle,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turn away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Horizons
Be all my sins remembered.

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Ophe. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these again, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce
then your honesty?

Ham. I truly: for the power of beauty, will sooner
transforme honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness.
This was sometimes a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proof. I did love you once.

Ophe. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of
it. I loved you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
te, my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, re-
vengefull. Ambitious, with more offenses at my beck,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to act them in. What should such

Fellowes. as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no way, but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophe. O help him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou do'st Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wife men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prating too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your self another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisse, and nick-name Gods Creatures, and make your wantonnesse, your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall, the rest shall keep as they are, To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble mind is here o're-thrown?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollars? Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down.
I am of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honey of his Musick Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Sovraign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd fortune and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule,
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination.

Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countreys different
With variable Objects, shall expell

This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well. But yet do I believe
The Origin and Commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*?

You need not tell u, what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Grievs: let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To *England* send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdoms best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirl-wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothnesse. O it offends me to the Soule, to see a robustious Perriwig-parted fellow, tear a Passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shewes, and noyse: I could have such a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herods Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the word, the word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you o're-stop not the modesty of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his form and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must in your allowance o're-sway a whole Theatre of others, Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more then is set down for them. For there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, and shews a most pittifull Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready. *Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencros, and Guildenstar.

How now, my Lord?
Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'ne as just a man
As e're my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue hast, but thy good spirits

To feed and cloathe thee. Why should the poor be flat-
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pomp, (ter'd ?
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining ? Dost thou hear,
Since my dear Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that fortune buffets, and rewards
Hath tane with equall thanks. And blest are those,
Whose blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger.
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will wear him
In my hearts Core : I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prethee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
Even with the Comment of my Soule
Observe mine Unkle : if his occulted guilt,
Do not it self unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen :
And my imaginations are as soule
As *Vulcan's* Styth. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joyn,
To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well, my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil't this Play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincros, Guildenstar, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares my Cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the *Camelions* dish : I eat
the Aire 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
ith' University, you say ?

Polon. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a
good Actor

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Polon. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd ith' *Capitoll* : *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruit part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Calf there. Be the Players ready ?

Rosin. I, my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Quee. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Polon. Oh ho, doe you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your Lap ?

Ophe. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your Lap ?

Ophe. I, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters ?

Ophe. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids Legs.

Ophe. What is, my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord ?

Ham. Who I ?

Ophe. I, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker : what should
a man doe, but be merry. For look you how cheerfully
my Mother looks, and my Father di'd within's two
houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then let the Devil wear black,
for I'll have a Suit of Sables. Oh heavens ! dye two
moneths ago, and not forgotten yet ? then there's hope,
a great mans Memory may out-live his life half a year :
But berlady he must build Churches then : or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose
Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him. She kneeles ; and makes shew of Protection unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and poures poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queen returns, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away : The Poysoner woos the Queen with Gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.

Ophe. What means this, my Lord ?

Ham. Marry this is *Miching Malicho*, that means
Mischief.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play ?

Ham. We shall know by these fellowes : the Players
cannot keep counsell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. VVill they tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not
you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, I'll make the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency ;
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring ?

Ophe. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King, and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground :
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen,
About the world have time, twelve thirties been,
Since Love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite co-mutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Quee. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o're, ere love be done.

But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So farre from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (My Lord) it nothing must :
For womens Fear and Love, holds quantity,

In neither ought, or in extremity :
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fixt, my fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too :
My operant Powers my functions leave to doe
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
For Husband shalt thou-----

Quee. Oh confound the rest :
Such Love must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Quee. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we break ;
Purpose is but the slave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity :
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt :
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy :
Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament ;
Grief joyes, Joy grieves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd makes friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ?
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates doe so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed.
But dye thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor Earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night :
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy :
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworn ;
Sweet, leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain.

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play ?

Quee. The Lady protests too much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word,

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Of-

fence in' world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mousetrap : Marry how ? Tropically :
This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna* : *Gon-
zago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see
anon : 'tis a knavish piece of work : but what o' that ?
Your Majesty, and we that have free soules, it touches us
not : let the gall'd jade winch : our withers are unwrung,

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Cborus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love :
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands,

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Re-
venge.

Lucian. Thoughts black, hands apt,
Drugs fir, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecates* Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magick, and dire property,
On wholesome life, usurp immediately.

Poures the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him ith' Garden for's estate : His
names *Gonzago* : the Story is extant, and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Quee. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away,

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Heart ungalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleep ?
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest
of my fortunes turn Turk with me ; with two Provin-
ciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a
cry of Players, fir.

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know : Oh *Damon* dear,
This Realme dismantled was of *Jove* himself,
And now reigns here,
A very very Pajock.

Hora. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poysoning ?

Hora. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincros and Guildenstar.

Ham. Oh, ha ? come some Musick. Come the Recorders
For if the King like not the Comedy.
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some Musick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I, sir, what of him.

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to signifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandement: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits disteas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behaviour hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mother admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speak with you in her Closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I doe still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely bar the door of your own Liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himself, for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. I, but while the grassie growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see to withdraw with you, why doe you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a coile?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I doe not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: govern these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Look you, these are the stops.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play upon me: you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my compasse: and there is much Musick, excellent Voyce, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why doe you think, that I am easier to be plaid on then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Doe you see that Cloud, thats almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By th' Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me friends: 'Tis now the very witching time of night, When Church yards yawn, and Hell it self breathes out Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter businesse as the day Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my Mother: Oh heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever The Soule of Nero enter this firm bosome: Let me be cruell, not unnaturall, I will speak Daggers to her, but use none: My tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites. How in my words somever she be shent, To give them scales, never my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincros, and Guildenstar.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us, To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you, The termes of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide: Most holy and Religious fear it is To keep those many bodies safe That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Rosin. The single And peculiar life is bound With all the strength and Armour of the minde, To keep it self from noyance: but much more, That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests The lives of many, the cease of Majesty Dies not alone: but like a Gulf doth draw What's near it, with it, It is a massie wheele Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount, To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd: which when it falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone Did the King sigh, but with a generall groan.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedy Voyage; For we will Fetters put upon this fear,

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet :
Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
To hear the Proceſſe. I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-hear
The ſpeech of vantage, Fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

Oh my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brothers murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will :
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect ; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelf with brothers blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as Snow ? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence ?
And whats in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerve my turn ? Forgive me my foule Murther :
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen :
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences guilded hand may ſhove by Juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buyes out the Law ; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our ſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and fore-head of our faults,
To given in evidence. What then ? what reſts ?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched ſtare ? oh boſome, black as death !
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd : Help Angels, make aſſay :
Bow ſtubborn knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't, and ſo he goes to heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd : that would be ſcann'd,
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Son, doe this ſame Villain ſend
To heaven. O this is hire and Sallery, not Revenge.
He took my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſave heaven :
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heavy with him : and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage ? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunk aſleep : or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuons pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome aſt
That has no relliſh of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kick at heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly dayes.

Exit.

King. My words flye up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.

Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight :

Look you lay home ro him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſoree'nd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'ne here :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Quee. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the matter ?

Que. Hamlet, thou haſt thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Que. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Come, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.

Quee. Why how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Quee. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the Rood, not ſo :

You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.

Quee. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down, you ſhall not
budge :

You go not till I ſet up a glaſſe.

Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you ?

Quee. What wilt thou doe ? thou wilt not murder me ?
Help, help, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, help, help, help.

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am ſlain.

Kills Polonius.

Quee. Oh me, haſt thou done ?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King ?

Quee. Oh what a raſh and blood deed is this ?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Quee. As kill'd a King ?

Ham. I, Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy Betters, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe ;
If damned Cuſtome have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwarke againſt Senſe.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy
In noyſe ſo rude againſt me ?

(tongue,

Ham. Such an Aſt

That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſty,
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the fair fore-head of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. O ſuch a Deed,

As

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet Religion makes
A rapsody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse.
With tristfull visage as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Aye me, what act, that roares so loud, and
thunders in the Index.

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of *Jove* himself,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command
A Station like the Herald *Mercury*,
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Look you now what followes.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd Deer
Blasting his wholsome breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? What Devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy blush? *Rebellious Hell*,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let *Virtue* be as wax.
And melt in her own fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive *Ardure* gives the charge,
Since Frost it self, as actively doth burn,
As Reason panders *VVill*.

Quee. O *Hamlet*, speak no more.
Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such black and grained spots.
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the nasty *Stye*.

Quee. Oh speak to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelf, the precious *Diadem* stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Quee. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me: and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. *VVhat* would you gracious figure?

Quee. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Doe not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O step between her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works.

Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Quee. Alas, how is't with you?

That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the Corporall ayre doe hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'Alarme,
Your bedded hair, like life in Excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. *VVhereon* doe you look?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he glares,
His form and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
VVould make them capable. Doe not look upon me,
Least with this pittious action you convert
My stern effects: then what have I to doe,
VVill want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Quee. To whom doe you speak this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Quee. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Quee. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. *VVhy* look you there: look how it steales away;
My Father in his habite, as he lived.

Look where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Quee. This is the very coynage of your brain,
This bodiless Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull Musick. It is not madnesse
That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
VVould gamboll from, Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering *Unction* to your soule,
That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speaks:
It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
Whilst rank Corruption running all within,
Infects unseen. Confesse your self to heaven,
Repent whats past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the Compost or the Weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my *Virtue*,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times,
Virtue it self, of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe, and wooe, for leave to doe him good.

Quee. Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to mine Unkle's bed,
Assume a *Virtue*, if you have it not, refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,
I doe repent: but heaven hath 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 again, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Quee. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you doe:
Let the blunt King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or

Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who thats but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would doe so?
No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy,
Unpeg the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try Conclusions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Que. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Quee. Alack, I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the Guts into the Neighbour room;
Mother, good night. Indeed this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaves
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Son?

Quee. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Quee. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse-fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed.
It had been so with us had we been there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This Mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let's it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Quee. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettalls base
Shewes it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Rosincros, and*
Ho Guildenstar: *Guildenstar.*
Friends both, go joyn you with some further aide:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mothers Closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haste in this. *Exit. Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we mean to doe,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noyse? who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh here they come. *Enter Rosincros, and Guildenstar.*

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not believe it.

Rosin. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsell, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what repli-
cation should be made by the Son of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. I, sir, that fokes up the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers doe the King
best service in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape in
the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing
you, and Sponge you shall be dry again.

Rosin. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing-----

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and
all after. *Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd:
But nearer the offence: to bear all smooth, and even,
This sudden sending him away, must seem
Deliberate pawse, diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincros.*

How now? what hath befalln?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your plea-
sure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildenstar*? bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstar.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
tain convocation of Wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperor for diet. We eat all creatures else
to fat us, and we eat our selves for Magots. Your fat
King and your lean Beggar is but variable service, two
dishes, but to one Table, that's the end.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress through the gut of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place your self: but indeed, if you find him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'rill ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thy self, The Bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees him: but come, for England. Farewell dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife: Man and Wife is one flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot, Tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night. Away, for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on th'Affair, pray you make haste. And England, if my love thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set Our Sovereign Process, which imports at full By letters conjuring to that effect The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, For like the Hedstick in my bloud he rages, And thou must cure me: 'till I know 'tis done, How-e're my haps, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go Captain, from me to the *Danish* King, Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras* Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendevouz: If that his Majesty would ought with us, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her mood will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she heares There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt, That carry but half sense: Her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to Collection; they aim at it, And both the words up fit to their own thoughts, Which at her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, Indeed would make one think there would be thoughts

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with, For she may strow dangerous conjectures In ill breeding minds. Let her come in To my sick Soul (as sin's true nature is) Each toy seems Prologue, to some great amiss, So full of Artless jealousy is guilt, It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Qu. How now Ophelia.

Oph. How should I your true love know from another By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon, (one?)

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay pray you mark. He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, At his head a grass-green Turfe, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia,

Oph. Pray you mark. White his Shroud as the Mountain-Snow.

Qu. Alas, look here my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers: Which be-wept to the grave did not go, With True-love flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was a Baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this: To-morrow is *S. Valentine's* day, all in the morn betime, And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, and dup'd the chamber dore.

Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed I? without an oath, I'll make an end on't. By *Gis*, and by *S. Charity*:

Alack, an fie for shame.

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha done, by yonder Sun,

And thou had'st not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th'cold ground: My Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Give her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poison of deep grief, it springs

All from her Father's death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,

When Sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in Battels. First, her Father slain,

Next your son gone, and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: the people muddied,

Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,

For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly,

In hugger mugger to interr him. Poor *Ophelia*

Divided from her self, and her fair judgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts,
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keeps on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Where in necessity of matter Beggar'd
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Que. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?

Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
 Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste
 Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,
 O're-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, Custome not known,
 The Ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King.
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
 Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How chearfully on the false Trail they cry,
 Oh this is the Counter, you false Danish Doggs.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, Sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you: Keep the door.

Oh thou vild King, give me my father.

Quee. Calmely, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
 Proclaims me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
 Even here between the chaste unsmitted brow
 Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes,
 That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
 Let him go Gertrude: Do not fear our person:
 There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
 Why art thou thus incens'd? Let him go Gertrude,
 Speak man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be Juggl'd with
 To hell Allegiance: Vows, to the blackest Devil.
 Conscience and Grace, to the Profoundest Pit.
 I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what comes: only I'll be reveng'd
 Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world.
 And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear father's death, if writ in your revenge,
 That Soop-stake you will draw both friend and foe,
 Winner and Loofer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican, (Armes,
 Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now? what noise is that?
 Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your Father's death,
 And am most sensible in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your Judgement pierce
 As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

Oh heat dry up my brains, teares even times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye.
 By heaven thy madness shall be paid by weight,
 'Till our Scale turns the beam. Oh Rose of May,
 Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet Ophelia:
 Oh heavens, is't possible, a young Maid's wits,
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of it self
 After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.

Hey non noney, noney, hey noney:

*And on his grave rains many a tear,
 Fare you well my Dove.*

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
 venge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing down a-down, and you call him
 a-down-a. Oh, how the wheels become? It is the
 false Steward that stole his Master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance
 Pray Love remember: and there's Pancies, that's for
 Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
 brance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines: there's
 Rew for you, and here's some for me. We may call it
 Herb-Grace a Sundayes: Oh you must wear your Rue
 with a difference. There's a Daffie, I would give you some
 Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed:
 They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it self:
 She turns to favour; and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never will come again.

His Beard as white as Snow.

All Flaxen was his Pole:

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
 Gramercy on his Soul.*

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
 God bu'ye.

Exit Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, you gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right: goe but a-part,

Make

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial:
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
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. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors Sir, they say they have letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Sayl. God blefs you Sir.

Hora. Let him blefs thee too.

Sayl. He shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: it comes from th' Ambassadors that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*: as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give
these fellows some means to the King: They have
Letters for him. E're we were two dayes old at Sea, a Py-
rate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Find-
ing ourselves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Vi-
lour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they
got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner.
They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but
they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for
them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and re-
pair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst flee
death. I have words to speak in your ear, will make thee
dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the
Matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am.
Rosencroß and *Guiltenstar* hold their course for England.
Of them I have as much to tell thee, Farewell.

*He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.*

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimefull, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisdome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seem much unfinewed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his looks: and for my self,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and Soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate termes,
Who was (if praises may go back again)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that,
You must not think
That we are made of stuff, so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more,
I lov'd your father, and we love your self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine -----

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall read them:
Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your King-
ly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto)
recount th' Occasions of my sudden, and more strange re-
turn. *Hamlet.*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character, naked, and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth:
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so?
How otherwise? will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Moneths hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*.
I've seen my self and serv'd against the *French*,
And they ran well oh horse-back; but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he been incorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so far he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did:

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed
And Gemme of all our Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir: This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg,
Your sudden coming over to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
Hamlet come back, what would you undertake,
To shew your self your Father's son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should Murther Sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep close within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword un-baited, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't,

And for that purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
So mortal, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape, if this should fail;
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affai'd; therefore this Project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof: Soft, let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how now sweet Queen.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows aslant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepheards give a grosser name;
But our cold Maids do Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an envious sliwer broke,
When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her cloathes spred wide
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature Native, and deduced
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious by,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

Exit.

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to do to calm his rage?
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clowns.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it
Christian burial.

Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned her self in
her own defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for
here lies the point: If I drown my self wittingly, 'it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act
to do, and to perform; argall she drown'd her self wit-
tingly.

Other. Nay but hear you Goodman *Delver*.

Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good:
here stands the man, good: if the man go to his water
and drown himself: it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark
you that? But if the water come to him and drown him;
he drowns not himself. Argall, he that is not guilty of his
own death, shortens not his own life.

Other. But is this Law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowner's Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian Burial.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitie that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes,

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Armes? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confest thy self-----

Other. Go to.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou do'st ill to say the Gallows is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. To't.

Other. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a far off.

Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull As will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Dooms-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoap of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

me thought it was very sweet,

To contralt O the for a my behove,

O me thought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easiness,

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But Age with his stealing steps

hath caught me in his clutch:

And hath shipped me intill the Land,

as if I never had bin such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the Knave jowles it to th'ground, as if it were *Cain's* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this As o're-Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Worme's, Chap-les, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade, here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,

for and a shrowding-sheet:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillers? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, 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 Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a Woman Sir; but rest her Soul she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord, *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Stf 3

Ham

Ham. Why ?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clo. Faith e'en with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Clo. Why here in *Denmark*: I have been Sexton here, Man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot ?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be rotten before he dye (as we have many pocky Coarces now adayes, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine yeares.

Ham. Why he, more than another ?

Clo. Why Sir, his hide is tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a sore Decayer of your whorson dead body, here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clo. A whorson mad Fellow's it was: Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull Sir, was *Torick's* Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This ?

Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lippes, that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop-fall'n? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord ?

Ham. Do'st thou think *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? Puh.

Hor. E'en so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider: too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelyhood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* dyed: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* reurneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stop a Beer-barrel? Imperial *Cesar*, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, to expell the Winter's flaw. But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they follow,

And with such maimed rights? This doth betoken, The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand, Foredoe it's own life; 'twas some Estate. Cough we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else ?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else ?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd, As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull, And but that great command, o'reswayes the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, 'Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer, Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, should be thrown on her: Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rires, Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead, To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her As to peace-departed Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth, And from her fair and unpolluted flesh, May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest) A Ministring Angel shall my Sister be, When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia* ?

Queen. Sweets, to thee sweet farewell, I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife: I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid) And not to have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible wooer, Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense Depriv'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 dust upon the quick and dead, 'Till of this flat a mountain you have made, To o're-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefs Bears such an Emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wandring Starres, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat; Sir, though I am not spleenative and rash, Yet have I something in me dangerous, Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme. Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son, what Theme ?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers Could not (with all their quantity of love) Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her ?

King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes*.

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy self? Woo't drink up *Eggle*, eat a Crocodile ?

I'll do't. Do'st thou come hither to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, 'till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a Wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present pith.
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let me see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashness for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pause, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin
My Sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold,
(My teares forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
Oh royal knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason:
Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
With hoo, such Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
E're I could make a Prologue to my brains,
They had begun the Play. I fate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A baseness to write fair; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my Purse,
Which was the modell of that *Danish* Seal:
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gav'th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstar* and *Reginocrö*, go to't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment
They are not near my conscience; their debate
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pafs, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon,
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with his arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evil.

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *interim's* mine, and a man's life's no more
Than to say one: but I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The pourtraiture of his; I'll count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick. (mark.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Den-*

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir; do'st know this waterfly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's
Messe; 'tis a Chough; but as I say, spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is
Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osrick.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King Sir has wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poinards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers, or so: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then; but on, six Barbary Horses, against six French Swords: their Assignes and three liberal 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 passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. *Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Comply with his Dug before he suck't it: thus had he and nine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie Age doats on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their Tryals, the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall winne at the oddes; but thou wouldst not think how all here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we desire Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readines is all, since no man has ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be-times?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With sore distraction? What have I done
That might your natures honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*:
If *Hamlet* from himself be tane away:

And when he's not himself, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? His madness? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His Madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose Motive in this case should stir me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
'Till by some elder Masters of known honour,
I have a voice, and president of peace
To keep my name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come on for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foyle *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall like a Star i'th'brightest night.
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give the Foyles young *Osrick*,
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laid the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not fear it,
I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles have all a length.

Prepare to Play.

Ofr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire,
The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the Cupan Union shall he throw
Richer than that, which four successive Kings
In *Denmark's* Crown have worn.

Give

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: again.

King. Stay, give me drink.

Hamlet, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.

Trumpet sound, shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set by a while.

Come: another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our Son shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the Queen there ho.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock

To my Sprindge, *Ofrick*,

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swounds to see them bleed.

Qu. No, no, the drink, the drink,

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,
I am poison'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slain,

No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous
Damned *Dane*.

Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?

Follow my Mother.

King dyes.

Laer. He it justly serv'd.

It is a poison temp'ed by himself:

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;

Mine and my Father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu,

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience at this act:

Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death

Is strict in this Arrest) oh I could tell you,

But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,

Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right

To be unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an Antick *Roman* then a *Dane*:

Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup,

Let go, by heaven I'll hav't.

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,

(Things standing thus unknown) shall live behind me.

If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicitie a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my Story.

March a far off, and shout within.

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Ofrick.

(land,

Ofr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Po*.
To th' Ambassadors of *England* gives this warlike volley.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poison quite o're-crows my spirit,

I cannot live to hear the Newes from *England*.

But I do prophesie th' election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,

So tell him with the occurents more and less,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o. *Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras & English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is the sight?

Hor. What is it you would see;

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on Havock. Oh proud death,

What Feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.

That thou so many Princes at a shoot,

So bloudily hast strook.

Amb. The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from *England* come too late,

The cares are senseless that should give us hearing.

To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

That

That *Rosincroß* and *Guiltenstar* are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you :
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack* warres, and you from *England*
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in his upshot, purposes mistook,
Fal'n on the Inventor's heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are to claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall alwayes cause to speak
And from his mouth
Whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles men's minds are wild,
Lest more mischance

On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let four Captaines
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on
To have prov'd most royally :
And for his passage,
The Souldiers Musick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body ; Such a sight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
Goe, bid the Souldiers shoot.

*Exeunt Marching : after which, a Peale of
Ordnance are shot off.*

F I N I S.





The Tragedy of King L E A R.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes seem to us : But now in the division of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of either moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord ?

Glou. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young Fellows Mother could ; where-upon she grew round womb'd ; and had indeed (Sir) a Son for her Cradle , e're she had a Husband for her Bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot with the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, some year elder then this ; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for : yet was his Mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmond* ?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of *Kent* :

Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine yeares, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France & Burgundy*, *Gloster*

Glou. I shall my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the Map here. Know, that we have divided In three, our Kingdome : and 'tis our fast intent, To shake all cares and business from our Age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwall*, And you our no less loving son of *Albany*,

We have this hour a constant will to publish Our Daughter's several Dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Prince, *France & Burgundy*. Great Rivals in our younger Daughter's Love, Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell my Daughters (Since now we will divest us both of Rule, Interest of Terrority, Cares of State) Which of you shall we say doth love us most, That we, our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*, Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more then word can weild the Dearer then eye-sight, space, and liberty, (matter, Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare, No less then life, with grace, health, beauty, honour : As much as Child e're lov'd, or Father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable, Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speak ? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this Line, to this, With shadowy Forrests, and with Champions rich'd With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meads We make the Lady. To thine and *Albanie's* issues Be this perpetual. What sayes our second Daughter. Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall* ?

Reg. I am made of that self-metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I find she names my very deed of love : Only she comes too short, that I profess My self an enemy to all other joyes, Which the most precious square of sense professes, And find I am alone felicitate In your dear Highness love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*, And yet not so, since I am sure my love's More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever : Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdome, No less in space, validity, and pleasure Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy, Although our last and least ; to whose young love, The Vines of *France*, and Milk of *Burgundy*, Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw A third, more opulent then your Sisters ? speak,

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

Corn. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have
My heart into my mouth : I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Left you may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and most honour you.
Why have my Sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? happily when I shall wed.
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my Love with him, half my Care, and Duty,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, the truth then be thy dowre :
For by the sacred radiance of the Sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night :
By all the operations of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my Paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his Generation Messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*.

Come not between the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight ;
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her ; call *France*, who stirs ?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her :
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by Monthly course
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn, only we shall retain
The name, and all th' addition to a King : the Sway,
Revenut, Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sonnes be yours which to confirm,
This Coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Love'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The Bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man ?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bowes ?
To plainness honour's bound,
When Majesty fall to folly, reserve thy state,
And thy best consideration check

This hideous rashness, answer my life, my judgement :
Thy youngest Daughter do's not love thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverbe no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on my life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies, ne're fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*.

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O Vassal ! Miscreant.

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease, revoke the gift,
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou do'st evil.

Lear. Hear me recreant, on thine allegiance hear me ;
That thou hast sought to make us break our vowes,
Which we durst never yet ; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence, and our power.
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear ;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom ; if the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here ;
The gods to their dear shelter take thee Maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said :
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love :
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a Countrey new. *Exit.*

*Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy
Attendants.*

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We first address toward you, who with this King
Hath rivall'd for our Daughter ; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Love ?

Bur. Most Royal Majesty,
I crave no more then what your Highness offer'd
Nor will you tender less ?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us, we held her so,
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take leave, or leave her.

Bur. Par.

Bur. Pardon me Royal Sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by the power that made
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 beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,
That the who even but now, was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour: sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into Taint; which to believe of her
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I will intend,
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonoured step
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
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 lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not been born, then not t'have pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloof from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is her self a Dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Duteefs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworn, I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father.
That you must loose a Husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
Thee and thy Virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawfull I take up what's cast away,
Gods, gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowreless Daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of warrish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpris'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou loofest here a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundy*.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you,
At fortunes almes, you have obedience scantied,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my fair *Cordelia*. Exeunt *France* & *Cor.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both,
I think our father will hence to night. (with us.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you: next monech

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the obser-
vation we have made of it hath been little: he alwayes
lov'd our Sister most, and with what poor judgement he
hath now cast her off, appears too too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but
slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash, then must we look from his age, to receive not alone
the imperfections of long engrafted condition, but there-
withall the unruly waywardness, that infirm and chole-
rick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking, be-
tween *France* and him, pray you let us sit together, if our
father carry authority with such disposition as he beares
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th'hear. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Bastard*.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law
My services are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit,
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteen Moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why *Bastard*? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they us
With Base? With baseness *Bastardy*? Base, Base?
Who in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce quality,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Go the creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tween a sleep, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,
Our Father's love, is to the *Bastard* *Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

T r r

Well

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
Shall to th' Legit mate : I grow, I prosper :
Now gods, stand up for Bastards,

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and *France* in choler parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his power,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this gone
Upon the gad? *Edmund*, how now? what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that Letter?

Bast. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? the quality of nothing, hath not
such need to hide it self. Let's see: come, if it be no-
thing, I shall not need Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon me; it is a Letter from
my Brother, that I have not all o're-read; and for so much
as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o're-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it :
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my brother's justification, he wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Virtue.

Glo. reads. *This policy, and reverence of Age, makes
the world bitter to best of our times : keeps our Fortunes
from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find
an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyran-
ny, who sways not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd.
Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our Father
would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his Re-
venue for ever, & live the beloved of your brother.* *Edgar.*
*Hum? Conspiracy? Sleep 'till I wake him, you should
enjoy half his Revenue : my Son Edgar, had he a hand
to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When
came this to you? who brought it?*

Bast. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the
cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the Casement of
my Clofset.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brother's?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear
it were his: but in respect of that, I would fain think it
were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not
in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Bast. Never my Lord, But I have heard him oft main-
tain it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age; and Fathers
declin'd, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and
the Son manage his Revenue.

Glo. O Villain, villain; his very opinion in the Letter.
Abhorred Villain, unnatural, detested, brutish Villain;
worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seek him: I'll appre-
hend him. Abominable Villain, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know, my Lord; if it shall please
you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till
you can derive from him better testimony of his intent,
you should run a certain course: where, if you violently
proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make
a great gap in your honour, and shake in pieces the heart

of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and
to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Bast. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you
where you shall hear us confer this, and by an Auricular
assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any
further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a Monster. *Edmund* seek him
out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the Business
after your own wisdom. I would unstate my self, to be
in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seek him, Sir, presently: convey the busi-
ness as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend
no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can rea-
son it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it self scourg'd by
the sequent effects. Love cools, Friendship falls off,
Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, dis-
cord: in Palaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt
Son and Father. This Villain of mine comes under the
prediction: there's Son against Father, the King falls from
byas of Nature, there's Father against Child. We have
seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownes,
treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly
to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmund*, it shall lose
thee nothing, do it carefully: & the Noble and true-hearted
Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit.*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are sick in fortune, often the sursets of our own
behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the
Moon, and Starres, as if we were Villains on necessity,
Fools by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and
Traachers by Spherical predominance, Drunkards, Lyars,
and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine
thrusting on. An admirable evasion of Whore-master-
man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a
Star, My father compounded with my mother under the
Dragon's tail, and my Nativity was under *Ursa major*,
so that it follows, I am rough and Lecherous. I should have
bin that I am, had the Maidenliest Star in the Firma-
ment twinkled on my Bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy :
my Cue is villanous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom
o' Bedlam* ----- O these Eclipses do portend these divi-
sions: Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, 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 self with that?

Bast. I promise, the effects he writes of, succeed un-
happily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two hours together.

Bast. Parted you in good terms? Found you no dis-
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethink your self wherein you have offended
him: and at my entreary forbear his presence, until
some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-
chief

chief of your person, it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray ye go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Atin'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Exit.

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. I, Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime, or other,
That sets us all at oddes: I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him, say I am sick,
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please.
You and your Fellows: I'd have it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among
you: what grows of it no matter, advise your fellows
so, I'll write straight to my Sister to hold my course:
prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it self to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likeness. Now banish'd *Kent*
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and sayes little, to fear judgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a Subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you -----

Exit.

Lear. What sayes the fellow there? Call the Clot-pole back: where's my Fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep, how now? where's that Mungrel?

Knigh. He sayes, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? say'st thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of my own Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blam'd as mine own jealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't: but where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two dayes.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France,

T t t 2

Sir,

Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my Daughter, I would speak with her. Go you call hither my Fool; Oh you Sir, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascal?

Stew. I'll not be stricken, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball Player.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow.

Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length again, carry, but away, go to, have you wisdom, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earnest of thy service.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my Boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour; nay, and thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly, there take my Coxcomb; why this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my Coxcomb. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombs, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why, my Boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'd keep my Coxcomb my self, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirra, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Doe,

Fool. Mark it Nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest:
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in dore,
And thou shalt have more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd Lawyer, you give me nothing for't, can you make no use of nothing, Nuncle?

Lear. Why no, Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his Land comes to, he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my Boy, between a bitter Fool, and a sweet one?

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two Crowns.

Lear. What two Crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egg i'th'middle and eat up the meat, the two Crowns of the egg: when thou clovest thy Crown i'th'middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Afs on thy back o're the dirt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fools had ne're less grace in a year,

For wisemen are grown foppish,

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs, sirra?

Fool. I have used it Nuncle, e're since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, then they

For sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a King should play bo-peep,

And go the Fools among.

Prythee Nuncle keep a School-Master that can teach thy Fool to lye, I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. And you lye, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt, for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.* That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not onely, Sir, this, your all-licenc'd Fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly Carp and Quarrel, breaking forth
In rank, (and not to be endured) riots, Sir.
I had thought by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearfull
By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it had it's head bit off by it's young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom, (Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Fool,

Fool. May not an As know, when the Cart draws the Horse?

Whoop Jug I love thee.

Lear. Do's any here know me?

This is not *Lear* :

Do's *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so;

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. *Lear's* shadow.

Lear. Your name, fair Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th'favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise.

Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our Court infested, with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Tavern, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Palace. The shame it self doth speak

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd,

By her that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your Train,

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darknes, and Devils,

Saddle my horses: call my Train together.

Degenerate Bastard, I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a Daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble,
make servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speak, Sir? Prepare my Horses,

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.

My Train are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know,

And in the most exact regard, support

Their worships of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*

Beat at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy dear Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord,

Hear Nature, hear dear Goddesses, hear:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Womb convey sterility,

Dry up in her the Organs of increase,

And from her derogate body, never spring

A Babe to honour her. If she must teem,

Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live

And be a thwart, disnatur'd torment to her.

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Teares fret Channels in her Cheeks,

Turn all her Mother's pains, and benefits

To laughter, and contempt: That she may feel,

How sharper then a Serpent's tooth it is,

To have a thankless Child. Away, away.

Exit.

Alb. Now gods that we adore,

Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it:

But let his disposition have that scope

As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:

Life and death, I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,

Should make thee worth them,

Blasts and Fogs upon thee:

Th'untented woundings of a Father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee. Old fond eyes,

Bewep thee once again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you lose

To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.

I have another daughter,

Who I am sure is kind and comfortable:

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flea thy Wolvish visage. Thou shalt find,

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill,*

To the great love I bear you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald* hoa?

You Sir, more Knave then Fool, after your Master.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,

Tarry, take the Fool with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the Fool follows after.

Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politick, and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on every dream,

Each, buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;

Gon. Safer then trust too far;

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:

If she'll sustain him, and his hundred Knights

When I have shew'd th'unfitness.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?

What have you writ that letter to my Sister?

Stew. I, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;

Inform her full of my particular fear,

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

T t t 3

And

And hasten your return ; no , no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then -----

Alb. Well, well, the' vent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters ;
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
know , then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your diligence be not speedy , I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord , till I have delivered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wert not in
danger of kibes ?

Lear. I, boy.

Fool. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this , as a Crab's like an Ap-
ple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, Boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this , as a Crab do's to a
Crab : canst thou tell why ones Nose stands i'th' middle
on's face ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keep ones eyes of either side's nose, that
what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a Snail has
a house.

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why to put's head in , not to give it away to his
daughters, and leave his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father ? Be
my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy Asses are gone about'em ; the reason why
the Seven starres are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To tak't again perforce ? Monster ingratitude !

Fool. If you were my fool, Nuncle , I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Fool. Thou should'st not have bin old, till thou had'st
bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet heaven :
keep me in temper , I would not be mad. How now, are
the horses ready ?

Gent. Ready , my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Save thee, *Curan*.

Cur. And you, Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and *Regan* his Dutches
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the news a-
broad , I mean the whisper'd ones , for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not I : pray you what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,

Fare you well, Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night ? the better best,
This weaves it self perforce into my business,
My father hath set guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, briefness, and Fortune work.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, descend ; brother I say,
My father watches ; O Sir, flye this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall ?
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany ?
Advise your self.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I hear my father coming, pardon me :
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you :
Draw, seem to defend your self,
Now quit you well.

Yield, come before my father, light ho, here,
Flye Brother, Torches, so farewell, *Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards
Do more then this in sport ; Father, father,
Stop, stop, no help ?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villain ?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark , his sharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the Moon
To stand his auspicious Mistress.

Glo. But where is he ?

Bast. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund* ?

Bast. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could ---

Glo. Pursue him, ho : go after. By no means, what ?

Bast. Perswade me to murder of your Lordship,

But

But that I told him the revenging gods,
'Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound toth' Father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, larch'd mine arme:
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him flye far:

Not in this Land shall he remain uncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceals him, death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threatned to discover him; he replied;
Thou unpossessing Bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I deny
(As this I would, though thou did'st produce
My very Character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
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 seek it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villain!
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Heark, the Duke's trumpets, I know not where he comes,
All Ports I'll bar, the villain shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the Kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strangeness.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes to short
Which can pursue th' offender: how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Father's Godson seek 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 upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' experience and wast of Revenues;
I have this present evening from my Sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It is my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. I, my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please: as for you *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it self, you shall be ours,
Natures of such deep trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serve you, Sir, truly, how ever else.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season, chredding dark-ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I th'mire.

Stew. Prythee if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meats,
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred
pound, filthy woofed-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered,
action-taking, whorson glass-gazing, super-serviceable
finical Rogue, one-Trunk-inheriting slave, one that
would'st be a Bawd in way of good service, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward,
Pandar, and the Son and Heir of a Mungrel Bitch, one
whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st
the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus
to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows
thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy
heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw you regue,
for

for though it be night, yet the Moon shines, I'll make a sop o'th' Moonshine of you, you whorson Cullinly Barbar-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you Rascal, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the Royalty of her father: draw, you Rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascal, come your wayes.

Stew. Help, ho, murther, help.

Kent. Strike you slave: stand rogue, stand you neat slave, strike.

Stew. Help ho, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servant.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please, come, I'll flesh ye, come on young Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace upon your lives, he dyes that strikes again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speak?

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your Valour, you cowardly Rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor, Sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares o'th' trade.

Cor. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. The ancient Russian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at sute of his gray beard.

Kent. Thou whorson Zed, thou unnecessary letter, my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a Jakes with him, Spare my gray-beard, you wag-tail?

Cor. Peace, sirrah,

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a Sword, Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a-twain, Which art t' intrince, t' unloose: smooth every passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods, Renege, affirm, and turn their Halcyon beaks With every gale, and vary of their Masters, Knowing naught (like dogges) but following: A plague upon your Epileptick visage, Smoile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Then I, and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him Knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain, I have seen better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow, Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect A sawcy roughness, and constrains the garb Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he, An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth, And they will take it so, if not, he's plain. These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainness, Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Then twenty silly-ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, Under th' allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire On flicking *Phæbus* front.

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect: which you discommend so much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguill'd you in a plain accent, was a plain Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late To strike at me upon his misconstruction, When he compact, & flattering his displeasure Tript me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd. And put upon him such a deal of Man, That worthied him, got praises of the King, For him attempting, who was self-subdued, And in the fleshment of this dead exploit, Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart, We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn: Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King; On whose imployment I was sent to you, You shall do small respects, shew 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 sit 'till Noon.

Reg. 'Till noon? 'till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's dog, You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour, Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so, The King his Master, needs must take it ill That he's so slightly valued in his Messenger, Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse, To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come, my Lord, away.

Exit.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure, Whose disposition all the world well knows Will not be rubb'd nor stop't, I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, sir, I have watch'd and travel'd hard, Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle: A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.

Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beams I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall find time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my self proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most unittual vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserve my self: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most pooreit shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, put all my hairs in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The Winds, and persecutions of the sky:
The Countrey gives me proof and president
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numm'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wooden-pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary:
And with this horrible object, from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep's-Coats, and Mills,
Sometimes with Lunatick bans, sometimes with Prayers
Inforce their charity: poor *Turligod*, poor *Tom*.
That's something yet: *Edgar*! nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from
And not send back my Messenger. *(home,*

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Haile to thee, Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears Crewel Garters; horses are ti'de
by the heads, Dogs and Bears by th'neck, Monkies
by th'loins, and Men by th'legs; when a man is over-
lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I swear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murder
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness Letters to them,
E're I was risen from the place, that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistress, salutation;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displai'd so sawcily against your highness,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cryes,
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers. *(way,*

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild Geese fly that
Fathers that wear rags, do make their Children blind,
But fathers that bear bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, ne're turns the key to th'poor.
But for all this thou shalt have as many Dolours for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a year. *(dear*

Lear. Oh how this Mother swells up toward my heart I
Hystorica passio, down thou climbing sorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Exit.

Gent. Made you more offence,

But what you speak of.

Kent. None;

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. And thou had'st been set i'th'Stocks for that
question, thou'd'st well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee
there's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and there's not
a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking;
let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill,
left it break thy neck with following. But the great
one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: when a
wiseman gives thee better counsel, give me mine again, I
would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
That Sir, which serves, and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form;
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm,

And I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave perdy.

Enter Lear, and Gloucester.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th'Stocks, fool.

Lear.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ?
They are sick, they are weary,
They have travel'd all the night ? mere fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Get me a better answer.

Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion :
Fiery ? What quality ? Why *Gloster, Gloster,*
I'll speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ? Dost thou understand me man ?

Glo. I, my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*,
The dear Father
Would with his Daughter speak, commands, tends, service,
Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood :
Fiery ? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ---
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selves,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state : wherefore
Should he sit here ? This Act persuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice onely, Give me my servant forth ;
Go tell the Duke, and's wife, I'll speak with them :
Now presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the Drum,
'Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart ! my rising heart ! but down.

Fool. Cry to it Nunkle, as the Cockney did to the
Eels, when he put 'em i'th' Paste alive, she knapt 'em
o'th' Coxcombs with a stick, and cryed down wantons,
down ; 'twas his brother, that in pure kindness to his
Horse buttered his Hey.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reason,
I have to think so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adulterers. O are you free ?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*
Thy sister's naught : Oh *Regan*, she hath tyed
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,
I can scarce speak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience, I have hope
You'll know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say ? how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better then you your self : therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house ?
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more : these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my Sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan* :

She hath abated me of half my Train :
Look'd black upon me, strook me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top : strike her young bones
You taking Airs with Lameness.

Corn. Fie Sir, fie.

Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes : infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerfull Sun
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse :
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o're to harshness : Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude :
Thy half o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Whereto I thee endow'd,

Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpose. *Tucket within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks ?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that ?

Reg. I know't my Sister's : this approves her Letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your Lady come ?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwells in the sickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varler, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace ?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Servant ? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here ? O heavens !
If you do love old men ; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience : if you your selves are old,
Make it your cause : Send down, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to look upon 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 indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough !
Will you yet hold ?

How came my man i'th' Stocks ?

Corn. I set him there ; Sir : but his own Disorders

Deserv'd

Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father, being weak, seem so.
If 'till the expiration of your Moneth
You will return and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision,
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th'air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owle,
Necessities sharp pinch. Return with her?
Why? the hot-bloudied *France*, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, Squire-like, pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot; return with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my Child: farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another,
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give ear Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so,
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speak 'gainst so great a number: How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From thole that she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But keep a reservation to be followed
With such a number? what, must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well favor'd,
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty.

And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;

What need you five and twenty? Ten? or five?
To follow in a house, where twice so many.
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Man's life is cheap as Beasts. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous.
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm, but for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you gods) a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much.
To bear it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No you unnatural Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall ----- I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be,
The terrors of the earth; you think I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep, I have full cause of weeping.

Storm and Tempest.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e're I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack the night comes on: and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their School-Masters: shut up your doors,
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt,
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o'th' storm. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storm still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?

Gon. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent.

Kent. I know you : where's the King ?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements,
Bids the wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-strook injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany*, and *Cornwall* :
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high ; Servants who seem no less,
Which are to *France* the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seen,
Either in snuffs, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind King ; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not :
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall ; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm,
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet ;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, I'le this : He that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks ; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's spout.
'Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oak-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick Rotundity o'th' world,
Crack Nature's moulds, all germanes spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Fool. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then the Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle,
in, ask thy Daughter' blessing, here's a night pities nei-
ther Wife-men, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full : spit Fire, spout Rain ;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters,
I tax not you, you Elements with unkindness,
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :
But yet I call you servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters join
Your high-engender'd Battels, 'gainst a head

So old and white as this. O, ho ! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-piece :

The Codpiece that will house, before the Head has any ;
The Head, and he shall Lowse : so Beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should
make,

Shall of a Corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouthes in a glass. *Enter Kent.*

Lear. No, I will be the patience of all patience.
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wife-man, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir, are you here ? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these : the wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
And makes them keep their Caves : Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring Wind, and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods
That keep this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed ?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Hovel,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy ? Art cold ?
I am cold my self. Where is this straw, my fellow ?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your hovel ;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With height-ho, the Wind and the Rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the Rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy : Come bring us to this Hovel. *Exit*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a Curtizan :
I'le speak a Prophecie e're I go :

When Priests are more in words, then matter :
When Brewers marre their Malt with water ;
When Nobles are their taylor's tutors,
No Hereticks burn'd but wenches Sutors,
When every Cafe in Law is right :
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight :
When Slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs ;
When Usurers tell their Gold i'th' field,

And

And Bauds, and Whores, do Churches build.
Then shall the Realm of *Albion*, come to great confusion,
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Mertin* shall make,
For I do live before his time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Gloster* and *Edmund*.

Glo. Alack, alack *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, chaig'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Bast. Most savage and unnatural.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Bast. This Curse forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too; This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses: no lesse then all, The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Lear*, *Kent*, and *Fool*.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord, good my Lord, enter, The tyranny of the open night's too rough For Nature to endure.

Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own, Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious Invades us to the skin so: 'tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fix, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Bear, But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea, Thou'dst meet the Bear i'th' mouth, when the minds free The bodies delicate, the tempest in my mind, Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there, Filial ingratitude, Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand For lifting food to't: But I will punish home; No, I will weep no more. In such a night,

(Storm)

To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure: In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*, Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all, O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that: No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee go in thy self, seek thine own ease, This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more, but I'll go in, In Boy, go first. You houselesse poverty, Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. Poor naked wretches, where so ere you are That bide the pelting of this piteous storm, How shall your houselesse heads, and unfed sides, Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you From seasons such as these? O! have tane Too little care of this: take Physick, Pompe, Expose thy self to feel, what wretches feel, That thou may'st shake the superflux to them, And shew the heavens more just.

Exit.

Enter *Edgar*, and *Fool*.

Edg. Fathom and half, Fathom and half? poor *Tom* *Fool.* Come not in here Nuncle, heres a spirit, help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that do'st gumble there i'th' straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me, through the sharp Hawthorn blow the winds. Humh, go to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Eg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? Whom the foul Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle Poole, ore Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Puc, set Rats-bane by his Porredge; made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting horse, over four arch'd Bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor, Blisse thy five Wits, *Tom's* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, blisse thee from Whirle-winds, Star-blasting, and taking, do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

Storm still.

Lear. Has his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'tt thou save nothing? Would'st thou give'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had been all sham'd,

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous aire Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death traitor, nothing could have subdu'd Na- To such a lownesse, but his unkind Daughters. (ture Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers, Should have thus little mercy on their flesh Judicious punishment; 'twas this flesh begot Those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillcock sat on Pillcock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed oth'foule fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy word, justice, swear not, commit not,

V u u

with

with mans sworn Spouse ; set on thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A servingman. Proud in heart, and mind : that curl'd my hair ; wore Gloves in my cap ; serv'd the Lust of my Mist'ris heart, and did the act of darknesse with her. Swore as many Oaths, as I spake words, and broak them in the sweet face of heaven. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I dearly ; Dice dearly ; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody handed. Hog in sloth, Fox in stealth, Wolf in greedinesse, Dog in madnesse, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of Plackers, thy pen from Lenders Books, and defie the foule fiend. Still through thy Hawthorn blowes the cold wind : Sayes sum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sessey* : let him trot my. *Storm still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silk : the Beast, no Hide : the Sheep, no Wooll : the Cat no perfume. Ha ? Here's three on's are sophist'icated. Thou art the thing it self, unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poor, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, unbutton here.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Fool. Prethee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold : Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet ; he begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cock : He gives the Web And the Pin, squints the eye, and make the Hare-lip ; Mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the earth.

Swit'hold footed thrice the old.

He met the Night-Mare, and her ninefold,

Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,

And aroynt the Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glou. What are you there ? Your Names ?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pool, the wall-Neut, and the water : that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallers ; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dog ; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd : who hath three Suits to his back, six shirts to his Body :

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear :

But Mice, and Rats, and such small Dear,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year :

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of Darknesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahn*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vild, that it doth hate what it gets.

Edg. Poor *Tom's a cold.*

Glou. Goin with me ; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands :

Though all their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come to seek you out,

And bring you where both fire, and food is ready,

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher,

What is the cause of Thunder ?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,

Go into th'house.

Lear. I'll take a word with this same learned *Theban* :

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'unsettle.

Glou. Can'st thou blame him ?

Storm still.

His Daughters seek his death : Ah, that good *Kent*,

He said it would be thus : poor banish'd man :

Thou sayest the King grows mad, I'll tell thee friend

I am almost mad my self, I had a Son,

Now out-law'd from my blood : he fought my life

But lately : very late : I lov'd him (friend)

No father his Son dearer : true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a nights this ?

I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, sir :

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. *Tom's a cold.*

Glou. In fellow there, into th' Hovel ; keep thee warme

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him :

Let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on : go along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fum

I smell the blood of a British man.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers cvill disposition made him seek his death : but a provoking merit set a work by a reprovabable badnesse in himself.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just ? This is the Letter which he spoke of ; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. O Heavens ! that this Treason were not ; or not I the detector.

Cornw. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloucester*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dear father in my Love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

Glou. Here is better then the open aire, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterretto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prethee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Son: for he's a Yeoman that see's his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon'em.

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to remain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they bark at me,

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them: Avaunt you Curses, be thy mouth or black or white:

Tooth that poisons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtail tight, or Troudle tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail,

For with throwing thus my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sefe; Come, march to Wakes and Faires, And Market Towns: poor *Tom* thy horn is drye. *Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard hearts. You sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be chang'd,

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lie here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtains: so, so, we'll go to supper ith'morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither friend;

Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes; I have o'reheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Master,

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured losse. Take up, take up,

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of *France* is landed: seek out the traitor *Gloster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you our Sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell dear Sister, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath convey'd him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his Knights

Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,

Who, with some other of the Lords dependants,

Are gone with him toward *Dover*; where they boast

To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistress.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit.*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell: go seek the traitor *Gloster*, Pinnion him like a Thief, bring him before us:

Though well we may not passe upon his life

Without the forme of Justice: yet our power

Shall do a cur'sie to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not controll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky armes,

Glou. What means your Graces?

Good my friends consider you are my Guests:

Do me no foul play, friends,

Corn. Bind him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor.

Glou. Unmercifull Lady, as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this Chair bind him,

Villain, thou shalt find.

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glou. Naughty Lady,

These hairs which thou do'st ravish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors, late footed in the Kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

You have sent the Lunatick King: speak,

Glou. I have a Letter guessingly set down

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Cor. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glou. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Was't thou not charg'd at peril.

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,

And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annointed flesh, stick boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In hell-black-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turn the Key:
All Cruells else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows hold the Chair.
Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live, till he be old,
Give me some help,----O cruell! O you gods.

Reg. One side will mock another: th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?

I have serv'd you ever since I was a Child:
But better service have I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My Villain?

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A pezant stand up thus?

Kills him

Serv. Oh I am slain: my Lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it; Out vild gelly:
Where is thy luster now?

Glou. All dark and comfortlesse?

Where's my Son *Edmund*?

Edmund. enkindle all the sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out treacherous Villain,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee, It was he
That made the overture of thy Treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glou. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to *Dover*.

Exit with Gloster.
How is't my Lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: follow me Lady:
Turn out that eyelesse Villain: throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme: *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most deject thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall aire that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Ows nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloster led by an old man.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O World!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our meer defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh dear Son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath:
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Oldm. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
Ith'last nights storm, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worm. My Son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I have heard more since:
As Flies to th'wanton Boyes, are we to th'gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring it self, and others. Bless'd thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Oldm. I my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away: if for my sake
Thou wilt o're-take us hence a mile or twain
I'th'way toward *Dover*, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked Soul,
Which I'll intreat to lead me.

Oldm. Alack sir, he is mad.

Glou

Glon. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, begone.

Oldm. I'll bring him the Best Parrell that I have
Come on't, what will, *Exit.*

Glon. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glon. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:

Blesse thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glon. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both stile, and gate, horse-way, and foot-path:
poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans son, from the foul fiend. (*plagues*)

Glon. Here take this purse, thou whom the heav'n's
Have humbled to all stroaks: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

Edg. I matter.

Glon. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined Deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no lending need.

Edg. Give me thy arme;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glosters* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his Son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tye him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trusty Servant
Shall passe between us: ere long you are like to hear
(If you dare venture in your own behalf)
A Mistresses command. Wear this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy Spirits up into the aire:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear *Gloster*.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*.

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man.

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head of wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye-discerning,
Thine honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy self devill:

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vain fool.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall's* dead,
Slain by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Gloster*.

Alba. *Glosters* eyes?

Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alba. This shews you are above
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poor *Gloster*)
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister,

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hatefull life. Another way
The News is not so tart. I'll read, and answer.

Alba. Where was his Son,
When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alba. He is not here.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alba. Knows he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Gloster*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'd'st the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,
and Souldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As made the next Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow flowers,

V u u 3

Darnell

Damell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn. A Century send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved Sense: he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is means, Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good mans desires: seek, seek for him,
Left his ungovern'd rage, dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News Madam,
The Brittish Powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd tears hath pittied:
Now blown Ambition doth our Arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd Fathers Right:
Soon may I hear, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado
Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home;

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious matter:
It was great ignorance. *Glosters* eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think is gone
In pitty of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreover to defcry
The strength oth'Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth tomorrow, stay with us:
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my duty in his business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. I'll love thee much
Let me unseal the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather----

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange Iliads, and most speaking looks
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do advise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well:

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glow. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glow. Me thinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the Sea?

Glow. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish,

Glow. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glow. Me thinks y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on sir,

Heres the place: stand still: how fearfull
And dizzy 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway aire
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles Half way down:
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull trade:
Me thinks he seems no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen that walk'd upon the beach
Appear like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Bark,
Diminish'd to her Cock: her Cock, a Buoy
Almost to small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Left my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glow. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foot of th'extream Verge:
For all beneath the Moon would I not leap upright.

Glow. Let go my hand:

Here friends, another purse: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poor mans taking. Fairies, and gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir.

Glow. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair,
'Tis done to cure it.

Glow. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposessle wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of Nature should
Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live; O bless him.
Now fellow, fare the well.

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasure of life, when life it self
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead?
Hoe, you sir: friend, here you sir, speak:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he revives.
What are you sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'st thou been ought
But Gozmore, feathers and aire,
(So many fathome down precipitating)
Thoud'st shiver'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak, art sound.
Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I saine, or no?
Edg. From the dread Summet of this Chalky Bourn
Look up a height, the shrill-gor'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: Do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefic
To end it self by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.
Up, so: How is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangenessse,
Upon the Crown oth' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thousand Noses,
Horns walk'd, and way'd like the enraged Sea:
It was some fiend: therefore thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of mens impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out it self
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often 'twould say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place,
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The safer sense will ne're accomodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Natures above Art, in that respect. There's your
Presse-money. That fellow handles his Bow like a Crow-
keeper: draw me a Cloathiers yard. Look, look, a
Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of roasted Cheese will
doo't. There's my Gauntlet, I'll prove it on a Gyant.
Bring up the brown Bills. O well flown Bird: ith'
clout, ith'clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marjoram.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd
me like a Dog, and told me I had the white hairs in
my Beard, ere the black ones were there. To say I, and
no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good
Divinity. When the raigin came to wet me once, and
wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em
out. Goto, they are not men o'their words; they told
me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lie, I am not Agu-proof.
Glou. The trick of that voice, I do well remember.
Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not die: die for Adultery?
No, the wren goes too't, and the small guilded Flie
Do's lercher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:
For *Glosters* bastard Son was kinder to his father,
Then my Daughters got 'tween the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lack Souldiers.
Behold yon sumpring Dame, whose face between her
Forks presages Snow; that minces Vertue, and do's shake
the head to hear of pleasures name. The Fitchew, not
the soyled horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite: down from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all above: but to the Girdle do the gods inher-
rit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's dark-
nesse, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce
Of Civer; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:
There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smells of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of Nature, this great world
Shall so wear out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: do'st thou
squiny at me? No, do thy worst blind Cupid, I'll not
love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in hea-
vy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: See how
yond Justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in
thine ear: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Justice, which is the thief: Thou hast seen a Far-
mers dog bark at a Beggar?

Glou. Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'st behold the great image of Authority, a Dog's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascal Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why do'st thou lash that Whore? Strip thy own
back, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which
thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-
roug

rough and tatter'd cloaths, great Vices do appear: Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all. Place sinns with gold, and the strong Lance of justice, hurtlesse breaks: Arme it in rags, a Pigmies straw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I say none, I'll able 'em; take that of me my friend, Who have the power to seal th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seem to see the things thou do'st not. Now, now, now, now, Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloster*: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the aire We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Mark.

Glon. Alack, alack the day.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools. This a good block: It were a delicate stratagem to shooe A Troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in prooffe, And when I have stoln upon these Sons in Laws: Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh here he is: lay hand upon him, Sir. Your most dear Daughter.-----

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even The Natural Fool of fortune. Use me well, You shall have rancome. Let me have Surgeons, I am cut to th' Brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my self? Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt; To use his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely, Like a smug Bridegroom. What? I will be Jovial: Come, come, I am a King. Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeems Nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one hears that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour:

How near's the other Army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main disery Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here, Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thank you Sir.

Glon. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worse Spirit tempt me again To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glon. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of known, and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pittie. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glon. Hearty thanks:

The bounty, and the benizon of heaven To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happy: That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy traitor, Briefly thy self remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glon. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, Darst thou support a publish'd Traitor? hence, Lest that th'infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, Without vurther cation.

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your gate, and let poor volk passe: and chud ha'bin zwagged out of my life, 'twould ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'old man: keep out che vor'ye, or ice try Whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns.

Stew. Slave thou hast slain me: villain, take my purse; If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body, And give the Letters which thou find'st about me, To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*: seek him out Upon the English party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable Villain, As dutious to the vices of thy Mistris, As badnesse would desire.

Glon. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down Father: rest you. Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of May be my friends: he's dead; I am only sorry He had no other Deathsman. Let us see: Leave gentle wax, and manners: blameus not To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts, Their Papers are more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If he return the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Goal, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place of our Labour.

Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant. *Gonerill.*

Of indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot upon her vertuous husbands life, And the exchange my brother: here, in the sands Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified Of murderous Letchers: and in the mature time, With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glon. The King is mad: How stiffe is my wilde sense

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge sorrows? Better I were distract, So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

Drum afar off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off me thinks I hear the beaten Drum.
Come father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I live and work
To match thy goodnesse ?
My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is o're-paid,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon dear Madam,
Yet to be known shortens my made intent,
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord :
How do's the King ?

Gent. Madam sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods !
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring senses, O wind up,
Of this child-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long ?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' sway of your own will : is he array'd ?

Enter Lear in a Chair, carried by Servants

Gent. I Madam : in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his Temperance,

Cor. O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kisse
Repair those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.

Kent. Kind and dear Princess.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this face
To be oppos'd against the jarring winds ?
Mine Enemies dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou fain (poor Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,
In short, and musty straw ? Alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that my life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speak to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royal Lord ?
How fares your Majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out oth'grave ;
Thou art a soul in blisse, but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, when did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Gent. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin ?
Where am I ? fair day light ?
I am mightily abus'd ; I should even die with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say :
I will not swear these are my hands : let's see,
I feel this pin prick, would I were assur'd
Of my condition,

Cor. O look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me ;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor lesse :
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments : nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am : I am,

Lear. Be your tears wet ?
Yes faith : I pray weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it :
I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdome, Sir,

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him : desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further settling.

Cor. Wilt please your highnesse walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You

You know the goodnesse I intend upon you :
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth.
Do you not love my Sister ?

Bast. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place ?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her, dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Fear not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum & Colours, Albany, Goneril, Souldiers.

Alba. Our very loving Sister, well be-met :
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Fore'd to cry out.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemy :
For these domestick, and particular broils,
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will go.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you, speak.

Edg. Before you fight the Battel, ope this Letter :
If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretch though I seem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry.
And I'll appear again.

Exit.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-look thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the guesse of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery, but your haist
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworn my love :
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive : To take the Widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the Battel, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,
The Battel done, and they within our power ;

Shall never see his pardon : for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Alarm within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear
Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, & Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, and Gloucester.

Edg. Here Father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good haist : pray that the right may thrive :
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarm and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away :
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again ?
Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all, come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum & Colours, Edmund, Lear,
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captain.*

Bast. Some Officers take them away : good guard,
Untill their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst :
For thee oppressed King I am cast down.
My self could else out-frown false fortunes frown.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no : come lets away to prison :
We two alone will sing like Birds in th' Cage :
When thou do'st ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
And pray and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At guilded Butterflies : and hear poor Rogues
Talk of Court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who looses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out :
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies : And we'll wear out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebbe and flow by th' Moon.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The gods themselves throw incense.
Have I caught thee ?
He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes : wipe thine eye,
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,

E're

Ere they shall make us weep?
We'll see 'em starv'd first: come.

Bast. Come hither Captain, hark
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great employment
Will not bear question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means,

Capt. I'll do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'ast done,
Mark I say instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Exit Captain.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Souldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,
To pluck the common bosome on this side,
And turn our imprest Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience.
I hold you but a subject of this War,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Me thinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call it self your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach. Generall,
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blounded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, hear reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claim fair Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,

Exit.

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed, *Gloster*,
Let the Trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: I'll make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick.

Gon. If not, I'll ne're trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world he is
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertues, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sicknesse grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent,
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

IF any man of quality or degree within the lists of the
Army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of
Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appear by
the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his de-
fence.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

1 Trumpet.

2 Trumpet.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers him within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Callo'th' 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-gnawn, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo-*

Bast. Himself, what saist thou to him?

(After?)

Edg. Draw thy Sword.

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extreamest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foot,

A most Toad-spotted traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thoulyest.

Bast. In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy out-side looks so fair and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breaths,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lie, ore-whelm thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speak.

Alb. Save him, save him.

Alarums. Fights.

Gon. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th'law of War, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
but cozen'd, and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Laws are mine not thine,
Who can arraign me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no less in blood then thou art *Edmund*.
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy Fathers son,
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vitious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full circle, I am here.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royal Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your self?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Eag. By nursing them my Lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neer, (O our lives sweetnesse!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones newlost: became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from despair,
Never (O fault) reveal'd my self unto him,
Untill some halfe hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him our Pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alack too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speak you on,
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help; O help.

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks, came even from the heart
of-----O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speak man.

Gent. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This judgement of the heavens that makes us tremble.
Touches us not with pity. O! is this she?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night,
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this object *Kent*.

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after, slew her self.

Alb. Even so: cover their faces.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I mean to do
Despight of mine own Nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief in it) to th'Castle for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run?

Edg. To whom my Lord? Who has the Office?
Send thy token of reprieve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fore-did her self.

Alb. The gods defend her, bear him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
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-glasse,

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives : if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. Oh my good Master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you murderers, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever :

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha.

What is't thou saist ? her voyce was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoyle me. Who are you ?
Mine eyes are o'th' best, I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent* ?

Kent. The same : your servant *Kent* ,
Where is your servant *Caius* ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike, and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else :

All's cheerlesse, dark, and deadly :
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I, so I think.

Alb. He knowes not what he sayes, and vain is it

That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mes. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here :

You Lords and noble friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For us we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boot, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their virtue, and all Foes
The Cup of their deservings : O see, see.

Lear. And my poor Fool 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, never, never, never, never.

Pray you undoe this Button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you see this ? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there.

He Dies.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Break heart, I prethee break.

Edg. Look to my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his Ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wrack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe : Friends of my Soule, you 'twain,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a Journey, Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Dies.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say :
The oldest hath born most, we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead march.

F I N I S.

X x x

T H E



The Tragedy of OTHELLO, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEver tell me, I take it very unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse, (this.
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of
Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did
Of such a matter, abhor me. (dreame

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I doe not. Three great ones of the City,
(In personall suit 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 loving his own pride and purposes)
Evades them, with a Bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stuf't with Epichets of Warre,
Non-suits my Mediators. For certes, sayes he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a Battell knows
More then a Spinster : Unlesse the Bookish Theorick :
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he, meer prattle (without practice)
In all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election
And I (of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on others grounds
Christian, and Heathen) must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-Caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be ;
And I (blessed the mark) his Moore-ships Ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
Iago. Why there's no remedy, (man.

'Tis the curse of Service ;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be Judge your self,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the Moore ?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave,
That (doting on his own obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For nought but Provender, and when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Formes, and Visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves.
And throwing but shewes of service on their Lords,
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd in their Coats
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one doe I professe my self. For (sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heaven is my Judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For Dawes to peck at ; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus ?

Iago. Call up her Father :
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flyes : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Here is her Fathers house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. VVhat hoa : *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake, what hoa, *Brabantio* : Thieves, thieves.
Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, thieves.

Bra. Above. VVhat is the reason of this terrible
Summons ? what is the matter there ?

Rodo. Signior, is all your Family within ?

Iago. Are your doores lock'd ?

Bra. VVhy ? wherefore aske you this ?

Iago. Sir, y'are robb'd, for shame put on your Gown,
Your

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soule
Even now, very now, an old black Ramme
Is Tipping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Devil will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most Reverend Signior, do you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I : what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores :
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of supper, and distempering draughts)
Upon malicious knavery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My Spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing ?
This is *Venice* : my house is not a Grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if
the Devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,
and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daugh-
ter cover'd with a Barbary Horse, you'll have your Ne-
phews neigh to you, you'll have Coursers for Cousins,
and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iag. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull Watch oth' night
Transported with no worse or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a Gundelicker,
To the grosse clasps of a Lascivious Moore :
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Doe not believe
That from the sense of all Civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say again, hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where : straight satisfie your self.
If she be in your Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho :
Give me a Taper : call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light.

Iago. Farewell : for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place.

To be produced, as if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moore. For I doe know the state,
(However this may gall him with some check)
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprian* warres,
(Which even now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his sadome, they have none,
To lead their businesse. In which regard,
Though I doe hate him as I doe hell,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a Flag, and sign of Love,
(Which is indeed but sign) that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search :
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her ? (Oh unhappy Girl)
With the Moore saist thou ? (Who would be a Father ?)
How didst thou know 'twas she ? (Oh she deceives me
Past thought :) what said she to you ? Get mee Tapers :
Raife all my Kinred. Are they married think you ?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh heaven : how got she out ?
Oh treason of my blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them Act. Are there not charmes,
By which the property of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd ? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir : I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers : oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every House I'll call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (ho)
And raife some speciall Officers of might :
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserve your pains. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of warre I have slain men,
Yet doe I hold it very stufte oth' Conscience
To do no contriv'd murder : I lake iniquity
Sometime to doe me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yeik'd him here under the Ribbes.

Othel. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy, and provoking termes
Against your Honour, that with the little godlines I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married ? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voyce potentiall
As double as the Dukes : He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what restraint or grievance,

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Othe. Let him do his spight;
My services, which I have done the Signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of Royall Siege. And my demerits
May speak (unbonnetted) to as a proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.

Othel. The servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?

The goodnesse of the night upon you (friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke does greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othel. What is the matter think you?

Cassio. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine
It is a businesse of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls (rais'd and met,)
Are at the Dukes already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will spend but a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I doe not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To whom?

Iago. Marry to-----Come Captain, will you go?

Othel. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troop to seek for you:

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othel. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Down with him, Thief.

Iago. You *Rodorigo*? Come, sir, I am for you.

Othe. Keep up your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Thief,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For I'll erre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled Dearing of our Nation,
Would ever have (c'encurre a generall mock)
Run from her Guardage to the sooty bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens motion. I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he doe resist
Subdue him at his peril.

Othe. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othe. What if I doe obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your Noble self,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no composition in this newes,
That gives them credit.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred forty.

2. *Sen.* And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet doe they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*,

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I doe not so secure me in the error,
But the main Article I doe approve
In fearfull sense.

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Saylor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be
By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importancy of Cyprus to the Turk:
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillfull,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottomites, Reverend, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleet.

1. Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty Sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitour,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you: welcome, gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsell, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, for ought I heard of busines
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate, and o're-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead.

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stoln from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who e're he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her self,

And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your self read in the bitter Letter,
After your own sense: yea, though our proper son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seems
Your speciall Mandate, for the State Affaires,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othe. Most Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine had seven yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action, in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speak,
More then pertains to Feats of Broyls, and Battel,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round un-varnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love.
What Drugs? what Charmes?
What Conjurat'ns? & what mighty Magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold:
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her self, and she in spite of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Countrey, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what she fear'd to look on;
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerfull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider, and more over-Test
Then these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do preferre against him.

Sen. But Othello, speak,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this young Maids affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Othel. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you doe find me foule in her report,
The trust, the office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello. Ancient, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And till she come, as truly as to heaven,
I doe confesse the vices of my blood,
So justly to your Grave eares, I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair Ladies Love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othe. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me :
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year : the Battells, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my Boyish dayes,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances :
Of moving Accidents by Flood, and Field,
Of hair-breadth scapes ich' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe ,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellers history.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts wilde, (ven,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, & Hills, whose heads touch hea-
It was my hint to speak. Such was my Proceffe,
And of the Canibals that each other eate,
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline :
But still the house affaires would draw her hence :
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy eare
Devoure up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively : I did consent ,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speak of some distressfull stroke
That my youth suffer'd : My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses :
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange.
'Twas pittisfull : 'twas wondrous pittisfull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio* take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men doe their broken Weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak :
If she confesse that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Doe you perceive in all this Noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My Noble Father,
I doe perceive here a divided duty,
To you I am bound for life, and education :
My life and education both doe learn me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my husband ;
And so much duty, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father :
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moore,
I here doe give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake (*Jewell*)
I am glad at soule, I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self :
And lay a Sentence,
Which like a grise, or step may help these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes :
Patience, her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steales something from the Thief,
He robs himself, that spends a bootlesse grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile :
He beares the sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he heares both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocall.
But words are words : I never yet did hear,
That the brui'd heart was pierced through the eare.
I humbly beseech you to proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation
makes for *Cyprus* : *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best known to you. And though we have there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiency ; yet opinion, a more
Sovereign Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safe voyce
on you : you must therefore be content to slubber the grofs
of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborn, and boy-
sterous expedition..

Othe. The Tyrant Custome, most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steel Coach of War
My thrice-driven bed of Down. I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardnesse : and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reverence of Place, and Exhibition,
VVith such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. VVhy, at her Fathers.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Othe. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a Character in your voyce
T'affist my simpleness.

Duke. VVhat would you, *Desdemona* ?

Des. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My down-right violence, and storm of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord ;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his minde,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.

So that (dear Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me :
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her have your voyce.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the Palate of my Appetite :
Nor to comply with heat the young effects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good soules, that you think
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No when light wing'd Toys
Of feather'd Cupid, feeble with wanton dulnesse
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument :
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse :
Let Housewives make a Skillet of my Helme ,
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duk. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : th' Affaire cries haste :
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine ith' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you :
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import to you.

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife.
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so :
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior.
If Virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your Son-in-Law is farre more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moore, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her (Moore) if thou hast eyes to see :
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee :
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their best advantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I have but an houre
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What wilt I doe, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman ?

Rod. It is sillinesse to live, when to live is torment :
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
our Physitian.

Iago. Oh villanous : I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown my self for the love of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I doe, I confesse it is my shame to
be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a Fig, 'tis in our selves that we are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-
tles, or sow Lettice : Set Hyssop, and weed up Time :
Supply it with one gender of Hearbs, or distract it with
many : either have it sterill with idlenesse, or manured
with Industry, why the power and Corrigitable authority
of this lies in our wills. If the brain of our lives had not
one scale of Reason, to payse another of Sensuality, the
blood and basenesse of our Natures would conduct us
to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have reason to
coole our raging Motions, or carnall Stings, or unbitted
Lusts : whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a
Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the Blood, and a permissi-
on of the will. Come, be a man : drown thy self ?
Drown Cats, and blinde Puppies. I have profest me thy
Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Ca-
bles of perdurable toughnesse. I could never better steed
thee than now. Put money in thy purse : follow thou
the Warres, defeat thy favour, with an usurped Beard. I
say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Des-
demona* should continue her love to the Moore. Put Mo-
ney in thy purse : nor he his to her. It was a violent Com-
mencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Se-
questration, but put money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wills : fill thy purse with money.
The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall
to him shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida. She must
change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she
will finde the errors of her choyce. Therefore put mo-
ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, doe
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the mo-
ney thou canst : If Sanctimony and a fraile vow, be-
twixt an erring *Barbarian*, and super-subtle *Venetian* be
not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her : therefore make money : a pox of drow-
ning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou ra-
ther to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, If I depend on
the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me : Go make money : I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee again, and again, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted ; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy self a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the
Wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go,
provide thy money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet ith' morning ?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Doe you here, *Roderigo* ?

Rod. I'll sell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus doe I ever make my Foole, my purse :
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a Swain,

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meer suspicion in that kinde,
Will doe, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get this place, and plume up my will
In double Knavery. How? how? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' Nose
As Asses are:
I hav't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1. *Gen.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the Main,
Descry a Sail.

Mon. Me thinks the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shook our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so upon the Sea,
What ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we hear of this?

2. A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden Billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole:
I never like molestation view
On the enchaufed Flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inselter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Lads: our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A Noble ship of *Venice*,
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is here put in: A *Veronesio*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on shore: the Moore himself at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.

3. But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier. Let's to the Sea side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell that comes in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Main, and th' Eriall blew,
And indistinct regard.

Gen. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivancy.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moore: Oh let the heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea,

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His Bark is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert, and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes (not surfett'd to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Cas. What noyse?

Gen. The Town is empty; on the brow oth' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governour,

Gen. They do discharge their shot of courtesie,
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth.

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gen. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath achiev'd a Maid
That paragon's description, and wilde Fame:
One that excells the quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tire the Ingeniver.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gen. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.

Cas. Ha's had most favourable, and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enlogge the guiltlesse Keel,
As having sense of Beauty do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of:
Our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennights speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Sail with thine own powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Desdemona's* armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extinctest Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Amilia.

Oh behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees,
Hail to thee, Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cas. He is not arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. Oh but I fear :
How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the Sea and Skies,
Parted our Fellowship. But hark, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell :
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the Newes :
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris :
Let it not gall your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Courtesie,
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes of me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas: she has no speech.

Iago. Infaith, too much :
I find it still, when I have leave to sleep,
Marry before your Ladiship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens :
Saints in your injuries: Devils being offended :
Players in your Huswifery, and Huswives in your Beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me.

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Des. Come on, assay.
There's one gone to the Harbour ?

Iago. I, Madam.

Des. I am not merry: but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise,
Come, how would'st thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is delivered.

*If she be fair, and wise; fairnesse and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd :
How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit,

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish.

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Desd. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh it? Alchouse. What miserable praise hast thou for
her that's foule and foolish.

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which fair, and wise ones doe.

Desd. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
ving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her

merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it
self.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly.
She that in wisdom never was so fraile,
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Taile :
She that could think, and ne're disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind :
She was a wight, (if ever such wights were)

Des. To doe what ?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beer.

Desd. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Doe
not learn of him, *Amilia*, though he be thy Husband.
How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most profane, and li-
berall Counsellor ?

Cassio. He speaks home (Madam) you may relish him
more in the Souldier, than in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-
per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as *Cassio*. I, smile upon her, doe: I will give thee
in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-
try, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play
the Sir in. Very good: well kissd, and excellent Curt-
sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your
Lips? Would they were Clister-pipes for your
sake,

The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he come.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warriour.

Des. My dear Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To see you here before me.

Oh my soules joy :

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 again as low,
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I fear,
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts should encrease
Even as our dayes doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy,
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That e're our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I'll set down
the Pegs that make this Musick, as honest as I am.

Oth.

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.
 Newes, (Friends) our warres are done :
 The Turks 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 amongst them. O my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doat
 In mine own comforts. I prethee, good *Iago*,
 Goto the Bay, and disembarke thy Coffers :
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 He is a good one, and his worthinesse
 Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither; if thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more than is native to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be instructed. Marke me with what violence she lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastick lies. To love him still for pratings, let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? 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. Loveliness in favour, sympathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choyce. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a Knave very voluble: no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil, and humane seeming, for the better compasse of his Salt, and most hidden loose affection? Why none, why none: A slippery, and subtle Knave, a finder of occasion: that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present it self. A Devilish Knave: besides, the Knave is handsome, young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat Knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she's full of most blest condition.

Iago. Blest Figs-end. The Wine she drinks is made of Grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moore: Blest'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Leachery by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts *Roderigo*, when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion: Pish. But, sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night: for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knowes you not: I'll not be farre from you. Doe you find some oc-

casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in Choller: and happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of *Cyprus* to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

Exit.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I doe well believ't: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credite. The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not) Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature, And I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*, A most dear Husband. Now I doe love her too, Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my Revenge, For that I doe suspect the lusty Moore Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof, Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwards: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife. Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore, At least into a Jealousie so strong, That Judgement cannot cure. Which thing to doe, If this poor Trash of *Venice*, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip, Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe (For I fear *Cassio* with my Night-Cap too) Make the Moore thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an Ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here: but yet confus'd, Knaveries plain face, is never seen, till us'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall; That upon certain tydings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the Turkish Fleet, every man put himself into Triumph. Some to dance, some to make Bonfires, each man to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Delebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feasting from this pre-

present house of nve, till the Bell have toll'd eleven.
Blesse the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.
Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Othel. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to night.
Let's teach our selves that honourable stop,
Not to our sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I look to't.

Othe. *Iago* is most honest:
Michael, good night. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my dear Love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten oth'
Clock. Our Generall cast us thus early for the love of
his *Desdemona*: Whom, let us not therefore blame; he
hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she
is sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an Eye she has?

Me thinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye:

And yet me thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarm to Love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their sheets. Come Lieu-
tenant, I have a stope of Wine, and here without are a
brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a measure
to the health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poor, and
unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wish cour-
tesie would invent some other custome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, I'll
drink for you.

Cassio. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation
it makes here. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not task my weaknesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants
desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here, at the door: I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell, and Offence
As my young Mistis's Dog,
Now my sick Foole, *Roderigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd,
Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three else of *Cyprus*, Noble swelling spirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle)
Have I to night slutter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongst this Flock of Drunkards,

And I to put our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If consequence doe but approve my dreame,
My Boat sailes freely, both with wind and streame.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rowle already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: not past a Pint, as I am
a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa,

And let me the Cannakin clink, clink:

And let me the Cannakin clink,

A Souldier's a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drink,

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where indeed they are
most potent in Porting. Your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and
your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, (drink hoa) are nothing to
your *English*.

Cassio. Is your *English*-man so exquisite in his drink-
ing?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane*
dead Drunk. He sweares not to overthrow your *Al-
main*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: and I'll do you Justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peer,

His Breeches cost him but a Crown,

He held them six pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the Taylor Lown:

He was a Wight of high Renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis Pride that pulls the Countrey down,

And take thy awl'd Cloak about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song than the o-
ther.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place,
that do's those things. Well: heaven's above all: and
there be soules must be saved, and there be soules must
not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of quality: I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Lets have
no more of this: lets to our affaires. Forgive our sins:
Gentlemen, lets look to our businesse. Do not think
Gentlemen, I am Drunk: this is my Ancient, this is my
right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now: I
can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not think then,
that I am drunk.

Montan. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, lets see
the Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to stand by *Cesar*,
And give direction. And doe but see his vice,
'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of him ;
I fear the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep,
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,
If drink rock not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo* ?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his own Second,
With one ingraft Infirmity,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this fair Island,
I do love *Cassio* well : and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark, what noyse ?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue : you Rascal.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant ?

Cas. A Knave teach me my duty ? I'll beat the
Knave into a Twiggan Bottle.

Rod. Beat me.

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue ?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant :
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go (sir)

Or I'll know you o're the Mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're Drunk.

Cassio. Drunk ?

Iago. Away I say : go out and cry a Mutiny.
Nay, good Lieutenant. Alas, Gentlemen :
Help ho. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano* :
Help masters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell : Diablo, ho :
The Town will rise. Pie, fie, Lieutenant,
You'll be ashamed for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Othe. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold ho : Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen :
Have you forgot all place of sense and duty ?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you : hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho ? From whence ariseth this ?
Are we turn'd Turks ? and to our selves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle :

He that stirres next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his foule light : He dies upon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters.

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak : who began this ? On thy love I charge thee ?

Iago. I do not know : Friends all, but now, even now
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride and Groom
Devesting them for Bed : and then, but now :
(As if some Planet had unwitting men)

Sword out, and tilting one at others breasts,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish oddes.
And would in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil :
The gravity and stilnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. Whats the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me ; that's said, or done amisse this night,
Unlesse self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence assailes us.

Othe. Now by heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having my best judgement collied)
Assayes to lead the way. If I once stirre,
Or doe but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul Rout began : Who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Thou he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Town of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private, and domestick Quarrell ?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safety ?
'Tis monstrous : *Iago*, who began't ?

Mon. If partially Assi'nd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or lesse, than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my self, to speak so the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall :
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pawse :
My self, the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Town might fall in fright. He, (twist of foot)
Out-ran my purpose : and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath : which till to night
I ne're might say before. When I came back
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, even as again they were
When you your self did part them :
More of this matter, cannot I report,
But men are men : the best sometimes forget,
Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Orhe. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter (Dear ?)

Orhe. All's well, Sweeting :

Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My self will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :

Iago, look with care about the Town,
And silence those whom this vile brawle distracted,
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant ?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation : Oh I have
lost my Reputation. I have lost the immortall part of my
self, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago*,
my Reputation.

Iago. 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 de-
serving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unlesse you
repute your self such a looser. What man, there are more
ways to recover the Generall again. You are but now
cast in his mood, (a punishment more in policy, than in
malice) even so as one would beat his offencelesse dog,
to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him again, and
he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceive
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and
so indiscreet an Officer. Drunk ? and speak Parrat ? and
squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse Fustian with
ones own shadow ? O thou invisible spirit of Wine,
if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee
Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword ?
what had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible ?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-
stinctly : a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to steale a-
way their Brains ? that we should with joy pleaseance, re-
vel and applause, transform our selves into Beasts.

Iago. Why ? But you are now well enough : how came
you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the Devil Drunkenesse, to give
place to the Devil Wrath, one unperfectnesse shewes me
another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Countrey
stands, I could heartily wish this had not befalln : but since
itis, as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my Place again, he shall tell
me, I am a Drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-
sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
strange ! Every inordinate Cup is unblest'd, and the In-
gredient is a Devil.

Iago. Come, come : good Wine is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well us'd : exclaim no more against
it. And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love
you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir, I drunk ?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time,
man. I tell you what you shall do : Our Generals Wife
is now the Geuerall. I may say so in this respect, for
that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the con-
templation, marke : and devotement of her parts and
Graces. Confesse your self freely to her : Importune her
help to put you in your place again. 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 between you and her Husband, cntreat
her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth
naming, this crack of your love, shall grow stronger then
it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of Love, and honest
kindnesse.

Cassio. I think it freely : and betimes in the morning,
I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for
me : I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right : good night, Lieutenant, I
must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago*.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That sayes I play the Villain ?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again.

For 'tis most easie

Th'inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suit. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Symbols of redeemed sin :

His Soule is so enfetted to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, doe what she list :
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain,
To counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course.

Directly to his good ? Divinity of Hell,
When Devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I doe now. For while this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repair his Fortune,
And she for him, pleads strongly to the Moore,
I'll poure this pestilence into his eare :

That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she strives to doe him good,
She shall undoe her Credit with the Moore.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodnesse make the Net,
That shall enmashe them all.

How now, *Roderigo* ?

Enter Roderigo.

Roderigo. I doe follow here in the Chace, not like a
Hound that Hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My mo-
ney is almost spent ; I have been to night exceedingly
well Cudgell'd : And I think the issue will be, I shall

Y y y

have

have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience? What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time: Dost not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast casheer'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow fair against the Sun, Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thy self a while. Introth 'tis Morning; Pleasure and Action make the hours seem short. Retire thee: go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo.* Two things are to be done: My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress: I'll set her on my self a while, to draw the Moore apart, And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Device, by coldness and delay. *Exit.*

Iago. I'll tend her to you presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest. *Enter Emilia.*

Emil. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinity: and that in wholesome wisdom He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you, And needs no other Suitor but his likings, To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray come in: I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief: and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak it? Nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir? how?

Clo. Are these; I pray you, wind Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they, sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loves sake to make no noyse with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, too't again. But (as they say) to hear Musick, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your Pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest Friend:

I hear you.

Cassio. Prethee keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entertains her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a bed then?

Cas. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife: My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give (*Iago*) to the Pilot, And by him do my duties to the Senate:

That done, I will be walking on the Works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will doe All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam, doe: I warrant it grieves my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow: do not doubt, *Cassio* But I will have my Lord and you again, As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord: You have known him long, and be you well assur'd, He shall in strangeness stand no farther off, Then in a politick distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed it self so out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place suppli'd, My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.

Des. Doe not doubt that: before *Emilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His Bed shall seem a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Amil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Othe. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if---I know not what.

Othe. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord?

I have bin talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prethee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I, Sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him back.

Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.

Des. But shal't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (sweet) for you.

Des. Shal't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the Captains at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn.

I prethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. Infaith he's penitent:

And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Save that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'incurre a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I would deny,

Or stand so man'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)

Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prethee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your Gloves,
Or feed on nourishinig Dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult weight,
And fearfull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I doe beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my Lord.

Oth. Farewell, my *Desdemon*, I'll come to thee straight

Des. *Amilia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate're you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule,
But I doe love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*

When you woo'd my Lady, know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he had bin acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord?

Oth. Think, my Lord? Alas, thou eccho'st me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsell,

Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeed?

And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit, if thou dost love me

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

For I know thou'r't full of Love and Honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knave

Are tricks of Custome: but in a man that's just,

They're cold dilations working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I pray thee speake to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that : All Slaves are free :
Utter my thoughts ? Why say they are vild, and false ?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has that breast so pure,
Wherein uncleanly apprehensions
Keep Leers, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull ?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spie into abuses, and of my jealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your self a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name in man and woman (dear my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewel of their Soules ;
Who steales my purse steales trash :
'Tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slave to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall nor, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha ?

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousie,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who certain of his Fate, loves not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts : Suspects, yet soundly loves ?

Oth. O misery.

Iago. Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poor :
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From jealousie.

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Jealousie ;
To follow still the changes of the Moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the businesse of my Soule
To such exufficate, and blowed Surmises,
Matching the inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances :
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealousie.

Iago. I am glad of this : for now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof :
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your eyes, thus : not Jealous, nor Secure :
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of self-bounty be abus'd, look to't :
I know our Country disposition well :
In *Venice*, they doe let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leav't undone, but kept unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iag. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. VVhy, go to then :
She that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seale her Fathers eyes up, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas witchcraft,
But I am much too blame :
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits :

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my Love.
But I doe see y'are mov'd :
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you doe so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
VVhich my thoughts aim'd not.

Cassio's my worthy friend :

My Lord, I see y'are mov'd :

Oth. No, not much mov'd :
I doe not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so ;
And long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it self-----

Iago. I there's the point :
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
VVhereto we see in all things, Nature tends :
Foh, one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foule disproportions, thoughts unnaturall.
But (pardon me) I doe not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her Countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife to observe.

Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Oth. VVhy did I marry ?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sess, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther : Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place ;
For sure he fills it up with great ability ;
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes :
Note if your Lady strain his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that : In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I doe beseech your Honour :

Oth. Feare not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I doe prove her Haggard,
Though that her Jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of Conversation
That Chamberers have : Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. Oh Curse of Marriage !
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites ? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keep a corner in the thing I love
For others uses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they lesse then the Base ;
'Tis destiny unshunnable like death :
Even then, this forked plague is Fated to us,
V When we do quicken. Look where she comes :

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it self :
I'll not believ't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello* ?
Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. VVhy doe you speak so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my Forehead here.

Des. VVhy that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little :

Let it alone : Come, I'll go in with you. *Exeunt.*

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Emil. 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 loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kisse, and talke to. I'll have the work tane out,
And giv't *Iago* : what he will doe with it
Heaven knowes, not I :
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what doe you here alone ?

Emil. Doe not you chide : I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing-----

Emil. Hah ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all ? what will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiffe ?

Iago. What Handkerchiffe ?

Emil. What Handkerchiffe ?

Why that the Moore first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stoln it from her ?

Emil. No : but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up :
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you doe with't, you have been so
earnest to have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what is that to you ?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me again. Poor Lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't :

I have use for it. Go, leave me, *Exit Emil.*

I will in *Cassio*'s Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as aire
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may doe something.
The Moore already changes with my poysons :
Dangerous conceits, are in their natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste :
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look where he comes : Not Poppy nor Mandiagora,
Nor all the drowfie Syrrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me ?

Iago. Why how now, Generall ? no more of that.

Oth. Avant, he gone : thou hast set me on the Rack :
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord ?

Oth. What sent had I, in her stoln houres of Lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not : it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her Lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this ?

Oth. I had been happy if the generall Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde ; farewell Content ;
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Warres,
That make Ambition Virtue ! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump ;
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp and Circumstance of glorious Warre :
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throats
Th'immortall *Jove*'s dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewell : *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore ;
Be sure of it : Give me the Ocular proof,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst bin better have bin born a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't : or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no Hindge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on : Or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse
On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
Doe deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace ! O heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? have you a soule ? or sense ?
God buy you : take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice !
Oh monstrous world ! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay : thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a Foole,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not :
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not :
I'll have some proof. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten up with passion :
I doe repent me that I put it to you,
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would, Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may : but now ? how satisfied, my Lord ?
Would you the super-vision grossely gaze on ?
Behold her topp'd ?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring to that prospect : Damn them then,
If ever mortall eyes doe see them boulder
More then their own. What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's Satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I doe not like the Office ;
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. There are a kind of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleeps will mutter
Their Affaires : one of this kinde is *Cassio* :
In sleep I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand :
Cry, oh sweet Creature : then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt up kitties by the roots,
That grew upon my lips, laid his Leg o're my Thigh,
And sigh and kisse, and then cry curst Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous ?

Iago. Nay this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewde doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll teare her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise ; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet : Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchiffe
Spotted with Straw-berries, in your Wives hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one : 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a Handkerchiffe
(I am sure it was your Wives) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Cassio. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives :
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now doe I see 'tis true. Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus doe I blow to heaven. 'Tis gone,
Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell,
Yield up (O Love) thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspics tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say : your minde may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsive Course,
Ne're keeps retiring ebbe, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellefont* :
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne're look back, ne're ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I here engage my words-----

Iago. Doe not rise yet :

Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about.
Witnesse that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bountious,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three dayes let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead:

'Tis done at your request.
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her lewde Minx :

O damn her, damn her.
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the fair Devil.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

Exeunt.
Scena.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lyes ?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man ?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to : where lodges he ?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by report ?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To doe this, is within the compasse of mans wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit Clow.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiffe, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseness, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who he ? I think the Sun where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia. Look where he comes.

Des. 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 hardnesse to dissemble ! How doe you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand, This hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Enter Othello.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberall heart : Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty : Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise devout, For here's a young and sweating Devil here, That commonly rebels : 'Tis a good hand. A frank one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so :

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands : But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this :

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheume offends me : Lend me thy Handkerchiffe.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault : That Handkerchiffe Did an Egyptian to my Mother give :

She was a Charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people : She told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father Intirely to her love : but if she lost it, Or made a Gift of it, My Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying gave it me, And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd) To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't, Make it a Darling, like your precious eye : To loos't, or give't away, were such perdition, As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's Magick in the web of it : A Sybill that had numbred in the world The Sun to course two hundred compasses, In her prophetick fury sow'd the work : The Wormes were hallowed, that did breed the Silk, And it was di'd in Mummey, which the skilfull Conserv'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed ? is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would the heaven, that I had never seen't.

Oth. Ha ? wherefore ?

Des. Why doe you speak so staringly, and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? Speak, is't out oth' way ?

Des. Blesse us.

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost : but what and if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht', let me see't.

Des. Why so I can : but I will not now : This is a trick to put me from my suit, Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiffe, My minde mis-gives.

Des. Come, come : you'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiffe.

Des. A man that all histime Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love ; Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiffe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame,

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I never saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchiffe, I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man : They are all but stomachs, and we all but Food, They eat us hungerly, and when they are full They belch us.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Look you, Cassio and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way : 'tis she must do't : And loe the happinesse : go and importune her.

Des.

Des. How now, (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suit. I doe beseech you, That by your virtuous meanes, I may again Exist, and be a member of his love, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Intirely honour, I would not be delay'd. If my offence be of such mortall kinde, That not my Service past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I cloathe me in a forc'd content, And thut my self up in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*) My Advocation is not now in tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, Were he in favour, as in humour alterd. So help me every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blank of his displeasure For my free speech. You must a while be patient: What I can doe, I will: and more I will Then for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Amil. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange inquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon, When it hath blown his Ranks into the aire, And like the Devil from his very Arme Pust his own Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then; I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry

Exit.

Des. I prethee doe so. Something sure of State, Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice, Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus*, to him, Hath puddled his clear Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, even to a sense Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods, Nor of them look for such observance As fits the Bridall. Befrew me much, *Amilia*, I was (unhandsome Warriour as I am) Arraigning his unkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse, And he's Indited falsely.

Amil. Pray heaven it be State matters, as you think, and no Conception, Nor no jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Amil. But Jealous soules will not be answer'd so; They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster Begot upon it self, Born on it self.

Des. Heaven keep the Monster from *Othello's* minde.

Amil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout: If I doe finde him fit, I'll move your suit, And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most fair *Bianca*?

Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*. What? keep a week away? Seven dayes, and nights? Eight score eight houres? And Loves absent houres More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*: I have this while with leaden thoughts been prelt, But I shall in a more continuat time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*, Take me this work out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this? This is some token from a newer Friend, To the felt-absence: now I feel a Cause: Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman: Throw your vild guesse in the Devils teeth, From whence you have them. You are jealous now That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance; No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cassio. I know not neither: I found it in my Chamber, I like the work well: Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would have it coppied: Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cassio. I doe attend here on the Generall, And think it no addition, nor my wish To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you doe not love me, I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friends in bed, An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not mean harme? It is hypocrisie against the Devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip: But I give my wife a Handkerchiffe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, She may (I think) bestow't on any man,

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honour too: May she give that?

Iago

Iago. Her Honour is an Essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the Handkerchiffe.

Oth. By heaven I would most gladly have forgot it :
Thou saidst (oh, it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious house :
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiffe.

Iago. I : what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now :

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or hear him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dorage of some Mistris,
Convinced or supplid them cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'll unwear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did : I know not what he did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lye,

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her ? on her : what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ? lie on her ? we say, lie on her,
when they be-lye her. Lie with her ? that's fullome :
Handkerchiffe : Confessions : Handkerchiffe. To con-
fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse : I tremble at it. Nature would not
invest her self in such shadowing passion, without some
instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lips : is't possible. Confesse ? Hand-
kerchiffe ? O Devil. *Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My Medicine works. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus
(All guiltlesse) meet reproach : what hoa ? My Lord ?
My Lord, I say *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio* ?

Cas. What's the matter ?

Iago. My Lord is fain into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit : he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargy must have his quiet course :
If not, he foames at mouth : and by and by
Breaks out to savage madnesse : Look, he stirres :
Doe you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight : when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speak with you.
How is it Generall ? Have you not hurt your hand ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heaven :
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monster and a Beast.

Iago. There's many a Beast then in a populous City,
And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confesse it ?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man :
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoa'k'd
May draw with you. There's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch ;

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise : 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confin your self but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were here, o're-whelmed with your grief
(A passion most resulting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good scuses on your Extasie,
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd. Doe but encave your self,
And marke the Fleeres, the Cybes and notable Scoins,
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 again to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture : marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Splen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience :
But (dost thou hear) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss.
But yet keep time in all : will you withdraw ?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her self Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restrain
From the excessse of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad :
And his unbookish Jealousie must conserve,
Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How doe you, Lieutenant ?

Cas. The worse, that you gave me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't :
Now, if this Sure lay in *Bianca*'s dowre,
How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor Caitiffe.

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly : and laughs it out,

Iago. Doe you hear, *Cassio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're : go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Doe you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe ye triumph, Roman ? doe you triumph ?

Cas. I marry. What ? a customer ; prethee bear
Some Charity to my wit, doe not think it
So unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so : they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prethee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villain else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me ; well.

Cas. This is the Monkies own giving out :
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her own love & flattery, not out of my promise.

Othello

Oth. *Iago* beckon's me: now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me: So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that Nose of yours, but now that Dog, I shall throw it to:

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me: look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one: What doe you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his damme haunt you: what did you mean by that same Handkerchiffe you gave me even now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your Hobbey-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*?
How now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my Handkerchiffe.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll raile in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prethee come, will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *Exit.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiffe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeares a killing: A fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh, she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Bear: of so high a plentious wit, and invention?

Iag. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it, *Iago*.
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity: give her pattennt to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. I'll not expostulate with her: left her body and her beauty unprovide my minde again: this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Doe it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: what Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from *Venice*,

'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you, worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, Signior,
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's faln between him and my Lord,
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will-----

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T'atone them for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weeps.

Oth. Oh Devil, Devil:

If that the Earth could teem with womans teares,
Each drop she falls would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you:

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth.

Othe. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. VVho I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn, and turn : and yet go on
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep.
And she's obedient : as you say obedient.
Very obedient : proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this, Sir, (oh well painted passion)
I am commanded home : get you away :
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to Venice. Hence, avant :
Cassio shall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.

Goats and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
VVhom Passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not of light Brain?

Iago. He's that he is : I may not breathe my censure.
VVhat he might be : if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. VVhat, strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters work upon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honesty in me to speak
VVhat I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : do but go after
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Othe. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard : nor ever did suspect.

Othe. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme : and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othe. VVhat? Did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my Lord.

Othe. Nor send you out oth' way?

Emil. Never.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor

Emil. Never, my Lord, (nothing?)

Othe. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager she is honest,
Lay down my Soule at stake : If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their Wives
Is foul as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither : go. *Exit Emilia.*

She saies enough : yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore :
A Closset Lock and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'll kneel, and pray : I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chuck come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Othe. Let me see your eyes : look in my face.

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function, Mistris,
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the door :

Cough, or cry hem ; if any body come :

Your Mystery, your Mystery ; Nay dispatch. *Exit Emi.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord : your true and loyal wife.

Othello. Come swear it : damne thy self, being like
one of Heaven, the devills themselves should fear to
ceise thee. Therefore be double damn'd : swear thou art
honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Othe. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah Desdemon, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day : why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?

If happily you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.

Othe. Had it 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 poverty to the very lips.

Given to Captivity, me and my utmost hopes.

I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorn,

To point his slow, and moving finger at.

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well :

But there where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my currant runs,

Or else dries up : to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a Cestern, for foul Toads

To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there :

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,

I here look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Lord esteems me honest.

Othe. O I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed :

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the Sence asks at thee,

Would thad't never been born.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othe. Was this fair Paper? this most goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Com-

Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks:
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heaven you doe me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this Vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heaven forgive us.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.

I took you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Miltris,

Enter Emilia.

That have the Office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We have done our course: there's money for your pains:
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsell. *Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?

How doe you, Madam? how doe you, my good Lady?

Des. Faith, half a sleep.

Emil. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none: doe not talk to me, *Emilia*,

I cannot weep: nor answers have I none,
But what should go by water. Prethee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so: very meet.
How have I bin behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that doe teach your Babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, Lady?

Emil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight, and heavy termes upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name (fair Lady?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a Beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such termes upon his Caller.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Doe not weep, doe not weep: alas-the-day.

Emil. Hath she forsook so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? and her Countrey? and her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Bethrew him for't:

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villain,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some Office,
Has not devis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her company?

What Place? what Time?

What Form? what Likelihood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.

Oh heavens, that such companions thoud'ft unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the Rascall naked through the world,

Even from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. Oh fie upon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*.

What shall I do to win my Lord again?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneele:

If e're my will did trespassse 'gainst his Love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sence

Delighted them: or any other Form:

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, (though he do shake me off

To beggerly divorcement) Love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me. Unkindnesse may do much,

And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,

But never taint my Love. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speak the word,

To do the Act, that might the addition earn,

Not the worlds Masse of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant:

Heark how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messenger of Venice stayes the Meat;

Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rodo. Every day thou dost me with some device, *Iago*,
and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all
conveniency, then suppliest me with the least advantage
of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet
perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have fool-
ishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rodo.

Rodo. I have heard too much : and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth : I have wasted my self out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to : very well.

Rodo. Very well, go to : I cannot go to, (man) nor 'tis not very well : nay, I think it is scurvy : and begin to find my self sopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodo. I tell you, 'tis not very well : I will make my self known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation. If not, assure your self, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee : and even from this instant doe 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 appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd : and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now then ever (I mean purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treachery, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well : what is it ? Is it within reason and compasse ?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no : he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unlesse his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you mean removing him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place : knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe.

Iago. I : if you dare doe your self 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 fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betwen us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me : I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time : and the night growes to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this,

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desmona, Emilia and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble your self no further.

Orhe. Oh pardon : 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night : I humbly thank your Lady.

Des. Your honour is most welcome. (ship,

Orhe. Will you walk sir ? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Orhe. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith : dismisse your Attendant there : look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Emi. How goes it now ? he looks gentler then he did.

Des. He sayes he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismisse you.

Emil. Dismisse me ?

Des. It was his bidding : therefore good *Emilia*, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, (Prithee un-pin me) have grace and favour.

Emi. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one : good Father, how foolish are our minds ? If I do die before thee, prithee throwd me In one of these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come : you talk.

Des. My Mocher had a Maid call'd *Barbara*, She was in love : and he she lov'd prov'd mad.

And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow, An old thing 'twas : but it express'd her Fortune.

And she dy'd singing it. That song to night, Will not go from my mind : I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poor *Barbara* : prithee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here, This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor Soul sat singing, by a *Sicamore* tree.

Sing all a green *Willough* :

Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,

Sing *Willough*, *Willough*, *Willough*.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans
Sing *Willough*, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,
Sing willow, &c. (Lady by these)

Willough, *Willough*. (Prithe high thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green *Willough* must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

(Nay that's not next. Hark who is't that knocks ?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love : but what said he then ?

Sing *Willough*, &c.

If I court no women, you'll conch with me men.

Z z z

So

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boad weeping?

Amil. 'Tis neither here, nor there,

Des. I have heard it said so, O these Men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think (tell me *Amilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kind?

Amil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world:

Amil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Amil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might do't as well ith' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Amil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Amil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joynt Rring, nor for measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Amil. Why, the wrong, is but a wrong ith' world;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Amil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.

But I do think it is their husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into forraign laps;
Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us: Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight)

Why we have galls: and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: They see and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night:
Heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad, from bad; but hy bad, mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this Bark,
Straight will he come:
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it marris us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy Resolution;

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: Behold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rub'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: if *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the *Moor*
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villain thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better then thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:
Help ho: Murther, murthrr.

Enter Othello.

Othe. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villain that I am.

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help ho: Light, a Surgeon.

Othe. 'Tis he: O brave *Iago*, honest, and just,
That hast such Noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest Fate hinges: Strumpet I come:
For off my heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed-left-stain'd, shall with Lusts bloud be spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho? no Watch? no passage?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direfull.

Cas. Oh help.

Lodo. Hark.

Rod. Oh wretched Villain.

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?
Whose noise is this that cryes out murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heaven sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, undone by Villains:
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, Lieutenant?

What Villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh trecherous Villains:

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there:

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain;

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark?

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How silent is this Town? Ho, murder murder.

What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*.

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villains.

Gra. *Cassio*.

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My Leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heaven forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter here? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus;

I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:-----Oh for a Chair To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my dear Countryman

Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon: These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence, I'll fetch the Generals Surgeon. For you, Mistress, Save you your labour. He that lies slain here (*Cassio*) Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What look you pale? Oh bear him out oth' Airc. Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale Mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you look upon her:

Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak Though tongues were out of use.

Amil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband.

Iago. *Cassio* hath here bin set on in the dark By *Roderigo*, and Fellows that are scap'd:

He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* quite dead.

Amil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithce *Amilia*, Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night.

What do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Amil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Amil. As I? Fie upon thee.

Iago. Kind Gentlemen:

Let's go see poor *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistress, you must tell's another Tale.

Amilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my soul)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starrs,

It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor fear that whiter skin of hers then Snow,

And smooth as Monumental Alabaster:

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

It I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that *Promethean* heat

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree:

Oh Balmy breath, that do'st almost persuade

Justice to break 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 sweet, was ne're so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears: this forrows heavenly,

It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes:

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othe. I, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Othe. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. I, my Lord.

Othe. If you bethink your self of any Crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and Grace, Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by that?

Othe. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,

No, (Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Othe. I, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me.

Z z z z

Othe.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humh.

Des. And yet I fear you : for you're fatal then.
When your eyes rowl so.

Why I should fear I know not,

Since guiltineffe I know not : But yet I feel I fear,

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are love I bear to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'lt.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No by my life, and soul : send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sin :

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception

That I do groan withall. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh heaven have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too, I never did

Offend you in my life : never lov'd *Cassio*,

But with such general warranty of heaven,

As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my Handkerchief in's hand.

O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,

And makest me call, what I intend to do

A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.

I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then :

I never gave it him : Send for him hither :

Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest :

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No : his mouth is stopp'd :

Honest *Iago* hath rane order for't.

Des. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great Revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Our Strumpet : weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

Smother's her.

Amilia at the door.

Amil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead

I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,

I would not have thee linger in thy pain?

So, so.

Amil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Amil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes: 'tis *Amilia* : by and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio*'s death :

The noise was high. Hah, no more mooving?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?

I think she stirs again, No, what's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :

My wife, my wife, what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! O heavy hour!

Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sun and Moon : and that th'affrighted Globe

Did yawn at Alteration.

Amil. I do beseech you

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : oh come in *Amilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Amilia.

Amil. Oh, my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.

Oth. What? now?

Amil. But now, my Lord,

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,

She comes more nearer Earth then she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Amil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Amil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murthers out of tune,

And sweet Revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Amil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Amil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice,

Help, help hoa, help, Oh Lady speak again,

Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speak.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Amil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body : I my self, farewell :

Commend me to my kind Lord : oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murd'red?

Amil. Alas : who knows?

Oth. You hear her say her self, it was not I.

Amil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Lyar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Amil. Oh the more Angel she, and you the blacker
Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly : and she was a whore.

Amil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Amil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her : ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell :

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Amil.

Amil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Amil. That she was false to Wedlock ;

Oth. I, with *Cassio* : had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Amil. My husband ?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Amil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman ?
I say thy husband.

Amil. Oh Mistress,
Villany hath made mocks with love :
My husband say she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;
I say thy husband : do'st understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband ; honest, honest *Iago*.

Amil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day : he lies to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargain.

Oth. Hah ?

Amil. Do thy worst :
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Amil. Thou hast not halfe that power to do me harme
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as dirt : thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy sword) I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives, Help, help, ho, help :
The Moor hath kill'd my Mistress. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter ? How now General ?

Amil. Oh, are you come, *Iago* : you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Amil. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a man,
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false :
I know thou did'st not : thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himself was apt, and true.

Amil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false ?

Iago. I did.

Amil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie :
Upon my soul, a Lye ; a wicked Lie.
She false with *Cassio* ?

Did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistress,
Go to, charme your tongue.

Amil. I will not charme my tongue ;
I am bound to speak,
My Mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heavens, forefend.

Amil. And your reports have set the Murther on.

Oth. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Act.

Amil. Villany, villany, villany :

I think upon't, I think : I smel't : O Villany :
I thought so then : I'll kill my self for grief,
O villany ! villany ?

Iago. What, are you mad ?

I charge you get you home.

Amil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :
'Tis proper I obey him ; but not now :
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Amil. Nay, lay thee down and roar :
For thou hast kil'd the sweetest innocent,
That e're did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul !

I scarce did know you Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd :
I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona* :

I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy Match was mortal to him ; and pure grief
Shore his old thred in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn :
Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pittifull ; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works
With that Recognizance and pledg of Love
Which I first gave her : I saw it in his hand :
It was a Handkerchief, an Antick Token
My father gave my mother.

Amil. Oh heaven ! oh heavenly Powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Amil. 'Twill out. 'Twill out, I peace ;
No, I will speak as liberal as the North,
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wife and get you home.

Amil. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman.

Amil. Oh thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often, with a sollemn earnestness,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steal't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Amil. She give it *Cassio* ? alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth thou lie'st.

Amil. By heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen :
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serves for the Thunder ?
Precious Villain.

Gra. The woman falls :
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Amil. I, I ; oh lay me by my Mistress side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious Villain : take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moor :
Come guard the door without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave.

Exit.
Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither :
But every Puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Amil. What did thy Song boad, Lady ?
Hark canst thou hear me ? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musick : *Willow, willow, willow.*
Moor, she was chaste : she lov'd thee, cruel *Moor* :
So come my soul to blisse, as I speak true :
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks temper :
Oh here it is : Uncle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon :
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a Souldiers Thigh, I have seen the day,
That with this little Aime, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times you stop. But (oh vain boast)
Who can controll his fate ? 'tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd :
Here is my journey's end, here is my But,
And very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'Tis a lost fear,
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go ?
Now : how do'st thou look now ? oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smock : when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurle my soul from Heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl ?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave !
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight :
Blow me about in winds, and roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of Liquid Fire.
Oh *Desdemona* ! dead *Desdemona* : dead, dead, Oh, oh !

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago
with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello* : here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper ?

Bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live :
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that was once so good,
Faln in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be said to thee.

Oth. Why any thing :
An honorable Murderer, if you will :
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause,

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon :
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Devil,

Why he hath thus enlar'd my soul and body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou do'st best.

Lod. Sir,

You shall understand what hath befalln,
(Which as I think, you know not) here is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. O Villain !

Cassio. most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too : and this it seems
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain :
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satish'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Cairisse ;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchief
That was my wives ?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber :
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool, fool, fool !

Cas. There is besides, in *Roderigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave in upon the Watch : whereon it came
That I was cast : and even but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power, and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go :
I have done the State some service, and they know't :
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.

Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well :
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extream : Of one, whose hand
(Like the base *Indian*) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe : Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees.
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you down this :
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' throat the circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss thee, ere I kill'd thee : No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a kiss.

Dies.
Cassio.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon :
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan Dog :
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea :
Look on the Tragick Loading of this bed :
This is thy work :
The Object poysons sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the *Moor*,
For they succeed on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Censure of this hellish villain :
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.
My self will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt.

T H E
A C T O R S
N A M E S.

Othello, *the Moor*.
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona*.
Cassio, *An honorable Lieutenant*.
Iago, *A Villain*.
Rodorigo, *A gull'd Gentleman*.
Duke of *Venice*.
Senators.
Montano, *Governor of Cyprus*.

Gentlemen of *Cyprus*.
Lodovico, and Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians*.
Sailors.
Clown.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello*.
Emilia, *Wife to Iago*.
Bianca, *A Courtesan*.

F I N I S.





THE TRAGEDY OF ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our General
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the War,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*,
Now bend, now turn
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captains heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breast reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lutt..

*Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies;
the Train, with Eunuchs fan-
ning her.*

Look where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see him
The tripple Pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpets Fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much ?

Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News (my good Lord) from *Rome*.

Ant. Rate me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay hear them *Anthony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry : or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cesar* have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this ;
Take in that Kingdome, and infranchise that :
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Love ?

Cleo. Perchance ? Nay, and most like ;
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cesar*, therefore hear it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fulvia's* Proesse ? (*Cesars* I would say) both ?
Call in the Messengers : as I am *Egypt's* Queen,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that bloud of thine
Is *Cesars* homager : else so thy cheeks payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall : Here is my space,
Kingdomes are clay : Our duncy earth alike

Feeds beast as Man ; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up Peerlesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood :

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ?

I'll seem the fool I am not. *Anthony* will be himself,

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the love of love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh ;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night ?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen :

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep : whose every passion fully strives
To make it self (in Thee) fair, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is *Cesar* with *Anthony* priz'd so slight ?

Philo. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approves the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at *Rome* : but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprinus, a Soothsayer, Rannius,
Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian
the Eunuch, and Alexas,*

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Sooth-
sayer that you prais'd to th'Queen ? Oh that I knew
this Husband, which you say, must change his horns with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the Man ? Is't you, sir, that know things ?

Sooth. In Natures infinite book of Secrecy, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banquet quickly : Wine enough,
Cleo.

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer then you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more loving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do Homage. Finde me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names: Prithee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have.

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, and fore-tell every wish, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Irás* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a Palm presages Chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing *Nylus* presageth Famine.

Irás. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme be not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee tell her but a workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better then I: where would you choose it.

Irás. Not in my husbands Nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight: good *Isis*, I beseech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddesse, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foul Knave uncuckold'd: therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Loe now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, Here comes *Anthony*,

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your service.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

Exeunt.

Mess. *Fulvia* thy Wife, First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*.

Mess. I, but soon that War had end, And the times state

Made friends of them, joyn'ting their force 'gainst *Caesar*. Whose better issue in the war of *Italy*, Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward: On. Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus, Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. *Labiennus* (this is stiffe-news)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended *Asia*: from *Euphrates* his conquering

Banner shook: from *Syria* to *Lydia*,

And to *Ionia*, whilst-----

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st say.

Mess. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, Mince not the general tongue, name *Cleopatra* as she is call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt thy faults With such full License, as both Truth and Malice Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds, When our quick winds lye still, and our ills told us Is as our ear-ring: fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your Noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the news? speak there.

1 *Mess.* The man from *Scicion*, Is there such an one?

2 *Mess.* He staves upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear: These strong *Egyptian* Fetters I must break, Or loose my self in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3 *Mess.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she.

Mess. In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse, With what else more serious,

Importe to thee to know, this bears,

Ant. Forbear me

There's a great spirit gone, thus did I desire it: What our contempts do often hurle from us,

We wish it ours again, the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it self: she's good being gon,
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this Queen break off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the ill I know
My idlenesse doth hatch

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with hast from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parture, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone,

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-
tween them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly: I have seen her, die twenty times upon
far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying,

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds
and waters, sighes and tears: they are greater stormes
and Tempells then Almanacks can report. This cannot
be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a showre of Rain
as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left unseen a wonderfull
piece of work, which not to have bin blest withall,
would have discredited your Travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shews to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when old Robes are worn out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with Conso-
lation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat,
and indeed the tears live in an Onion, that should wate
this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd here can-
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
wholly depends on your abroad.

Ant. No more like Answers:

Let our Officers

Have notice what we propose. I shall break
The cause of our Expedience to the Queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us: but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given thee dare to *Cesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people
Whose love is never link'd to the deserter,

I ill his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities
Upon his Son, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in bloud and life, stands up
For the main Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides oth' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers hare, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poison. Say our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Who's with him, what he do's:

I did not send you. If you find him sad,

Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, me thinks if you did love him dearly
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing give him way, crosse him in noth ing

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far. I wish forbear,
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Anthony.

But here comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news
What saies the married woman you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come,
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true
(Though you swearing shake the Throned gods)
Who have bin false to *Fulvia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes.
Blisse in our brows bent: none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greater Lyar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me Queen:

The strong necessity of time, commands
Our Services a while: but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*,
Shines o're with civill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*,
Equality of two Domestick powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated grown to strength
Are newly grown to Love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietnesse grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
Look here, and at thy Sovereign leisure read
The Garboyls she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
As thou affect'st it.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmain* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honorable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prithee turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look prithee *Charman*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony*.
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For idlenesse it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idlenesse so near the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence.
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell'd victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feet.

Ant. Let us go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me;
And I hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away.

Exeunt

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Train.*

Cas. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Casars* Natural vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of night in revells: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall find there a man, who is the abstract of all faults;
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodness,
His faults in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blacknesse; Hereditary,
Rather then purchas'd: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the Buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: Say this becomes him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foys, when we do bear
So great waight in his Lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinnesse of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour
Most Noble *Cesar*, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cesar*: to the Ports
The discontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no lesse,
It hath bin taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the stream,
Goes too, and back, lacking the varying tyde

To rot it self with motion.

Mef. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas*, famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With knees of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders Maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flesh youth to revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more
Then could his War resisted.

Caesar. Anthony.

Leave thy lascivious Vassails. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Medena*, where thou flew'st
Hirfius, and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou faught'st against,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat then did dain
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,
It is reported thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was born so like a Souldier, that thy cheek
So much as I lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
Did shew our selves ith' Field, and to that end
Assemble we immediately council, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnish'd to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter, it is my business too. Fare- (well)

Lep. Farewell my Lord, what you shall know mean (time)
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you sir,
To let me be partaker.

Ces. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmain, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmain.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your highness pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unfeminari'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of *Egypt*, Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not indeed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmain*;

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands, or sits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of *Anthony*!
Do bravely horse, for worst thou whom thou moov'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgonet of man. He's speaking now.
Or murmuring, wheres my Serpent of old Nile,
(For so he call's me: Now I feed my self
With most delicious poyson. Think on me
That am with Phebus amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel of a Monark; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow.
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou like *Mark Anthony*?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Anthony*?

Alex. Last thing he did (dear Queen)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses,
This Orient Pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he:
Say the firm Roman to great *Egypt* sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time oth' year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition: Note him:
Note him good *Charmain*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy, but between both.
Oh heavenly mingle? Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man else. Mer'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I madam, twenty several Messengers,
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day, when I forget to send
to *Anthony*, shall die a Beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmi-*
an. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*, ever
love *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Caesar*.

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the brave *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Caesar* Paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I said then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,

he shall have every day several greeting, or I'll unpeople
Egypt.

Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas in
warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that which they do de-
lay, they not deny

Pom. While we are suitors to their Throne, decays
the thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own harmes, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Crescent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to th'full. Mark Anthony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doors. Caesar gets money where
He looses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Love,
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip,
Let witchcraft join with beauty: Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming. Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite.
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a Lethied dulness -----

Enter Varrinus.

How now Varrinus?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:

Mark Anthony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helm
For such a petty War: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow pluck
The near Lust-wearied Anthony.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Caesar and Anthony shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to Caesar,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Anthony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all:
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May Cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Be't as our gods will have't; it onely stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands,
Come Menas.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Anthony look over Caesar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's Beard,
I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then born
in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enob. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stir
No Embers up. Here comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Enob. And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia.
Hark Ventidius.

Caesar. I do not know, Mecenas, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th'inatter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I should do thus.

Flourish.

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Ces. I must be laugh'd at, if, or for nothing, or a little,
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th'world. More laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar, what was't to you?

Ces. No more then my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their contestation
Was Theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business, My brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you patch a quarrel:
As matter whole you have to take it with,

A a a a

It

It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise your self, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patch up your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to warres with the women.

Anth. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cesar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too: I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you, when rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken the Article of your Oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cesar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on, *Cesar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cas. To lend me Armes, and aid when I requir'd them,
the which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather.

And then when poisoned houres had bound me up
From mine own knowledge, as nearly as I may,
I le play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made Warres here,
For which my self, the ignorant motive, doe
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite.
Were to remember, that the present need,
Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the
instant, you may when you hear no more words of
Pompey return it again: you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Souldier, only speak no more.

Enobar. That truth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Enob. Go to then: your Considerate stone.

Cesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us staunch from edge to edge
Ath' world, I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, *Cesar*.

Cas. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by thy Mother's side, admir'd
Octavia? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cas. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you,
your proof were well deserved of rashness.

Anth. I am not married, *Cesar*: let me hear *Agrippa*
further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Anthony*
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband then the best of men:
Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cesar* speak?

Cas. Not 'till he hears how *Anthony* is toucht
With what is spoken already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cas. The power of *Cesar*,
And his power unto *Octavia*.

Anth. May I never
(To this good purpose, that so fairly shews)
Dream of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this hour,
The heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And sway our great Designs.

Cas. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily. Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword against *Pompey*,
For he hath strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him onely,
Lest my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heel of that desie him.

Lepi. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cas. About the Mount-*Mesena*.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Cas. Great, and increasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Frame,
Would we had spoke together. Hasten we for it,
Yet e're we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The business we have talkt of.

Cas. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

VWhither straight I'll lead you.

Anth. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sickness should detain me.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. I Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-Boars roasted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Fly by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Anthony*, she purst up his heart upon the river of *Cydus*.

Agrip. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Love-sick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster:
As amorous of her strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description, she did lye
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancie our-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd' Fannes, whose wind did seem
To glove the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mere-maids tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Mere-maid steers: the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yearly frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her people out upon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th'air: which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agrip. Rare *Egyptian*.

Eno. Upon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast:
And for his ordinary, payes his heart,
For what his eyes eat onely.

Agrip. Royal wench:

She made great *Cesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publick Street,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Anthony*, must leave her utterly

Eno. Never, he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome steal
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Ostavia*'s

A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your self
my guest, whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Cesar, Ostavia between them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes divide me from your bosome.

Ost. All which time, before the gods my knee shall
bow my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Ostavia*
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule: good night, dear Lady.

Ost. Good night, sir.

Cesar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now sirrah: do you wish your self in *Egypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to *Egypt* again.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher,
Cesar's or mine?

Soot. *Cesar*'s. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side.
Thy *Demon* (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, Courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cesar*'s is not. But near him thy Angel
Becomes a fear: as being o're-pow'r'd, and therefore
Make space enough between you.

Anth. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more, but when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thau art sure to lose: And of that Natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But he alway is Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius* I would speak with him.

Exit.

He shall to *Parthia*, be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance, if we draw lots, he speeds,
His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quails ever
Beat mine (in hoop) at odd's. I will to *Egypt*

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready :
Follow me and, receiv't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your self no farther: pray you hasten
your generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Anthony* will e'en but kiss *Octavia*,
and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Souldier's dress,
Which will become you both : Farewell.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the journey, be at the
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick : Musick, moody food of
us that trade in love.

Omnes. The Musick, ho.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd, as
with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come too short
The Actor may plead pardon. I'le none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to th'River, there
My Musick playing far off. I will betray
Tawny-fine fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimie jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'le think them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wagét'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hook,
which he with fervencie drew up.

Cleo. That time? Oh times :
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
E're the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantels on him, whil't
I wore his Sword *Philippian*. Oh from *Italie*

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time have bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,
If thou say so, Villain, thou kil'st thy Mistress :
But well and free, if thou so yield him.
There is Gold and here
My blewest veins to kiss : a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well,

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well : bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powre
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to I will :

But there's no goodness in thy face, if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull ; so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Wilt please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee e're thou speak'st,
Yet if thou say, *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captain to him,
I'le see thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence, sic upon but yet,
But yet is as a Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee, Friend,
Powre out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cesar*,
In state of health thou say'st, and thou sayest, free.

Mes. Free, Madam ! no : I made no such sport,
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mes. For the best turn i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

Strikes him down.

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villain, or I'le spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me : I'le unhair thy head :

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Mes. Nay then I'le run :

What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt :
Melt *Agypt* into *Nile* ; and kindled creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him : Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lack Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my self : since I my self
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger again.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes : give to a gracious Message

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou again say yes.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee,

Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd and made
A Cistern for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me doe,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou art'sure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandise which thou hast brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:

Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by'em.

Char. Good your Highness patience.

Cleo. In praising *Anthony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. 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 *Octavia*, her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever go, let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other wayes a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

*Enter Pompey, at one door with Drum and Trumpet: at
another Cesar, Lepidus. Anthony, Enobarbus, Mece-
nas, Agrippa, Menas with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine:
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cas. Most meet that first we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let us know,
If't will tie up thy discontented Sword
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman *Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant

To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull *Rome*
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sailes,
We'll speak with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o're-count me of my father's house.
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present now you talk)

The offers we have sent you.

Cesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to,
But weigh what it is worth embrac'd.

Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats: then, to send
Measures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I have gained by't.

Cas. Since I saw you last, there's a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosome she shall never come,
To make my heart a vassal.

Lepi. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to doe.

Pom. We'll feast each other, e're we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Anth. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pompey. No, *Anthony*, take the lot: but first or last,
your fine *Egyptian* cookery shall have the fame, I have
heard that *Julius Cesar* grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried -----

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cesar* in a Materice.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well-deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee :
Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords ?

All. Shew s the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manent Enob. & Menas.*

Menas. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne're have made
Treaty. You, and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Menas. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Menas. And you by Land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, some-thing you can deny for your own
safety : you have bin a good Thief by Sea.

Menas. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land service : but give me
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they
might have two Thieves kissing.

Menas. All mens faces are true, whatsoe're their hands
are.

Eno. But there is ne're a fair Woman, ha's a true
Face.

Menas. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Menas. Y'have said, Sir, we look'd not for *Mark An-
thony* here, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra* ?

Eno. *Cesar's* Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Menas. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Menas. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is *Cesar* and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I would
not Prophesie so.

Menas. I think the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage then the Love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that
seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very
stranger of their Amitie : *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and
still conversation.

Menas. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so : which is *Mark
Anthony* : he will to his *Egyptian* dish again : then shall
the sighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cesar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *An-
thony* will use his affection where it is. He married but
his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you a-board ?
I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have us'd our Throats in
Agypt.

Menas. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musick plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they'll be, man : some o' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them
down.

2. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1. They have made him drink *Almes* drink.

2. As they pinch one another by the disposition he
cries out, no more ; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himself to th' drink.

1. But it raises the greater war between him and his
discretion.

2. Why this it is to have a name in great men's Fellow-
ship : I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no ser-
vice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen
to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which
pittifully disfigure the cheeks.

A Sonnet sounded.

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Me-
cenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir : they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certain scale, i'th' Pyramid : they know
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean : If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* swells
Themore it promises as it ebbs, the Seedsmen
Upon the slime and Ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there ?

Ant. I, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of *Egypt*, is bred now of your
nud by the operation of the Sun : so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sir, and some Wine : A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be :
But I'll ne're out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept : I fear me you'll be in 'till
then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemie's* Py-
ramis is very goodly things : without contradiction I
have heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't ?

Menas. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. For me 'till anon. *Whisper in's Ear.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile ?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth ; It is just so high as it is, and moves with it's
own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfie him ?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, sir, hang : tell me of that ? Away :
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for ?

Menas. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think th'art mad : the matter ?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : what's else to say ? Be jolly, Lords.

Anth. These Quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world ?

Pom. What saist thou ?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world ?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be ?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well ?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.

That if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove* :

What e're the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the Cable.

And when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service : thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour :
Mine Honour is, Repent that e're thy tongue,
Hath so betrai'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done :
But must condemn it now : desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more,
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him a-shoar,

I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome,

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, *Menas*.

Men. Why ?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world, man : seest
not ?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk : would it were
all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it : strike the Vessels hoar.
Here's to *Cesar*.

Cesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cesar. Possess it, I'll make answer : but I had rather
fast from all, four dayes, then drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperour, shall we dance now
the *Egyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands :
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musick;

The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beat as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musick Playes. *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpie Bacchus with pink eyne :

In thy Fattes our cares be drown'd.

With thy Grapes our haires be crown'd.

Cup us 'till the world go round,

Cup us 'till the world go round.

Ces. What would you more ?

Pompey, goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our graver business

Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords let's part,

You see we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker then the wind, and mine own tongue

Spleets what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost

Antickt us all. What needs more words ? goodnight.

Good *Anthony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Anthony*, you have my Father's house.
But what, we are Friends ?

Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas* ; I'll not on shoar,

No, to my Cabin : these Drummes

These Trumpets, Flutes : what

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid aloud farewell

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Eno. Hoo saies a, there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captain, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Ventidius* as it were in a triumph, the dead body
of *Pacorus* borne before him.

Ven. Now darting *Parthia* art thou strook, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me revenger. Beare the King's Son's body,

Before our Army, thy *Pacorus* Orades,

Payes this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Roman. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy Sword is warm,

The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whither

The routed flie. So thy grand Captain *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Charriots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I have done enough. A lower place, note well

May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*,

Better to leave undone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.

Cesar and *Anthony*, have ever won

More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*

One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.

Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captain can,

Becomes his Captain's Captain : and Ambition

(The Souldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss

Then gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to doe *Antonius* good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction : thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name, That magical word of War we have effected, How with his Banners, and his well pai'd ranks, The ne're-yet beaten Horse of *Parthia*, We have jaded out o'th Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*, whither with what hast The weight we must convey with's, will permit : We shall appear before him. On there, pass along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brother's parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps To part from *Rome* : *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* sayes, is troubled With the Green-Sickness.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one : oh, how he loves *Cesar*.

Agri. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cesar* ? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the god of *Jupiter* ?

Eno. Speak you of *Cesar* ? Oh ? the non-pareil ?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou *Arabian Bird* !

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar*, go no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cesar* best, yet he loves *Anthony* :

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number : hoo, His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cesar*, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so ; This is to horse : Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antho. No farther, Sir.

Cesar. You take from me a great part of my self : Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall pass on thy approof : most Noble *Anthony*, Let not the piece of Virtue which is set Betwixt us, as the Cement of our love To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter The Fortune of it : for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended in your distrust.

Ces. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you seem to fear, so the gods keep you, And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends : We will here part.

Ces. Farewell, my dearest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort : fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The *April's* in her eyes, it is Loves spring, And these the showers to bring it on : be chearfull.

Octa. Sir, look well to my Husband's house : and ----

Cesar. What *Octavia*.

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart inform her tongue.

The Swan's down feather

That stands upon the Swell at full of tide :

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cesar* weep ?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus* :

When *Anthony* found *Julius Cesar* dead, He cryed almost to roaring : And he wept, When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheum, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Believ't 'till I weep too.

Ces. No, sweet *Octavia*,

You shall hear from me still : the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :

Look here I have you : thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Ces. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light To thy fair way.

Ces. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow ?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to : Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majestie, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head, I'll have : but how ? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it : Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octavia* ?

Mes. I, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where ?

Mes. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face : and saw her led between her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Did'st hear her speak ?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low ?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good : he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her ? Oh *Isis* : 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so *Charmian* : dull of tongue, & dwarfish, What Majesty is in her gate, remember If e're thou look'st on Majesty.

Mes. She creeps ; her motion and her station are as one : She shews a body, rather than a life, A Statue, then a Breather.

Mes. Is this certain ?

Cleo. Or I have no observance.

Cha. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't, There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her yeares, I prythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. VViddow? *Charman*, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or, round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair what colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam : and her forehead.

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again : I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried him. VVhy me thinks by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cle. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend : and
ferveng you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char-*
man: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where
I will write ; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*, Made his will, and read it,
To publick ear, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me termes of Honour : cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure : lent me,
When the best hint was given him : he had lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomack not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne're stood between
Praying for both parts :
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray : oh blest my Lord and husband,
Undo that prayer - by crying out as loud,
Oh blest my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and destroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine Honour,
I lose my self : better I were not yours
Then yours so branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's, the mean tyme, Lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a War
Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler : Warres 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should sodder up the Rift.

Anth. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chooise your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Enob. How now, friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange Newes come, Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. *Cesar* and *Lepidus* have made War upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the success?

Eros. *Cesar* having made use of him in the warres
'gainst *Pompey* : presently denyed him rivalry, would not
let him partake of the glory of the action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Upon his own appeal seizes him, so the poor
third is up, 'till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of Chaps no more,
and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll
grind the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Cries, Fool *Lepidus*,
And threatens the throat of that his Officer,
That mured *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navie's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cesar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently : my Newes
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come, sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cesar.

Ces. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more
In *Alexandria* : here's the matter of it :
I'th' Market-place on a a Tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd : at the feet sat
Cesarion whom they call my father's Son,
And all the unlawfull issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave the stablishment of *Egypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, absolute Queen.

Mece. This is the publick eye?

Ces. I'th' common shew place where they exercise,
His Sonns hither proclaim'd the King of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolemy* he assign'd,
Syria, *Sicilia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In th'abiliments of the goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mece. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agrip. Who queasie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Ces. The people know it,

And have now receiv'd his accusations.

Agri. Whom do's he accuse?

Ces. *Cesar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate, should be depos'd,
And being that we detain all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answered.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone :
I have told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,

Tha

That his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his chance for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part : but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdomes, I demand the like
Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octa. Hail *Cesar*, and my Lord; hail, most dear *Cesar*.

Cesar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why hast thou stolne upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cesar's* Sister; the wife of *Anthony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Longe e're she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Mark Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving ear withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust, and him,

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cas. I have eyes upon him.

And his affairs come to me on the wind: where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cas. No, my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*.
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for War. He hath dissembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilans*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*: the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jerry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comageat*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*.
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other. (breaking forth)

Cas. Welcome hither, your letters did with-hold our
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger: cheer 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 unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cas. Most certain: Sister welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee: doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we
be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were merely lost:
the Mares would bear a Souldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, take from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids
Mannage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us. A Charge we bear i'th' War,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperour.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Camidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut the *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Camidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage his Battel at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serves not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, people,
Ingross'd by swift Imprefs. In *Cesar's* Fleet,
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Souldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of war-markt-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your self merely to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th'heart of *Actium*
Beat th'approaching *Cesar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy business?

Mes. The newes is true, my Lord, he is discried,
Cesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be so, *Camidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship,
Away my *Tiberis*.

Enter a Souldier.

How now, worthy Souldier?

Sould. Oh Noble Emperour, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'*Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *Exeunt Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*

Soul. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but the whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keep by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Julius,
Publicola, and Celiu, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cesar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Soul. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenent, hear you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperour calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the time's with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land.

Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scroul: Our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o' th' Hill,
In eye of *Cesar's* battel; from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

*Camidius Marching with his Land army one way over
the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cesar the other
way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a
Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus & Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the *Egyptian* Admiral,
With all their sixty flye, and turn the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses, all the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater Cattle of the world is lost
With very ignorance, we have kist away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Enob. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Your ribaudred Nagge of *Egypt*,
(Whom Leprosie o're) i'th'mid'st o'th'fight,
When vantage like a pair of Twinnes appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Enob. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loose,
The Noble ruine of her Magick, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doating Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honour ne're before,
Did violate so it self.

Enob. Alack, alack.

Enter Camidius

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Bin what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight;
Most grossely by his own.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeed.

Cam. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Enob. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

Enter Anthony with attendants

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is atham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not we.

Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self, resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad:
Nor make replies of loathness, take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it self, to Sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and Treasure.

Leave

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, I'll see you by and by. *Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down: Oh *Junio*.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of War: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me *Egypt*, see
How I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearfull fails, I little thought
You would have followed,

Ant. *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'ftrings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowliness, who,
With half the bulk o'th'world plai'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss,
Even this repays.

We sent our Schoolmaster, is a come back?

Love I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, with others.

Ces. Let him appear that's come for *Anthony*.
Know you him?

Dolla. *Caesar*, 'tis his Schoolmaster,

An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle leaf
To his grand Sea.

Ces. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*, which not granted
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the Heavens and Earth
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Ces. For *Anthony*,
I have no eares to his request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor desire shall fail, so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend.
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Ces. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* win *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, when she requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Caesar*, I go.

Ces. Observe how *Anthony* becomes his slave,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. *Caesar*, I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Tis a shame no less
Then was his loss, to curse your flying Flaggs,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. I, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know'r. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brim,
With Principalities;

Cleo. That head, my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him again, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth upon him : from which, the world should note
Something particular : His Coyn, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would prevaile
Under the service of a Child, as soon
As ith' Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Our selves alone ; I'll write it, Follow me.

Eno. Yes, like enough : hye-battell'd *Cesar* will
Unstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Swordsman. I see mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Doe draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cesar* will
Answer his emptinesse ; *Cesar* thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What, no more Ceremony ? See my women,
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meer Folly : yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a faine Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place ith' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cesar's* will.

Thid. Here it apart.

Cleo. None but friends : say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they friends to *Anthony*.

Eno. He needs as many (sir) as *Cesar* has.
Or needs not us. If *Cesar* please, our Master
Will leap to be his friend : For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Casars*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cesar* intreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarres upon your honour, therefore he
Do's pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god,
And knows what is most right. Mine honour
Was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask *Anthony*.
Sir, sit, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Exit Eno.

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
What you require of him : for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staffe
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your self under his shrowd, the universall
Landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind Messenger,
Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conqu'ring hand : Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's feet, and there to kneele.
Tell him from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doom of *Egypt*.

Thid. 'Tis your noblest course :
Wisedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Casars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours ? By Jove that thunders. What art thou,
Thid. One that but performs (Fellow ?
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach there : ah you Kite. Now gods and devils,
Authority melts from me of late. When I cri'd ho,
Like Boyes unto a muffle, Kings would start forth,
And cry your will. Have you no cares ?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lyons whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Starres,
Whip him : were twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That doe acknowledge *Cesar*, should I find them
So sawey with the hand of she here, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra* ? Whip him, Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke *Anthony*.

Ant. Tug him away : being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Casars* shall
Bear us an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you : Ha ?
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jemme of Women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders ?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever,
But when we in our viciousnesse grew hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise gods seale our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold upon
Dead *Cesar's* Trencher : Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*, besides what hotter houres
Unregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Babylon*, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have Savage cause,
And to proclaime it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which do's the Hangman thank,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his Daughter, and be thou sorry
To follow *Cesar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Fever thee,
Shake to look on't. Get thee back to *Cesar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shut their Fires
Into the Abisme of Hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terene Moon is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Dear) if I be so,
From my cold heart, let heaven ingender Haile,
And poyson it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines so
Dissolve my life, the next *Cæsarian* smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the discandring of this pelleted storme,
Lye gravelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of *Nyle*
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Fleet, threatening most Sea-like.
Where hast thou been my heart? Dost thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I shall return once more
To kisse these lips, I will appear in blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransoine lives
Of me for jests: but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darknesse all that stop me. Come,
Lets have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mock the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet doe well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Caprains to my Lord,

Ant. Doe so, we'll speak to them,
And to night I'll force
The Wine, peep through their scarres,
Come on (my Queen)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I doe fight
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent Syche.

Exeunt.

Enob. Now he'll out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captains brain,
Restores his heart; when valour prays in reason,
It eats the Sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, and Mecnas with his Army,
Cesar reading a Letter.*

Ces. He callme Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Egypt*. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personall Combat.
Cesar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other wayes to dye: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mece. *Cesar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Ces. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*.

Enob. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow, Souldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well.

Enob. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my household servants, let's to night

Enter three or four Servitours.

Be bountious at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What meanes this?

En. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An Anthony: that I might doe you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night :
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to night ;

May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to night two houres, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

Enob. What mean you (sir)

To give them this discomfort ? Look, you weep,
And I, an Asse, am Onion-ey'd ; for shame,
Transforme us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho :

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me a too dolorous a sence ;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with Torches : know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Then Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Souldiers.

1. *Sol.* Brother, good night : to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way : Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing : what newes ?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well sir, good night.

They meet with other Souldiers.

2. Souldiers, have carefull Watch.

1. And you : Good night, good night.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2. Here we, and if to morrow

Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.

Musick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.

2. Peace, what noyse ?

1. Lift, lift.

2. Harke.

1. Musick ith' Aire.

3. Under the earth.

It singes well, do's it not ?

3. No.

1. Peace I say : what should this mean ?

2. 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.

1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Doe hear what we doe ?

2. How now, Masters ?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now ? how now ? doe you hear this ?

1. Is't not strange ?

3. Doe you hear, Masters ? Doe you hear ?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content : 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour, *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck : *Eros*, come, mine Armour, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come, good fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not out to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Anthony*.
What's this for ? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this,
Sooth-law I'll help : Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
See'st thou my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we doe please
To doft for our repose, shall hear a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this : Dispatch. O Love,
That thou could'st see my warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Souldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To businesse that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Soul. A thousand, Sir, early thought be, have on their
Riveted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shout.*

Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morn is fair : Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.

This morning like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so : Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Souldiers kisse : rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull check it were, to stand
On more Mechannick Complement, I'll leavethee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't : Adieu. *Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retire to your Chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me :

Hegoes forth gallantly : that he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight ;
Then *Anthony* ; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scarres had once pre-
To make me fight at Land. (vail'd,

Eros. Hadst thou done so,

The Kings that have revolted, and the Souldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Eros. Who ? one ever near thee, call for *Enobarbus*.

B b b b 2

He

He shall not hear thee, or from *Cesar's* Camp,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his Treasure after, doe it;
Detain no jot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a Master. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch, *Eros*.

Exit.

*Enter Agrippa, Cesar, with Enobarbus,
and Dolabella.*

Cas. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be took alive:
Make it so known.

Agrip. *Cesar*, I shall.

Cas. The time of universall peace is near,
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the field.

Cas. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That *Anthony* may seem to spend his Fury
Upon himself.

Exeunt.

Enob. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*; there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cesar*,
And leave his Master *Anthony*. For this pains
Cesar hath hang'd him: *Camsidius* and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I doe accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Casars.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you satisfie the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Exit.

Enob. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feeble I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crown with Gold. This blowes my heart
If swift thought break it not: a swifted mean
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will do't. I feeble
I fight against thee: No, I will go seek
Some Ditch, where to dye: the foul't best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum. Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too farre:
Cesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperour, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With Clouts about their head.

Farre off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T;
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They doe retire.

Scar. We'll beat'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis a sport to maule a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter Anthony again in a March,
Scarus, with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp: Run one
Before, and let the Queen know of our guests: to-morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been
Each mans like mine: you have shewn all *Hectors*,
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil't they with joyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra:

Give me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blisse thee. O thou day oth' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, Attire and all
Through proof of Harnesse to my part, and there
Ride on the paints triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare uncaught.

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds.
What, Girl, though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha we
A brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy *Phæbus* Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Camp this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drink Carowfes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promises Royall perill. Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cities eare.
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our reproach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this houre,
We must return to th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattle
By th' second houre ith' Morn.

1. *Watch.* This last day was a shrewde one to's.

Enob. Oh bear me witnesse night.

2. What man is this?

1. Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moon)
When men revolted shall upon Record
Bear hatefull memory: poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

3. Peace: harke further.

Enob. Oh Sovereign Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts: Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in Register
A Master leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cesar*.

2. Let's doe so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1. Go we to him.

2. Awake, sir, awake, speak to us.

1. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Harke how the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our hour is fully out.

2. Come on then, he may recover yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight ith' Fire, or ith' Aire,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still 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.

Exeunt.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:

Where yond Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
I'll bring the word straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit*

Scar. Swallowes have built

In *Cleopatras* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Anthony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:

This foule *Egyptian* hath betrayed me:
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like friends long lost. Tripple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, begone.
Oh Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more;
Fortune and *Anthony* part here, even here
Doe we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave
Their wishes, doe dis-Candy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cesar*: and this Pine is barkt,
That over-top't them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false soule of *Egypt*! this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, and call'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crowner, my chief end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againk his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Casars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebeians*,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewn
For poor't Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Aleides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns oth' Moon,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest self: the Witch shall dye:
To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dyes fort. *Eros*, hoa? *Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Womau: Oh he is more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Theffaly*
Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
And send him word you are dead:

B b b b 3

The

The soule and body rive not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument :

Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self :

Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,

And word it (prethee) pittiously. Hence, *Mardian*,

And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. I, Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,

A vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lyon,

A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rock,

A forked Mountain, or blew Promontory

With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,

And mock our eyes with Aire.

Thou hast seen these signes,

They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. I, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought

The Rack dissimes, and makes it indistinct

As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is

Even such a body : here I am *Anthony*,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave)

I made these warres for *Agypt*, and the Queen,

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine :

Which whil'st it was mine, had annex unto't

A Million moe (now lost :) she, *Eros*, has

Packt Cards with *Casars*, and false plaid my Glory

Unto an Enemy's triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us

Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, *Anthony*,

My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled

With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, sawcy Eunuch, peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st doe

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake

Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony* :

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of *Anthony* : it was divided

Between her heart and lips : she tendred life

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarme, *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,

And we must sleep : that thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly : go. *Exit Mardian.*

Oh, pluck off,

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep

The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,

Crack thy fraile Case. Apace, *Eros*, apace :

No more a Souldier : bruised peeces go,

You have bin Nobly born. From me awhile. *Exit Eros*

I will o're-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is Torture : since the Torch is out,

Lye down and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does : yea, very force entangles
It self with strength : Seale then and all is done.

Eros ? I come, my Queen. *Eros* ? Say for me,

Where Soules doe couch on Flowers ; we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze :

Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troops,

And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord ?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods

Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,

Quarter'd the World, and o're-green Neprunes back

With Ships, made Citties ; condemn my self, to lack

The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde

Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* tells

I am Conqueror of my self. Thou art sworn *Eros*,

That when the exigent should come, which now

Is come indeed : when I should see behind me

Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,

That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.

Do't, the time is come : thou strik'st not me,

'Tis *Cesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in my cheek.

Eros. The gods with-hold me,

Shall I doe that which all the *Parthian* Darts,

(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,

Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see

Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd

To penetrative shame ; whil'st the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate *Cesar* drawn before him, branded

His basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then : for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn

Most usefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, sir, pardon me.

Ant. VVhen I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

To doe this when I bad thee ? Doe it at once.

Or thy precedent Services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that Noble countenance,

VVherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it doe at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,

My Captain, and my Emperour. Let me say

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Kills himself.

Eros. VVhy there then :

Thus I doe escape the sorrow of *Anthony*'s death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my self,

Thou teachest me : Oh valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and could'st not, my Queen and *Eros*

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A Noblenesse in Record. But I will be

A Bride-groom in my death, and run into't

As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,

Thy Master dies thy Schollar : to doe thus

I learnt of thee. How, not dead ? not dead ?

The Guard, how ? oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* VVhat's the noyse?

Ant. I have done my work, ill friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2. The Starre is faln.

1. And time is at his Period.

All. Alafs, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

Exeunt.

Decr. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers flye.
This Sword but shewn to *Cesar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. VVhere's *Anthony*?

Decr. There, *Diomed*, there.

Diom. Lives he? wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. VVhen did she send thee?

Diom. Now, my Lord.

Ant. VVhere is she?

(feare)

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Propheying
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(VVhich never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage
VVould not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. VVhat hoa: the Emperours Guard.
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay, good my fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. *Exeunt bearing Anthony.*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maids aloft, with
Charmian, and Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His deaths upon him, but not dead.
Look out oth' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,

Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying shore oth' world. O *Anthony*, *Anthony*, *Anthony*,
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Irás*, help: help, friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Casars* Valour hath o're-thrown *Anthony*,
But *Anthony* hath Triumpht on it self.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying, *Agypt*, dying: onely
I here importune death awhile, untill
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,

Dear my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: not th' Imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cesar*, ever shall
Be broach'd with me, if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire honour
Demuring upon me: but, come, come, *Anthony*,
Help me, my women, we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport indeed:
How heavy weighs my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come.

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd,
Quickened with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying, *Agypt*, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me raile so high,
That the false Huswife, Fortune, break her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queen)

Of *Cesar* seek your honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They doe not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,

None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince oth' world,
The Noblest: and doe not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put of my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Styx? Oh see, my women:
The Crown oth' earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre.

The

The Souldiers pole is faine : young Boyes and Girles
Are leuell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moon.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall *Agypt* : Empreffe.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poor passion, as the Maid that Milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had stoln our Jewel. All's but naught :
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad : then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ? How doe you, Women ?
What, what good cheer ? Why how now, *Charmian* ?
My Noble Girles ? Ah women, women ! Look,
Our Lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him : And then, what's brave, what Noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women ! Come, we have no friend
But Resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Counsel of Warre.*

Cesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawfes that he makes.

Dol. *Cesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Cas. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,

Mark Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whil'st he stood up, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cesar* : if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my

Cas. What is't thou say'st ? (life.)

Dec. I say (Oh *Cesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Cas. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater crack. The round World
Should have shook Lyons into civil streets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead, *Cesar*,
Not by a publick minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife, but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Cas. Look you, sad friends,

The gods rebuke me, but it is a Tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Men. His taints and honours may, equall with him.

Dol. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity : but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cas. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine : we could not stail together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my Competitor,
In top of all design ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine own Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle ; that our Starres
Unreconcilable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meete Season,
The businesse of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you ?

Agyp. A poor *Egyptian* yet, the Queen my Mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot leave to be ungentle

Agyp. So the gods preserve thee.

Exit.

Cas. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She doe defeat us. For her life in *Rome*
Would be eternall in our triumph : go,
And with your speediest bring us what she sayes,
And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cesar*, I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Cas. *Gallus*, go you along : where's *Dolabella*, to se-
cond *Proculeius* ?

All Dolabella.

Cas. Let him alone : for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be *Cesar* :
Not being fortune, he's but fortunes knave,
A minister of her will : and it is great

To

To doe that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The Beggar's Nuiſe, and Caſars.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caſar ſends greeting to the Queen of *Egypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I doe not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no uſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Maſteſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome : if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer :
Y'are ſain into a Princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindneſſe,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The greatneſſe he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrin of Obedience. And would gladly
Look him ith' Face.

Pro. This I'll report (dear Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that cauſ'd it.

Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd :
Guard her till *Caſar* come.

Iras. Royall Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold :
Doe not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, doe not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your ſelf : Let the world ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death ?
Come hither, come : Come, and take a Queen
VVorth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir ;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortall houſe I'll ruine,
Doe *Caſar* what he can. Know, ſir, that I
VVill not wait pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Not once to be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting Varlotry
Of cenſuring *Rome* ? rather a ditch in *Egypt*.
Be gentle, grave, unto me : rather on *Nylus* mudde
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring ; rather make
My Countreys high Pyramids my Gibbet,

And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You doe extend
Theſe thoughts of horroure further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Caſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
VVhat thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Caſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee : as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*

It ſhall content me beſt : be gentle to her :
To *Caſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him. *Exit Proculeius.*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, ſir, what I have heard or known :
You laugh when Boyes or VVomen tell their Dreames,
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperour *Anthony*,
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little oth' Earth.

Dol. Moſt Sovereign Creature.

Cleo. His Legs beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arme
Crested the world : his voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to friends :
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping : his delights
VVere Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The Element they liv'd in ; In his Livery
VValk'd Crowns and Crownets : Realmes and Iſlands
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of ?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the gods :
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch
Its paſt the ſize of dreaming : Nature wants ſtuffe
To vye ſtrange formes with fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Anthony* with Natures piece, 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam :

Your loſſe is as you ſelf, great ; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight, would I might never
O're-take purſu'd ſucceſſe : but I doe feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſuits
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir :

Know you what *Caſar* meanes to doe with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Proculeius, Caſar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Train.

All. Make way there, *Caſar*.

Caſar

Cas. Which is the Queen of *Egypt*.

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

Cas. Arise, you shall not kneele :

I pray you rise, rise *Egypt*.

Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I much obey,

Cas. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir oth' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but doe confesse I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cas. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce :
If you apply your self to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your Children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from.
If thereon you relye. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief: of Money, Plate, and Jewels
I am possess'd of, 'tis exactly valued,
Nor petty things admitted. Whereas *Seleucus* ?

Selen. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Selen. Madam, I had rather seale my lips,
Then to my perill speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See *Cas*ar : Oh behold,
How pomp is followed : mine will now be yours,
And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine,
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, do's
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Then love that's hir'd ? What, goest thou back, thou shalt
Go back I warrant thee : but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, soule-lesse, Villain, Dog,
O rarely base !

Cas. Good Queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O *Cas*ar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meek, that mine own Servant should
Parcel the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy ! Say (good *Cas*ar)
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their meditation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred : the gods ! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence,

Cleo. kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance : Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others doe : and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.

Cas. *Cleopatra*,

Nor what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we ith' Roll of Conquest : still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
*Cas*ar's no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons : No, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsell : Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pitty is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cas. Not so : Adieu.

*Exeunt Cas*ar, and his train.

Cleo. He words me, Girles, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.

But haike thee, *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.

Charm. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

Cleo. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this : *Cas*ar through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will be send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Clo. *Dolabella*, I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your Servant :

Adieu, good Queen. I must attend on *Cas*ar. *Exit.*

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an *Egyptian* Puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I : Mechanick Slaves
With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of grosse Diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : sawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandria* Revels : *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking-*Cleopatra*-Boy my greatnesse
Ith' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't ; for I am sure my Nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queen : Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidrus*
To meet *Marke Anthony*. Sirrah *Irás*, go,
(Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,)
And when thou hast done this chare. I'll give thee leave
To play till Doomes-day : bring our Crown, and all.

A noyse within.

Wherefore this noyse ?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guardf. Here is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deni'd your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

How poor an Instrument
May doe a noble deed : he brings me liberty :
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am Marble constant : now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown.

Guardf. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clow. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
immortall : those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have di'd on't ?

Clow. Very many men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman,
but something given to lye, as a woman should not
doe, but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting
of it, what pain she felt : Truly, she makes a very
good report oth' worme : but he that will believe all that
they say, shall never be saved by half that they doe : but
this is most fallible, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must think this (look you) that the Worm
will doe his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Look you, the Worme is not to be trusted, but
in the keeping of wise people : for indeed, there is no
goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good : give it nothing I pray you, for it is
not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a
woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dresse her not.
But truly, these same whorson devils doe the gods great
harme in their women : for in every ten that they make,
the devils marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy oth' worme. *Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Egypt's* Grape shall moist his lip.
Yare, yare, good *Irás*, quick : me thinks I hear

Anthony call : I see him rowle himself
To praise my Noble Aét. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cesar*, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come :
Now to that name, my courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Aire ; my other Elements
I give no baser life. So, have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Irás*, long farewell.
Have I the Aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves doe weep.

Cleo. This proves me base :

If she proves the curld *Anthony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate,
Of life at once untie : Poor venomous Foole,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cesar* Aét, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace :

Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That sucks the Nurse asleep.

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Aire, as gentle.
O *Anthony* ! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay-----

Dies.

Char. In this wild world ? So fare thee well :
Now boast thee death, in thy possession lies
A Lasse unparalell'd. Downy Windows cloze,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so Royall : your Crowns away,
I'll mend it, and then play-----

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1. *Guard.* Where's the Queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Cesar* hath sent.

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1. Approach hoa,

All's not well : *Cesar's* beguil'd.

2. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cesar* : call him.

1. What work is here, *Charmian* ?

Is this well done ?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princessle
Descended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cesar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thy self art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Aét which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cesar and all his train, marching.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cesar*.

Dol.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

Cesar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Took her own way: the manner of their deaths,
I doe not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cas. Poyson'd then.

1. Guard. Oh *Cesar*:
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistris, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cesar. Oh noble weaknesse:
If they had swallowed poyson, 'twould appeare.
By externall swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Here on her brest,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This an Aspects traile
And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them such
As th'Aspick leaves upon the Caves of *Nyle*.

Cas. Most probable

That so she dyed: for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take up her Bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous: high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No lesse in pittie, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In Solemn shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to *Rome*. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order in this great Solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.





The Tragedy of CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

You do not meet a man but frowns,
Our blouds no more obey the heavens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seem as do's the Kings.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded.
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the the thing they scoule at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, alack good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the earth
For one, he like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an Outward, and such stuffe within
Endows a man, but he.

2. You speak him fair.

1. I do extend him (Sir) which himself,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure dully.

2. What's his name and Birth?

1. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did joyn his honour
Against the Romans, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sons, who in the Warrs o'th'time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father
Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Big of this Gentleman (our Theam) decest
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breeds 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 took
As we do aire, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harvett: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the graver,
A child that guided Dorards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole child to th'King?

1. His only child?

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old
I' th'wathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stoln, and to this hour, no guesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty years.

2. That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true sir.

2. I do well believe you,

1. We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Steep-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the keys

Cccc

That

That lock up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Que. You know the perill:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitting
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. *Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something fear my fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen, my Mistris:
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Florio's*,
Who, to my Father was a friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write (my Queen)
And with mine eyes, I'll drink the words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Que. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incur, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friends.
Payes dear for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to aire your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keep it till you wooe another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And seare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
While sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poor self) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse: so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthynesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp then this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A years age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harme not your self with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had
The sole Son of my Queen.

Imo. O blessed that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seat for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vild one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buys me
Almost the sum he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir: heaven restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Lecnatius*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Que. Beseech your patience: Peace
Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Que. Fie, you must give away:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What news?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Que. Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might have been,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Que. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile, O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Affrick* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Que. This hath been
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pisa. I humbly thank your Highnesse.

Que.

Qu. Pray walk a while
Imo. About some half hour hence,
 Pray you speak with me;
 You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
 For this time leave me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where aire comes out, aire comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
 Have I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fate for Steel if it be not hurt.

2. His Steel was in debt, it went oth' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, unless it had bin the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well, my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores oth'haven,
 And questioned'st every Sail: 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?

Pisa. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then waw'd his Handkerchief?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein than I:
 And that was all?

Pisa. No, Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and stirrs of's mind
 Could best expresse how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
 As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
 Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution
 Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle:
 Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
 The smallnesse of a Gnat, to aire: and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
 When shall we hear from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd, Madam,
 With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swear,
 The She's of *Italy* should not betray
 Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
 At the sixt hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
 T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him: Or ere I could,
 Give him that parting kisse, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The Queen (Madam)
 Desires your highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
 I will attend the Queen.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, Frenchman, Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he
 was then of a Cressent none, expected to prove so wor-
 thy, as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I
 could then have look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
 miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
 bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
 then now he is, with that which makes him both with-
 out and within,

French. I have seen him in *France*: we had very ma-
 ny there, could behold the Sun, with as firm eyes as
 he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
 wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, then
 his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the
 matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weep this
 lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather then story him in his own hearing.

Fren. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

Post. Since when I have bin debtr to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Fren. Sir, you ore-rate my poor kindesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had bin pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young Traveler, rather, shunn'd to go even with what I heard, then in my very action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have faln both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

Fren. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much alike an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Fair, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the ratest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living: this Gentlemans opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far preferre her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my self her Adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparision, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*: if she went before others. I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More then the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of unprizeable, Estimations, the one is but frail, and the other Casual. A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy*, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear nor my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistris; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moyty of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion ore-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustain what y're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it dye as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custome in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-go what's spoken, I swear.

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your return: let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours

So is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in: She your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: we will have these things set down by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for *Britain*, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Que. Whiles yet the dew's on ground
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lad. I Madam.

Que. Dispatch.

Exeunt Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs:

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the moovers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

Que. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
Thy Pupill long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth wooe me oft
For my Confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unlesse thou think'st me develish) is't not meet
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)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Aet, and by them gather
Their several vertues, and effects.

Corn. Your highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.

Que. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work: He's for his Master,
And enemy to my Son. How now *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
But you shall do no harme.

Que. Hark thee a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupefie and dull the Sense a while,
Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Que. No further service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Exit.

Que. Weeps she still (saist thou)?
Do'st thou think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be dependor of a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: do't, as from thy self:
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy Mistris still, too boot, my Son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my self, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisanio.*
Think on my words. A slye, and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet: and which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:

The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prime-Roses
Bear to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my words.

Exit Queen, and Ladies.

Pisa. And shall doe:

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self: there's all I'll do for you.

Exit.

Cccc 3

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supream Crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Thief-Roln,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those
How mean so ere, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fic.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam!
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich:
If she be turn sh'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arme me Audacity from head to foot,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the Noblest now, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.* *Leonatus.*

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th'rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? hath Nature given them eyes
To see this valured Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair, and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be ith'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor ith' judgement:
For Ideots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor in the Appetite.
Sluttery to such neat Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well: Beseech you, sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pisa. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome: he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By History, Report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free hours languish,
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But heavens know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet heavens bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do
(I was about to say) enjoy your-----but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Nor mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainities
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose very touch) would force the feelers foul
To th'oath of Loyalty. This object, which
Takes Prisoner, the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here, should I (damn'd then)

Slaver with lips as common as the staires
That mount the Capitol: joyn grypes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoaky light
That's sed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mute'st Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul: your Cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an Empery
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that self-exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield: with dileas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenesse can lend Nature, Such boy'l'd Ruff
As well might poison Poison. Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoyl from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd:

How should I be reveng'd? if this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your despight, upon your purse: revenge it.
I dedicate my self to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. Let my service tender on your lips

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honor: and
Solicitst here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As is a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit, blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his: and you his Mistis, only
For the most worthiest fit. 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 ore; and he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits amongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More then a mortal seeming. Be not angry
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffesse. Pray your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir:

Take my power ith' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns,
Your Lord, my self, and other Noble friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the factor for the rest) have done
In *France*: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite forme, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawn mine honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to morrow,

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech you: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck? when I kist
the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had an hun-
dred pound on't; and then a whorson Jack-an-Apes,
must

must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with you Bowl.

2. If his wit had been like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I give him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Rank.

2. To have smelt like a fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a Strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, wherefoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. It is fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I think.

2. You are a fool granted, therefore your Issues being foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to day at Bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come: go.

2. I'll attend your Lordship.

Exit

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother, Should yield the world this Ass: a woman, that Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess, Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer, More hateful then the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, then that horrid Act Of the divorce, he'd make the heavens hold firme The walls of thy dear honor. Keep unshak'd That Temple thy fair mind, that thou maist stand T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen*?

Lad. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lad. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:

Mine eyes are weak,

Fold down the Leaf where I have left: to bed

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' Clock,

I prithee call me: Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, gods,

From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech ye.

Sleeps.

Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labour'd sense

Repairs it self by rest: Our *Targuin* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame oth' Taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids.

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Under the windows, White and Azure lac'd

With Blew of heavens own tinct, but my designe's

To note the Chamber, I will write all down,

Such, and such pictures: there the window, such

Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents oth' Story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moveables

Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.

O sleep, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,

And be her sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this witness outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I th'bottom of a Cowslip. Heres a Voucher,

Stronger then ever Law could make: this Secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane

The treasure of her honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivitted,

Screw'd to my memory. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Ternus*, here the leaf's turn'd down

Where *Philomela* gave up: I have enough,

To th' Trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May bear the Ravens eye: I lodge in fear,

Though this a heavenly Angel: hell is here.

Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you win.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage : if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough : it's almost morning, is't not ?

1. Day, my Lord,

Clot. I would this Musick would come : I am advised. to give her Musick a mornings, they say it will penetrate

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune : if you can penetrate here with your fingering, so : we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain : but I'll never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceited thing ; after a wonderfull sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

Song.

*Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens gate sings,
and Phœbus 'gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowers that lies :
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise :
Arise, arise,*

So, get you gone : if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better : if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horse-hairs, and Calves-guts, nor the voice of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter. Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Que. You are most bound to th'King, Who lets go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter : frame your self To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptnesse of the season : make denials Encrease your services : so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her : that you in all obey her. Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse ? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome ; The one is *Cains Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no fault of his : we must receive him According to the honour of his Sender, And towards himself, his goodnesse fore-spent on us We must extend our notice : Our dear Son, When you have given good morning to your Mistis, Attend the Queen, and us, we have need T'employ you towards this Roman.

Come our Queen,

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her : if not, Let her lye still, and dream : by your leave ho, I know her women are about her : what

If I do line one of their hands : 'tis gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselves, yield up Their Deer to th'stand o'th Stealer : and 'tis gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Thief : Nay, sometime hangs both Thief, and True-man : what Can it not do, and undo : I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the case my self. By your leave.

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there that knocks ?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lad. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Son.

Lad. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deer as yours, Can justly boast of : what's your Lordships pleasure ?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready ?

Lad. I, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, Sell me your good report.

Lad. How, my good name ? or to report of you What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir, you lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me : If you swear still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent, I would not speak. I pray you spare me, faith I shall unfold equall discourtesie To your best kindnesse : one of your great knowing Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin, I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad, That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verbal : and learn now, for all, That I which know my heart, do here pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so near the lack of Charity To accuse my self, I hate you : which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes With scraps oth' Court : It is no Contract, none ; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more mean) to knit their souls (On whom there is no more dependancy But Brats and Beggery) in self figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The

The consequence oth' Crown, and must not foyle
The precious note of it ; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,
A Pandler ; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow :

Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides : thou wer't too base,
To be his Groom : thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdome ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, then all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men : How now *Pisanio* ?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment ? Now the devill.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hye the presently.

Clot. His Garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angered worse : Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme : it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Renewal,
Of any Kings in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning : Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on my Arme : I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse ought but him.

Pisa. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me :
His meanest Garment ?

Imo. I, I said so, sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too :

She's my good Lady ; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :
His meanest Garment ? Well.

Exit.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any : but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come : In these fear'd hopes
I barely gratify your love ; they failing
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
O're payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus* : *Caius*, *Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

He'll grant the Tribute : send th' Arrerages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a War ; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-*Britain*, then have tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrimen
Are men more order'd then when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest hearts, have posted you by land ;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefnesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your return.

Iach. Your Lady,

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Look thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your losse, your Sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must
If you keep Covenant : had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Professe my self the winner of her honour,
Together with your Ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills,

Post. If you can make't apparant
That you have tasted her in Bed ; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not the foul opinion
You had of her poor honour : gains, or looses,
Your Sword or mine, or Masterlesse leave both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
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'll

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for
The presse of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was-----

Post. This is true:

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justifie my knowledge

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honor injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chast *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being' as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. 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 foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her honour:
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to aire this Jewel: See,
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your Diamond, I'll keep them.

Post. Jove-----
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vows of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it: or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted
Hath stoln it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal signe about her
More evident then this: for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hark you, he swears: by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She should not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworn, and honorable: they induc'd to steal it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hyre, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick,
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn.

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not don't, you lye,
And I will kill thee if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't ith' Court, before
Her father. I'll do something.

Exit.

Phil. Quite besides.
The Government of Patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn:
That I thought her
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour, was't not?

Or

Or lesse; at first? Perchance spoke not, but
 Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Jarinen on,
 Cry'd oh, and mounted, found no opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
 The Womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
 Ambitions, Coverings, change of Prides, Disdain,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
 All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very Devils cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, and Lords at
 one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
 and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in mens eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
 Be theam, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And Conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine Uncle
 (Famous in Casars praises, no whit lesse
 Then in his Feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
 Is left untender'd.

Que. And to kill the mervail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Casars,
 Ere such another Julius: Britain's a world
 By it self, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, sir, my Liege,
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with
 The Natural bravery of your Isle, which stands
 As Neptunes Park, ribb'd, and pal'd in
 With Oaks unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
 With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats
 But suck them up to th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
 Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of came, and Saw, and Overcame: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egg-shells, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet Fortune) to master Casars sword,
 Made Luds-Town with rejoycing Fires bright,

And Britains strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
 said) there is no more such Casars, other of them may
 have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
 as Cassibelan, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand.
 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar
 can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon
 in his pocket: we will pay him Tribute for light: else
 sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans, did extort
 This Tribute from us, we were free. Casars Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' world, against all colour here,
 Did put the yoke upon's: which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Our selves to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
 Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
 Hath too much mangled: whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put laws
 His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
 (Caesar that hath more Kings his Servants, then
 Thy self Domestick Officers) thine Enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
 In Casars name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus des't
 I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
 Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
 Which not to read, would shew the Britains cold:
 So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
 wards in other tearmes, you shall find us in our Salt-wa-
 ter-Girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall
 in the adventure, our Crows shall fare the better for you:
 and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
 All the Remain, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisania reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters her accuse? Lematius:
 Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is

Is faln into thy ear? What false *Italian*,
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? that I should murder her,
Upon the Love, and truth, and vov'es; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanitie,
So much as this Fa&t comes to? Do't: the Letter.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunitee. Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the Ink that's on thee: senseless bauble,
Art thou a Foedarie for this a&t; thou look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How no, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that *Astronomer*
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Hel'd lay the Future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lord's health: of his content: yet not
That we two are a-sunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefs are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of counsel. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeiture you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* tables: good Newes gods.

*Justice, and your Father's wrath (should he take me in
his Dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you, (oh
the dearest of Creatures) would even renew me with your
eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Ha-
ven: what your own Love, will out of this advise you, fol-
low. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to
his Vow, and your increasing in Love.*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
He is at *Milford-Haven*: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kind. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speak thick
(Love's Counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To th'smothering of the Sense) how far it is
To this same blessed *Milford*. And by th'way
Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
T'inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or e're begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee speak,
How many score of Miles may we well ride

'Twillt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses have been nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalf. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her Father, and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say:
Accessible is none but *Milford* way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keep house with such,
Whose Rooofs as low as ours: Sleep Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bows you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail thou fair Heaven,
We house i'th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail Heaven.

Arvir. Hail Heaven.

Bela. Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond hill
Your leggs are young: I le tread these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessens and sets off
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes; of the tricks in War.
This service, is not Service; so being done,
But being so allowed: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a check:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder then rustling in un-paid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncross'd, no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor know not
What Air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; Well corresponding
With your stiff Age; but untous, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,
A Prison or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speak
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? How
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse

D d d

The

The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beaftly ; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat :
Our Valour is to chase what flies : our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak ?

Did you but know the Citie's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep : whose top to climb
Is certain falling : or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o'th' War
A pain that onely seems to seek our danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a stand'rous Epitaph,
As Record of fair Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse
Must cur'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The world may read in me : My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storm, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shook down my mellow hangings : nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villains, whose false Oathes prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romans : so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeares,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heaven, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunter's Language ; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater State :
I'll meet you in the Vallyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature ?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
The heir of *Cymbeline* and Britain, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. *Jove*,
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck, even then
The Princely blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rous'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*. Heaven and my Conscience knows
Thou did'st unjustly banish me : whereon

At three, and two years old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
Thou rests me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their mother
And every day do honour to her Grave :
My self *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Natural Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand : Ne're long'd my Mother so
To seem first, as I have now : *Pisanio*, Man :
Where is *Posthumus* ? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee ? One, One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
Into a haviour of less fear, e're wildness
Vanquish my staid Senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A look untender ? If't be Summer News
Smile to't before : if Winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My Husband's hand ?
That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man, thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy Mistress (*Pisanio*) hath play'd the Strumpet in
my Bed : the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in
me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from proof as
strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge.
That part, thou (*Pisanio*) must act for me, if thy faith be
not tainted with the breach of hers ; let thine own hands
take away her life : I sh ll give thee opportunity at Mil-
ford Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose ; where,
if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done,
thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me
disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the secrets of the Grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam ?

Imo. False to his Bed ? What is it to be false ?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep' twixt clock and clock ? If sleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearfull dream of him,
And cry my self awake ? that's false to's bed ? is it ?

Pisa. Alas, good Lady.

Imo. I false ? thy Conscience witness : *Iachimo*,
Thou did'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd'st like a Villain : now, me thinks

Thy

Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*
(Whose Mother was her painting) hath betray'd him :
Poor I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walle,
I must be ript : To pieces with me : Oh !
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villany ; not born wher't growes,
But worn a bait for Ladies.

Pisa. Good Madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aneas*,
Were in his time thought false : and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare : took pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great faile : Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
Doe thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart :)
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief :
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye :
And if I doe not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Self-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine
That cravens my weak hand : Come, here's my heart :
Something's afoot : Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart : thus may poor Fooles
Believe false Teachers : Though those that are betray'd
Doe feeble the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of Rarenesse : and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be disc'dg'd by her,
That now thou trest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's thy Knife ?
Thou art too slow to doe thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady :
Since I receiv'd command to doe this businesse,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence ? This place ?
Mine Action ? and thine own ? Our Horses labour ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent ; whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be un-bent ? when thou hast tane thy stand,

Th' elected Deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course : good Lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak :
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine care
Therein false strook, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither :
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well : it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villain,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curst injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezian ?

Pis. No, on my life :
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should doe so : you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirm it,

Imo. Why, good Fellow,
What shall I doe the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father : nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing ?
That *Clotten*, whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearfull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines ? Day ? Night ?
Are they not but in *Britain* ? Ith' worlds Volunie
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't :
In a great Poole a Swannes nest, prethee think
There's livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place : Th' Ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a minde
Dark, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, happily, near
The residence of *Posthumus* ; so nigh (at last)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your care,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a Woman : change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Nicenesse
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell : Nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan* : and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trimmes, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
('Tis in my Cloak-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: VVould you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your self, desire his service : tell him
VVherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Mufick, doubtlesse
With joy he will embrace you : for he's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad :
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away,
There's more to be consider'd : but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prethee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious : If you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomack-qualm'd at Land, a D amme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood : may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen : I thank thee,

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir :

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake ; and for our self
To shew lesse Sovereignty then they, must needs
Appear un-Kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir : I desire of you
A Conduet over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office :
The due of Honour in no point omit :
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear 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 cross'd *Severn*. Happinesse. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

Qu. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant *Britains* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse :
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His warre for *Britain*.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life bin : the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must doe. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Mes. Please you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud of noise we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known : but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove false.

Exit.

Qu. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisano*, her old Servant
I have not seen these two dayes.

Exit.

Qu. Go, look after :
Pisano, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply despaire hath seiz'd her :
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus* : gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Brittish* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son ?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better : may
This night fore-tell him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*

Clot. I love and hate her : for she's fair and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd : and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles-----

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here ? What, are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither : Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady ? In a word, or else
Thou art straight way with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady ? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not aske again. Close Villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus* ?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dramme of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in *Rome*.

Clo. Where is she, Sir ? Come nearer :
No farther halting : satisfie me home,
What is become of her :

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villain,
Discover where thy Mistis is, at once,
At the next word : no more of worthy Lord :
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This Paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see't ; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead : Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return agen.

Clo. Sirrah, is this Letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is *Posthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a Villain, but doe me true service :
undergo those employments wherein I should have cause
to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy
soe're I bid thee doe to perform it, directly and truly, I
would think thee an honest man : thou should'st nei-
ther want my meanes for thy relief, nor my voyce for thy
preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that
Beggar *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve
me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my Purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession ?

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mi-
stresse.

Clo. The first service thou do'st me, fetch that Suit

higher ; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Clo. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven* : (I forgot to aske
him one thing, I'll remember't anon :) even there, thou
villain, *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness
of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person ; together with the adornment of
my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I ra-
vish her : first kill him, and in her eyes : there shall she
see my valour, which will then be a torment to her con-
tempt. He on the Ground, my speech of insultment end-
ed on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined (which,
as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that
she so prais'd:) to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her
home again. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll
be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments ?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven* ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is the
second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is,
that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but
dutious, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee.
My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to
soilow it. Come and be true.

Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my losse : for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To *Milford*, go,
And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You heavenly blessings on her : This Fool's speed
Be crost with slownesse ; Labour be his meed. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one,
I have tired my self : and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me : *Milford*,
When from the Mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations flye the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poor Folks lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or triall ? Yes ; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Need : and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one oth' false Ones : now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for Food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet Famine
Ere it clean o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds Cowards, Hardnesse ever
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa ? who's here ?
If any that's civil, speak, if savage,

D d d d 3

Take

Take, or lend. Hoa? no answer? then I le enter,
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prov'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the feast: Cadwall and I
Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomacks
Will make what's homely, savoury; Weariness
Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the Down-pillow hard. No peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thy self.

Gui. I am throngly weary.

Arvi. I am weak with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat ith' Cave, we'll brouz on that
Whil'st what we have kill'd be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eats our victualls, I should think
Here were a Faery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angel: or if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master, harme me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd ith' Floore. Here's money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Boord so soon
As I had made my Meale: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arvi. All Gold and Silver rather turn doe durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fain in this offence.

Bel. Prethee (fair youth)

Think us no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your Groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I doe buy.

Arvi. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends.

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Father's Sons, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting

To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
What pain it cost, what danger: gods!

Bel. Harke, Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me gods,
I'd change my sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes, we'll go dresse our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.

So farre as thou wilt speak it,

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arvi. The night to th' Owle,
And Morn to th' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arvi. I pray draw near.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenour of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Warres against
The fain-off *Britains*, that we doe incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1. Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am near to th' place where they should meet,
if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serve me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis said a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is not Vain-glory for a man, and his Glasse, to conferre in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistress enforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turn all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after hunting.

Arvi. Brother, stay here: Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick,

Gwi. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well: But not so Citizen a wanton, as To seem to dye, ere sick: So please you, leave me, Stick to your Journall course: the breach of Custome, Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me here, I'll rob none but my self, and let me dye Stealing so poorly.

Gwi. I love thee: I have spoke it, How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I doe love my Father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arvi. If it be sin to say so (Sir) I yoke me In my good Brothers fault: I know not why I love this youth, and I have heard you say, Love's reasons without reason. The Beer at door, And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain! O worthinesse of Nature, breed of greatnesse! "Cowards, Father, Cowards, and base things, Sire, base: "Nature hath Meale and Bran; Contempt and Grace. I'me not their Father, yet who this should be, Doth miracle it self, lov'd before me. 'Tis the ninth hour oth' Morn.

Arvi. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arvi. You health.-----So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I have heard: Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court: Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report. Th'imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish, Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet fish: I am sick still, heart-sick: *Pisanio*, I'll now taste of thy Drugges.

Gwi. I could not stirre him: He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arvi. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter, I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field: We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arvi. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick, For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And shalt be ever. This youth, how e're distressed, appears he hath had Good Ancestors.

Arvi. How Angel-like he sings?

Gwi. But his neat Cookery?

Arvi. He cut our Roots in Characters, And sawe't our Broths, as *Juno* had been sick, And he her Dieter.

Arvi. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile: The smile mocking the sigh, that it would flye From so divine a Temple, to commix With windes that Sailors raile at.

Gwi. I doe note, That grief and patience rooted in them both, Mingle their spurres together,

Arvi. Grow patient, And let the stinking Elder (Grief) untwine His perishing root, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates? Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis *Cloten*, the Son oth' Queen. I fear some Ambush: I saw him not these many yeares, and yet I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-lawes; hence.

Gwi. He is but one: you, and my brother search What Companies are near: pray you away, Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you That flye me thus? Some Villain Mountainers? I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Gwi. A thing, More slavish did I ne're, then answering A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber, A Law-breaker, a Villain: yield thee, Thief.

Gwi. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I An Arme as big as thine? a Heart as big: Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why,

Why. I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou Villain base;

Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor; Rascal,
Who is thy Grandfather: He made those Cloathes,
Which (as it seems) make thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villain.

Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Dye the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Town* set your heads:
Yield Rustick Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad?

Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voyce,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of Fear.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gui. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had born
My head, as I doe his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen (after his own report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks to th' gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Town*.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?

For we doe fear no Law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but mutation; I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzy,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have ray'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we doe fear this body hath a taile
More perilous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance

Come, as the gods fore-say it, howsoe're
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane
His head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behinde our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, he's the Queens Son, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake.

Exit.

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:

Would (*Polidore*) thou hadst not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't:

So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prethee to our Rock,
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Poor sick *Fidele*.

I'll willingly to him, to gain his colour,
I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for charity,

Exit.

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou divine Nature; thy self thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchas'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vaile. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other: Valour,
That wildly growes in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* Cloot-pole down the streame ;
In Embassie to his Mother ; his Bodies hostage
For his return.

Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
(Harke *Polidore*) it sounds : but what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion ? Hark.

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ?

Since death of my dear't Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad ?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen yeates of Age, to sixty :
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have seen this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly :
My Brother weares thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. Oh melancholly,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottome ? Finde
The Ooze, to shew that Coast thy sluggish care
Might easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing.
Jove knowes what man thou might'st have made : but I,
Thou dyed'st a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him ?

Arvi. Starke, as you see :
Thus smiling as some Flye had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at : his right Check
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arvi. O'th' floore :
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my feet, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed :
With Female Faeries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arvi. With fairest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-*Primrose*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy Veins : no nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath : the Raddock would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heires, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mosses besides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse-----

Gui. Prethee have done,
And doe not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

Arvi. Say, where's shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arvi. Be't so :

And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
As once to our Mother : use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Gui. *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee,
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Vanes that lye.

Arvi. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the lesse, For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Son, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that : thou mean, and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet Reverence
(That Angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray thee fetch him higher,
Thersites body is as good as *Ajax*,
VVhen neither are alive.

Arvi. If you'll go fetch him,
VVe'll say our Song the whil'st : Brother begin.

Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arvi. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat oth' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and take thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arvi. Fear no more the frown oth' Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroke,
Care no more to cloathe and eate,
To thee the Reed is as the Oake :
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash.
Arvi. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.

Gui. Fear no slander, Censure rash.

Arvi. Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorciser harme thee,

Arvi. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

Arvi. Nothing ill come near thee.

Both. Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. VVe have done our obsequies :
Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's few Flowers, but about midnight more :
The hearbs that have on them cold dew oth' night
Are strewings fitt'ft for Graves : upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd : even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on away, apart upon our knees :
The ground that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasures here are past, so are their pain.

*Exeunt.
Imogen*

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?
 I thank you: by yond bush? pray how farre thicher?
 'Ods pitukins: can it be six mile yer?
 I have gone all night: 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
 But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesse!
 These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
 And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with fear: but if there be
 Yet left in heaven, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, apart of it.
 The Dreame's here still: even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Leg: this is his Hand:
 His Foot Mercuriall: his Martiall Thigh
 The Brawns of *Hercules*: but his Joviall face-----
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
 All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil *Clotten*,
 Hath here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forg'd Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 From this most bravest vessell of the world
 Strook the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left his head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 Tis he and *Clotten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this Woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugges he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Clotten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chace to finde us, Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your will, have crost the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in readinesse.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit oth' winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What, have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
 (I feast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw *Joves* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
 From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 Unlessse my Sins abuse my Divination)

Successse to th' *Roman* hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,

And never false. Soft hoa, what Trunk is here?
 Without his top? the ruine speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his body. Young one,
 Inform us of thy Fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demand'd: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wrack? How cam'st? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
 That here by Mountainers lies slain: Alas,
 There are no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry our for Service,
 Try many, all good: serve truly: never
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth:

Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend,

Imo. *Richard du Camp*: If I doe lye and doe,
 No harme by it, though the Gods hear, I hope
 They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou do'st approve thy self the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name:
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belov'd. The *Roman* Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Consull to me, should no sooner
 Then thine own worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my Master from the Flyes as deep
 As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
 And on it said a Century of prayers,
 (Such as I can) twice o're, I'll weep, and sigh,
 And leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. I, good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy he is preferr'd
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerfull, wipe thines eyes,
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again: and bring we word how 'tis with her,
 A Fever with the absence of her Son;

A madness, of which her life's in danger : Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone : My Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful Warres point at me : Her Son gone,
So needfull for his present ? It strikes me, me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will : But for my Mistress,
I nothing know where she remains : why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, she was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
We'll slip you for a season, but with jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen.
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less (ready :
Then what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us, We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away.

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest : not true, to be true.
These present warres shall find I love my Countrey,
Even to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them :
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way the *Romans*
Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us
To the King's party there's no going : newness
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on his torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they hear their *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires ; have both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army : Many yeares
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves
Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding ;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the cotesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' Army :
I, and my Brother are not known ; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o're-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arvi. By this Sun that shines
I'll thither : what thing is it, that I never
Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on bloud,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison ?
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
A Rider like my self, who ne're wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens I'll go,
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care : but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes :
If in your Countrey warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead ; the time seems long, their bloud thinks scorn
Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee : for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder Wives much better then themselves

For

For wrying but a little ? Oh *Pisano*,
 Every good Seivant does not all Commands :
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
 Should have ta'ne vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch from hence for little faults ; that's love
 To have them fall no more : you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each Elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome : 'tis enough
 That (*Britain*) I have kill'd thy Mistress : Peace,
 I le give no wound to thee : therefore good Heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self
 As do's a *Britain* Pezant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with : so I'll die
 For thee (*O Imogen*) even for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death : and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me :
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion lets without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door : and the Britain Army at another : Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Souldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus : he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heaviness and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood : I have belyed a Lady,
 The Princess of this Countrey ; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'd me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods, and Honours borne
 (As I wear mine) are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy Gentry (*Britain*) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

Exit.

The Battel continues, the Britains flye, Cymbeline is taken : then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the advantage of the ground,
 The Lane is guarded : Nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

Gai. Arvi. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Lue. Away boy from the troops, and save thy self :
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As War were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Lue. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lo. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heavens fought : the King himself
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britains* seen ; all flying
 Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring : having work
 More plentifull, then tools to do't : strook down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damnd
 With dead-men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane ?

Post. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turfe,
 Which gave advantage to an ancient Souldier
 (An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Countrey. Awhart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Countrey base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled,
 Our *Britain's* hearts die flying, not our men,
 To darkness fleet soules that fly backwards ; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown : Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many :
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the Place ; more Charming
 With their own Noblenes, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance, guilded pale looks ;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Upon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i'th' Chaser ; a Retire : Anon
 A Rout, confusion thick : forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they stopt 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 back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts : heavens, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying ; some their Friends
 O're-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would dye, or e're resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'th' Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was a strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Then to work any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'ry? here is one:

"Two Boyes, an Old-man (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly flye my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going? this is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th' field, and ask what newes of me:
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carcasses? took heel to do'r,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers then we
That draw his knives i'th' war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a Favourer to the Britain,
No more a Britain, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's death,
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains, and Souldiers.

1. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his Sonnes, were Angels.

2. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1. So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2. Lay hands on him: a Dog,

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What Crows have peckt them here; he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pi-
sanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Post-
humus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stoln,
You have locks upon you:
So graze, as you find Pasture.

2. Gao. I, or a stomach.

Post. Most welcome Bondage: for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sick o'th' Gout, since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By th'sure Physician, Death; who is the key
T'unbarre these Locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, and writs: you good gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Mult I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyves,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my freedome 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more element then vild men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life, you coyn'd it,
'Tween man, and man, they waigh not every stamp:
Though light, take Pieces for the figure's sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audic, take this life,
And cancel those cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn Musick, Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius
Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like
a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his
wife, and mother to Posthumus) with Musick before
them. Then after other Musick, follows the two young
Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they
dyed in the warres, They circle Posthumus round as
he lyes sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou thunder-Master
Shew thy spite, on Mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:

I dy'd whil't in the womb he stai'd,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphans Father art)
Thou should'st have bin, and shielded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
but took me in my throwes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestry,
moulded the stuff so fair:
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' World,
as great Sicilius heir.

1. Bro. When once he was mature for man;
in Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel?
or fruitfull object be?

In eye of Imogen, that best
could deem his dignity.

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's Seat, and cast
from her his dearest one:

Sweet Imogen?

Sicil. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,

E e e e

To

To taint his nobler heart & brain, with needless jealousy,
And to become the geek and scorn o'th'others villany?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
our Parents, and us twain,

That striking in our Countries cause,
fell bravely, and were slain,
Our Fealty, & *Tenants* right, with honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd: (journ'd

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods, why hast thou thus ad-
The Graces for her Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy Chrystal window ope; look out
no longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (*Jupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,
or we poor Ghosts will cry

Toth'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Bro. Help (*Jupiter*) or we appeal,
and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon
an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts
fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poor shadows of *Elizium*, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of Flowres.

Benot with mortal accidents oppress,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross: to make my gift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Son, our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his Tryals well are spent:
Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rife, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And so away: no farther with your dinne
Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chrystalline.

Sicil. He came in thunder, his Celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Scoop'd, as to foot use: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest fields: his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks *Jupiter*.

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. *Vanish.*

Post. Sleep, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorn)
Gone, they went from hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend
On Greatness, Favour; Dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I swerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this ground? a book? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reads.

*When as a Lyon's whelp, shall to himself unknown
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender Air: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lop'd
branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after re-
vive, be joynted to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.*

'Tis still a Dream: or else such stuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long agoe.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort
is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that
you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Brain, both empty: the brain the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
up thousands in a trice: you have no true Debtor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-
charge: your neck (Sir) is Pen, Book, and Counters: so
the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a
Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not
seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by
some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your
self that which I am sure you do not know: or lump
the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall
speed in your journies end, I think you'll never return
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and
and will not use them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should
have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness:
I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to be made
free.

Gao. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts
for

for the dead.

Gao. Unless a man would marry a Gallows, and beg young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses: I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exeunt.

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love With such integrity, she did confesse Was a Scorpion to her sight, whose life (But that her sight prevented it) she had Tane off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Corn. More, sir, and worse. She did confesse she had For you a mortal Mineral, which being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring, By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'recome you with her shew: yes and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft, to work Her Son into th'adoption of the Crown: But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despite Of heaven, and men) her purposes: repented The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so Dispaireing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lad. We did, so please your highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull: Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter) That it was folly in me, thou maist say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the losse Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter Of you their Captives, which our self have granted, So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of War the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with us, We should not when the blood was cool, have threatned Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeeth, A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer: *Augustus* lives to think on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat, my Boy (a *Britain* born) Let him be ransom'd: never Master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So feat, so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyn With my request, which I'll make bold, your highnesse Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harme, Though he have serv'd a Roman, Save him (Sir) And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him: His favour is familiar to me: Boy, Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace, And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore, To say, live boy: nere thank thy Master, live; And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:

Exeunt

Yes,

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my Throne: wo is my heart, That the poor Souldier that so richly fought, Whose rags, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest Stept before Targes of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such Noble fury in so poor a Thing; Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought But beggery and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward, which I will adde To you (the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*) By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest, Unless I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights oth' Battle, I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With Dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly Greet you our Victory? you look like the Romans, And not oth' Court of *Britain*.

Corn. Hail great King,

To sowre your happinesse, I must repute The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse then a Physitian Would this report become; but I consider, By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which (being cruel to the world) concluded Most cruell to her self. What she confest, I will report so please you. These her Women Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee say.

Cor. First, she confest she never lov'd you: only Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you: Married your Royalty, was wise to your place:

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st thou him so?

Imo. I'll tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me: speak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?

Arvi. One said another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: wert he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by your Greatness, and the grace of it
(Which is our honour) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,
Whom thou did'st banish: and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne're liv'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My daughter what of her? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou shoul'dst live, while Nature will,
Then die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock
That strook the hour: it was in *Rome*, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poison'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among't the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond brief Nature. For Condition,
A shop of the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His Mistress picture, which by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of Kitchin-Trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger; to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her honour confident
Then I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phæbus* Wheel; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Post I in this designe: well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* brain,
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Most vildly: for my vantage excellent.
And to be brief, my practise so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of Chamber hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having tane the forfeit, whereupon,
Me thinks I see him now.

Post. I, so thou do'st,
Italian fiend. Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poison,

Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things oth'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a lesser villain then my self,
A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she: yea, and she her self
Spert, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set
The dogs oth'street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queen, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear.

Post. Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lie thy part,

Pisa. Oh Gentleman, help,

Mine and your Mistris: Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: help, help.
Mine honor'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers on me?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphure on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by me
A pretious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have (said she) given his Mistris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queen (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vild, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem, I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being tane, would seize
The present power of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should again
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my sou,
Till the tree die.

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was nought; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord *Clotten*
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'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 pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the Mountains nere to *Milford*,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he posts
With unchast purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honour, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cymb. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee valiant youth
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine,

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence,

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, then a band of *Clottens*
Had ever scar for. Let his Armes alone.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old Souldier:
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arvi. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sons, I must
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arvi. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou had'st (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

I know how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your Loyns, My Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
It self, and all my treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knows, their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her too't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I must loose
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heaven with Starrs.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while:
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that naturall stamp:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three? Nere Mother
Rejoyc'd deliverance more; Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meet?

Arvi. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, untill we thought he died.

Corv. By the Queens Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battle; with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But not the time, nor place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse lightning) throws her eye
On him: her brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smok the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Souldier that so Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am, sir,
The souldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'twas a sinent for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak *Iachimo*, I had you down and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princesses
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arvi. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome: whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmorus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

When as a Lyon's whelp, shall to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender Air: and when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt
branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after re-
vive, be joynted to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in Peace, and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyon's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stoln
For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majestick Cedar joynt'd; whose issue

Promises *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heavens in justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* e're the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold-Battel, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o'th'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperial *Cesar*, should again unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *Brittish* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud's-Town* march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there: Never was a VVar did cease
(E're bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





The much admired *Play*,
CALLED,
PERICLES, PRINCE of TYRE.

*With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures,
and Fortunes of the said Prince.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE,
and published in his life time.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gower.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember eves, and holy-dayes,
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great,
Built up this City for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say:
This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a female heir,
So bucksome, blishe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad childe, worse father, to entice his own.
To evil should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long use, counted no sin.
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princesse thither frame,

To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That who so aske her for his wife,
His Riddle told nor, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As you grim look: do testifie.
What ensues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cause, who best can testifie.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have (Antiochus) and with a soul emboldn'd
With the glory of her praise, think death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musick bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renown to men:
Her face the book of praises, where is read.
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

you gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire with in my brest,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpe,
As I am sonne and servant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles.

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard?
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering save yon field of starres,
Here they stand martyrs slaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whome none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know it selfe,
And by those fearefull objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels us, life's but breath, to trust in error:
He make my will then, and as sicke men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did.
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do,
My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnspotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then.
Ant. Which read and not expounded, tis decreed
As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Dough. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish Thee happinesse.

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the listes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfullnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last? but O you Powers!
That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens actes
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Faile glasse of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait;
That knowing finne within, will touch the gates:
You are a fair Vyol, and your sence the strings,

Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth I care not for you.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act,
'Twould braid your self too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, then shewn:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring wind,
Blows dust in others eyes, to spread it self;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blind Mole cast
Copt hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poor worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill:
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
What being more known, grows worse to smother it.
All love the womb that their Being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your daies;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree,
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty daies longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son:
And untill then, your entertain shall be
As doth besit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How curtesie would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with the foul Incest to abuse your soul:
Where now you'r both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspsings with your child,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And the an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keep them from the light:
One sin (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoak.
Poyson and treason are the hands of sin,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame;
Then least my life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his head,

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Not tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high,
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our mind pertakes her private actions
To your secrecie; and for your faithfulness
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
Behold, here's poison and here's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reason why:
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your self, telling
your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, flye after; and as an arrow,
shot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his eye
doth level at: so do thou never return, unless thou say,
Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Tha My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length,
I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your Highness.

Anti. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, with other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:

Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-ey'd melancholly,
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour,
In the dayes glorious walk or peacefull night,
The tombe where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I fear'd, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seems far too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonor him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
With hostile forces he'll ore-spread the Land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state:
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punisht, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my self,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,

Make both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us
peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares ore-look
What shipping, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Helicanus* how hast
Moov'd us: what seest thou in our looks:

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets look up unto heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from

Hell. I have ground the axe my self, (thee
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and heaven forbid,
That Kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
Fit Councillor, and servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do:

Hell. To bear with patience such griefs,
As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Helicanus*,
That minister's a por on unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thy self.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou know'st (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this;
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants fear
Decrease not, but grow faster then the years:
And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy Princes blood were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who fears not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy self art one,
Who now reproved'st me for it.

Hell. Alas, sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with a thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to
Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear, (speak,
And justly too I think you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore, my Lord, go travel
for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot; or till
the Destinies do cut the thred of his life: your Rule di-
rect to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faith-
full then I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self,
The care I had and have of Subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdoms strength can bear it,
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath,
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall nere convince,
Thou shewest a Subjects shine, I a true Prince.

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must
I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be
hang'd at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the
King, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do
I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man
be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be
one.

Hush, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other
Lords of Tyre.*

Hell. You shall not need my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*,
further to question me of your Kings departure. His seal-
ed Commission left in trust with me, doth speak suffi-
ciently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, why (as it
were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? I'll give
some light unto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not)
took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so: and
doubting that he had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow,
he would correct himself; so puts himself unto the ship-
mans toy, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now,
although I would; but since he's gone, the Kings Seas
must please: he scape the Land, to perish at the Sea: I'll
present my self, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto Princely
Pericles; but since my landing I have understood, your
Lord hath betook himself to unknown travels, my mes-

sage must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to
our Master, not to us; yet ere you shall depart, this we de-
sire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with
his wife and others.*

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our griefs are,
Here they are but felt, and seen with mischiefs eyes,
But like to groves being top'd, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dionisia*.
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deep:
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dion. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This *Tharsus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd her self even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wonder'd at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight,
All poverty was scorn'd and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dion. Oh 'tis true.

Cleon. But see what heaven can do by this our change:
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance:
As houses are desil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those pallars, who, not yet to favours younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
These mothers who to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved,
So sharp are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots hear these tears,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cleon.

Cleon. Here, speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste, for comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have desiered upon our neighbouring shore, A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritour:
And so in ours; some neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
That stuff the hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear.
For by the semblance of their flags displaid, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymnes untutur'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest shew, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the ground's the lowest,
And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace confist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your tears,
But to release them of their heavy load,
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you,
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise; we do not look for reverence, but for love, and harbourage for our self, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children or our selves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils:
Till when, the which (I hope) shall ne're be seen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, feast here a while,
Untill our stars that frown, lend us a smile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here have you seen a mighty King
His child, I wis, to incest bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prove awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity:
I'll shew you those in troubles reigne,
Loosing a myre, a Mountain gain:
The good in conversation,

To whom I give my benizon.

*Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t' your eyes, what need speak I.
Dumb show.*

Enter at one dooor Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

*Good Hellican that staid at home,
Not to eat hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive:
And to fulfill his Princes desire,
Sav'd one of all that baps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put forth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's seldome ease,
For now the wind begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all lost,
By waves, from coast to coast is tost:
All perisshen of man, of pelf,
Ne ought escapen'd but himself;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text.*

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Wind, Rain, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alas, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Look how thou stirrest now.
Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poor men
That were cast away before us, even now.
1. Alas poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear
What pittifull cries they made to us, to help them,
When (welladay) we could scarcely help our selves.
3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are half fish, half flesh:
A plague on them, they ne're come but I look to be washt.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the Sea?

1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devour them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3. But Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that day in the Beltrey.

2. Why man?

3. Because he should have swallowed me too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the bells,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my mind,

Per. *Simonides*?

3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honny.

Per. How from the fenny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y'may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?

Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing
to be got now-a-daies, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, then may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gown here,
come put it on, keep thee warme: now afore me a hand-
some fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have
flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Pud-
dings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. Hark you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave? then I'll turn craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

3. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beg-
gers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be
Beadle. But Master, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable reigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How far is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry, sir, half a daies journey: and I'll tell you, he
hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day, and
there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the
world, to Just and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

2. O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man
Cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wives soul.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Help, Master, help, here's a fish hangs in the Net, like
a poor mans right in the law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha
bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair my self:
And though it was mine own part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saved me; keep it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you (kind friends) this coat of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this mark: he loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Sovereigns Court,
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll shew the vertue I have born in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't.

2. But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this
garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are
certain condolences, certain vails; I hope, sir, if you
thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will:

By your furtherance I am cloathed in Steel,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Jewell holds his building on my arme:
Unto thy value I will mount my self.
Upon a Courser, whose delightfull steps,
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Only (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a payre of Bases.

2. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
My best gown to make thee a pair;
And I'll bring thee to the Court my self.

Per. Then honour be but a Goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. Lord. They are, my Liege, and stay your coming, To present themselves.

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are, (here, Sits here like a child, whom Nature gat, For men to see I seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleases you (my royall father) to expresse My commendation is great, whose merit's lesse.

King. It's not it should be so; for Princes are A modell which heaven makes like it self:

As Jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So Princes their Renownes, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertain The labour of each Knight, in his device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himself?

Thai. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned Father) And the device he beares upon his Shield, Is a black Æthiope reaching at the Sun; The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A Prince of Macedon (my royall Father) And the device he beares upon his Shield, Is an armed Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady. The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolera kee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The child of Antioch; and his device A wreath of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit.*

The fourth Knight. (apex.)

King. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turn'd upside down; The word, *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (will,

The fifth Knight.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tri'd: The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixth Knight.

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliverd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger: but his Present is A withered Branch, that's onely green at top; The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty morall; from the dejected state wherein he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. Lord. He had need mean better then his outward shew can any way speak in his just commend: For by his rusty out side, he appears to have practised more the Whipstock, then the Lance.

2. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3. Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust Untill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that make us scan The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the Knights are coming, We will withdraw into the Gallery.

Great shouts, and all cry, the mean Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous. I place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a Title page, your worth in armes, Were more then you expect, or more then's fit, Since every worth in shew commends it self: Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast. You are Princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and guest, To whom this wreath of vict'ry I give, And Crown you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours, And here, I hope, is none that envies it: In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed, And you her labour'd Schollar: come, Queen oth' Feast, For (Daughter) so you are, here take your place: Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good Symonides.

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not, sir, for we are Gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor doe the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit.

By Jove (I wonder) that is King of thoughts, These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno (that is Queen of Marriage) All Viands that I eat doe seem unfavoury, Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a country gentleman: has done no more Then other Knights have don; has broken a staffe, Or so; let it passe.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glasse.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was, And Prince sat like starres about his Throne, And he the Sun, for them to reverence; None that beheld him, but like lesser lights, Did vaile their Crowns to his supreamacy; Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darknesse none in light: Whereby I see that Time's the King of men, For he's their Parents, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall presence?

King. Here, with a cup that's stir'd unto the brimme, As you doe love, fill to your Mistresse lips, We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too me- As if the entertainment in our Court. (lancholly, Had not a shew might countervail his worth:

Note it not you, Thaisa;

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter, Princes in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that come to honour them: And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd, are wondred at: Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,

Here,

Here, ray we d ink this standing cowl of wine to him.

Thai. Atasse, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.

King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now by the gods, he could not please me better.

King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage. (him,

Thai. The King my Father (sir) hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,
My education been in Arts and Armes.

Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas rest of ships and men,
And after ship-wrack, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

King. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholly.

Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours as you are addrest,

Will very well become a Souldiers dance:

I will not have excuse, with saying that

Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies heads,

Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.

They Dance.

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,

Come, sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:

And I have heard, you Knights of Tyre,

Are excellent in making Ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)

King. Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd

Of your fair courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.

They Dance.

Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:

Yours, sir, we have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that's the marke I know you levell at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest,

To morrow, all for speeding doe their best.

Enter Hellicanus, and Escanes.

Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding

Longer to with-hold the vengeance that

They had in store, due to his hainous

Capitall offence; even in the height and pride

Of all his glory, when he was seated in

A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his Daughter

With him; a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd

Up those bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

(great,

Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were

His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft,
By sin had his reward.

Escan. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will no second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicanus*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day, my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their banks.

Hell. Your griefs, for what?

Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,

Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out:

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there,

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:

Or dead, give's cause to mourn his Funerall,

And leave us to our free Election.

2. *Lor.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,

And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,

Like goodly buildings left without a Roof,

Soon fall to ruine: your noble self,

That best knowes how to rule, and how to reign.

We thus submit unto our Sovereign.

Omnes. Live, noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages:

If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear,

(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,

Where's hourelly trouble, for a minutes ease)

A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your King;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,

And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,

Whom if you finde, and winne unto return,

You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom, he's a foole that will not yield,

And since Lord *Hellican* enjoyne us,

We with our travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands,

When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands. *Exit.*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one door,
and the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelve-moneth, she'll not undertake

A married life: her reason to her self is onely known,

Which yet from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord)

King. Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly

Ti'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:

One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Dianaes* livery:

This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,

And on her Virgin honour will not break.

3. *Knig.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*

King. So, they are well dispatcht,

Now to my daughters Letter; she tells me here,

She'll wed the stranger Knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, Mistress, your choyce agrees with mine,

I like that well : nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyce, and will no longer
Have it be delayed : soft, here he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musick this last night :
I doe protest, my cares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her Schollars (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.

What doe you think of my Daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous Princessse.

King. And she's fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in Summer : wondrous fair.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I, so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Schollar ; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoolmaster.

King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here, a Letter, that she loves the Knight of
'Tis the King's subtilty to have my life : (Tyre ?

Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed Gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewicht my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the gods I have not ; never did thought
Of mine levy offence ; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gain her love,
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyest.

Per. Traitor !

King. I, Traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unlesse it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the lye.

King. Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts ;
That never relisht of a base descent :
I came unto the Court for honours cause,
And not be a Rebel to her state :
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This Sword shall prove, he's honours enemy.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my tongue
Did e're sollicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad ?

King. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?
I am glad of it withall my heart,
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections,
Upon a stranger ? who, for ought I know,
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I my self.

Therefore hear you, Mistresse, either frame

Your will to mine ; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be iul'd by me, or I'll make you-----
Man and Wife ; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too : and being joyn'd,
I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further grief,
God give you joy ; what, are you both pleased ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed ?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now sleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house.
Made louder by the ore-fee beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole ;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of Maiden-head,
A Babe is moulded, by artent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
Wish your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'll plain with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with attendants, a Messenger meets them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a Letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him ; then enter Thaisa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces : she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of Pericles, the carefull search,
By the four opposing Crignes,
Which she world together joynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' Court of King Simonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his Daughter's dead,
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Hellicanus would set on
The Crown of Tyre, but he will none :
The mutiny, he there haltes i' oppresse,
Sayer to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He, obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crown : the summe of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir apparant is a King :
Aside. Who dreamt ? who thought of such a thing ?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with child, makes her desire,
Aside. Which who shall crosse along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to Sea ; then vessell shakes,

On Neptunes billow, half the flood,
 Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mov'd
 Varies again, the grisly North
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That as a Duck for life that drives,
 So up and down the poor ship dives :
 The Lady shrieks, and well-a-need,
 Doth fall in travell with her fear :
 And what ensues in this self storme,
 Shall for it self, it self performe :
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey ;
 Which might not ? what by me is told,
 In your imagination hold :
 This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck,
 The Seas soft Pericles, appears to speak.

Enter Pericles on Shipboard.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
 Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
 Upon the windes command, bind them in Brasse,
 Having call'd them from the deep, O still
 Thy dearning dreadfull thunders ; daily quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : O how, *Lychorida* ?
 How does my Queen ? then storm venomously,
 Wilt thou spee all thy self ? the Seamans whistle
 Is a whisper in the eares of death,
 Unheard *Lychorida* ? *Lucina*, oh !
 Divineſt Patronesse, and my Wife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
 Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs
 Of my Queens travels. Now, *Lychorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to doe :
 Take in your armes this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How ? how, *Lychorida* ?

Lychor. Patience, good sir, doe not assist the storme,
 Here's all that is left living of our Queen ;
 A little Daughter, for the sake of it
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you gods !
 Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away ?
 We here below, recall not what we give,
 And we therein may use honour with you.

Lychor. Patience, good sir, even for this charge.

Ler. Now milde may be thy life,
 For a more blusterous birth had never Babe :
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions ;
 For thou art the rudelſt welcome to this world,
 That ever was Princes Childe : happy that followes,
 Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
 As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,
 To harold thee from the wombe :
 Even at the first, thy losse is more then can
 Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here :
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. Sayl. What courage, sir ? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I doe not fear the flaw,
 It hath done to me the worst : yet for the love
 Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,
 I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ?
 Blow and split thy self.

2. Sayl. But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow
 kisse the Moon, I care not.

1. Sayl. Sir, your Queen must over-board,
 The Sea works high, the winde is loud,
 And will not lie till the Ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

*1. Pardon us, sir ; with us at Sea it still hath bin observed,
 And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.*

Per. As you think meet, for she must o're-board
 Most wretched Queen. *(straight,*

Lychor. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had *(my Dear)*
 No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
 Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
 To bring thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
 Where for a Monument upon thy bones.

The ayre remaining lamps, the belching Whale,
 And humming water must o'rewhelme thy Corps,
 Lying with simple shells : Oh *Lychorida*,
 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
 My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
 Upon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
 A Priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

2. Sayl. Sir, we have a Chest beneath the hatches,
 Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Per. I thank thee : Marriner say, what Coast is this ?

2. Sayl. We are near *Tharsus*.

Per. Thither, gentle Marriner,
 Alter thy course for *Tyre* : when canst thou reach it ?

2. Sayl. By break of day, if the winde cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,

There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there I'll leave it
 At carefull nursing : go thy wayes, good Marriner,
 I'll bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, ho.

Enter Philemon,

Phil. Doth my Lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men,
 It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many : but such a night as this,
 Till now, I ne're endured.

Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you return,
 There's nothing can be ministred to nature,
 That can recover him : give this to the Pothecary,
 And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early ?

1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon the Sea,
 Shook as if the earth did quake :

The very principles did seem to rend and all to topple,
 Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the house.

2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,
 'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much marvell that your Lordship
 Having rich attire about you, should at these early houres
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose ; 'tis most strange,
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.

Were

Were endowments greater, then Nobleness and Riches,
Careless heirs may the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God :

'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,
Through which secret Art, by turning o're Authority,
I have together with my practise, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwells
In vegetives, in Mettals, Stones : and can speak of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;
Which doth give me more content in course of true de-
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour, (light
Or tie my pleasure up in silken Bags,
To please the Fool and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
Poured forth your charity, and hundred call themselves
Your Creatures ; who by you have been restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall pain,
But even your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such strong renown, as never shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea, toss up upon our shore
This Chest ; 'tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What e're it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;
Wrench it open straight :

If the Seas stomach be o're-charg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord. (it up ?)

Cer. How close 'tis caulkt and bottom'd, did the sea cast

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as tost it upon
shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ; it smells most sweetly in my

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour. (sence.)

Cer. As ever hit my nostrill : so, up with it.

Oh you most potent gods ! what's here, a Coarse ?

1. *Gent.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balm'd and entreaured
With full bags of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

*Here I give to understand,
If o're this Coffin drive a land ;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost :
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.*

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe: this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for look how fresh she
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea. (looks,
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o're-prest spirits.
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nine houres been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,
The rough and wofull musick that we have,

Cause it to sound I beseech you :
The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest, thou block ?
The Musick there : I pray you give her aire ;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;
She hath not been entrant above five houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower again.

1. *Gent.* The heavens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets up your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her eye-lids,
Cafes to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appear,
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weep,
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you seem to be.

She moves.

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I ? where's my Lord ?
What world is this ?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber bear her, get linnen ;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall : come, come, and, *Esculapins*, guide us.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionizia.

Per. Most honoured *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelve moneths are expir'd, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulness. The gods make up the rest upon you.

Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us. (pleased

Dion. O your sweet Queen ! that the strict fates had
You had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with

Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us ; (her.
Could I rage and rore as doth the Sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as 'tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was born at Sea) I have named so,
Here, I charge your charity withall ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is
born.

Cleon. Fear not (my Lord) but think your Grace,
That fed my Countrey with your Corn ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, must in your
Childe

Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty ; but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I believe you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me too without your vows, till she be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unlisten'd shall this heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't : so I take my leave :
Good Madam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing up my Childe.

Dion. I have one my self, who shall not be more dear
to my respect than yours, my Lord.

Per.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon. We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come, dearest Madam: O no teares, *Lychorida*, no teares; look to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come, my Lord.

Enter Cerymon, and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your com- Know you the Character? (mand:

Thai. It is, my Lords, that I was shipt at Sea, I well remember, even on my eaning time: but whether there delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles*, my wedded Lord, I ne're shall see again, a vestall lively will take me to, and never more have joy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak, *Dianaes* Temple is not distant farre, Where you may abide till your date expire, Moreover if you please, a Neece of mine, Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all, Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and serv'd to his own desire;
His wofull Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto *Diana*, there's a Votaresse.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharus*, and by *Cleon* train'd
In Musicks letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alack
That monster *Envy* oft the wrack
Of earned praise, *Marina's* life
Seek to take off by treason's knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One Daughter and a full grown wench,
Even ripe for Marriage fight: this Maid
High *Philoten*: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with *Marina* be,
Be't when they weav'd the sleded silk,
With fingers long, small, white as milk,
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The *Cambrick*, which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistrisse *Dion* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the Crow
Vie feathers white. *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given, this so darks
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleon's* Wife with envy rare,
A present Murderer do's prepare
For good *Marina*, that her Daughter
Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.

The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow, the unborn event,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Passe on the lame feet of my rime,
Which never could I so convey,
Unlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Dionizia doth appear,
With *Leonine* a Murderer.

Exit.

Enter Dionizia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it, 'tis but a blow, which never shall be known, thou canst not doe a thing in the world so soon, to yield thee so much profit, let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming thy love bosome, enflame too nicely; nor let pity, which even women have cast off, melt thee, but be a soul-dier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistrisse death: Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weed, to strew thy Grave with Flowers: the yellows, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave, while Summer dayes doth last. Aye me, poor Maid, born in a tempest, when my Mother di'd: this world to me is like a lasting storme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina*? why de'ye weep alone? How chance my Daughter is not with you? Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing, You have a Nurse of me. Lord? how your favour's Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe: Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea marre it, Walk with *Leonine*, the aire is quick there, And it pierces and sharpens the stomach; Come, *Leonine*, take her by the arme, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you, I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your Father, and your self, with more then foreign heart; we every day expect him here, when he shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blasted. He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses. Go I pray you, walk and be cheerfull once again; reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of young and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you: Walk half an houre, *Leonine*, at the least, Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walk softly, doe not heat your blood: What, I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the winde was North.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar.

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear, but cryed good Sea-men to the Sailors, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a Sea that almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a Canvas clymet, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skip from stern to stern: the Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it, pay, but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn to doe my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did hurt her in all my life, I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn to any living creature: believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouse, nor hurt a Flye. I trod upon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yield her any profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your looks fore-shew you have a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewed well in you, do so now, your Lady seeks my life, come you between, and save poor me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold villain.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Half part mates, half part. Come lets have her aboard sodainly.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great Pirate *Valdes*, and they have seized *Marina*, let her go, there's no hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead, and thrown into the Sea, but I'll see further, perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, not carry her aboard, if she remain,

Whom they have ravisht, must by me be slain.

Enter Pander, Boult and Bawd.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we lost too much money this Mart, by being too Wenchlesse.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures, we have but poor three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e're we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought some eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? the stuffe we have, a strong winde will blow it to pieces, they are so pittifully sodden.

Pander. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in conscience, the poor *Transilvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. I, she quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meat for wormes, but I'll go search the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amisse to keep our door hatch'd; besides the fore termes we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving o're.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with Pirates, and Mirana.

Boult. Come your wayes, my masters, you say she's a

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

(*virgin?*)

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece you if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest. (See,

Bawd. *Boult*, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good cloathes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Masters, you shall have your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alack that *Leonine* was so slack, so slow:

He should have struck, not spoke;

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,

Had not o're-board thrown me, for to seek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands,

Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my fault, to scape his hands,

Where I was like to dye,

Bawd. I, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Gossing: I think I shall have something to doe with you. Come, y'are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men,

b

then

then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stirre you up: *Boults* return'd.

Enter Boults.

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boults. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And pritheer tell me, how do'st thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boults. Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkned to thir fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boults. To night, to night, but Mistris, do you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Monsieur Verollus*?

Boults. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boults. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you have most gain, to weep that you live as you do, makes pittie in your lovers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boults. O take her home, mistris, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Baud. Thou sayest true ifaith, so they must, for your Bide goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boults. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistris, if I have bargain'd for the joynt.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsel off the spit.

Boults. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boults. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. *Boults*, spend thou that in the Town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custome. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boults. I warrant you mistris, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eels, as my giving out her beauty stirs up the lewdly enclined, I'll bring home some to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Unto'd I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana aid my purpose.

Baud. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you go with us.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a piece of slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne're look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

Cleon. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in bloud

then vertue, yet a Princess to equall any single Crown of the earth, in the justice of compare, O villain, *Leonine*, whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurfes are not the fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve, she di'd at night, I'll say so, who can crosse it, unlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she di'd by foul play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do shame to think of what a Noble strain you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who ever but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between her and her fortunes: none would look on her, but cast their gazes on *Marina's* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of kindness perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cleon. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn: her monument almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expresse a general praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence 'tis done.

Cleon. Thou art like the Harpie, Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face, Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to th'gods, that wince kills the flies, But yet I know, you'll do as I advise.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't:

Making to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.

By you being Pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.

The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his daughter, all his lives delight.

Old Hellicanus goes along behinde,
Is left to govern it: you bear in minde

Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.
Well sailing ships, and bounteous windes have brought
This King to *Tharsus*, think this *Pilate* thought

So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grove
To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone

Like

*Like meers and shadowes see them move a while,
Your eares unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

Enter Pericles at one door with all his train. Cleon and Dionizia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the Tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on Sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. *See how belief may suffer by foule show,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe :
And Pericles in sorrow all deuoured,
Wish sighes shot through, and biggest teares o're-show'd.
Leaves Tharsus, and again imbarks, he swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on Sack-cloth and to Sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall Vessell seares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take me our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionizia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year :
She was of Tyrrus the King's Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter :
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th'earth :
Therefore the earth feareing to be o'reflow'd
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heavens bestow'd.
Wherefore she does and swears she'll never flint,
Make raging Battry upon shores of flint.

*No vizor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his Daughter's dead,
And bear his courtes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our beare must play
His Daugh er woe and heavy well-a-day.
In her unholy service : Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Did you ever hear the like ?
2. Gent. No, nor never shall doe in such a place as this, she being once gone.
1. Gent. But to have Divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of such a thing ?
2. Gent. No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy Houses, shall we go hear the Vestalls sing ?
1. Gent. I'll doe any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her she had ne're come here.
Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to frieze the god Priapus, and undoe a whole generation, we must either get her ravisht, or be rid of her, when she should doe for clyents her fitment, and doe me the kindnesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a Puritane of the Devil, if he should cheapen a kisse of her.
Boul. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our Cavaleers, and make all our Swearers Priests.
Pand. Now the poxe upon her green sicknesse for me.
Ba. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfmachus* disguised.
Boul. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the peevish Baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lyfmachus.

Lyf. How now, how a dozen of virginities ?
Bawd. Now the gods blesse your Honour.
Boul. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.
Lyf. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your resorters stand upon sound Legs, how now ? wholsome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon ?
Bawd. We have one here, sir, if she would-----
But there never came her like in *Metaline*.
Lyf. If she'd doe the deeds of darknesse, thou would'st say.
Bawd. Your honour knowes what 'tis to say well-enough.
Lyf. Well, call forth, call forth.
Boul. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but-----
Lyf. What prethee ?
Boul. O sir, I can be modest.
Lyf. That dignifies the renown of a Bawd, no lesse then it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.
Enter Marina.
Bawd. Here comes that which growes to the stalke, Never pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is she not a fair creature ?
Lyf. Faith she would serve after a long voyage at Sea, Well, there's for you, leave us.
Bawd. I beseech your honour give me leave a word, And I'll have done presently.
Lyf. I beseech you doe.
Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.
Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.
Bawd. Next, he's the Governour of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.
Mar. If he govern the Countrey, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.
Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you use him kindly ? he will line your Apron with Gold.
Mar. What he will doe graciously, I will thankfully receive.
Lyf. Have you done.
Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac't yet, you must take some pains to work her to your mannage, come, we will leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Bawd.*
Lyf. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?
Mar. What trade, Sir ?
Lyf. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.
Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.
Lyf. How long have you been of this profession ?
Mar. E're since I can remember.
Lyf. Did you go to't so young, were you a gamester at five, or at seven ?
Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one,
Lyf. Why the house you dwell in, proclaimes you to be a creature of sale.
Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.
Lyf. Why ? hath your principall made known unto you, who I am ?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Ly. Why your hearb woman, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O you have heard some thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Lyf. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maid, though most ungentele Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have been sold dearer then Physick, O that the gods would set me free from this unhallow'd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Lyf. I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne're dream'd thou could'st; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, here's gold for thee, persevere in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good gods preserve you.

Ly. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doors and windows savours vilely, fare thee well, thou art a piece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been Noble, hold, here's more gold for thee, a curse upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of thy goodness, if thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Boul. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Ly. Avant thou damned door-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sink and overwhelm you. away.

Boul. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-fast in the cheapest Country under the coap, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your wayes.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boul. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, we'll have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawds.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boul. Worse and worse, Mistris, she hath here spoken holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable.

Boul. He makes our profession as it were to stink before the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boul. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boul.*, take her away, use her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest maleable.

Boul. And if she were a thornier piece of ground then she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my doors, Marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up my dith of chastity, with rosemary and bayse.

Exit.

Boul. Come mistress, come your wayes with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boul. To take from you the jewel you hold so deer.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boul. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou hold'st a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned door-keeper to every cusherel that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholerick fisting of every rogue, thy ear is liable, thy food is such as hath been belcht on by infectious lungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? go to the warrs, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the losse of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboon, could he speak, would own a name too dear: Oh, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which I'll keep from boast, and will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous City will yield many schollars.

Boul. But can you teach all this you speak off?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and prostitute me to the basest groom that doth frequent your house.

Boul. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boul. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them; but since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your wayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

*Marina thus the Brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story saies;
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired laies:
Deep Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures own shape, of bnd, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, sisters the natural Roses,
Her Inle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupils lack! she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed Bawd. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the City striv'd
God Neptunes annual feast to keep, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hies.*

*In your supposing, once more put your sight
On heavy Pericles, think this his Bark,
Where what is done in action (more of might
Shall be discovered) please you sit and hark,*

Exit.

Enter Helicanus, to him two Sailors.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. O here he is, sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyfimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray thee greet them fairly.

Enter Lyfimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lyf. Hail, reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would do.

Lyf. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lyf. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his grief.

Lyf. Upon what ground is his distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main grief springs from the losse of a beloved daughter, and a wife.

Lyf. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight, he will not speak to any.

Lyf. Let me obtain my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lyf. Sir King, all hail, the gods preserve you, hail, Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words from him.

Lyf. 'Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battery through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopp'd, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maids, now upon the levie shelter that abutts against the Island side.

Hell. Sure all effectles, yet nothing wee'l omit that bears recoveries name. But since your kindness we have strecht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lyf. O, sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflit our Province: yet once more let me entreat to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyf. O here's the Lady that I sent for.

Welcome fair one: Is't not a goodly present?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lyf. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd, Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish no better choise, and think me rarely wed. Fair and all goodnesse that consists in beauty, Expect even here, where is a kingly patient, If that thy prosperous and artificial fate, Can draw him but to answer thee in ought, Thy sacred Physick shall receive such pay, As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid, be suffered to come near him.

Lyf. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lyf. Markt he your musick:

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lyf. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir, my Lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: she speaks, my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grief might equall yours, if both were justly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors who stood equivoilent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and awkward casualties, bound me in servitude, I will desist, but there is something glows upon my cheek, and whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal mine; was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Countrey-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might have been: my Queens square brows, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voyc't, her eyes as jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *June*. Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger, from the deck you may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how archiev'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as *Justice*, and thou seem'st a *Pallas* for the crowned truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and make my senses credite thy relation, to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Did'st thou not stay when I did push thee back; which was when I perceived thee that thou cam'st from good descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou said'st thou had'st been tost from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'st

thought'st thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prove the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a girle, yet thou do'st look like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and smiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin? recount I do beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced god sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thy self *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had some power, my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairy?

Motion? well speak on, where were you born?

And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lycherida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dream That ere dull sleep did mock sad fools withall, This cannot be my daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottome of your story and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give ore.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me, Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife, Did seek to murder me: and having wooed a villain To attempt it, who having drawn to do't, A crew of Pyrats came and rescued me, Brought me to *Metaline*.

But, good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weep? It may be you think me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Call's my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor, Most wise in general, tell me if thou can'st, what this maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, sir, of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage, Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me, honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present pain, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortality, and drown me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither.

Thou that beger'st him that did thee beger,

Thou that wast born at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,

And found at sea again: O *Hellicanus*, Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud As thunder threaters us; this is *Marina*. What was thy mothers name? tell me but that, For truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my Droun'd Queens name, as in the rest you said, Thou hast bin god-like perfect, the heir of Kingdoines, And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name is *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my child. Give me fresh garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have been by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis thee Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholly, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding. Oh heaven blesse my girle. But hark, what Musick's this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*, Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seems to doat, How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? the musick of the sphears, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Most heavenly musick, It nips me unto listning, and thick slumber Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest,

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leave him all. Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

Actus Quintus.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*, Hie thee thither, and do upon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reveale how thou at sea did'st lose thy wife, to mourn thy crosses with thy daughters call, and give them repitition to the like: or performe my bidding, or thou livest in woe: do't, and happy by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dream.

Per. Celestial *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*, I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first, Toward *Ephesus* turn our blown sayls, Eftsoons I'll tell why, shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, and give you gold for such provision as our intents will need.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore, I have another sleight.

Pericl. You shall prevaile, were it to wooe my daughter.

daughter, for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arms.

Per. Come, my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum,
This my last boon give me,
For such kindness must relieve me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feast, what shews,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Meralin,
To greet the King; so he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as their will'd.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies thankfull doom.

Enter *Pericles*, *Lysimachus*, *Hellicanus*,
Marina, and others.

Per. Hail *Dian*, to performe thy just command,
I here confels my self the King of *Tyre*.

Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*,
the fair *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought
forth a Maid childe called *Marina*, whom, O goddess,
wears yet thy silver livery, she at *Tharsus* was nurs'd with
Cleon, who at fourteen years he sought to murder, but her
better stars brought her to *Meteline*, 'gainst whose shore
riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard to us, where
by her own most clear remembrance, she made known
her self my daughter.

Th. Voice and favour, you are, you are, O royal *Pericles*.

Per. What means the woman? she dies, help gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana's* Altar true, this is
your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-board
with these very armes.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon
this shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich jewels,
recovered her, and placed her here in *Diana's* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
whether I invite you, look, *Thaisa* is recovered,

Thai. O let me look if he none of mine, my sanctity
will to my sence bend no licentious ear, but curb it spight
of seeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him
you speak, like him you are: did you not name a tem-
pest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when we with tears part-
ed *Pentapolis*, the King my father gave yon such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your presed
kindnesse makes my past miseries sport, you shall do
well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and
no more be seen; O come, be buried a second time with-
in these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers
bosome.

Per. Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, *Thaisa*,
thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was
yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail Madam, and my Queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did flye from
Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remem-
ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'd him off.

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him dear *Thaisa*,
this is he, now do I long to hear how you were found?
how possibly preserved? and who to thank (besides the
gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through
whom the gods have shewn their power, that can from
first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods can have no mortal offi-
cer more like a god then you, will you deliver how this
dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord, beseech you first go with me un-
to my house, where shall be shewn you all was found with
her; how she came plac'd here in the Temple, no need-
full thing omitted.

Per. Praise *Dian* bleste thee for thy vision, I will offer
night oblations to thee; *Thaisa*, this Prince, the fair be-
trothed of your daughter, shall marry at *Pentapolis*, and
now this ornament that makes me look dismal, will I clip
to forme, and what this fourteen years no razor toucht
to grace thy marriage day, I'll beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir,
my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a Star of him, yet here, my Queen,
we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that
kingdome spend our following dayes; our son and
daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:

In *Pericles* his Queen and daughter seen,

Although assayl'd with Fortune fierce and keen,

Versue preferred from fell destructions blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.

In *Hellicanus* may you well desery,

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend *Cerimon* there well appears,

The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame

Had spread their cursed deed, and honor'd name

Of *Pericles*, to rage the City turn,

That him and his, they in his Pallace burn:

The gods for murder seemed so content,

To punish, although not done, but meant.

So on your paticences ever more attending,

New joy wait on you, here our play hath ending.

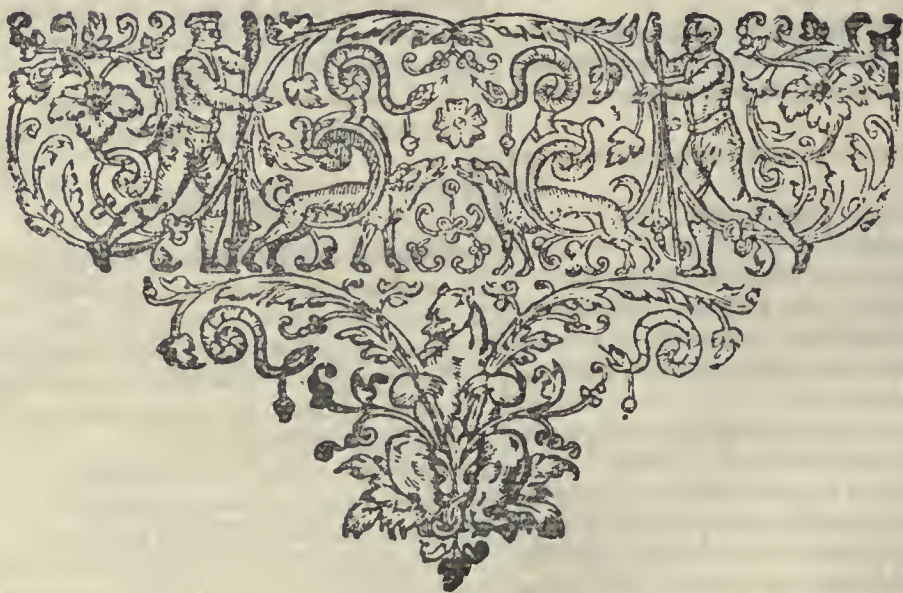
THE

THE
A C T O R S
N A M E S.

Antiochus a Tyrant of Greece.
Hesperides daughter to Antiochus.
Pericles Prince of Tyre,
Hellicanus. } two Lords of Tyre.
Escanes. }
Thaliard servant to Antiochus.
Cleon Governor of Tharsus.
Dionisia wife to Cleon.
Symonides King of Pentapolis.
Thaisa daughter to Symonides.
Marina daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Lychorida Nurse to Marina.

Lysimachus Governor of Metaline.
Cerimon a Lord of Ephesus.
Philoten daughter to Cleon,
Leonine a Murtherer, servant to Dionisia
Diana, a goddess appearing to Pericles.
Gower.
Lords &c.
Knights tilting in Honor of Thaisa.
Saylors.
Pirates.
Fishermen.
Messengers.

F I N I S.





The *London* PRODIGAL.

Written by *W. Shakespeare.*

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fath.

B Rother, from *Venice*, being thus disguis'd,
I come to prove the humours of my son :
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide ?

Unc. Ifaith, brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost asham'd to report it.

Fath. Why how is 't, brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more: why, your
exhibition is nothing. he hath spent that, and since hath
borrowed, protested with oaths, alledged kindred to
wring money from me, by the love I bore his father, by
the fortunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his wants:
that done, I have had since, his bond, his friend and friends
bond, although I know that he spends is yours; yet it
grieves me to see the unbridled wildnesse that raigns over
him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is
the name of his offences? if they do not relish altoget-
her of damnation, his youth may priviledge his wan-
tonnesse: I my self ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay
almost till forty; well, you see how I am: for vice once
looked into with the eyes of discretion, and well ballanced
with the weights of reason, the course past, seems so abo-
minable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the heart
of his body, will rather intombe himself in the earth,
or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once set-
tled, how much better are they that in their youth have
known all these vices, and left it, then those that knew
little, and in their age runs into it? Belive me, brother,
they that die most vertuous, hath in their youth, lived
most vicious, and none knows the danger of the fire, more
then he that falls into it: But say, how is the course of
his life? let's hear his particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, brother, he is a continual swearer,
And a breaker of his oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping
those oaths is better: for who will see by a bad thing?
Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,
Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly
by the worst.

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither,
for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make
him shun it: For what brings a man or child, more

to vertue, then correction? What raigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget
himself.

Fa. Obest of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink
So he drink not Churches.

(on,
Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather happinesse in
Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants? (him,

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fa. Why you see so doth the sea, it borrows of all the
Currents in the world, to encrease himself.

(small
Un. I, but the sea paies it again, & so will never your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry
as my son.

Unc. Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in
Then any way condemne them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not, brother, for though I slur
them over now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud,
It would gall my heart, they should ever raign in him.

Flow. Ho! who's within ho?

Flowerdale knocks within.

Unc. That's your son, he is come to borrow more
money.

Fath. For Godsake give it out I am dead, see how he'll
take it,

Say I have brought you news from his father.
I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from my self,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go too, brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle?

within.

Unc. Let my cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Saylor come from *Venice*, and my name
is *Christopher*.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a serv'd, cousin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of
truth.

A couple of rascalls at the gate, set upon me for my purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your
mouth.

(pound.

Flow. By my truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me ten

Unc. Give my cousin some small beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a jest now, by
this light,

(rock,

I should ride to *Croydon* Fayr, to meet sir *Lancelot Spur-*
I should have his daughter *Luce*, and for scurvy

Ten pound, a man shall lose nine hundred three-score
and

and odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now: why you shall have my bond Uncle, or *Tom Whites*; *James Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapier and dagger men, as any be in *England*, let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damne our selves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall: If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not need ten pound, but when a man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, cousin?

Flow. Marry this Uncle, can you tell me if the Katern-hue be come home or no?

Unc. I marry is't.

Flow. By God I thank you for that news. What is't in the pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent I'll give you a piece, Uncle: for thus said the letter, A piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd, de-A crimson, a sad green, and a purple: yes ifaith. (roy,

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes: I know, faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Unkle, whom God-willing at my return I will see amply satisfied; Amply, I remember was the very word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the letter here?

Flow. Yes I have the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no, let me see, what breeches wore I on Saturday: let me see, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach-colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Calymanka again, a Saturday, let me see, a Saturday, for in those breeches I wore a Saturday is the letter: O my riding breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been velvet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didissimo tertios Septembris*, no, no, *tridissimo tertios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. *Diditimo tertios Octobris*: and here receive I a letter that your father died in *June*: how say you, *Kester*?

Fath. Yestruly, sir, your father is dead, these hands of mine help to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. I, sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sbloud, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Ifaith sir, according to the old Proverb, The child was born, and cryed, became man, After fell sick, and died.

Unc. Nay, cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay I cannot weep you extempory, marry some two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stintance. But I hope he dyed in good uememory.

Fath. Very well, sir, and set down every thing in good order,

And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came over in; And I saw all the bills of lading, and the velvet That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By God I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be sworn of that: there's knavery abroad, Although there were never a piece of velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good estate.

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his

Of which I am an unworrry bearer.

Flow. His will, have you his will?

Fath. Yes, sir, and in the presence of your Uncle, I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, cousin, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be unmindfull of me.

Flow. I'll do reason, Unkle; yet ifaith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay I deny'd you not.

Flow. By God you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good fellow.

Fath. Not directly, sir.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phraze hold: Well, Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legasies, In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, to my son *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bail of false dice, *Videllicet*, high men and low men, fullornes, stop cater crates, and other bones of function.

Flow. 'Sbloud what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his For of his word no body will trust him. (oath,

Let him by no means marry an honest woman, For the other will keep her self.

Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience May bring him to his destinate repentance, I think he means hanging. And this were his last will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to sop off his posterity with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made, sir, with his own hands.

Flow. I, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten pound, Imagine you have lost it, or rob'd of it, or misreckon'd your self so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. Ifaith lend it him, sir; I my self have an estate in the City worth twenty pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he faith it concerns him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this: come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, cousin, come to me some hoar hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay I'll come my self.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your worships man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou shalt thou hast twenty pound, go into *Burchin Lane*, put thy self into cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden Fayr*.

Fath. I thank you, sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence.

Unc. I will not, cousin.

Flow. What's thy name, *Kester*? *Fath.* I, sir.

Flow. Well, provide thy self: Uncle, farewell till anon. *Exit Flowerdale.*

Unc. Brother, how do you like your son?

Fath. Ifaith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,

Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure :
The one must be tamed with an iron bit,
The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,
Such is my son, a while let him be so ;
For counsel still is follies deadly foe.

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,
For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse :
His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,
Time may recall, and all his madness tam'd.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidill,
Artichoak, Luce, and Frank.

Lance. Sirrha Artichoak, get you home before,
And as you proved your self a calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow Daffidill go
along with me.

Lance. No, sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Arti. Daffadill, farewell, good fellow Daffidill,
You may see, mistress, I am set up by the halves,
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home calves.

Lance. I faith Frank, I must turn away this Daffidill,
He's grown a very foolish sawcy fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, father, he was so since I had him :
Before he was wise enough, for a foolish serving-man,

Wea. But what say you to me, Sir Lancelot ?

Lan. O, about my daughters, well I will go forward,
Here's two of them, God save them : but the third,
O she's a stranger on her course of life,
She hath refused you, Master Weathercock,

Wea. I by the Rood, Sir Lancelot, that she hath,
But had she tri'd me, she should a found a man of me in-

Lan. Nay be not angry, sir, at her daniel, (deed.
She hath refus'd seaven of the worshipfull'st and wor-
thiest house-keepers this day in Kent :

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Wea. The more fool she.

Lance. What is it folly to love Charity ?

Wea. No, mistake me not, Sir Lancelot,
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.

Lance. That's a foolish proverb, and a false.

Wea. By the mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who shall marry with Mistress Frances ?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me,

Luce. Peace, let them talk : (sister.

Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress,
You have a wit, and it were your Allablast.

Luce. I faith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my Knight-hood, not a suter yet:
Alas God help her, silly girle, a fool, a very fool:
But there's the other black-brows a shrewd girle,
She hath wit at will, and suters two or three:

Sir Arthur Green-sheld one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Souldier, but his power but poor.

Then there's young Oliver, the Devon-shire lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all aire,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young Flower-

Wea. O he, sir, he's a desperate dick indeed. (dale.
Bar him your house.

Lance. Fye, not so, he's of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marry, there's the point, Sir Lancelot :
For there's an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low :
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.

Lance. You are in the right, Master Weathercock.

Enter Mounseur Civet.

Civet. Soul, I think I am sure crossed,
Or witcht with an owle, I have haunted them, Inne after
Inne, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them ; ha, yon-
der they are, that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay I
know 'tis she now, for she treads her shoos a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne ? we are past it, Daffidill.

Daff. The good signe is here, sir, but the black gate is
before.

Civet. Save you, sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of
a word with you ?

Daff. No pieces, sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.

I pray, sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be ?

Daff. They may be Ladies, sir, if the destinies and mor-
tality work.

Civ. What's her name, sir.

Daff. Mistress Frances Spurcock, Sir Lancelot Spur-
cock's daughter.

Civ. Is she a maid, sir ?

Daff. You may ask Pluto, and dame Proserpine that :
I would be loth to be ridelled, sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, sir ?

Daff. The Fates know not yet what shoos-maker
shall make her wedding shoos.

Civ. I pray where Inne you sir ? I would be very
glad to bestow the wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daff. At the George, sir.

Civ. God save you, sir.

Daff. I pray your name, sir ?

Civ. My name is Master Civet, sir.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you, good Master
Civet. Exit Civet.

Lance. A, have we spi'd you stout S. George ?
For all your dragon, you had best sell's good wine :

That needs no Ivy-bush : well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your horse, this room shall serve :

Drawer, let me have sack for us old men :

For these girls and knaves small wines are best.

A pinte of Sack, no more.

Draw. A quart of Sack in the three Tuns,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte, Daffidill,
Call for wine to make your selves drink.

Fran. And a cup of small beer, & a cake good Daffidill.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, sir in the open room, now good
Sir Lancelot, and my kind friend, worshipfull Master
Weathercock,

What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lan. Nay Royster, by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's some Musick, we'll go dance,
Be gone Sir Lancelot, what, and fair day too ?

Lan. 'Twere fouly done, to dance within the fayr.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all faires,
Then I'll not dance, a pox upon my Taylor,
He hath spoyl'd me a peach-colour sattin sute,
Cut upon cloth of silver, but if ever the Rascal serve me
such another trick, I'll give him leave, i faith, to put me
in the calender of fools : and you, and you, Sir Lancelot ;
and Master Weathercock, my gold-smith too on tother
side, I bespoke thee, Luce, a carkenet of gold, and thought
thou

thou should'st a had it for a Fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Orient Pearle: but thou shalt have it by Sunday night, wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a pottle of rennith wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, sir, to the Knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

Lance. To me? what's he that proves so kind?

D. ff. I have a trick to know his name, sir, He hath a months mind here to Mistress Frances, his name is Master Civer.

Lance. Call him in, *Daffidill.*

Flow. O, I know him, sir, he is a fool, But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corn-mongers, these mony-mongers, but he never had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter Master Civer.

Lau. I promise you, sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, sir, I thank God my father left me where withall, if it please you, sir, I have a great mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Lau. I thank you, sir: please you to come to *Lewsome* to my poor house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your father, he was a wary husband: to pay here Drawer.

Draw. All is paid, sir: this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Ifaith you do us wrong, But we shall live to make amends ere long: Master *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knave.

Lance. Nay then I think you will turn wife, Now you take such a servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away, 'Tis scarce two hours to the end of day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Green-shood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Souldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Souldiers to the ships, There let them have their coats, at their arrival They shall have pay: farewell, look to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak with our friends.

Oli. No man what ere you used a zutch a fashion, thich you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my pay and my cloaths, I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away sirrha, charme your tongue.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Oli. Bin you a presser, sir?

Arth. I am a commander, sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot man, and you be nere zutch a commander Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

Arth. Content your self man, my authority will stretch to presse so good a man as you.

Oli. Presse me? I devy, presse scoundrels, and thy messels: presse me, chee scorns thee ifaith: For see'st thee, here's a worshipfull knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Frank.

Lan. Sir Arthur, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my What's the matter man, why are you vex? (troth,

Oli. Why man he would presse me.

Lan. Ofie, Sir Arthur, pres's him? he is a man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the nobles, The golden suddocks he.

Ar. The fitter for the warrs: and were he not in favour With your worships, he should see, (your That I have power to presse so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the triall, so chill,

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie, White pot and drowfen broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, sir, though you see vlouten cloth and karsie, chee a zeen zutch a karsie coat wear out the town sick a zilken Jacket, as thich a one you wear.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest think cham aveard of thy zilken coat, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all lovers and friends.

Wea. I 'tis best so, good Master *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your name Master *Oliver* I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a foolish plot out of Master *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy plots upon me, stand a side, work thy foolish plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy dam bound thy head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrtha, zyrtha, if it were not for shame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiffer poop under the ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my feet: stand a side let me loose, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; stand aside.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'st thou tell me of my vreens?

Lan. No more, good master *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And maiden, here in the sight of all your suters, every man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faintest would preferre to the hard bargain of your marriage bed: shall I be plain among you Gentlemen?

Arth. I, sir, 'tis best.

Lance. Then, sir, first to you, I do confesse you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Souldier, and an honest man: but honesty maintains a *French*-hood, goes very seldome in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small train of servants: hath few friends: and for this wilde oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work myracles, but he were better make a hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Wea. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch-ed you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my side, why, Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Wea. Now by my troth, I know no otherwise, O, your old mother was a dame indeed: Heaven hath her soul, and my wives too I trust: And your good father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a journey as I hear, far hence.

Flow. I God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise. And lest me to cut a caper against care, Luce look on me that am as light aire.

Luce. Ifaith I like not shadows, bubbles, broth, I hate a light a love, as I hate death.

Lance. Girle, hold thee there: look on this *Devonshire* lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

Oli. Well, sir, cham as the Lord hath made me,

You

You know me well ivin, cha have three-score pack of kaisay, and Blackem hall, and chief credit beside, and my fortunes may be so good as an others, zo it may.

Lance. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say?

Arth. Thanks fairest.

Flow. What would'st thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lan. Yet Gentleman, howsoever I preferre this *Devon-shire* suter.

I'll enforce no love, my daughter shall have liberty to choose whom she likes best: in your love-sure proceed. Not all of you, but onely one must speed

Wea. You have said well: indeed right well.

Enter Artichook.

Arti. Mistris, here's one would speak with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the seller already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* fair.

Lance. O, I remember, a little man.

Arti. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arti. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounseur *Civet*.

Arti. The same, sir.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other suters come, My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

But *Delia* my saint, no man dare move,

Exeunt at all but young Flowerdale and Oliver, and old Flowerdale.

Flow. Hark you, sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.
Exit Oliver.

Flow. What if should come more? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him, But presently we'll go and draw a Will:

Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw,
And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*,
And make Sir *Lancelot's* daughter heir of all:
And make him swear never to shew the Will
To any one, untill that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changling *Weathercock*,
Will straight discourse unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it be rul'd by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, sweet *Kir*,
Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy wit.

Exeunt.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistris, still froward?

No kind looks unto your *Daffidill*, now by the gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knave, let my hand go.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall go with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loves fee.

Luce. I'll have your coat stript o're your ears for this,
You sawey rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lance. How now maid, what is the news with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*

Lance. Go too, sirrha, I'll talk with you anon.

Daff. Sir, I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse I tro:

I know my strength, then no more then so.

Wea. A by the matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I saw him the other day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
Ifaith God-a-mercy Lad, I like thee well.

Lan. I like him well, go sirrha, fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with Master *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

Wea. I thank you, sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the mouse-foot I will:
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a desperate dick I warrant you,

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine,
Ha, what wears he on his arme?

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, I 'tis the same:
Ha to you Master *Weathercock*,

Wea. I thank you, sir: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well: I'll take my leave, good night, and hope to have you and all your daughters at my poor house, in good sooth I must.

Lance. Thanks Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

Wea. And welcome, heartily farewell. *Exit Weath.*

Lance. Sirrha, I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her Bracelet on your arme; off with it: and with it my livery too: have I care to see my daughter matched with men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? go, sirrha, from my house, or I'll whip you hence.

Daff. I'll not be whipt, sir, there's your Livery.
This is a Servingmans reward, what care I,
I have means to trust to: I scorn service I.

Exit Daffidill.

Lance. I a lusty knave, but I must let him go,
Our servants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect you above any Suter that I have, although that Souldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,
Knows what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithfull Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour, nor your love, but there be some that bares a Souldiers forme, that swears by him they never think upon, goes swaggering up and down from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Arth. Ifaith, Lady, I'll descry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bare the name and shape of Souldiers,
Yet God knows very seldome saw the War:
That hant your Taverns, and your ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To uphold the brutish humor of their minds,
Being marked down, for the bondmen of despair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in bloud,
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Souldiers,

Arth. No they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timelesse graves.

Luce. Both for your self, and for your forme of life,
If I may choose, I'll be a Souldiers wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tyt trust to it, so then.

Lance. Assure your self,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Luce*,

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing Wedding Rayments.

Lance

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made touching my daughters Joynter; that dispatched, we will in two daies make provision.

Oli. Why man, chil have the writings made by to-morrow.

Lance. To-morrow be it then, let's meet at the Kings head in Fish-street.

Oli. No, fie man, no, let's meet at the Rose at Temple. That will be nearer your Counsellor and mine. (*Bar,*

Lance. At the Rose be it then, the hour nine, He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no payment, let it be a whole quart, or
Enter Artichoak. (nothing.)

Arti. Master, here is a man would speak with Master *Oliver*, he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lance. Nay, son *Oliver*, I'll surely see, What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you. I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oli. Why man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him his hands full.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lance. Welcome honest friend.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth health, But unto you, sir, this, and this he sends: There is the length, sir, of his Rapier, And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oli. Here, chill meet him my friend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call Me Cut, where is't, sirrha? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both time and place, And if you be a man, then keep your word.

Lan. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, he'll be the better known For a base rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrha, zirrha: and 'twere not an old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chid give thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorn, hold thee, there's vorty shillings, bring thy Master a veeld, chil give the vorty more, look thou bring him, chill mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing tressels, chil use him, he was nere so used since his dam bound his head, chil make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a man, stout and resolute, And I will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this, I'll make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, sir, deserves not this of you, And that you'll shortly finde.

Lan. Thy Master is an unthrift, you a knave, And I'll attach you first, next clap him up: Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oli. I woud you were a sprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have eyes open: what do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the town for a messel, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well, sir, my Master deserves not this of you, And that you'll shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an unthrift, I defie him.

Lan. No, gentle son, let me know the place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lan. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zutch a trick.

But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the waise.

Lan. What will you then neglect my daughters love? Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawl?

Oli. Why man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather. What man we shall meet to-morrow. *Exit.*

Lan. Who would have thought he had bin so desperate. Come forth my honest servant *Artichoak*.

Enter Artichoak

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lan. Go get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knave, that villain *Daffidill* would have done good service. But to thee.

Arti. I, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a straw, then out a doors with the knave, turn the coat over his ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lan. O for that knave, that lusty *Daffidill*.

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our years wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swards and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidill* be a tother side, that's flat.

Lan. 'Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and be at London ere the break of day: watch near the lodging of the *Devon-shire* Youth, but be unseen: and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, As he goes in the street?

Lance. Not for a world man, into the fields: For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*:

Take thou the part of *Oliver* my son, for he shall be my And marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, knave? (*son,*

Arti. I, sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistris might be better provided in marching with my fellow

Lad. No more; *Daffidill* is a knave. (*Daffidill.* That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knave. *Exit.*

Enter Weathercock.

Master *Weathercock*, you come in happy time, The desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge: And who think you must answer it, but the *Devon-shire* man, my son *Oliver*.

Wea. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the fury.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*.

Lan. I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

Wea. I, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceived in him, come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lan. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bin dim almost this thirty years.

Lance. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but this very morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one, good youth, to see how men may be deceived.

Lan. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this Loving youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, Executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All,

Wea. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Lan. Three ships now in the Straits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a year :
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shire* .
Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound,
Plate, Money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more,
Two houses furnished well in *Cole-man* street :
Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great demeanors and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good Knight? how like you this?

Lan. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devon-shire* man shall whistle for a wife,
He marry *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London*
and prevent their match, by promising your daughter to
that lovely Lad.

Lance. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
We'll cross to *Dedford-strand*, and take a boat :
Where be these knaves? what *Artichoak*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoak.

Ar. Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

Lan. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Arti. Sir, we have been scouting of our Swords
and Bucklers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swords rust,
I'll have no fighting : I, let blows alone, bid *Delia* see
all things be in readiness against the wedding, we'll have
two at once, and that will save charges, Master *Weather-*
cock. *Arti.* Well we will do it sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for
this. In good sooth I have even my hearts desire : sister
Delia, now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath
frank and freely given me his daughter *Franck*.

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will too,
for I thank God I longed for a husband, and would I
might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why, sister, now you have your wish.

Civ. You say very true, sister *Delia*, and I prethee call
me nothing but *Tom* : and I'll call thee sweet heart, and
Frank : will it not do well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It will do very well with both of you.

Fran. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am
married?

Civ. No *Franck*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
In a garded gown, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate,
Apparel you your self like to your father :
And let her go like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my father and my mother went, that's a
jest indeed, why she went in a fringed gown, a single
Ruffe, and a white Cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a pair of red Sattin
Sleeves, and a Canvis back.

Del. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is forty pound
a year in good leases and tenements, besides twenty mark
a year at *Cuckolds-haven*, and that comes to us all by
inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,

Thinking of little that they leave behind :
For them they hope, will be of their like minds.
But falls out contrary, forty years sparing
Is scarce three seven years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their coyn is gone,
And all to late then Thrift is thought upon :
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist,
And then repentance cryes, for had I wist.

Civ. You say well, sister *Delia*, you say well : but I
mean to live within my bounds : for look you, I have set
down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her
French Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings,
and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty pound a year?

Civ. I, and a better penny, sister.

Fran. Sister, you forget that at *Cuckolds-Haven*.

Civet. By my troth well remembered, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee pinns.

Delia. Keep you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fools shall have wealth, though all the world say nay :
Come, brother, will you in, dinner staies for us.

Civ. I, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, for I have a good stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank*, no sister
Do not think I'll go beyond my bounds.

Delia. God grant you may not.

Exeunt.

*Enter young Flowerdale and his Father, with
foyles in their hands.*

Flow. Sirrha *Kis*, tarry thou there, I have spied Sir
Lancelot, and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are
hard at hand, I will by no means be spoken withall.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lan. Now, my honest friend, thou dost belong to Mr.

Fath. I do, sir. *(Flowerdale?)*

Lance. Is he within, my good fellow?

Fath. No, sir, he is not within.

Lan. I prethee if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but
indeed would not be spoke withall : there be some termes
that stands upon his reputation, therefore he will not ad-
mit any conference till he hath shook them off.

Lance. I prithee tell him his very good friend Sir
Lancelot Spurcock, intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my troth, sir, if you come to take up the
matter between my Master and the *Devon-shire* man, you
do but beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lan. Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him,
I come to speak with him about other matters.

Fath. For my Master, sir, hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeem his honor, or leave his life behind him.

Lance. My friend, I do not know any quarrel, touch-
ing thy Master or any other person, my business is of a
different nature to him, and I prithee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Denon-shire* man is, my Ma-
Mind is bloody : that's a round O, *(Rers)*
And therefore, sir, intreaties is but vain :

Lan. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then so signify to him. *Exit Fath.*

Lance. A sirrha, I see this matter is hotly carried.
But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow Master *Flowerdale*.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir *Lancelot*, good mor-
row, Master *Weathercock*.

By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been a reading over

Nick

Nick Machivel, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed :
A pestilent humane fellow, I have made
Certain anations of him such as they be :
And how is't, *Sir Lancelot* ? ha ? how is't ?
A n ad world, men cannot live quiet in it.

Lan. Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some
Between the *Devon-shire* man and you. (jar)

Fath. They, sir ? they are good friends as can be.

Flo. Who Master *Oliver* & I ? as good friends as can be.

La. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, & a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall : But, sir, such
A thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such things, *Sir Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse :
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not : be, or be not, all is one.

Lance. I do perceive by this, that there is something
between you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceived, *Sir Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty saying, *Questo* ? I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my head, but in my translation
If it hold thus, thou hast a friend, keep him ; If a foe trip him.

Lan. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat between
And before God I could wish it otherwise. (you,

Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be altered :
Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I must ride, no man must deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and general passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way :
My answer is, I must either on or return,
But return is not my word, I must on :
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and there's the fine.

Lan. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every man hath one tongue,
And two ears, nature in her building,
Is a most curious work-master.

Flow. That is as much to say, a man should hear more
Then he should speak.

Lan. You say true, and indeed I have heard more,
Then at this time I will speak.

Flow. You say well.

Lan. Slanders are more common then troths Master
But proof is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale* :

Flow. You say true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third canton ?

Lan. I have heard you have bin wild : I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lance. But I have seen somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.

Flow. Ifaith sir, I am sure I never did you harme :
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am sure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lance. I, your will, sir.

Flow. I my will, sir : 'sfoot do you know ought of my
Begod and you do, sir, I am abused. (will,

Lan. Go Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know I know :
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a marriage better

Then a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with
me presently : And where you should fight a bloudy bat-
tle, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, *Sir Lancelot* ?

Lan. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your
self thus much, I will have order to hinder your encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, *Sir Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you upon imputative honor,
'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle :
Inferences your businesse is to wedde my daughter, there-
fore give me your present word to do it, I'll go and pro-
vide the maid, therefore give me your present resolu-
tion, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it ?

Luce. I a fore God, either take me now, or take me never.
Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our part-
So fare you well for ever. (ing,

Flow. Stay : fall out, what may fall, my love
Is above all : I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.

Exit Sir Lancelot.

Fath. Now, sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel ?

Flow. By the Mass that's true : now help *Kir*,
The marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for cloaths, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower,
In mirth we'll spend,
Full many a merry hour :

As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forfaking God, himself to the devil giving :
But that I knew his modier firme and chaste,
My heart would say, my head she had disgrac't :
Else would I swear, he never was my son,
But her fair mind, so foul a deed did shun.

Enter Uncle.

Unc. How now, brother, how do you find your son ?

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,
Even grown a Master in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent deceit :
For all the day he humours up and down,
How he the next day might deceive his friend,
He thinks of nothing but the present time :
For one groat ready down, he'll pay a shilling,
But then the lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate :
But such mad strains, as he's possest withall,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, *Sir Lancelot Sparcocks* daughter.

Unc. Is't possible ?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him,
This day, brother, I will you shall arrest him :
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in mischief, chained to a life,
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

Unc. What arrest him on his wedding day ?
That were unchristian, and an unhumane part :
How many couple even for that very day,
Hath purchast seven years sorrow afterward :

Forbear, him then to day, do it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church:
Do but observe the course that he will take,
Upon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for we'll have the sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you neer three thousand pound:
Good brother let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
Her love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. *Exit.*

Oli. Cham assured thick be the place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he would make a Coystrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who bin a there, Sir *Arthur*, chill stay aside.

Ar. I have dog'd the *Devon-shire* man into the field,
For fear of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inkling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this motning:
Though of my soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on eicher side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tri'd.
Good morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Arth. What Master *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt and grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take
his part.

Arth. No by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war assure of that, ched avese him
in another place. *Enter Daffidill.*

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, aye me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistris *Luce*,
This morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married man? che hope thou do'st but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O'tis too true. Here comes his Uncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriff, Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, M. *Oliv.*

Oli. God and good morn, M. *Flowerdale*. I pray tellen
Is your scoundrel kinsman married? (us,

Ar. M. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married
To Sir *Lancelot's* daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. I, ha the old yellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why man, he was a promise, chill chud a had her,
Is a zitch a vox, chill look to his water che vor him.

Unc. The musick playes; they are coming from the
Church.

Sheriff, do your office: fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and
some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lance. Nay, be not angry, sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
field to you, as I might, sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn
to keep the peace.

Wea. I marry is he, sir, a very Justice, and sworn to
keep the peace, you must not disturb the weddings.

Lan. Nay, never frown nor storm, sir, if you do,
I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chill be quiet.

Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you who here is?
M. *Flowerdale*.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is the ifaith: Master Under-Sheriff.
Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.

Unc. At my sute, sir.

Lan. Why what's the matter, M. *Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter, sir, this unthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In several sums three thousand pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Vnc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me;
And if you be not staid, you'll prove
A cozoner unto all that know you,

Lance. Why, sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appears,
To be at least three thousand by the year.

Vnc. O, sir, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cozen you:

And form'd a will, and sent it to your good
Friend there Master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lan. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, Lands, and Ships?

Vnc. Not worth, a groat, nor worth a half-penny he.

Lance. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Lan. My Uncle here's mad, & disposed to do me wrong,
But here's my man, an honest fellow

By the Lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, sir, I am too old to lie, I rather know
You forg'd a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to coat your Lands might lye.

Wea. And I prithee, where be thy honest friends?

Fath. Ifaith no where, sir, for he hath none at all.

Wea. Benedicity, we are ore reached I believe.

Lan. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'st child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,
They slander me, by this light, they slander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Usurer, & would undo me,
But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do
no more:

You, brother *Civet*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my marriage money
Paid me, and we'll ride down, and there your own
Eyes shall see, how my poor Tenants there will welcome
You shall but bail me, you shall do no more, (me.
And you greedy gnat, their bail will serve.

Unc. I sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Lan. No, sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor, my son *Civers*, I'll not be cheated, I,
Sheriff, take your prisoner, I'll not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false bones,
I will not have to do with him: mocked, gull'd, & wrong'd.
Come Girl, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not live with him in beggars hell.

Lnc. He is my Husband, and high heaven doth know,
With what unwillingness I went to Church,
But you enforced me, you compelled me to it:

The holy Church-man pronounc'd these words but now,
I must not leave my Husband in distresse:

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lance. Comfort a cozener? on my curse forsake him:

Luc. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:

Do not I pray my grieved soul oppress,

God knows my heart doth bleed at his distresse.

Lan. O M. *Weathercock*, I must confess I forc'd her to
Lied with opinion his false will was true. (this match.

Wea. A, he hath over-reached me too.

Lan. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Vir-
gins state.

Delia. Father, be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begg'd and did entreat,
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
She craved to be Sir *Arthur Greensheild's* Wife.

Ar. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lance. O take her yet.

Arthur. Not I.

Lanc. Or M. *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my
wealth is yours.

Oli. No, sir, chill break no Lawes.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet, sister, in this passion doe not run head-
long to confusion. You may affect him, though not fol-
low him.

Frank. Doe, sister, hang him, let him go.

Wea. Doe faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I swear I'll live with him in all moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Art. I, but he is now in hucksters handling for run-
ning away.

Lanc. Huswife, you hear how you and I am wrong'd,
and if you will redresse it yet you may:

But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,

Never come near my sight, nor look on me,

Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,

For all the portion I will this day give

Unto thy sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*? I shall have a good
Besides I'll be a good Wife, and a good Wife (deale,
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Franck*, I would be sorry to see thy sister
Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lance. What, are you yet resolved?

Luc. Yes, I am resolved.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luc. This way I turn, go you unto your feast,
And I to weep, that am with grief oppress.

Lanc. For ever flie my sight: come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives then her.

Delia, upon my blessing talk not to her,

Base Baggage, in such haste to beggery?

Unc. Sheriffe, take your prisoner to your charge.

Flo. Uncle, be-god you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my wedding Day.

*Exeunt all: young Flowerdale, his Father, Uncle,
Sheriffe, and Officers.*

Luc. O, M. *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good M. Sheriffe,
If not for him, for my sake pittie him:
Good sir, stop not your eares at my complaint,

My voyce growes weak, for womens words are faint.

Flo. Look you, she kneeles to you.

Unc. Fair maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
And grieve, sweet soul, thy fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a gracelesse Youth,
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the son of shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse, sir, unto his youth,
And think that now is the time he doth repent:

Alas, what good or gain can you receive,

To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?

And where nought is, the King doth lose his due,

O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

Unc. Lady, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But misery it self to chain him with.

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Unc. I, Virgin, that being answered, I have done.

But to him that is all as impossible,

As I to scale the high Piramidies.

Sheriffe, take your Prisoner, Maiden, fare thee well.

Luc. O go not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flo. I, by God, *Uncle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, I ne're ought nothing but I paid it;

And I can work, alas, he can doe nothing:

I have some friends perhaps will pittie me,

His chiefeest friends doe seek his misery.

All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,

Shall be for you: O doe not turn away:

Me thinks within a face so reverent,

So well experienced in this tottering world,

Should have some feeling of a maidens grief:

For my sake, his Fathers and your Brothers sake,

I, for your souls sake that doth hope for joy,

Pittie my state, doe not two soules destroy.

Unc. Fair maid, stand up, not in regard of him,

But in pittie of thy haplesse choyce,

I doe release him: M. Sheriffe, I thank you:

And Officers, there is for you to drink.

Here, maid, take this money, there is a hundred Angels;

And for I will be sure he shall not have it,

Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,

But let not her have any want at all.

Dry your eyes, Niece, doe not too much lament

For him, whose life hath been in riot spent:

If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,

If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flo. A plague go with you for an old fornicator:

Come, *Kit*, the money, come, honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my faith, sir, you shall pardon me.

Flo. And why, sir, pardon you? give me the money,
You old Rascall, or I shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, give it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, withall my heart.

Flo. Content, sir, 'sblood she shall be content

Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?

Go, get you gone to the greasie chuffe your Father,

Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forlook her Father, and all her
friends for you.

Flo. Hang thee, her friends and Father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I
part with one Angel, hang me at a poste. I'll rather
throw

throw them at a cast at Dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain degenerate, boy, Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious villain: What are you at your foyles? I'll foyle with you.

Luce. Good sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me, I'de teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father: Gohang, beg, starve, Dice, Game, that when all is gone Thou may'st after despaire and hang thy self.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were It grieves me that he beares his Fathers name. (vain,

Flow. Well, you old Rascall, I shall meet with you: Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the livery Over your eares, because you paid for it:

But doe not use my name, sirrah, doe you hear? look you Use my name, you were best. (doe not

Fath. Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you, Or give me security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a penny, and for security, I'll give thee none.

Minckins, look you doe not follow me, look you doe not: If you doe, Beggar, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turn whore, that's a good trade, And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistresse, doe not weep, I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my friend, I know not what to doe, My Father and my friends, they have despised me: And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away, Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the soul, to see her teares Thus stain the crimson Roses of her cheeks:

Lady, take comfort, doe not mourn in vain, I have a little living in this Town,

The which I think comes to a hundred pound, All that and more shall be at your dispose;

I'll strait go help you to some strange disguise, And place you in a service in this Town:

Where you shall know all, yet your self unknown: Come grieve no more, where no help can be had, Weep not for him, that is more worse then bad.

Luce. I thank you, sir.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock and them.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a sluttish trick, But such a terripoop as thick ych was ne're a farved.

Lance. Son Civet, Daughter Frances, bear with me, You see how I am pressed down with inward grief, About that lucklesse Girl, your sister *Luce*: But 'tis saln out with me, as with many families beside, They are most unhappy, that are most beloved,

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even saln out so, But what remedy? set hand to your heart, and let it pass: Here is your Daughter Frances and I, and we'll not say, We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty Children as ever she was: tho she had the prick And praise for a pretty wench: But, Father, done is The mouse, you'll come?

Lance. I, son Civet, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Master Oliver?

Oli. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gar

Make a better veast there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Ar. I, sir, although my heart be full, I'll be a partner at your wedding scaft.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come, *Franck*, are you ready?

Fran. Jeshue how hasty these Husbands are, I pray, Father, pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee Send you both joy, I wish it with wet eyes. (wise,

Fran. But, Father, shall not my sister *Delia* go along with us?

She is excellent good at Cookery, and such things.

Lance. Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Delia. I am ready, sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*, From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice, But fail us not, good sister, give order to Cooks, and o- For I would not have my sweet *Franck* (thers, To soile her fingers.

Fran. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be companions to Cooks, And Kitchen-boyes, not I, ifaith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I doe not mean thou shalt, sweet heart, Thou seest I doe not go about it: well, farewell too: You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercock*, we shall have your company too?

Wea. Withall my heart, for I love good cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Franck*,

Fra. God be with you, Father, God be with you, sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Wea. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*? all a most, Ma- ster *Oliver*, how now man?

Cheerely, sir *Lancelot*, and merily say, Who can hold that will away.

Lance. I, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone, But when these be self-willed, children must smart.

Ar. But, sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefeest Therefore 'tis reason you redresse her wrong. (cause,

Wea. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me, *M. Weathercock*? I hope I may doe what I list.

Wea. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good, By this vrapolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away As pretty a dowffabell, as am chould chance to see In a summers day: chill tell you what chall doe, Chill go spy up and down the Town, and see if I Can hear any tale or tidings of her, And take her away from thick a messell, vor cham Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoile, And so var you well, we shall meet at your son *Civets*.

Lance. I thank you, sir, I take it very kindly.

Art. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest blood. *Exit both.*

So well I loved her, to affect her good.

Lance. O, Master *Weathercock*, what hap had I, to force my Daughter.

From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight? To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lance. Yes, I have almost devised a remedy, Young *Flowerdale* is shure a prisoner.

Wea.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Unkle hath releas'd him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lance. Well if he be in prison, i'll have warrants To tache my daughter till the law be tried, For I will shue him upon cozenage.

Wea. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lance. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scott, And sentence past with him.

Wea. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lance. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants, In prison, or at liberty, all's one:

You will help to serve them, master *Weathercock*?

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the devil, the devil take the dice, The dice, and the devil, and his damme go together: Of all my hundred golden angels, I have not left me one denier:

A pox of come a five, what shall I doe?

I can borrow no more of my credit:

There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy, But I have borrowed more or lesse of:

I would I knew where to take a good purse, And go clear away, by this light I'll venture for it, Gods lid my sister *Delia*, I'll rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoake.

Delia. I prethee, *Artichoake*, goe not so fast, The weather is hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, mistress *Delia*, I'll not tire you With leading, we'll go an extream inoderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliver your purse.

Art. O Lord, thieves, thieves.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purse Lady, your purse.

Delia. That voice I have heard often before this time, What, brother *Flowerdale* become a thiefe?

Flow. I, a plague ont, I thank your father; But sister, come, your money, come:

What the world must find me, I am borne to live, 'Tis not a sin to steal, when none will give.

Delia. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart, Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come give me your purse, I'll bind you, sister, least I fare the worse.

Delia. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have, And would that money would redeem thy shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Thieves, thieves, thieves. (*Delia,*

Oli. Thieves, where man? why how now, mistress Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

Delia. No, master *Oliver*, 'tis master *Flowerdale*, he did but jest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrah, you meten us well, vang the that.

Flow. Well, sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I have a charge.

Delia. Here, brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same money.

Flow. I thank you, sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplitt, and you let the mezell have a penny;

But since you cannot keep it, chil keep it my self.

Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,

Who makes a triumphant life his dayly sport.

Delia. Brother, you see how all men censure you, Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough From twenty such scoundrells as thick an one is, Farewell and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou Wilt be shortly, come, sir *Arthur*.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a karsie rascall: This *Devonshire* man I think is made all of Pork, His hands made onely for to heave up packs: His heart as fat and big as his face, As differing far from all brave gallant minds, As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hindes, As I am very near now: well what remedie, When money, means, and friends, do grow so small, Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet, and his wife mistress Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a mercy for this, good *Christie* I thank thee for my maid, I like her very well, (*stopher,* How doest thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good sadnes, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a new fashion.

Luce. Me fall doe every ting about da head.

Civ. What Countrey woman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A *Dutch* woman, sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. I, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears?

Luce. Yes, mistress, very vell.

Fath. Cheeks and ears, why, mistress *Frances*, want you cheeks and ears? me thinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a fool indeed, *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. I, I, *Kester*, 'tis such as they wear a their heads, I prethee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my house.

Fath. I will, sir, come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buffed me to day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes, God save my *Franck*,

Enter Delia, and Artichoak.

See yonder, my sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good sister.

Fran. Welcome, good sister, how do you like the tire of my head?

Delia. Very well, sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Arti. I, but if good luck had not served, she had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like

To pepper'd us, but for master *Oliver*, we had bin robbed, *Delia.* Peace, sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robbed I by whom?

Arti. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned thiefe.

Civ. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be For your escape, will you draw near, sister? (*praised*

Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would *Flowerdale*, he that was my master, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

Arti. Yes ifaith, even that *Flowerdale*, that was thy master.

Fath. Hold

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and speak no more of this.

Arti. Not I, not a word, now do I smell knavery: In every purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe: And gives me this to keep counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new Dutch maid, And she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, sister?

Del. I like your maid well.

Civ. Well, dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Del. Yes, brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Hark you, Dutch Frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is your villwit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken language, Nor this same habit, can disguise your face From I that know you: pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret: This borrowed shape that I have tane upon me, Is but to keep my self a space unknown, Both from my father, and my nearest friends: Untill I see how time will bring to passe, The desperate course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse then bad, I prithee leave him, And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a thought, Imagine yet, that he is worse then nought: Yet one lovers time may all that ill undo, That all his former life did run into.

Therefore, kind sister, do not disclose my estate, If e're his heart doth turn, 'tis n'ere too late.

Del. Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind, I'll not disclose you, that art wilfull blind.

Luc. *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her eyes, My sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise. *Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his journey, I have passed the very utmost bounds of shifting, I have no course now but to hang my self: I have lived since yesterday two a clock, of a Spice-cake I had at a burial: and for drink, I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as Will bear out a man, if he have no mony indeed. I mean out of their companies, for they are men Of good carriage. Who comes here? The two Cony-catchers, that won all my mony of me. I'll trie if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Rafe

What, M. *Richard*, how do you? How do'st thou, *Rafe*? By God, gentlemen, the world Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend Me an Angel between you both, you know you Won a hundred of me the other day.

Raf. How, an Angel? God damn us if we lost not every Penny within an hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my supper, I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. Ifaith, we have not a farthing, not a mite:

I wonder at it, M. *Flowerdale*, You will so carelessly undo your self: Why you will lose more money in an hour, Then any honest man spends in a year; For shame betake you to some honest Trade, And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villains you: They gave me counsel that first cozen'd me: Those Devils first brought me to this I am, And being thus, the first that do me wrong. Well, yet I have one friend left in store. Not far from hence there dwells a Cokatrice, One that I first put in a Sattin gown, And not a tooth that dwells within her head, But stands me at the least in twenty pound: Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone, And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman. What ho, is Mistris *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffin.

Ruff. What sawcie Rascal is that which knocks so bold, O, is it you, old spend-thrift? are you here? One that is turned Cozener about the town: My Mistris saw you, and sends this word by me, Either be packing quickly from the door, Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight, As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor, Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore. Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee, I'll try of honest men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man, One whose Fortunes have been better then at this instant they seem to be: but If I might crave of you so much little portion, as would bring me to my friends, I should rest thankfull, untill I had requited so great a curse.

Citiz. Fie, fie, young man, this course is very bad, Too many such have we about this City; Yet for I have not seen you in this sort, Nor noted you to be a common beggar, Hold, there's an Angel to bear your charges, Down, go to your friends, do not on this depend, Such bad beginnings oft have worser ends. *Exit Cit.*

Flow. Worser ends: nay, if it fall out No worse then in old Angels I care not, Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a six-penny-purse escape me: By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you, fair Mistris. Now would it please you, Gentlewoman to look into the wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one that never before this time demanded penny, half-penny, nor farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by troth a very proper man, and 'tis great pittie: hold, my friend, there's all the money I have about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, sweet Lady: if you have any friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a poor Gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service.

Citiz. W. I thank you, good friend, I prithee let me see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, give me them, and here is half a crown in gold.

He gives it her.

Now out upon thee, Rascal, secret service: what dost thou make of me? it were a good deed to have thee whipt:

whipt : now I have my money again, I'll see thee hanged before I give thee a penny : secret service : on good *Alexander*.
Exit both.

Flow. This is villainous luck, I perceive dishonesty Will not thrive : here comes more, God forgive me, Sir *Arthur*, and *M. Oliver*, aforegod, I'll speak to them, God save you, Sir *Arthur* : God save you, *M. Oliver*.

Oli. Bin you there, zirrha, come will you ytaken your self To your tools, Coyttrel ?

Flow. Nay, *M. Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, sir, you know it was not my doings, It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* daughter : By God, I never meant you harme.

Oli. And where is the Gentlewoman thy wife, Mezel ? Where is she, Zirrha, ha ?

Flow. By my troth, *M. Oliver*, sick, very sick ; And God is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick ? tell me true itch wife thee.

Flow. Yes faith, tell you true : *M. Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindnesse, but to lend me forty shillings : So God help me, I will pay you so soon as my ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, thou zaist thy wife is zick : hold, there's vorty shillings, gived it to thy wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. Ifaith, *M. Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell zirrha : come, Sir *Arthur*.
Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent. Five golden Angels compast in an hour, If this trade hold, I'll never seek a new. Welcome sweet gold, and beggery adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Kesler*, if you can find the house.

Flow. Whose here, my Uncle, and my man *Kesler* ? By the Masse 'tis they.

How do you, Uncle, how do'st thou, *Kesler* ?

By my troth, Uncle, you must needs lend

Me some money, the poor Gentlewoman

My wife, so God help me, is very sick,

I was rob'd of the hundred Angels

You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. I, they are gone indeed, come, *Kesler*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you here ? good Uncle.

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak, Come leave him, *Kesler*.

Flow. *Kesler*, honest *Kesler*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you, Open the door to my kin, thou had'st best Lockt fast, for there's a false knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascal, So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you, yonker ?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Frow, they say they are Kind, by this light I'll try her. (cal'd

Luce. Vat be you, yonker, why do you not speak ?

Flow. By my troth, sweet heart, a poor Gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your purse.

Enter Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, sweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almost a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your wife ? Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What gold, young Frow ? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, were be your wife ?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me ? Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell ?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better used then I did her, I could but Coach her, her Diet stood me in forty pound a month, but she is dead and in her grave, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath. He is turned more devil then he was before.

Flow. Thou do'st belong to Master *Civet* here, do'st thou not ?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handfull of plate But belongs to me, God's my Judge :

If I had such a wench as thou art,

There's never a man in *England* would make more Of her, then I would do, so she had any stock.

They call within.

O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by again.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with Were it not admirall to make her steal (me, All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O *M. Flowerdale*, Have you no fear of God, nor conscience :

What do you mean, by this vild course you take ?

Flow. What do I mean ? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this sort, fie upon the course, Your life doth show, you are a very coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what ?

Fath. Why you will borrow six-pence of a boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a cowardise in that ? I dare Borrow it of a man, I, and of the tallest man In *England*, if he will lend it me :

Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.

And it is well known, I might a rid out a hundred times If I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardise, There is none that lends to you, but know they gain : And what is that but onely stealth in you ?

Delia might hang you now, did not her heart Take pity of you for her sisters sake.

Go get you hence, least lingering here you stay, You fall into their hands you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, till the Dutch Frow Comes, if all the devils in hell were here.

Exit Father.

Enter Sir Lancelot, M. Weathercock, and Artichook.

Lan. Where is the door ? are we not past it *Artichook* ?
Arti.

Arti. By th' Masse here's one, I'll ask him, do you hear, sir?
What, are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way
To *M. Civer's* house? what, will you not speak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lance. O wonderful, is this lewde villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher,
What ditch, you villain, is my Daughters grave?
A cozening rascal, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
When he should turn to angel, a dying grace,
I'll Father-in-Law you, sir, I'll make a will:
Speak villain, where's my Daughter?
Poysoned, I warrant you, or knocked a the head:
And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with his forged will,

And Master *Weathercock*, to make my grounded resolu-
Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentlemen: (tion,
Go, away with him to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? sir, I will not go.

Enter Master Civer, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur,
Father, Vnckle, and Delia.

Lance. O here's his Unckle, welcome, Gentlemen,
welcome all:

Such a cozener, Gentlemen, a murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is missing,
Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Vnc. He is my kinsman, although his life be vild,
Therefore, in Gods name, doe with him what you will.

Lance. Marry to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison, snick-up? I owe you
nothing

Lan. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go seek your daughter, what do you lay to my
charge?

Lance. Sulpition of murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter?

Come, Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Then I the Jaylor, thou the prisoner.

Lance. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my life, where will you ha de man?
Vat ha de yonker done?

Wea. Woman, he hath kill'd his wife.

Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lance. Hang not upon him, hufwife, if you do I'll lay
you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my maid to prison, why, *Toms*, will
you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, she is no vagrant:
She is my Wives Chamber-maid, and as true as the skin
between any mans browes here.

Lance. Go to, you're both fooles: Son *Civer*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfeit profer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to prison, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither outlandish Frow,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison go:

Know you me now? nay never stand amazed.
Father, I know I have offended you,
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience;
Yet this wayes do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleness.

Lance. Bastard in nature, kneel to such a slave?

Luce. O *M. Flowerdale*, if too much grief
Have not stopt up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue:
Turn not away, I am no *Ethiope*,
No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among haplesse men.

Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives I
Thy chastity and vertue hath infused
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.

Lance. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him, by the hopes after blifs,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lan. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I desie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were so well ydousfed as was ever white
cloth in tocking mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Faith. If he hath any grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my heart.

Wea. By my troth I must weep, I cannot choose.

Unc. None but a beast would such a maid misuse.

Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceive your expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lance. How, believe him.

Wea. By the Markins, I do.

Lan. What do you think that e're he will have grace?

Wea. By my faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vorye he is changed: and, *M. Flower-*
dale, in hope you been so, hold there's vorty pound to-
ward your zetting up: what be not ashamed, vang it
man, vang it, be a good husband, loven to your wife:
and you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest power:
But to your wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: *M. Oliver*,
You being my enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me no restorings, man,
I have vorty pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chill devie *London* else: what, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my money? che
have an hundred pound more to pace of any good spot-
ation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my
zamples.

Unc. You have gueft right of me, if he leave off this
course of life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lan. But he shall never get a groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painfull
Father, honest Gentleman, that passed the fearfull
Danger of the sea, to get him living & maintain him brave.

Wea.

Wea. What hath he kill'd his father?

Lance. I, sir, with conceit of his vild courses,

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed.

Lav. Why, thou old knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then : and toward my Master's
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends. (Stock,

Flow. No *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd
thee more,

What thou in love gives, I in love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha, sister, there you plaid bo-peep with

Tom, what shall I give her toward household?

Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. I do *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer

Fran. A russet one, *Tom*. (handle.

Civ. I with russet feathers.

Fran. Here, sister, there's my Fan toward household,
to keep you warme.

Luce. I thank you, sister.

Wea. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luces* Stock,
here's forty shillings : and forty good shillings more, I'll
give her marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have you
friends.

Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
It had been better then a thousand pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my bond,
To make her joynter better worth then three.

Lance. Your bond, sir, why what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London* though I say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours.

Lan. Wert not thou late that unthrifst serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my scar is off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.

Lance. Master *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My father, O I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.

Fath. Son, son, I do, and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.

Luce. This addeth joy to joy, high heaven be prais'd.

Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome from death, good Mr.
Flowerdale.

'Twas sed so here, 'twas sed so here good faith.

Fath. I caus'd that rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse :
And firrha, see you run no more into that same disease :
For he that's once cured of that maladie,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distresse,
That fever is deadly, dorth till death indure :
Such men die mad as of a calenture.

Flow. Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course as hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it Cousin, all is well.

Lan. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my heart : I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oli. Nay zoft you a while, you promised to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which an's she'll have.

Lan. A Gods name, you have my good will, get hers.

Oli. How say you then Damsel, tyters hate?

Delia. I sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chill have it
Dispatched in a trice, so chill.

Del. Pardon me, sir, I mean I am yours,
In love, in duty : and affection.

But not to love as wife, shall nere be said,

Delia was buried, married, but a maid.

Arth. Do not condemne your self for ever
Vertuous fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was y bore to it,
So well as her mother : but I pray you shew us
Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemne a married life,
For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing :

But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heaven in earth to live alone,
Husbands howsoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chill live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me : Come, shall's go to dinner?

Fath. To morrow I crave your companies in *Mark-lane* :
To night we'll frolick in M. *Civer's* house,
And to each health drink down a full Carouse,

F I N I S.



The History of the Life and Death of THOMAS Lord CROMWELL.

Enter three Smiths, Hodge, and two other, old Cromwell's men.

Hodge.

Come, Masters, I think it be past five a clock,
Is it not time we were at work?
My old Master he'll be stirring anon.
1. I cannot tell whether my old Master will
be stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take my
afternoon's nap, for my young Master *Thomas*,
He keeps such a quile in his Studie,
With the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Starres,
That I do verily think he'll read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the starres? there's good-man *Car*
of *Fulham*,

He that carried us to the strong Ale, where goody *Trundel*
Had her maid got with child: O, he knows the Starres,
He'll tickle you *Charles Wain* in nine degrees:
That same man will tell goody *Trundel*
When here Ale shall miscarry, only by the starres.

2. I, that's a great virtue indeed, I think *Thomas*
Be no body in comparison to him.

1. Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers?

Hod. I, content; first let's take our mornings draught,
And then to work roundly.

2. I, agreed, go in *Hodge.* *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow, morn, I do salute thy brightness,
The night seems tedious to my troubled soul:
Whose black obscuritie binds in my mind
A thousand sundry cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a lively dye,
Adds comfort to my spirit that mounts on high.
Too high indeed, my state being so mean:
My studie like a mineral of Gold,
Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;
My Books is all the wealth I do possess, *Here within*
And unto them I have ingag'd my heart; *they must beat*
O, Learning, how divine thou seems to me I *with their*
Within whose armes is all felicity. *Hammers.*
Peace with your hammers, leave your knocking there,
You do disturb my study and my rest;
Leave off, I say, you mad me with the noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men.

Hod. Why, how now, Master *Thomas*, how now;

Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my heart, with making of this noise.

Hod. How, fret your heart? I but *Thomas*, you'll
Fret your father's purse if you let us from working.

2. I, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well ifaith;
But here comes my old Master now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle knaves, what are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to doe?

What, not a heat among your work to day? (at all.

Hod. Marry, sir, your son *Thomas* will not let us work

Old Crom. Why knave I say, have I thus cark'd & car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,

And dost thou let my servants at their work;

That sweat for thee, knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Studie.

Old Crom. Out of my doors, knave, if thou lik'st it not:

I cry you mercy, are your eares so fine?

I tell thee, knave, these get when I do sleep;

I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's money, father, I will pay your men.

He throws Money among them.

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost,

In hope that one day thou would'st relieve my age,

And art thou now so lavish of thy coin,

To scatter it among these idle knaves?

Crom. Father, be patient, and content your self,

The time will come I shall hold gold as trash:

And here I speak with a presaging soul,

To build a Pallace where now this Cottage stands,

As fine as is King *Henrie's* house at *Sheen*.

Old Crom. You build a house? you knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but cast away (beggar;

That is bestowed upon this thriftless Lad,

Well, had I bound him to some honest trade,

This had not been; but it was his mother's doing,

To send him to the University:

How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,

As fair as that at *Sheen*? he shall not hear me,

A good Boy *Toms*, I con thee thank *Toms*,

Well said *Tom*, grammaries *Tom*:

In to your work, knaves; hence saucie Boy.

Exeunt all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why

Cro. Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit ?

Are not all creatures subject unto time ?
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy ;
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from Kings,
And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were
The riffe-raffe of their age ; for time and fortune
Weares out a noble train to beggery ;
And from the Dunghill minions doe advance
To state : and mark, in this admiring world
This is but course, which in the name of Fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about :
The River *Thames* that by our door doth passe,
His first beginning is but small and shallow,
Yet keeping on his course growes to a Sea.
And likewise *Wolfey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as mean as mine, a Butchers Son ;
Now who within this Land a greater man ?
Then, *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
That thou may'st live to flourish and controule.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom *Cromwell*, what Tom I say.

Crom. Doe you call, sir ?

Old Crom. Here is Master *Bowser* come to know if you have dispatch'd his petition for the Lords of the Council, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Mr. *Cromwell*, have you dispatch'd this petition ?

Crom. I have, sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by water.

And, Master *Cromwell*, I have made a motion
May doe you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerpe*, sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there hath sent to me,
For to provide a man fit for the place :
Now I doe know none fitter than your self,
If with your liking it stand, Master *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my heart, sir, and I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindnesse shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*, make haste, least some
Get between thee and home, *Tom*. (body

I thank you, good Master *Bowser*, I thank you for my
Boy,

I thank you alwayes, I thank you most heartily, sir :

Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need, sir : Master *Cromwell*, will you

Crom. I will attend you, sir. (go ?

Old Crom. Farewell, *Tom*, God blesse thee, *Tom*,
God speed thee, good *Tom*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bagot a Broker solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
And by their losse must *Bagot* seek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Master *Friskiball*,
A liberall Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Merchant-Banckrupt, whose Father was my Master.
What doe I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is faine,

And this morning have I got him arrested
At the suit of Master *Friskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of Coyn,
For doing this same good to him unknown :
And in good time, see where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskiball.

Good morrow to kind Master *Friskiball*.

Frisk. Good morrow to your self, good Master *Bagot*,
And whats the newes you are so early stirring ?
It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the love, sir, that I bear to you.
When did you see your debtor *Banister* ?

Frisk. I promise you, I have not seen the man
This two moneths day, his poverty is such,
As I doe think he shames to see his friends,

Bag. Why then assure your self to see him straight,
For at your suit I have arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Frisk. Arrest him at my suit ? you were too blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pittifull heart to think it so,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister* :
Why, such as he will break for fashion sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred : O, sir, beware of him,
The man is lewdly given, to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him :

I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindnesse that I bear to you.

Frisk. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deale strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity :
But here is Master *Banister* himself,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Ban. O, Master *Friskiball*, you have undone me :
My state was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogetner down-cast by your meanes.

Mist. Ba. O, Mr. *Friskiball*, pity my husband's case,
He is a man hath liv'd as well as any,
Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Frisk. Mistresse *Banister*, I envy not your husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus :
But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed :
Ingratefull villain for to use me thus.

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but truth.

Mi. Ba. What thou hast said springs from an en-
A Cannibal that doth eat men alive : (vious heart.

But here upon my knee believe me, sir,
And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
We scerace have meat to feed our little Babes :
Most of our Plate is in that Broker's hand,
Which had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not bide that penury :
Be mercifull, kind Master *Friskiball*,
My husband, children, and my self will eat
But one meale a day, the other will we keep and sell,

Eri. Go to, I see thou art an envious man:
Good Mistress *Banister*, kneel not to me,
I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
Hold officers; be gone, there's for your pains,
You know you owe to me a thousand pound,
Here take my hand, if e're God make you able;
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me: but if still your fortune frown,
Upon my faith I'll never ask you crown:
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my self may fall.

Ban. This unexpected favour undeserved,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Nere may ought prosper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mi. Ba. My children in their prayers both night and
For your good fortune and success shall pray. (day,

Eri. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within these three dayes, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home.

Bagot, hold, there's a Portague to drink,
Although you ill deserved it by your merit;
Give not such cruel scope unto your heart;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I say, *Bagot*, farewell.
Come, Master *Banister*, you shall with me,
My fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

Exit all but Bagot.

Bag. A plague go with you, would you had eat your last,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confusion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns,
Doth he now foyst me with a Portague:
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Banister*.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the debts he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will,
I am sure to have them at an easie rate;
And when 'tis done, in Christendome he staves not,
But I'll make his heart t'ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debter,
By heaven and earth I'll make his plague the greater.

Exit Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell* is
In *Antwerp*, Ledger for the English Merchants:
And *Banister* to shun this *Bagot's* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Antwerp*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thither sends his bills of debt before,
To be revenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A just requital of false trecherie.

Exit.

Enter Cromwell in his study, with bags of money before him, casting of account.

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight & even.
But, *Cromwell*, this same plodding fits not thee;
Thy mind is altogether set on travel,
And not to live thus cloystered, like a Nun;
It is not this same trash, that I regard,
Experience is the jewel of my heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, sir, are you ready to dispatch me?

Cro. Yes, here's those summes of money you must carry.

You go so far as *Frankford*, do you not?

Post. I do, sir.

Crom. Well, prithee make all the hast thou can'st,
For there be certain English Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good speed,
There's two Angels to buy you spurrs and wands.

Post. I thank you, sir, this will adde wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of power to make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistress Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves so much?
It seems she doth addresse her self to me.

Mi. Ban. God save you, sir, pray is your name Master
Cromwell?

Crom. My name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mi. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, sir, that's come to
Antwerp?

Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the man,
But here are bills of debt I have received
Against one *Banister* a Merchant fallen into decay.

Mi. Ba. Into decay indeed, long of that wretch:
I am the wife to wofull *Banister*,
And by that bloody villain am pursu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp*:

My husband he is in the Governors hands,
And God of heaven knows how he'll deal with him,
Now, sir, your heart is framed of milder temper,
Be mercifull to a distressed soul,
And God no doubt will treble blesse your gain.

Crom. Good Mistress *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.

Mi. Ban. O speak to *Bagot*, that same wicked wretch,
An Angels voice may move a damned devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?

Mi. Ban. I heard he landed some two hours since.

Crom. Well, Mistress *Banister*, assure your self,
I'll speak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pittie that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your distresse,
Receive these Angels to relieve your need,
And be assured, that what I can effect:

To do you good, no way I will neglect. (heart.
Mi. Ban. That mighty God that knows each mortals
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief and smart.

Exit Mistress Banister.

Crom. Thanks, courteous woman,
For thy hearty prayer:
It grieves my soul to see her misery,
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the best, yet knows not to what state
Our stars and destinies hath us assign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind,

Enter Bagot solus.

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Banister, he is with the Governor:
And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels.
It glads my heart to think upon the slave;
I hope to have his body rot in prison,
And after here, his wife to hang her self,
And all his children die for want of food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*

Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand pound,
Which scarcely stood me in three hundred pound;
I bought them at an easie kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sold them me, it comes not near my heart;
And least they should be stoln, as sure they are,
I thought it meet to sell them here in *Antwerp*,
And so have left them in the Governour's hand,
Who offers me within two hundred pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
That if the wind should keep me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is: God save you, sir.

Crom. And you, pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that sent to you the Bills of debt.

Crom. O, the man that pursues *Banister*,
Here are the Bills of debt you sent to me:
As for the man, you know best where he is;
It is reported y'ave a flintie heart,
A mind that will not stoop to any pittie;
An eye that knows not how to shed a tear,
A hand that's alwayes open for reward:
But, Master *Bagot*, would you be ruled by me,
You should turn all these to the contrary;
Your heart should still have feeling of remorse,
Your mind, according to your state, be liberal
To those that stand in need, and in distress;
Your hand to help them that do stand in want,
Rather then with your poise to hold them down,
For every ill turn show your self more kind,
Thus should I doe, pardon, I speak my mind.

Bag. I, sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
But you must live I know, as well as I:
I know this place to be Extortion,
And 'tis not for a man to keep safe here,
But he must lye, cog, with his dearest friend;
And as for pittie, scorn it, hate all conscience:
But yet I do commend your wit in this,
To make a show, of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and 'tis well done;
This is the onely way to bring your gain.

Crom. My gain? I had rather chain me to an Oare,
And like a slave there toil out all my life,
Before I'd live so base a slave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming virtue, and a Devil within?
No, *Bagot*, if thy conscience were as clear,
Poor *Banister* ne're had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master *Cromwell*, be not angry, sir,
I know full well that you are no such man,
But if your conscience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought I am otherwise?
Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his faith misconster'd?
Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy Town,
I will not stay here full two houres longer:
As good luck serves, my accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll straight unto the Treasurer;
Bagot, I know you'll to the Governour,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to travel,
To see the fruitfull parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Christian mind,

Let *Banister* some favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, sir, I'll help him all I can,
To starve his heart out ere he gets a groat;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the Governour.

Exit Bagot.

Crom. Farewell, sir, pray you remember what I said:
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy heart was ne're so base,
To live by falshood, or by brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, his Father's man.

Hod. Your son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomas*;
I had thought it had been no such matter to a
gone by water: for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Parish*-
Garden for two pence, sit as still as may be, without
any wagging or joulting in my guttes, in a little Boat
too: here we were scarce some four mile in the great
green Water, but I thinking to go to my afternoons
unchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind
of rising in my guttes: at last one a the Sailers spying of
me, be a good cheer sayes he, set down thy victuals, and
up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eele in thy belly:
Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the Sailers, and
thinking me to be a man of better experience then any
in the shippe, asked me what Wood the ship was made
of: they all swore I could them as right as if I had been
acquainted with the Carpenter that made it; at last we
grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to
my bagge, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailers had tick-
led me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kind-
ness, for I in kindnesse told them what Wood the ship
was made of, and they in kindnesse eat up my victuals, as
indeed one good turn asketh another: well, would I,
could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch Town*, he
might put some *English Beer* into my belly. (come:

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my father's man, by my hand wel-
How doth my Father? what's the newes at home?

Hod. Master *Thomas*, o God, Master *Thomas*, your
hand, glove and all, this is to give you to understanding
that your Father is in health, and *Alice Downing* here
hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Best Makewater* a race of
Ginger, my fellow *Will* and *Tom* hath between them sent
you a dozen of Points, and goodman *Toll*, of the Goat,
a pair of Mittons, my Self came in person, and this is all
the newes.

Cro. Gramarcy, good *Hodge*, & thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy*,
What say'st thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me company?

Hod. Will I bear thee company, *Tom*? what tell'st
me of *Italy*? were it to the furthest part of *Flanders*, I
would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weale and
woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have passed
the rigorous waves of *Neptune's* blasts, I tell you, *Tho-*
mas, I have been in danger of the Flouds, and when I
have seen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then
would I down a my knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hod. Because, as this same fellow *Neptune* is God of
the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and there-
fore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have
some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?
Hodge.

Hod. Thomas, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou shalt have cheer good
And farewell *Antwerp*, if I come no more. (store :

Hod. I follow thee, sweet *Towr*, I follow thee.

Exeunt ambo.

*Enter the Governour of the English House, Bagot,
Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gover. Is *Cromwell* gone then ? say you *M. Bagot*,
What dislike, I pray ? what was the cause ?

Bag. To tell you true, a wilde brain of his own,
Such youth as they cannot see when they are well.
He is all bent to travell, that's his reason,
And doth not love to eat his bread at home.

Gov. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly shall find such a man as he,
To fit our turns, his dealings were so honest.
But now, sir, for your Jewels that I have,

What doe you say ? what, will you take my price ?

Bag. O, sir, you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred pound between us, man,
What's that in payment of five thousand pound ?

Bag. Two hundred pound, birlady sir, 'tis great,
Before I got so much it made we sweat.

Gov. Well, Master *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You see this Merchant, Master *Banister*,
Is going now to prison at your sute:

His substance all is gone, what would you have ?
Yet in regard I knew the man of wealth,
Never dishonest dealing, but such mishaps
Hath faine on him, may light on me or you :
There is two hundred pound between us,
We will divide the same, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free :
His state is nothing, that you see your self,
And where nought is the King must lose his right.

Bag. Sir, sir, you speak out of your love,
'Tis foolish love, sir, sure to pitty him :
Therefore content your self, this is my minde,
To doe him good I will not bait a penny.

Ban. This is my comfort, though thou do'st no good,
A mighty ebbe follows a mighty flood.

Mi. Ba. O thou base wretch, whom we have fostered,
Even as a Serpent for to poyson us,
If God did ever right a womans wrong,
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and joyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas, fond woman, I prethee pray thy worst.
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Master Bowser a Merchant.

Gov. Master *Bowser* ! your welcome, sir, from *England*,

What's the best newes ? how doth all our friends ?

Bow. They are all well, and doe commend them to
you :

There's Letters from your Brother and your Son :
So fare you well, sir, I must take my leave,
My haste and businesse doth require so.

G.v. Before you dine, sir ? what, go you out of town ?

Bow. I faith unless I hear some newes in town,
I must away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Master *Bowser*, what is your businesse, may I
know it ?

Bow. You may, sir, and so shall all the City.
The King of late hath had his treasury robb'd,

And of the choyssest jewels that he had :

The value of them was seven thousand pounds,
The fellow that did steale these jewels is hanged,
And did confesse that for three hundred pound,
He sold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London* :
Now *Bagot*'s fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerpe*,
And hither am I come to seek him out,
And they that first can tell me of his newes,
Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the innocent ?

Gov. Master *Bowser*, you come in happy time,
Here is the villain *Bagot* that you seek,
And all those jewels have I in my hands :
Officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bagot. The Devil ought me a shame, and now he hath
paid it.

Bow. Is this that *Bagot* ? fellowes, bear him hence,
We will not now stand for his reply ;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him tri'd
In *England* where his villanies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion, light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my self,
Let go my armes, let me run quick to hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, stop the slaves mouth.

They carry him away.

Mi. Ba. Thy works are infinite, great God of
heaven.

Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were seized,
Of Jewels, Coyn, and Plate within his house,
Was found the value of five thousand pound,
His furniture fully worth half so much,
Which being all strain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerpe* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous mind,
Have to a brother of their Company,
A man decay'd by fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s wealth, to set him up again,
And keep it for him, his name is *Banister*.

Gov. Master *Bowser*, with this happy newes,
You have revived two from the gates of death,
This is that *Banister*, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my fortune is so good,
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have given life unto a man deem'd dead,
For by these newes my life is newly bred.

Mi. Ba. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign
King,

And last to you that these good newes doe bring.

Gov. The hundred pound I must receive, as due
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master *Banister*, if so you please,
I'll bear you company, when you crosse the Seas.

Ban. If it please you, sir, my company is but mean,
Stands with your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all things doe accord so well :
Come, Master *Bowser*, let us to dinner :
And, Mistresse *Banister*, be merry, woman,
Come, after sorrow now let's cheer your spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and
without Hats.*

Hodg. Call ye this seeing of fashions ?

Marry

Marry would I had staid at *Putney* still,
O, Master *Thomas*, we are spoiled, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune,

Hod Fortune, a plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-shod, the rogues would not leave me a shooe to my feet; for my Hose, they scorned them with their heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord; they embraced me, and unlaced me, and took away my cloathes, and so disgraced me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what remedy?
What shift shall we make now?

Hodg. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for stealing worse: by my troth I must even fall to my old trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again: but now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the Horses in this country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no, for when I have one leg in my hand, if he should up and lay tother on my chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge*, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hod. O, Master *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many a time and often, said, *Tom*, or Master *Thomas*, learn to make a Horse-shooe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the fellows that rob'd us?

Crom. The *Bandetti*.

Hod. The *Bandetti*, do you call them, I know not that they are called here, but I am sure we call them plain Thieves in Englad: O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, man, here set up these two Bills, And let us keep our standing on the Bridge: The fashion of this countrey is such, If any stranger be oppressed with want, To write the manner of his misery, And such as are dispos'd to succour him, Will do it, what, hast thou set them up?

Hod. I they're up, God send some to read them, And not only to read them, but also to look on us: And not altogether look on us, *One stands at one end,*
But to relieve us, O cold, cold, cold. *and one at tother.*

Enter Friskiball the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Frif. What's here? two Englishmen rob'd by the *Bandetti*,

One of them seems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pitty that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate hands of thieves.
I'll question him, of what estate he is,
God save you, sir, are you an Englishman?

Crom. I am, sir, a distressed Englishman.

Frif. And what are you, my friend.

Hod. Who I, sir, by my troth I do not know my self, what I am now, but, sir, I was a Smith, sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Master, sir, yonder, I was robbed for his sake, sir.

Frif. I see you have been met by the *Bandetti*, And therefore need not ask how you came thus: But *Friskiball*, why do'st thou question them Of their estate, and not relieve their need? Sir, the coyn I have about me is not much: There's sixteen Duckets for to cloath your selves, There's sixteen more to buy your diet with, And there's sixteen to pay for your horse-hire:

'Tis all the wealth you see, my purse possesses.
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can do,
My name is *Friskiball*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A man that alwayes loved your nation.

Crom. This unexpected favour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your bounty,
And for your gold can yield you naught but thanks,
Your charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your name shall still be in my hearty prayer.

Frif. It is not worth such thanks, come to my house,
Your want shall better be reliev'd then thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much distressed:
An Englishman, *Russel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the French King sold unto his death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To save his life, I'll hazard my heart blood:
Therefore, kind sir, thanks for your liberal gift,
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.

Frif. I'll be no hinderer to so good an act,
Heaven prosper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leave,

All good a man can wish, I do bequeath. *Exit Friskib.*

Cro. All good that God doth send, light on your head,
There's few such men within our Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good fortune?

Hod. How say you, I'll tell you what, Master *Thomas*,
If all men be of this Gentlemans mind,
Let's keep our standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here, with begging in one day,
Then I shall with making Horseshoes in a whole year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I fail not in my policy,
I shall deceive their subtle treachery.

Hod. Nay, I'll follow you, God bleesse us from the
chieving *Bandetti* again. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford and his Host.

Bed. Am I betraid, was *Bedford* born to die,
By such base slaves, in such a place as this?
Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I over-passed,
And made the French stir, when they heard my name;
And am I now betraid unto my death?
Some of their hearts blood, first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The traitors do desire to have my blood,
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name:
By all my hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
Open the door, I'll venter out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Host. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate course,
They have begirt you, round about the house:
Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your body unto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as sand,
Before alive they send me unto *France*:
I'll have my body first bored like a Sive,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainst the *Mermydons*,
E're *France* shall boast, *Bedford's* their prisoner,

Trecherous

Treacherous *France*, that gainst the law of armes:
Hath here betrayd thy enemy to death:
But be assured, my blood shall be revenged,
Upon the best lives that remains in *France*:
Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy death.

Enter Servant.

Mef. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your honour
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory, hath promised them
Without the shedding of one drop of blood,
Into their hands, safe to deliver you,
And therefore craves, none but himself may enter,
And a poor swain that attends on him. *Exit servant.*

Bed. A *Neapolitan*? bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous man of *Rome*,
His words would be as chaffe against the wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Ulysses*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his tongue in this speaker's head,
Alive he winnes me not; then 'tis no conquest.

Enter Cromwell like a Neapolitan, and Hodge with him.

Crom. Sir, are you the Master of the house?

Hof. I am, sir.

Crom. By this same token you must leave this place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Pefant here to tend on us. (good.

Hof. With all my heart, God grant you do some

Exit Hof. *Cromwell shuts the door.*

Bed. Now, sir, what's your will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour, not to yield your self?

Bed. No good-man goose, not while my sword doth last;
Is this your eloquence for to perswade me?

Crom. My Lord, my eloquence is for to save you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your servant, and an *Englishman*.

Bed. How? *Cromwell*? not my Farrier's son?

Crom. The same, sir, and am come to succour you.

Hod. Yes faith, sir, and am I *Hodge*, your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the men of *Mantua*,
And these *Bononians* are at deadly strife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port,
Then were you safe, despite of all their force.

Bed. Tut, man thou talk'st of things impossible;
Do'st thou not see, that we are round beset,
How then is't possible, we should escape?

Crom. By force we cannot, but by policie:
Put on the apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For as I think, they never saw your face,
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we two safe may pass
To *Mantua*, where I'll say my business lies;
How doth your honour like of this device?

Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing
I can;

And do agree, to set thee free, do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our apparel straight.

Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haste, lest they chance to call.

Hod. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sure.

Exeunt Earl & Hodge.

Crom. Heavens grant this policie doth take success,
And that the Earl may safely scape away.
And yet it grieves me for this simple wretch,
For fear they should offer him violence;
But of two evils 'tis best to shun the greatest,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Then such a noble Earl as he should fall.
Their stubborn hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you dispatched?

*Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his
cloak and his hat*

Bed. How dost thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent: *Hodge*, how do'st
feel thy self?

Hod. How do I feel my self? why, as a Noble man
should do.

O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderfull melancholy:
Is it not most Gentleman-like to be melancholy?

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go sit down in the study,
And take state upon thee.

Hod. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take
state upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing
bite about you?

Bed. No, trust me, *Hodge*.

Hod. I, they know they want their old pasture; 'tis a
strange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with
Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.

Hodge sits in the study, & Cromwell calls in the States.
All is done, enter and if you please.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberds.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himself to be disposed by you.

Gov. Give him the money that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he please himself.

Crom. My business, sir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Please you to give me safe conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And see him safe delivered presently. *Exit Cromwell,*
Go draw the curtains, let us see the Earl: and *Bedford*.
O, he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hod. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I
went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am
at this present writing, among the *Polonian Cages*. I do
commend my Lordship to *Raphe* and to *Roger*, to *Brid-*
get and to *Dorisy*, and so to all the youth of *Putney*.

Gov. Sure these are the names of *English* Noblemen,
Some of his special friends, to whom he writes:
But stay, he doth address himself to sing.

Here he sings a Song

My Lord, I am glad you are so frolick and so blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry vein to sudden sorrow.

Hod. I change my merry vein? no; thou *Bononian*, no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do despise thee and thy *Cages*:

Therefore stand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My

Gov. My Lord, this jesting cannot serve your turn.

Hod. Do'st think, thou black *Bononian* beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest;
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's sound?

A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What, would you with us, speak, thou man of

Mes. Men of *Bononia*, this my message is, (*Mantua*?)

To let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*

Is safe within the Town of *Mantua*,

And wills you send the peasant that you have,

Who hath deceived your expectation;

Or else the States of *Mantua* have vowed,

They will recall the truce that they have made,

And not a man shall stirre from forth your Town,

That shall return unlesse you send him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my heart?

The *Neopolitan* hath beguiled us all:

Hence with this fool, what shall we doe with him,

The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.

Hod. No I'll assure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, sir,

One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, sir:

One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the fool you came for.

Hod. I, sir, and I'll leave the greater fool with you.

Mes. Farewell, *Bononians*. Come, friend, along with me.

Hod. My friend, afore, my Lordship will follow thee.

Exit.

Gov. Well, *Mantua*, since by thee the Earl is lost,

Within few dayes I hope to see thee crost.

Ex. om.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far you see how *Cromwell's* fortune passed.

The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*,

Desires *Cromwell's* company into *France*,

To make requitall for his courtesie:

But *Cromwell* doth deny the Earl his suit,

And tells him that those parts he meant to see,

He had not yet set footing on the Land,

And so directly takes his way to *Spain*:

The Earl to *France*, and so they both doe part.

Now let your thoughts as swift as is the wind,

Skip some few yeares, that *Cromwell* spent in travell.

And now imagine him to be in *England*,

Servant unto the Master of the Rolles:

Where in short time he there began to flourish,

An hour shall show you what few yeares did cherish.

Exit.

*The Musick plays, they bring out the banquet. Enter
Sir Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants*

Hales. Come, sirs, be carefull of your Masters credit;

And as our bounty now exceeds the figure

Of common entertainment, so doe you

With looks as free as is your Masters soule,

Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,

That shall receive the Cardinals followers,

And the attendants of the great Lord Chancellor.

But all my care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:

Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,

And by how much thy spirit is ranckt 'bove these,

In rules of Art, by so much it shines brighter by travell,

Whose observance pleads his merit,

In a most learned, yet unaffected spirit.

Good *Cromwell*, cast an eye of fair regard

'Bout all my house, and what this ruder flesh,

Through ignorance, or wine, doe miscreate,

Salve thou with courtesie: if welcome want,

Full bowles, and ample banquets will seem scant.

Crom. Sir, whatsoever lies in me,

Assure you I will shew my utmost duty. *Exit Crom.*

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here:

Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sure

The service of the state then of my house:

I look upon thee with a loving eye,

That one day will prefer thy destiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Sir, the Lords be at hand,

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend us,

And look you all things be in perfect readinesse.

*The Musick plays. Enter Cardinal Wolfsey, Sir
Thomas Moore and Gardiner.*

Wol. O, Sir *Christopher*, you are too liberall: what, a banquet too?

Hal. My Lords, if words could show the ample welcome,

That my free heart affords you, I could then become a

But I now must deale like a feast *Politian* (prater:

With your Lordships, deferre your welcome till the ban-

That it may then saive our defect of fare: (quet end,

Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolles.

Come and sit down, sit down, Sir *Thomas Moore*:

'Tis strange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,

Their dinner is our banquet, after dinner,

And they are men of active disposition:

This I gather, that by their sparing meat,

Their bodies are more fitter for the Warres:

And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,

Being us'd to fast, it breeds lesse pain.

Hal. Fill me some Wine: I'll answer Cardinal *Wolfsey*:

My Lord, we *English*-men are of more freer soules,

Then hunger-starv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards*;

They that are rich in *Spain*, spare belly food,

To deck their backs with an *Italian* hood,

And Silks of *Civil*: and the poorest Snake,

That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne're heated

His pallet with sweet flesh, will bear a case,

More fat and gallant then his starved face,

Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,

Are in my judgement *Spains* three-headed Devil.

Mo. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,

Who stagger after in blind imitation.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lord-

ships a solemn health.

Mo. I love health well, but when as healths doe bring

Pain to the head, and bodies sursetting:

Then cease I healths: nay spill not, friend,

For though the drops be small,

Yet have they force, to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your man? (*Guist,*

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Schollar, and a *Lin-*

One that hath travelled many parts of *Christendome*,

my Lord.

Wol. My friend, come nearer, have you been a travel-

ler?

Crom.

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my knowledge the Low Countreys,

France, Spain, Germany, and Italy :

And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet did it please my eye, content my mind.

Wol. What do you think of the several States;
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor civil government:
Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor peasant, to the Princes train,
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves:
England I praise not: for I here was born,
But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that spirit,
More then can be discern'd by outward eye:

Sir *Christopher*, will you part with your man?

Hal. I have sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath prefer'd himself?

Wol. What is thy name?

Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee soliciter of
And nearest next our self: (our causes,
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man.

Gardiner embraces him.

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner.
Hath got a man, besides your bounteous dinner,
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou maist shut thy door.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, had'st thou given me,
Half thy lands, thou couldest not have pleased me
So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughts do spell:

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True industry, doth kindle Honours fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell.

Hal. *Cromwell*, farewell.

Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leave of you
That ne're will leave to love, and honour you.

Enter Chorus.

The Musick playes as they go out.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* highest fortunes doth begin.

Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his life:

Committed all his treasure to his hands,

Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man

Is now created Bishop of *Winchester*:

Pardon if we omit all *Wolsey's* life,
Because our play depends on *Cromwells* death,

Now sit and see his highest state of all;

His height of rising: and his sodain fall,

Pardon the errors is already past,

And live in hope the best doth come at last:

My hope upon your favour doth depend,

And look to have your liking ere the end.

Exit.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of
Norfolk, and of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor,
Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.*

Nor. Master *Cromwell*, since Cardinal *Wolsey's* death,
His Majestie is given to understand,

There's certain billes and writings in your hand,
That much concerns the state of *England*:

My Lord of *Winchester*, is it not so?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome fellows,
And Master *Cromwell*, though our Masters love:

Did bind us, while his love was to the King,

It is no boot now to deny those things,

Which may be prejudicial to the State:

And though that God hath rais'd my fortune higher,

Then any way I look'd for, or deserv'd.

Yet my life, no longer with me dwell,

Then I prove true unto my Sovereigne.

Suff. What say you, M. *Cromwell*? have you those
writings, I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and upon my knees,

I give them up, unto the worthy Dukes,

Of *Suffolk*, and of *Norfolk*: he was my Master,

And each veruious part

That lived in him, I tender'd with my heart,

But what his head complotted 'gainst the State,

My Countries love, commands me that to hate.

His sudden death, I grieve for, not his fall,

Because he sought to work my Countries thrall.

Suff. *Cromwell*, the King shall hear of this thy duty;

Whom I assure my self, will well reward thee:

My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty,

And shew those writings which he longs to see.

Exit Norfolk and Suffolk.

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, whose this, *Cromwell*?

By my soul, welcome to England:

Thou once did'st save my life, did'st thou not, *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me that you
remember it,

Then for my self vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,

I shall commend thee to my Sovereigne:

Cheer up thy self, for I will raise thy State,

A *Russel* yet was never found ingrate.

Exit.

Hal. O how uncertain is the wheel of State,

Who lately greater then the Cardinal,

For fear, and love: and now who lower lies?

Gay honours, are but Fortunes flatteries,

And whom this day, pride and promotion swells,

To morrow, envy and ambition quells.

Mo. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poor Flie,

May boldly say the wretches death is nigh.

Gar. I know his state, and proud ambition,

Was too too violent to last over-long.

Hal. Who soars too near the Sun, with golden wings,

Melts them, to ruine his own fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk,

Suf. *Cromwell*, kneel down in King *Henric's* name,

Arise Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begins thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk,

Norf. *Cromwell*, the Majesty of England,

For the good liking, he conceives of thee:

Makes thee Master of the Jewel house,

Chief Secretary to himself, and withall,

Creates thee one of his Highness Privie Council.

....

Enter

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas Cromwell*? is he Knighted?

Suff. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to adde Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his privy Seal,
And Master of the Rolls;
Which you, sir *Christopher*, do now enjoy;
The King determines higher place for you. (sest.)

Crom. My Lords, these honours are too high for my de-

Moor. O content thee, man, who would not chuse it?
Yet thou art wise, in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing, will have a sudden fall.

Norf. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring,
This new-made Counsellor to *England's* King.

Exeunt all but Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his glory shall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater man then I?
My envy with his honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head. *Exit.*

Enter Friskiball, very poor.

Frif. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune that turns her too unconstant wheel,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grows weary of me, and denies me succour;
My debtors they, that should relieve my want,
Forswear my money, say they owe me none:
They know my state too mean, to bear out Laws
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched man,
And now most wretched here, despis'd my self;
In vain it is, more of their hearts to try;
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

He lies down.

Enter good-man Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Seely. Come *Joan*, come, let's see what he'll do for us
now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and
often he might have gone a hungry to bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never
look upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a
horse-back, and they'll ride*: A, well-a-day for my Cow;
such as he hath made us come behind-hand, we had never
pawn'd our Cow else to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way: and by God's
dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords:
a shall know that I had not my Cheefe and my Bacon for
nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would
mouch upon my Cheefe-cakes, he hath forgot this now,
but now we'll remember him.

Seely. I, we shall have now three flapps with a Fox
tail: but ifaith I'll gibber a joint, but I'll tell him his
own: stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes,
stand up.

*Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tip-staff, Cromwell, the
Mace carried before him; Norfolk, and
Suffolk, and attendants.*

Hod. Come, away with these Beggars here, rise up, sirrah;

Come out, good people; run before there ho.

Friskiball riseth, and stands a-far-off.

Seely. I, we are kicked away now, we come for our
own; the time hath been, he would a looked more
friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well
enough, though you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, sirrah: stay, what men are these?
My honest Host of *Hounslow*, and his wife;
I owe thee money, father, do I not?

Seely. I, by the body of me, dost thou; would thou
wouldst pay me, good four pound it is, I have a the Post
at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your wife, and you do stay to dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you,
Four pound a year, for the four pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not changed, art old *Tom* still?
Now God blefs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to day,
And thou shalt come next week.

Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God blefs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon stranger, tell him I desire him
stay to dinner: I must speak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, see you this same Bubble?
That same puffed; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the
end.

Norf. I promise you, I like not something he hath done;
But let that pass: the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*:
I know you bear me hard, about the Abbey lands.

Gard. Have I not reason, when Religion is wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of his Popish order from our Realm:
I am no enemy to Religion,

But what is done, it is for *England's* good:
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?

They neither plow, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the Land, and suck the poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henrie's* hands,
His wealth before lay in the Abbey lands.

Gard. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time, the Abbies were pul'd down:
I pray now where is Hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limmes?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Mastive dog:
And thousand thousand -----

Nor. O my Lord, no more: things past redress,
'Tis bootless to complain.

Crom. What shall we to the Convocation-house?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell* made Lord Keeper,
since I left *Putney*,

And

And dwelt in York-shire? I never heard better newes:
I'll see that Cromwell, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! state set aside:
Father, on my knee I crave your blessing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To see this comfort rains forth showers of joy.

Exit old Cromwell

Nor. This duty in him shewes a kind of grace.

Crom. Goon before, for time drawes on apace.

Exeunt all but Friskiball.

Frif. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His man so strictly gave me charge to stay:
I never did offend him to my knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worse then I am, now never can befall.

Enter Banister and his Wife.

Ba. Come, Wife, I take it be almost dinner time,
For Mr. Newton, and Mr. Crosbie sent to me
Last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in: I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readinesse.

Mi. Ba. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'll go
But is not that man Master Friskiball? *(before)*

She runs and embraces him.

Ba. O heavens! it is kind Master Friskiball:
Say, sir, what hap hath brought you to this passe?

Frif. The same that brought you to your misery.

Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is Banister your poor friend forgot?

Whose goods, whose love, whose life and all is yours.

Frif. I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindnesse at my hands then you,
Yet look'd asfance whenas they saw me poor.

Mi. Ba. If Banister should bear so base a heart,
I never would look my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ba. And well thou mightest, should Banister deal so,
Since that I saw you, sir, my state is mended:

And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, sir, at home:
And though I grieve your fortune is so bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, sir, will it please you walk with me.

Frif. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ba. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did possesse the place he hath.

Mi. Ba. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you please,
We'll go along and bear you company:
I know we shall not want for welcome there?

Frif. Withall my heart: but what's become of Bagot?

Ba. He is hanged for buying Jewels of the Kings.

Frif. A just reward for one so impious,
The time drawes on, sir, will you go along.

Ba. I'll follow you, kind Master Friskiball.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Now, Master Crosbie, I see you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.

2. By my faith I have reason upon a Bond,
Three thousand pounds is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not, Master Banister.

1. By my faith your summe is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to day I paid at Court.

2. Masse, and well remembered:
What's the reason the Lord Cromwell's men
Wear such long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.

1. I will resolve you, sir, and thus it is:
The Bishop of Winchester, that loves not Cromwell,
As great men are envied as well as lesse,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord Cromwell's ear,
That Bishop Gardiner would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which word he made his men long blew Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himself:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which vexed the Bishop to the very heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.

2. 'Tis alwayes seen and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy still another:
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, shall we now to Master Banister's?

1. I, come, we'll pay him royally for our dinner. *Ex.*

*Enter the Usher and the Shewer, the meat goes
over the Stage.*

Usher. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, Old Cromwell,
Friskiball, good-man Seely, and attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of Suffolk and Bedford,
Your Honours welcome to poor Cromwell's house:
Where is my Father? nay, be covered Father,
Although that duty to these noble men doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.

Your head doth bear the calender of care:
What? Cromwell covered, and his Father bare?
It must not be. Now, sir, to you:
Is not your name Friskiball? and a Florentine.

Frif. My name was Friskiball, till cruell fate,
Did rob me of my name, and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this Countrey
now?

Frif. All other parts hath left me succourlesse,
Save onely this, because of debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your Florence bridge,
Help a distressed man, robb'd by the Bandetti,
His name was Cromwell?

Frif. I never niade my brain a Calender of any
good I did,

I alwayes lov'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that Cromwell that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to hear my charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my Horse hire,
There be those severall summes justly return'd:
Yet it injustice were, that serving at my need,
For to repay them without interest:

Therefore receive of me these four severall Bags

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In

In each of them there is four hundred Marke,
And bring to me the names of all your debtors,
And if they will not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all.
Here stands my Father that first gave me life,
Alas, what duty is too much for him ?
This man in time of need did save my life,
And therefore cannot doe too much for him.
By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
Else might I have gone supperlesse to bed.
Such kindnesse have I had of these three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good stomacks is no greater wrong.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his man.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those men I caus'd to stay ?

Ser. They do attend your pleasure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without,
For by those men the Fox of this same land,
That makes a Goose of better then himself,
Must worried be unto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their hearts I know they love him not ;
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-say what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses.

Now, my friends, you know I sav'd your lives,
When by the Law you had deserved death ;
And then you promised me upon your Oathes,
To venture both your lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more then that we will perform.

Gard. I take your words, and that which you must do,
Is service for your God, and for your King ;
To root a Rebell from this flourishing Land,
One that's an enemy unto the Church :
And therefore must you take your solemn Oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did with a Dagger at King *Henrie's* Heart :
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it ;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing harmes.

2. Wit. If you will warrant us the deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both ;
This Crucifix I lay upon your heads,
And sprinkle Holy-water on your browes :
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heaven.

1. Now sir we'll undertake it, by our Soules.

2. For *Cromwell* never loved none of our sort.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will prefer you to some place of worth ;
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For presently the Dukes mean to be here. *Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, sit fast, thy time's not long to reign ;
The Abbies that were pul'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down :
Thy pride also thy own head lights upon,

For thou art he hath chang'd Religion :
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and the Earl of Bedford.

Suff. Good even to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord ? what, are you all alone ?

Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled :
I know your honours muse wherefore I sent,
And in such haste : What came you from the King ?

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in ?
There's *Thomas Wolsey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he followed after him :

Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worse then either of those twain ;
And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas* ? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false ? my heart will never think it.

Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his treachery.

Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the men within ;

Enter the Witnesses.

These men, my Lord, upon their Oathes affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*, what is this but Treason ?

Bed. If it be so, my heart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suff. How say you, friends ; what, did you hear these

1. Wit. We did, an't like your grace. (words ?)

Nor. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them ?

2. Wit. In his Garden ; where we did attend a suite,
Which we had waited for two yeares and more.

Suff. How long is't since you heard him speak these

2. Wit. Some half a year since. (words ?)

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time ?

1. Wit. His Greatness made us fear, that was the cause.

Gard. I, I, his Greatness, that's the cause indeed ;
And to make his Treason here more manifest,
He calls his servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolsey's* life, and of his fall,
Says that himself hath many enemies,
And gives to some of them a Park, or Mannor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some :
What need he do this in his prime of life,
An if he were not fearfull of his death ?

Suff. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart ;
Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.

Exit Bedford.

Nor. My friends, take heed of that which you have said ;

Your soules must answer what your tongues report :
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2. Wit. My Lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester* ;
Let these men be close kept
Until the day of tryal.

Gard. They shall, my Lord ; ho, take in these two men.

Exeunt Witnesses.

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Tryal,
That which we do, is void, by his denial ;

You

You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King even as he pleases.

Suff. How shall we do for to attache him then?

Gar. Marry, my Lords, thus, by an Act he made him-
With an intent to intrap some of our lives, (self,

And this it is: If any Counsellor

Be convicted of high treason,

He shall be executed without a publick triall.

This Act my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,

And now it is like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for Englands good,
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gar. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norfolk*.

Therefore, let us presently to *Lambeth*,

Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to night,

Let us arrest him, send him to the Tower.

And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the town,

This is the day that *Cromwell* must go down.

Gar. Along my Lords, well, *Cromwell* is halfe dead,
He shak'd my heart, but I will shave his head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My soul is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so;

O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:

Yet I'll prevent their malice if I can,

And in good time, see where the man doth come,

Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

*Enter Cromwell with his train, Bedford makes as
though he would speak to him: he goes on.*

Cro. You'r well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray Pardon me, I am sent for to th' King,
And do not know the businesse yet my self,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

Exit all the train.

Bed. You must, well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath businesse, but little do'st thou know,
Whose busie for thy life: thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell and the train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*.
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord Marquess *Dorset* being sick to death,
I must receive of him the privy Seale
At *Lambeth*, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.

Exit the train.

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to death.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Bishop of *Winchester*,
Intreats you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest matters that concerns the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, so: go fetch me pen and ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talk enough:
I, and our lust, I fear, and if he come.

He writes a Letter.

Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concerns him near,

Away, be gone, make all the haste you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a wofull man.

Exit.

Enter Cromwell and his train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one dayes businesse, once were past,
I'd take my ease to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend, would'st thou speak with me?

*The messenger brings the Letter,
he puts it in his pocket.*

Mes. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my friend, commend me to thy Lord,
Hold, take those Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,
Because he sayes it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him assure himself of that, farewell,
To morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me,
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Ser-
jeant at armes, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gar. Halberts stand close unto the water side,
Serjeant at armes, be bould in your office,
Herald, deliver your Proclamation.

Her. This is to give notice to all the Kings subjects.
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicar general over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a traitor,
Against the Crown and dignity of England:
So God save the King.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the land,
For whil'st thou livest truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell's* men:
Drown them if they come on, Serjeant your office?

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberts.

Cro. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by these words:
Sirs, come along.

Gar. Kill them, if they come on.

Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henries* name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Serjeant, me of treason?

Cromwell's men offer to draw.

Suff. Kill them, if they draw a sword.

Crom. Hold, I chaise you, as you love me, draw not a
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now? (sword,

Gar. This is no place to reckon up your crime,
Your Dove-like looks were view'd with serpents eyes.

Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worst, I fear thee not,
My faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass,
As doth the Diamond excell the glasse:
Attach'd of treason, no accusers by,
Indeed what tongue dares speak so foul a lie?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And is it time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me go to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,
Let him but say, that *Cromwell's* faith was fained,
Then Let my Honour. and my Name be stained:

If ever my heart against the King was set,
O let my soule in judgement answer it,
Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,
'Gainst whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treason?

Suf. My Lord, your matter shall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your self.

Crom. Perforce I must with patience be content
O, dear friend *Bedford*, dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoyceth one friend sheds a tear:
And whether is't? which way must *Cromwell* now.

Gar. My Lord, you must unto the Tower:
Lieutenant, take him to your charge.

Crom. Well, where you please, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little with my men.

Gar. As you go by water so you shall.

Crom. I have some businesse present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you second *Gardiners* text.
Norfolk, farewell, thy turn will be the next.

Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.

Gar. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. I, let him talk, his time is short enough.

Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not shed a tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden fall.

Gar. Such successe with I unto Traitors all. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why? can this newes be true? is't possible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arrested upon Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2. It is too true, sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1. What was't for Treason that he was committed?

2. Kind, Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1. It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the King did favour him so much.

2. O, sir, you are deceived in thinking so:
The grace and favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have so many enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1. 'Tis pittie that this noble man should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2. 'Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the formost to doe him disgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?

1. I care not if I doe, and hear the newes,
How men will judge what shall become of him.

2. Some men will speak hardly, some will speak in
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City, (pity,
There I am sure to hear more newes then you.

1. Why then soon will we meet again. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,

And think upon thy state, and of the time:
Thy honours came unsought, I, and unlooked for,
They fall as sudden, and unlooked for too:
What glory was in *England* that I had not?
Who in this Land commanded more then *Cromwell*?
Except the King, who greater then my self?
But now I see what after ages shall,
The greater men, more sudden is their fall.
And now I doe remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speak to me:
And afterward sent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have still in my Pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,
And this I take it is. *He reads the Letter.*

*My Lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you doe, your state is overthrown.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you love your self, stay where you are.*

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lyons paw:
Deferring this to read untill to morrow,
I spurn'd at joy, and did embrace my sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this day of death?

Lien. Alas, my Lord, would I might never see it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my life and state insnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you shall doe them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some thinks lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and, instead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell's* heart blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Norf. Good morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadnesse with me, not I with any one.

What, is the King acquainted with my cause?

Norf. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him my self.

Gard. The King is so advertised of your guilt,
He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me, am I so soon forgot?
Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was even half himself,
And is his Princely eares so much bewitched
With scandalous ignominy, and slanderous speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubtr but you
Are much in favour with his Majesty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?

Gar. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitors Letters.

Crom. Ha, will you doe this kindeesse then?
Tell him by word of mouth what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But on your honour will you?

Gar. I, on my honour.

Crom. Bear witnesse, Lords.

Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest hearted man
In England: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these extremities.

Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your honour always lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this still shall be my theme,
Gardiner is the cause makes *Cromwell* so extream:
Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a word with you;
You were my man, and all that you possess
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own hands to the King.

Sad. I kiss your hand, and never will I rest,
E're to the King this be delivered. *Exit Sadler.*

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain;
Here's a discharge for your Prisoner,
To see him executed presently:
My Lord, you heare the tenor of your life.

Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my last date,
And of this glistening world I take last leave;
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his breath;
From Treason is my heart as white as Snow,
My death onely procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To loose his head before his cause was try'd:
But let his Grace, when he shall hear my name,
Say onely this, *Gardiner* procur'd the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Liev. Here is your Son come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave?

Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*;
Mark, Boy, the last words that I speak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it;
I die for Treason, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
And *Cromwell's* virtues in thy face shall shine:
Come, go along and see me leave my breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death.

Son. O father, I shall die to see that wound,
Your blood being spilt will make my heart to sound.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How shall I do then to have my head strook off?

Come on, my child, and see the end of all,
And after say that *Gardiner* was my fall.

Gard. My Lord, you speak it of an envious heart,
I have done no more then Law and equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Winchester*, forbear;
It would better seemed you to been absent,
Then with your words disturb a dying man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he disturbs not me,
My mind he stirres not, though his mighty shock
Hath brought moe Peers heads down to the block.
Farewell, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty blessing, so I take my leave.

Hang. I am your death's-man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Cro. Even with my soul, why man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'st me precious Physick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I desire of you,
Before my death a corporal embrace.

Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him.

Farewell, great Lord, my love I do commend:
My heart to you, my soul to heaven I send;
This is my joy, that e're my body fleet,
Your honour'd armes is my true winding-sheet;
Farewell, dear *Bedford*, my peace is made in heaven;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, winged with new strength.
The land of Wormes, which dying men discover.
My soul is shrin'd with heaven's celestial cover.

Exeunt Cromwell and the Officers, and others.

Bed. Well, farewell *Cromwell*, the truest friend
That ever *Bedford* shall possess again,
Well, Lords, I fear when this man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that *Cromwell* had a head.

Enter one with Cromwell's head.

Off. Here is the head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away,
Unto his body, interre them both in clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell's* body now doth want a head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had sav'd his life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him straight unto his Majesty.

Suff. I, I, *Sir Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

Gar. My conscience now tells me this deed was ill,
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his death was so.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

THE A C T O R S N A M E S.

Old Cromwell, a Black-smith of Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell his son.
Hodge, Will and Tom, old Cromwell's servants.
Earle of Bedford and his Host.
Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.
Sir Christopher Hales.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Gardiner Bishop of Winchester.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
M. Boufer a Merchant
Banister, a broken Merchant and his wife.

Bagot, a cruel covetous Broker.
Friskiball a Florentine Merchant.
The Governours of the English house at Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Good-man Seely and his wife Joan.
Chorus.
A Post.
Messengers.
Ushers and servants.
Lientenant of the Tower
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.

The Actors Names in the *London Prodigal*. The Scene *London*.

M. Flowerdale, a Merchant trading at Venice.
Matth. Flowerdale his Prodigal Son.
M. Flowerdale, Brother to the Merchant.
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, of Lewsome in Kent.
Frances.
Luce.
Delia.
Daffidill.
Hartichock.

Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.
Servants to Sir Lance. Spurcock.

Sir Arthur Greenshoo, a Commander
Oliver a Cornish Clothier.
Weathercock, a Parasite to Sir Lance.
Tom Civet, in love with Frances.
Dick and Raph, two cheating Gamesters.
Ruffin a Pander to Mistris Apricock a Band.
Sheriff and Officers.
A Citizen and his wife.
Drawers.

The Actors Names in the *History of Sir John Oldcastle*.

King Henry the fifth.
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
Harpool Servant to the Lord Cobham.
Lord Herbert, with Gough his man.
Lord Powis, with Owen and Davy his men.
The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire,
with Bayliffs and Servants.
Two Judges of Assize.
The Bishop of Rochester and Clun his Sumner.
Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine.
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop and Lord Grey.
Chartres the French Agent.

Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
M. Bourn, M. Beverly, and Murley the Brewer of Dun-
stable, rebels.
M. Burler Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.
Lady Cobham and Lady Powis.
Cromer Sheriff of Kent.
Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of S. Albans.
A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.
Souldiers and old men begging.
Dick and Tom, servants to Murley.
An Irishman.
An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.



The History of Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, *the good Lord Cobham.*

THE PROLOGUE.

TH E doubfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Upon the Argument we have in hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peacefull quiet of your settled thoughts:
To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice.
It is no pampers'd Glutton we present,

Nor aged Counsellor to youthfull sin;
But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peer,
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest
Unto his Sovereigne, and his Countreies weal:
We strive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merits: Let fair truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.

Sheriff.

MY Lords I charge ye in his Highness name,
To keep the peace, you and your followers.
Her. Good M. Sheriff, look unto your self.
Pow. Do so, for we have other businesse.

Proffer to fight again.

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Cossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes.

Owyn. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

Bay. O yes.

Da. O nay, py cofs plut, down with her, down with her.

A Powesse, a Powesse.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert, and down with Powesse.
Helter skelter again.

Sher. Hold in the King's name, hold.

Owyn. Down with a kanaves name, down.

*In this fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff
and the other run away.*

Her. Powesse, I think thy welsh and thou do smart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my sword came near thy heart.

Her. Thy hearts best blood shall pay the los of mine.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Davy. A Powesse, a Powesse.

*As they are fighting, enter the Mayor of Hereford, his
Officers and Towns-men with Clubs.*

Mai. My Lords, as you are Liege-men to the Crown,
True Noblemen, and subjects to the King,
Attend his highnesse Proclamation,

Commanded by the Judges of Assize,
For keeping peace at this assembly.

Her. Good M. Maior of Hereford, be brief.

Mai. Serjeant, without the ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Justices, perceiving what publick mis-
chief may ensue this private quarrel: in his Majesties
name, do straightly charge and command all persons, of
what degree soever, to depart this City of Hereford, ex-
cept such as are bound to give attendance at this Assize,
and that no man presume to wear any weapon, especially
Welsh-hooks, Forrest Bills.

Owyn. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

Mai. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powess do presently disperse
and discharge his retinue, and depart the City in the Kings
peace, he and his followers, on pain of imprisonment.

Dav. Haw? pud her Lord Powess in prison? A Powess
A Powess. Cossone, her willlive and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

*In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to
the ground, the Maior & his company cry for clubs:*

*Powess runs away. Gough and Herberts faction
are busie about him. Enter the two Jud-
ges, the Sheriff, and his Bayliffs
afore them, &c.*

1. Jud. Where's the Lord Herbert? Is he hurt or slain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2. Jud. How fares his Lordship, friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

1. Jud. Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air,
And get him drest with expedition.

*Exit L. Herbert and Gough.
¶ A M. May-*

M. Mayor of Hereford M. Sheriff o'th' Shire,
Commit Lord Powess to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herberts peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the Kings Commissioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powess is gone
Past all recovery.

2. *Jud.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them : sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done I pray you?

Sher. Disarme them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers assist.

Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what reason for this?

Owen. Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Jud.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord Herberts man's a shitten kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.

Davy. Prison, no,

Lord Shudge, I wool give you pale, good surety.

2. *Jud.* What bail? what sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap
Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin,
ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Shinken Shones.

2. *Jud.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1. *Jud.* To Jayl with them, & the Lord Herberts men,
We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. *Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet brawls, which every Constable
In other civil places can suppress?

2. *Jud.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion as I heard, my Lord.
Lord Powess detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliffs Doctrine to be true,
And Romes erroneous : hot reply was made
By the Lord Herbert, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. Powess answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their lives,
He nam'd for instance Sir John Oldcastle
The Lord Cobham : Herbert replied again,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The lye was given, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1. *Jud.* This case concerns the Kings Prerogative,
And'tis dangerous to the State and Common-wealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, M. Mayor, and M. Sheriff,
It doth behoove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters,
For the Kings preparation into France.
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious armes
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,
What factions might have grown on either part.
To the destruction of the King and Realme:
Yet, in my conscience, Sir John Oldcastle's
Innocent of it, onely his name was us'd.

We therefore from his Highnesse give this charge :
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their lips prophan'd.
Let us return unto the Bench again,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord Powess yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2. *Jud.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, M. Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free liberty
To speak your mind; What is your suit to us?

Bish. My noble Lord, no more then what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with:
Grievous complaints have past between the lips
Of envious persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the livings which we have;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient custome in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chief:
What inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Common-wealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This innovation shall possesse their minds.
These upstarts will have followers to uphold
Their damn'd opinion, more than Harry shall,
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justifie?

Bish. They give themselves the names of Protestants,
And meet in fields and solitary groves.

S. Joh. Was ever heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That thieves and rebels, sblood hereticks,
Plain hereticks, I'll stand to't to their teeth,
Should have to colour their vile practises,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your coat, to rap out bloody oaths.

Bish. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his zeal,
An honest country Prelate, who laments
To see such foul disorder in the Church.

S. Joh. There's one they call him Sir John Oldcastle,
He has not his name for nought : for like a Castle
Doth he encompass them within his walls,
But till that castle be subverted quite,
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.

Bish. This is our suit (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in question for his heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my Lord Hertford writes to me,
Whar tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there,
For they had much adoe to calme the rage,
And that the valiant Herbert is there slain.

Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,

There

There to debate of matters touching *France*,
As he doth passe by, I'll informe his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Master *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.

But. I will my Lord.

Offer him a purse.

Bish. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our love to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

Suf. I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their love,
But will not take their money, if you please
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Bish. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Bish. Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon New-Market heath,
You should not need strain cur'sie who should ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very first thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter King Harry and Huntington in talk.

Har. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not said the Clergy did refuse
To lend us Money toward our warrs in *France*?

Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrognfully.

Har. I know it was: for *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountifull of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious Lord, to be so,
Hoping your Majesty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and suppress
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturb the Church.

Har. God else forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And so increasing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a scandal to your Royal State,
And set your Kingdome quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentish* Knight, Lord *Cobham* in despight
Of any Law, or spiritual discipline,
Maintains this upstart new Religion still,
And divers great assemblies by his means
And private quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,
As by this letter more at large my Liege, is made apparent.

Har. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it straight Lord *Cobham* must be he
Did cause the same? I dare be sworn (good Knight)
He never dreamt of any such contention.

Bish. But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held my Liege.

Har. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abet them in it?
If brabbling fellows, whose enkindled bloud
Seet's in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of some words that past
Either if you, or you, amongst their cups,
Is the fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highnesse, my dread Lord,
Such little sparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,
He doth beside maintain a strange Religion,

And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Bish. We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without offence unto your Majesty,
We may be bold to use authority.

Har. As how?

Bish. To summon him unto the Arches,
Where such offences have their punishment.

Har. To answer personally, is that your meaning?

Bish. It is, my Lord.

Har. How if he appeal?

Bish. My Lord, he cannot in such a case as this.

Suf. Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.

Har. I took it alwayes, that our self stood on't
As a sufficient refuge: unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal.

But we'll not argue now upon that point.

For Sir *John Oldcastle* whom you accuse,

Let me intreat you to dispence a while

With your high Title of preheminance.

In scorn.

Report did never yet condemne him so,

But he hath alwayes been reputed loyal:

And in my knowledge I can say thus much,

That he is vertuous, wise, and honorable.

If any way his conscience be seduc'd

To waver in his faith, I'll send for him

And schoole him privately: If that serve not,

Then afterward you may proceed against him.

Butler, be you the Messenger for us,

And will him presently repair to Court.

Exeunt.

S. John. How now my Lord? why stand you discontent?

Insooth (methinks) the King hath well decreed

Bish. I, I, Sir *John*, if he would keep his word:

But I perceive he favours him so much

As this will be to small effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what y'are best to do:

If you suspect the King will be but cold

In reprehending him, send you a Proceſs too

To serve upon him: so ye may be sure

To make him answer't, howsoere it fall.

Bish. And well remembered, I will have it so.

A *Sumner* shall be sent about it straight.

Exit.

S. John. Yea do so. In the mean space this remains

For kind Sir *John of Wrotham*, honest Jack.

Me thinks the purse of Gold the Bishop gave

Made a good shew, it had a tempting look:

Beshrew me, but my fingers ends do itch

To be upon those golden ruddocks. Well, 'tis thus;

I am not as the world doth take me for:

If ever wolfe were cloathed in sheeps coat,

Then I am he; old huddle and twang' ifaith:

A Priest in shew, but (in plain termes) a Thief:

Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief;

One that will take it where it may be spar'd,

And spend it freely in good fellowship.

I have as many shapes as *Proserus* had,

That still when any villany is done,

There may none suspect it was Sir *John*

Besides, to comfort me (for what's this life,

Except the crabbed bitternesse thereof

Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)

I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,

To frolick with, a lusty bounding girl.

But whil'st I loyter here, the Gold may scape,

And that must not be so: It is mine own.

Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,

And thrive him of it, there will be the sport.

Exit.

Enje

Enter four poor people, some soldiers, some old men.

1. God help, God help, there's law for punishing,
But there's no law for our necessity:
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,
Than there be houses to relieve them at.

Old man. I, house-keeping decays in every place,
Even as *S. Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rocheſter* has given command,
That none shall go abroad out of the parish, and has set
down an Order forsooth, what every poor householder
must give for our relief: where there be some ceased (I
may say to you) had almost as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard world the while.

Old. If a poor man ask at door for God's sake, they
ask him for a licence or a certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our
bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into
France, if I can but crawl a ship-board, I had rather be
slain in *France*, than starve in *England*.

Old. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrewsbury*
battle, I would not do as I do: but we are now come to
the good Lord *Cobham's* house, the best man to the poor
in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him, there be but few such.

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpool. (have?)

Cob. Thou peevish froward man, what would'st thou

Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggery,
I serv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me such two men now: No, no,
Your backs, your backs; the devil and pride
Has cut the throat of all good house-keeping,
They were the best Yeomens Masters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate,
There is no hospitality with thee.

Harp. They may sit at the gate well enough, but the
devil of anything you give them, except they'll eat stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry knaves as you:
Yea sir, here's your retinue, your guests be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old. God bless your honour, God save the good Lord
Cobham, and all his house.

Soul. Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes
Upon poor men.

Cob. Now sir, here be your almes Knights:
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

Harp. My almes Knights? Nay th'are yours:
It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to't,
Your foolish almes maintains more vagabonds
Then all the Noblemen in *Kent* beside.
Out you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings.
Alas poor men, they may beg their hearts out,
There's no more charity among men
Then amongst so many Mastive dogs.
What make you here, you needy knaves?
Away, away, you villains.

2. *Soul.* I beseech you sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I
think that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaint-
ance: go bestow your almes, none will controll you, sir.

Harp. What should I give them? you are grown so
beggary, that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your
door: you talk of your Religion so long, that you have

banished charity from you: a man may make a Flax-shop
in your Kitching chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence:
Let them not stand here starving in the cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor men
from the door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may
come to my self: God help ye poor knaves, ye see the
world. Well, you had a mother: O God be with thee
good Lady, thy soul's at rest; she gave more in shirts and
sinocks to poor children, then you spend in your house,
and yet you live a beggar too.

Cob. Even the worst deed that ever my mother did,
was in relieving such a fool as thou.

Har. I, I am a fool still: with all your wit you'll die
a beggar, go too.

Cob. Go, you old fool, give thee poor people some-
thing: Go in poor men into the inner Court, and take
such almes as there is to be had,

Soul. God blesse your Honour.

Har. Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but
misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. *Exit.*

Oldm. God blesse you good Master Rafe, God save
your life, you are good to thee poor still.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinks he stops as though he staid for me,
And meant to shrow'd himself amongst the bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the death,
And my Religion gets me many foes:
And this may be some desperate rogue
Suborn'd to work me mischief: as it pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one man, what soere he be. *L. Powis comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that face.

Pow. Well met, my honorable Lord and friend.

Cob. You are welcome, sir, what ere you be;
But of this sudden, sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My name is *Powis*, an old friend of yours.

Cob. My honorable Lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*,
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five dayes since,
Now at the last assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in speech about some certain points
Of *Wickliff's* doctrine 'gainst the Papacie,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of *Europe* at this day.
This wilfull testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a knave, a schismatick,
His Doctrine develish and Heretical:
And whatsoere he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Countrey.
Being moved at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintain'd those opinions,
Men, and truer subjects then Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was urg'd, my Lord, against this challenge,
To be a perfect favour of the truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants, and our Tenants taking parts.

Many

Many on both sides hurt : and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Untill the Judges rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herberts* self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill news.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into Kent,
To shrowd my self with you so good a friend,
Untill I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham* :
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lye in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my house,
Untill we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds :

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my man : sirrah, what news ?

Har. Yonder's one M. *Butler* of the privie Chamber,
is sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and
the King hearing whether I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you,

Har. Fellow, what ails thee ? do'st thou quake ? do'st
thou shake ? do'st thou tremble ? ha ?

Cob. Peace, you old fool : sirrah, convey this Gentleman
in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, sir, y'are welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle friend. *Exeunt.*

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before
I heard of something from the King, about this matter.

Enter Harpool with M. Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him ;
I'll have your men into the feller the while.

Cob. Welcome, good M. *Butler*.

But. Thanks, my good Lord : his Majesty doth com-
mend his love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair
unto the Court.

Cob. God blefs his Highness, and counfound his ene-
mies, I hope his Majestie is well ?

But. In good health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it : me thinks you look as
though you were not well, what ayle ye, sir ?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odde mischance, that
angers me : coming over *Shooters hill*, there came one
to me like a Sailor, and askt me money : and whilst i
staid my horse to draw my purse, he takes th'advantage
of a little bank, and leaps behind me, whips my purse a-
way, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me
at least three yards out of my saddle ; I never was so rob'd
in all my life.

Cob. I am very sorry, sir, for your mischance ; we will
send our warrant forth, to stay such suspicious persons
as shall be found, they M. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thak your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though
the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with
Law, I dare serve a Procefs were he five Noble men,

though we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a cor-
ner with a pretty wench, a *Sumner* must not go a lwaies
by seeing : a man may be content to hide his eyes where
he may feel his profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham's* house,
if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my citation upon's
door, so my Lord of *Rocheſter* bad me ; but me thinks
here comes one of his men.

Har. Welcome good fellow, welcome, who would'st
thou speak with ?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would speak, if thou
be one of his men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his men, but thou can'st not
speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then ?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy errand,

Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a knave
as thou camest.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no knaves, sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What
Lord is thy Master ?

Sum. My Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Har. In good time : and what would'st thou have
with my Lord *Cobham* ?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Procefs, to seite him to
appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rocheſter*.

Har. aside. Well, God grant me patience, I could eat
this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it
were good *Sumner*, you carried your Procefs back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will
I leave it here, and see that he take knowledge of it.

Har. Zounds you slave, do you set up your bills here ;
go too, take it down again. Do'st thou know what thou
do'st ? Do'st thou know on whom thou servest a Procefs ?

Sum. Yes marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcastle*, Lord
Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet ; and sirrah,
do'st not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord,
that keeps good Beef and Beer in his house, and every
day feeds a hundred poor people at's Gate, and keeps a
hundred tall fellows ?

Sum. What's that to my Procefs ?

Har. Marry this, sir, is this procefs parchment ?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal wax ?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this
parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of
your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*,
dispatch, devour sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter's* *Sumner*, I came to
to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing ; but berake your self to your
teeth, thou shalt eat no worse then thou bring'st with thee,
thou bring'st it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my
Lord worse then thou wilt eat thy self ?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O do you fir me now ; all's one for that, I'll
make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it

Har. Can you not ? sbloud I'll beat you till you have
a stomach. *Beats him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good M. *Servingman*, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, sir, or I'll chew you,
you rogue, the purest of the honey.

Sum. Tough wax is the purest hony.

Har. O

Har. O Lord, sir, oh, oh,
Feed, feed, 'tis wholesome, Rogue, wholesome.
Cannot you like an honest *Sumner*, walk with the Devil
your brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's rents; but you
must come to a Noble mans house with proceffe? If thy
Seal were as broad as the Lead that covers *Rochester*
Church, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lord,
is there no beer in the house? Butler I say.

But. Here, here.

Ent. Butler.

Har. Give him beer.

He drinks.

There: tough old sheepskins, bare dry meat.

Sum. O sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry sir, I mean ye shall eat more then
your own word, for I'll make you eat all the words in the
Process. Why you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all
the wenches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come
hither with a citation with a pox? I'll cite you.

A cup of Sack for the *Sumner*.

But. Here, sir, here.

Har. Here, slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy stomach well, because
thou shalt see my Lord keeps meat in's house, if thou wilt
go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy break-fast.

Sum. No I am very well, good M. Servingman, I
thank you, very well, sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rochester*
to keep your stomach warme. And *Sumner*, If I do
know you disturba good wench within this Diocese, if
I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four
yards of Kentish cloth in't, I am a villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, M. Servingman.

Exit.

Har. Farewell, *Sumner*

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, M. *Harpool*.

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what
news with thee?

Con. And't please you, M. *Harpool*, I am to make hue
and cry for a fellow with one eye, that has rob'd two
Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to search all
suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the
company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou
sought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* liberty,
except I had some of his servants for my warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps
the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-m. Who calls there? Oh is't you, M. Constable,
and M. *Harpool*? y'are welcome with all my heart, what
make you here so early this morning?

Har. Sirra, what strangers do you lodge? there is a
robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all
suspected persons.

Ale-man. Gods bores, I am sorry for't. Ifaith, sir, I
lodge no body but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir John
a *Wrotham*, and a handsome woman that is his Neece,
that he saies has some suit in law for, and as they go up
and down to *London*, sometimes they lye at my house.

Har. What, is she here in thy house now?

Ale-m. She is, sir: I promise you, sir, he is a quiet
man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he
makes the woman lye every night at his beds feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's

see her, let's see her.

(stable.

Ale-m. Dorothy, you must come down to M. Con-

Dol. Anon forsooth.

She enters.

Har. Welcome, sweet Lasse, welcome.

Dol. I thank you, good sir, and M. Constable also.

Har. A plump girle by the Masse, a plump girle: ha,
Dol. ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me
Doll?

Con. A well said M. *Harpool*, you are a merry old
man ifaith; you will never be old now by the mack, a
pretty wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd
of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll aside. Oh if I wist this old Priest would not stick
to me, by Jove I wouldingle this old serving-man.

Har. Oh you old mad colt, ifaith I'll ferk you: fill
all the pors in the house there.

Con. Oh well said M. *Harpool*, you are heart of oak
when all's done.

Harp. Ha *Dol*, thou hast a sweet pair of lips by the
Masse.

Dol. Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I
saw; by my troth, you have a face able to make any wo-
man in love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, sir, and thank you therefore, and
I pray you let it come.

Harp. Imbracing her. *Doll*, canst thou love me? a
mad merry Lasse, would to God I had never seen thee.

Dol. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts
this twelvemonth, truly you are as full of favour, as any
man may be. Ah these sweet gray locks, by my troth,
they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, M. *Harpool*, I'll have one bufs too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love kissing as well as you.

Dol. Oh you are an odde boy, you have a wanton eye
of your own: ah you sweet sugar-lipt wanton, you will
win as many womens hearts as come in your company.

Enter Priest.

Priest. *Doll*, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Dol. I'll come anon, sweet love.

Priest. Hand off, old fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spight of thee, is this Ruff
for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirra, do'st thou not know that a good fellow
parson may have a chappel of ease, where his parish
Church is far off?

Har. You whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old stale Ruffin, you Lion of Corfoll.

Har. Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. *Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the Kings peace.

Dol. Murder, murder, murder.

Ale-m. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods sake be
quiet: put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

Har. You whorson bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir John, hold.

Dol. I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet, I was but sit-
ting to drink a pot of Ale with him, even as kind a man
as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy dayes,
let's not be ashamed of our Trade, the King has been a
Thief himself.

Doll.

Dol. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Pri. I have wench, here be crowns ifaith.

Dol. Come, let's be all friends then.

Con. Well said Mistress *Dorothy*.

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Pri. Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow:

I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wench; I can say a Masse, and kisse a Lasse: Faith, I have a Parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serveth me for a Sexton.

Harp. Well said mad Priest, we'll in and be friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Roger Atton, M. Bourn, M. Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Atton. Now M. *Murley*, I am well assur'd

You know our errant, and do like the cause?

Being a man affected as we are?

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Master, good Sir Roger *Atton*, M. *Bourn*, and M. *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your honest neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

Bev. Professed friends to *Wickliff*; foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that staff, good Master *Beverley*, all of a house, say your mind, say your mind.

Atton. You know our faction now is grown so great Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smok Into the Clergies eyes, and the King's ears, High time it is that we were drawn to head, Our General and Officers appointed. And warrs ye wot, will ask great store of coyn, Able to strength our action with your purse, You are elected for a Colonel Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or lesse upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? Sir Roger *Atton*, I am but a *Dunstable* man, a plain Brewer, ye know: will lusty caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my deer, they'll do a dog of wax, a horse of cheefe, a prick and a pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master *Murley*, you shall be a Knight: Were you not in election to be Sheriff? Have ye not past all Offices but that? Have ye not wealth to make your wife a Lady? I warrant you, my Lord, our General Bestows that honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: But tell me, who shall be our General? Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Old-castle* That noble almse-giver, house-keeper, vertuous, Religious Gentleman? Come to me there boyes, Come to me there.

Atton. Why who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Atton. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow Sir Roger *Atton* Knight, all fellows I mean in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or lesse upon occasion, reckon our force.

Atton. There are of us our friends and followers, Three thousand and three hundred at the least: Of Northern lads four thousand, beside horse,

From *Keut* there comes with Sir *John Old-castle* Seven thousand: then from *London* issue out, Of Masters, servants, strangers, prentises, Forty odde thousands into *Ficket* field, Where we appoint our special *Randevouze*.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? Where's that *Ficket* field, Sir Roger.

Atton. Behind *S. Giles* in the field, near *Holborn*.

Mur. *Newgate*, up *Holborn*, *S. Giles* in the field, and to *Tyburn*, an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Atton. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of *January*.

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never If I have any liking of that day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday quoth a, dismal day, *Childermas* day this year was Friday.

Bev. Nay M. *Murley*, if you observe such dayes, We make some question of your constancie, All dayes are alike to men resolv'd in right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold Master *Beverley*: Friday next, and *Ficket* field, and *William Murley* and his merry men shall be all one: I have halfe a score jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every jade shall bear a knave, and every knave shall wear a jack, and every jack shall have a scull, and every scull shall shewa spear, and every spear shall kill a foe at *Ficket* field, at *Ficket* field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Rafe* and *Robbin*, *William* and *George*, and all my knaves shall fight like men, at *Ficket* field, on Friday next.

Bour. What sum of money mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely I may bring five hundred pound.

Atton. Five hundred, man? five thousand's not enough, A hundred thousand will not pay our men Two month's together, either come prepar'd Like a brave knight, and martial Colonel, In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture, Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least, And all your followers mounted on good horse, Or never come disgracefull to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer, Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And rather then the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water and Malt, and it shall flye with fire and Gun-powder. Sir Roger, a Cart-load of money till the Axletree crack; my self and my men in *Ficket* field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my place: there's my hand I'll be there. *Exit.*

Atton. See what ambition may perswade men to, In hope of honour he will spend himself.

Bour. I never thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

Bev. Was never bankerout Brewer yet but one, With using too much Malt, too little water.

Atton. That's no fault in Brewers now adayes: Come, away about our business. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Harry, Suffolk, M. Butler, Old-castle kneeling to the King

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to submit, You must forsake your grosse opinion; The Bishops find themselves much injured, And though for some good service you have don, We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you, Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty,

Next

Next unto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,
Or fortunes bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My conscience may not be inroach'd upon.

King. We would be loath to press our subjects bodies.
Much lesse their souls, the deer redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any breath that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves th'attainder of ignoble thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown.

King. Let it suffice we know your loyalty,
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of clemency,
Your highness pardon for Lord *Powess* life,
Which I did beg, and you my Noble Lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not signed with our hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The fact you say was done
Not of pretended malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise. *Writes.*

King. There is his pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his soul to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop? *Enter Bishop.*

Bish. Justice dread Sovereigne,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.

King. What means this exclamation? Let us know.

Bish. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

King. How? Or by whom?

Bish. Even by this Heretick,
This Jew, this Traitor to your Majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasie maw,
Or whosoever twit's me with the name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear I say: and Bishop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been deriv'd.

Bish. Thus mighty King: by general consent
A messenger was sent to scite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his house, a Russian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.

King. When was this done?

Bish. At six a clock this morning.

King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last night, my Liege.

King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t'accuse him so.

Bish. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or else his man durst not have been so bold.

King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did passe our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regal power, must likewise summon him?
This favours of Ambition, not of zeal,
And rather proves you malice his estate,
Then any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his desert for being insolent,

Enter Huntington.

That was employed so much amiss here.
So *Cobham* when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Farewell: what's the news by *Huntington*?

Hun. Sir *Roger Aston*, and a crew (my Lord)
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in Armes,
Intending reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficker* field, unlesse they be repuls'd.

King. So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager thirst of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hance our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?
Well, a Gods name be it. What's their Number? say,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their number is not known, as yet my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord *Cobham*?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Bish. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.

Suf. Send post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as innocent as Truth it self?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he, no matter, let him go,

We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Bish. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this heretick die in a rope. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray,
and Chartres the French Factor.*

Scr. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge, make rehearsal
How you do stand intitled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,
And every man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceiv's his quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Grey* & you
Monsieur de *Chartes*, Agent for the French.
This *Lionel Duke of Clarence* (as I said)
Third son of *Edward* (England's King) the third,
Had issue *Philip* his sole daughter and heir;
Which *Philip*, afterward was given in marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earle of *March*,
And by him had a son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;

Which

Which *Roger* likewise had of his delcent,
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,
 Two Daughters and two Sons, but of those, three
 Di'd without issue: *Anne*, that did survive,
 And now was left her Fathers onely Heir,
 By fortune was to marry, Being too
 By my Grandfather of King *Edward's* Line:
 So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know.

Richard Plantaginet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and son and heir
 To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the third's first son.

Scro. So that it seems your claim comes by your wife,
 As lawfull heir to *Roger Mortimer*
 The son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Phillip*
 Daughter and heir to *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*.

Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his father both
Harry the first, as plainly doth appear,
 Are false intruders, and usurp the Crown.

For when young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,
 In him the Title of Prince *Edward* di'd,
 That was the eldest of King *Edward's* sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their second brother,
 Death in his nonage had before bereft:

So that my wife deriv'd from *Lionel*
 Third son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
 And take possession of the Diadem

Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
 Who fetch their Title but from *Lancaster*,
 Forth of that royal line. And being thus,
 What reason is't, but she should have her right?

Scro. I am resolv'd, our enterprize is just.

Gray. *Harry* shall die or else resigne his Crown.

Chart. Performe but that, and *Charles* the King of
 Shall aid you Lords, not only with his men, (*France*

But send yor money to maintain your wars:
 Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
 If you can stop but *Harrie's* voyage for *France*.

Scro. We never had a fitter time then now,
 The Realme in such division as it is.

Cam. Besides you must perswade you, there is due
 Vengeance for *Richards* murther, which although
 It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
 And now as likely as another time.
 Sin hath had many years to ripen in,
 And now the harvest cannot be far off,
 Wherein the weeds of usurpation
 Are to be crop't, and cast into the fire.

Scro. No more, Earle *Cambridge*, here I plight my faith,
 To set up thee, and thy renowned wife.

Gray. *Gray* will performe the same, as he is Knight.

Chart. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the honour of his King.

Scro. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* fellowship,
 And then our plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord, his life's pursu'd
 By th'incens'd Clergy, and of late
 Brought in displeasure with the King, assures
 He may be quickly won unto our faction.
 Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
 Of our whole purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his house,
 Our serious Conference hath beguild the way:
 See where his Castle stands, give me the writing.
 When we are come unto the speech of him,
 Because we will not stand to make recount

Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
 Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Cobham.

Scro. A ready way: here comes the man himself
 Booted and spurr'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.

Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?

Your Honour is most welcome into Kent,
 And all the rest of this fair company.

I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:

But will ye not take Cowling for your Host,
 And see what entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your guests:
 But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
 To end our businesse, and deferre that kindesse.

Cob. Busines my Lord? what busines should
 Let you to be merry? we have no delicacies;
 Yet this I'll promise you, a piece of Venison,
 A cup of wine, and so forth, hunters fare:
 And if you please, we'll strike the stag our selves
 Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.

Scro. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

Cam. Nay but the Stag which we desire to strike,
 Lives not in Cowling: if you will consent,
 And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forrest,
 Where runs a lusty heard: among the which
 There is a Stag superiour to the rest;

A stately beast, that when his fellows run
 He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
 As though he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofs,
 Aloft he bears his head, and with his brest
 Like a huge bulwark counter-checks the wind:
 And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
 His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
 To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Cob. 'Tis pittie such a goodly beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir *John*, for he is tyrannous,
 And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
 Within the limits are appointed him.

Of late he's broke into a several,
 Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles
 Both corn and pasture, two of his wild race
 Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching,
 Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
 I should not only be secure from hurt,
 But with his body make a royal feast.

Scro. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?

Cob. Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
 And what occasion we have for the sport. *He reads.*

Cob. Call ye this hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
 You fain would chase, *Harry* our dread King?

So we may make a banquet for the devil?

And in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare

A dish of poison to confound our selves.

Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
 And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Scro. Besides, you know your self is in disgrace,
 Held as a recreant, and pursu'd to death.

This will defend you from your enemies,
 And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob. Notorious treason! yet I will conceal
 My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
 My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do see your claim,
 And what good may redound unto the Land,

Aside.

By

By prosecuting of this enterprize.

But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order such an action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France*: here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The Commons likewise (as we hear) pretend
A sudden tumult, we will joyn with them.

Cob. Some likelihood; I must confesse, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
You are (my Lords) such men as live in Court,
And have been highly favoured of the King,
Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice for his bed-fellow.

And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his privy Counsel:
Is not this a train laid to intrap my life?

Cam. Then-perish may my soul: what, think you so?

Scr. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other testimony but this.

That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our hearts: who hath any pen and ink?

Scr. My pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my name.

Scr. And there is my name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that would likewise write your
name with theirs, for confirmation of your Masters words
the King of *France*.

Char. That will I, Noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here if you please, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent*? agreed. Now let us in to supper,
I hope your honours will not away to night.

Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride,
A bout soliciting of other friends.

Scr. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: so farewell. *Exit.*

Cob. Farewell, my Noble Lords, My Noble Lords?

My noble villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highnesse in the face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known,
This head shall not be burthen'd with such thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed
Of such impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpool, and the rest.

La. Cob. Y'are welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem ye so unquiet in your looks?

What hath befalln you that disturbs your mind?

La. Powis. Bad news I am afraid touching my husband.

Cob. Madam, not so: there is your husband's pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

La. Po. So great a kindnesse, as I know not how to
reply, my sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone: and Madam stay me not,
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my horse.

L. Cob. So soon my Lord? what will you ride all night?

Cob. All night or day, it must be so sweet wife;
Urge me not why, or what my businesse is,
But get you in: Lord *Powess*, bear with me.
And Madam, think your welcome ne're the worse,
My house is at your use. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. *Exit.*

La. Cob. I prythee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord,
I do not like this sudden posting back.

Po. Some earnest businesse is a-foot belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.

La. Po. Amen, that hath so highly us bested.

La. Cob. Come Madam & my Lord, we'll hope the best;
You shall not into *Wales* till he return.

Pow. Though great occasion be we should depart, yet,
Madam, will we stay to be resolv'd of this unlookt for
doubtfull accident. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy
order for war.*

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently,
soberly, and handsomly; no man afore his Leader: fol-
low your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall-
be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men,
dun is the mouse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dun-*
stable, ding down the Enemy to morrow. Ye shall not
come into the field like beggars. Where be *Leonard* and
Lawrence my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us,
what a world is this? I would give a couple of shillings
for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and fourty pence for
as many Scarffes to set ye out withall. Frost and snow,
a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no babes, our town foot-balls
can bear witnesse: this little parrel we have shall off, and
we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'me of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he
means to leave his life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your
two Loaders are making their Wills because they have
wives, now we Batchellors bid our friends scramble for
our goods if we dye: but Master, pray let me ride upon Cut.

Mur. Meal and salt, wheat and Malt, fire and tow,
frost and snow, why *Tom* thou shalt. Let me see, here
are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Ro-*
bin and *Hodge* holding my own two Horses; proper
men, handsome men, tall men, true men.

Dick. But Master, Master, me thinks you are mad
to hazard your own person, and a cart-load of money too.

Tom. Yea, and Master there's a worse matter in't; if
it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned
Bishops, that shauld give us their blessing, and if they
curse us, we shall speed nere the better.

Dick. Nay birlady, some say the King takes their part;
and Master dare you fight against the King.

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon
occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there; we'll
fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for
our conscience, and for honour: little know you what is in
my bosome, look here mad knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A.

Tom. A pair of golden spurs? why do you not put them on your heels? your horse's no place for spurs.

Mur. Be't more or lesse upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us, *Tom* th'art a fool, and thou speak'st treason to Knight-hood: dare any wear gold or silver spurs till he be a Knight? No, I shall be knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church book of *Dunstable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No but you are more: you are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-Master and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth: you bring more money with you, then all the rest.

Mur. The more's my honour, I shall be a Knight to morrow. Let me spose my men, *Tom* upon Cur, *Dick* upon Hob, *Hodge* upon Ball, *Raph* upon Sorel, and *Robin* upon the fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellows indeed, Sir Roger.

Act. Why thus you shew your self a Gentleman, To keep your day, and come so well prepar'd. Your Cart stands yonder, guarded by your men, Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin, What summe is there?

Mur. Ten thousand pound, Sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, sir?

Act. Dispers'd in sundry villages about; Some here with us in *Hygate*, some at *Finchley*, *Totnam*, *Enfield*, *Edmunton*, *Newington*, *Islington*, *Hogsdone*, *Pancridge*, *Kennington*, Some nearer *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall*, and *Bow*: But our chief strength must be the *Londoners*, Which ere the Sun to morrow shine, Will be near fifty thousand in the field.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear, but upon occasion Sir Roger *Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against us?

Act. No, he's secure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreemly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the world afore us, I vow by my worship, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This night we few in *Hygate* will repose, With the first Cock we'll rise and arme our selves, To be in *Ficket* field by break of day, And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcastle*, what if he come not?

Bour. Yet our action stands, Sir Roger *Acton* may supply his place.

Mur. True M. *Bourn*, but who shall make me Knight?

Bou. He that hath power to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let's away, Our friends of *London* long till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

Priest. Canst thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my purse, none walks

within forty miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Parish does the poor mans box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wall, and thou know'st well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench need to be: and therefore thou hast tryed me that thou hast: and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. *Doll*, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready money in a Merchants shop, we'll have as good silver as the King coins any.

Doll. What is all the Gold spent you took the last day from the Courtier?

Priest. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a horse back that must pay for all; we'll have as good meat as money can get, and as good gowns as can be bought for gold, be merry wench, the Malt-man comes on Monday.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, untill you had been better provided for.

Priest. No sweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Priest: I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Bel-fry.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest ifsaith.

Priest. Come *Doll*, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at *Cray*, and the next sheep that comes shall leave behind his fleece. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler.

K. in great haste. My Lord of *Suffolk*, post away for And let our forces of such horse and foot, (life,

As can be gathered up by any means. Make speedy randevouze in *Tuttlo fields*, It must be done this evening my Lord, This night the Rebels mean to draw to head Near *Islington*, which if your speed prevent not, If once they should unite their several forces, Their power is almost thought invincible, Away my Lord, I will be with you soon.

Suff. I go, my Sovereigne, with all happy speed. *Exit.*

Kin. Make hast, my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us. *Butler*, post you to *London* with all speed:

Command the Maior and Sheriffs on their allegiance, The City gates be presently shut up, And guarded with a strong sufficient watch, And not a man be suffered to passe, Without a special Warrant from our self. Command the Postern by the Tower be kept, And Proclamation on the pain of death, That not a Citizen stir from his doors, Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall choose For their own guard, and safety of their persons: *Butler* away, have care unto my charge.

But. I go, my Sovereigne.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord.,

Kin. Go down by *Greenwich*, and command a boat, At the *Friars Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord. *Exit Butler.*

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion, When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid, No lesse then fifty thousand *Londoners*. Well, I'll to *Westminster* in this disguise, To hear what news is stirring in these brawls.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Stand true-man, sayes a Thief.

King. Stand Thief sayes a true-man: how if a Thief?

Pri. Stand

Pri. Stand Thief too.

Kin. Then thief or true-man, I must stand I see, howsoever the world wags, the trade of thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

Pri. A good fellow.

Kin. So I am too, I see thou dost know me.

Pri. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes part, deliver thy purse without more adoe.

King. I have no money.

Pri. I must make you finde some before we part, if you have no money you shall have ware, as many found blowes as your skin can carry.

Kin. Is that the plain truth?

Pri. Sirrha, no more adoe; come, come, give me the money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

Kin. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is: just the Proverbe, one thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old thieves? *Falstaffe* that villain is so fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but me thinks *Poynes* and *Peto* should be stirring hereabouts.

Pri. How much is there on't of thy word?

Kin. A hundred pound in Angels, on my word. The time has been I would have done as much For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now.

Pri. Sirrha, what art thou? thou seem'st a Gentleman?

Kin. I am no lesse, yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my money.

Pri. From whence cam'st thou?

Kin. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Pri. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

Kin. Yes that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Pri. I am glad th'art no worse: thou may'st the better spare thy money, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief his pardon if he should have need.

Kin. Yes that I can.

Pri. Wilt thou doe so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

Kin. Yes faith will I, so it be for no murder.

Pri. Nay, I am a pittifull thief, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, I'll kill no man.

Kin. Then of my word I'll do't.

Pri. Give me thy hand of the same.

Kin. There 'tis.

Pri. Me thinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has bin a thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true-man.

Kin. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill name that way in's youth: but how canst thou tell that he has been a thief?

Pri. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the trade my self, when that foul villanous guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's company there, that *Falstaffe*.

King aside. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be sworn: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Pri. Not I, if faith.

King aside. So it should seem.

Pri. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the best trade in *England*.

King. Why so?

Pri. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pitty that e're he should have been a King, he was so brave a thief. But sirrha, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

King. Yes faith will I.

Pri. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwarke*, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid the stand, say thou but sir *John*, and they will let thee passe.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Pri. Nay sirrha, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou comm'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy: farewell.

Exit.

Pri. O my fine golden slaves, here's for thee, wench, ifaith. Now, *Doll*, we will revell in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy, neighbour *Shooters-hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket-field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to night in's own person: well, I'll to the Kings Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings but I'll make some good boot among them.

Exit.

Enter King Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*, Who scouts it now? or who stands sentinels? What men of worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highnesse.

King. Peace, no more of that, The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty, With termes nor Titles; he's at rest in bed, Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep, And let rebellion and conspiracy Revel and havock in the Commonwealth. Is *London* look'd unto?

Hun. It is, my Lord:

Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there. Your Brother *Glocester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*, Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen Doguard the Gates, and keep good rule within. The Earl of *Cambridge*, and sir *Thomas Gray*. Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout, So though it please your Majesty to jest, Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

King. I thank ye Lords: but you do know of old, That I have been a perfect night-walker:

London, you say, is safely lookt unto, Alas, poor Rebels, there your aid must fail, And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*, Quiet in *Kent*, *Alton*, ye are deceiv'd: Reckon again, you count without your Hoste.

To morrow you shall give account to us, Till when, my friends, this long cold winters night How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep, And all his Lords, these garments tell us so: All friends at Foot-ball, fellowes all in field, *Harry*, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drumme, Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard, For all good fellowes companies that come. Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Armes To fight, as well as pray, if need required.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this, I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hun. I must have the Dice: what doe we play at?

Suf. Passage if ye please.

Hun.

Hun. Set round then : so, at all.

Har. George, you are out.

Give me the Dice, I passe for twenty pound,
Here's to our lucky passage into *France*.

Hun. Harry, you passe indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A sign King *Harry* shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamester in.

Har. Master Parson, we play nothing but gold ?

Pri. And, fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath gold,
gold : what ? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me, I think I
have more gold then all you three.

Hun. It may be so, but we believe it not.

Har. Set, Priest, set, I passe for all that gold.

Pri. Ye passe indeed.

Har. Priest, hast any more ?

Pri. More ? what a question's that ?

I tell thee I have more then all you three,
At these ten Angels.

Har. I wonder how thou com'st by all this gold.
How many Benefices hast thou, Priest ?

Pri. Faith, but one, dost wonder how I come by gold ?
I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold : for
I'll tell thee, good fellow, we have every day tythes,
off'rings, christnings, weddings, burials : and you poor
snakes come seldome to a booty. I'll speak a proud word,
I have but one Parsonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better then the
Bishoprick of *Rocheſter* : there's ne're a hill, heath, nor
down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish, *Barrham-down*,
Chobham-down, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-heath*,
Cocks-heath, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me tythe, gold quoth
a ? ye pas not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out ; now, Parson, shake the Dice.

Pri. Set, set, I'll cover ye, at all : A plague on't I am
out the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will trust
them ?

Suf. Say'st thou so, Priest ? set fair, at all for once.

Har. Out, sir, pay all.

Pri. Sir, pay me Angel gold,
I'll none of your crackt *French* Crownes nor Pistolets,
Pay me fair Angel gold, as I pay you.

King. No crackt *French* Crownes ? I hope to see more
crackt *French* Crownes ere long.

Pri. Thou mean'st of *French*-mens Crownes, when
the King's in *France*.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Pri. Pay all : this is some luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest :
At all, Sir *John*.

Pri. The Devil and all is yours : at that. 'Sdeath, what
casting's this ?

Suf. Well thrown, *Harry*, ifaith.

King. I'll cast better yet.

Pri. Then I'll be hang'd : Sirrha, hast thou not given
thy soul to the Devil for casting ?

Har. I passe for all.

Pri. Thou passest all that e're I plaid withall :
Sirrha, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slurre ?

King. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my hand.
When, Parson, when ? what, can ye find no more ?
Already dry ? was't you brag'd of your store ?

Pri. All's gone but that.

Hun. What ? half a broken Angel.

Pri. Why, sir ? 'tis gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Pri. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind, you
have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Priest, you shall not leave us yet,
Do not these pieces fit each other well ?

Pri. What if they doe ?

King. Thereby begins a tale :

There was a Thief, in face much like Sir *John*,
But 'twas not he. That thief was all in green,
Met me last day on *Black-heath*, near the *Parke*.
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And weaponlesse, my boy had all my tooles,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a just hundreth pound in gold from me.
I stonn'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd
If e're we met ; he like a lusty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next.
Provided, I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recover that, and what he had beside.
Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your tooles
By Torch-light, for, Master Parson, you are he
That had my Gold.

Pri. Zounds, I won't in play, in fair square play, of
the Keeper of *Eltham-Parke*, and that I will maintain
with this poor Whinyard : be you two honest men to stand
and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye doe not budge a foot,
Sir *John*, have at ye.

Pri. Souldier, ware your sconce.

*As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his
Sword to part them.*

But. Hold, villain, hold : my Lords, what d'ye mean,
To see a Traitor draw against the King ?

Pri. The King ? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. *Butler*, what newes ? why dost thou trouble us ?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of day,
And as I scouted near to *Islington*,
The gray-ey'd morning gave me glimmering,
Of armed men comming down *Hygate-hill*,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be such cause :
For this lewd Priest, this devillish Hypocrite,
That is a Thief, a gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Sovereign, I confesse I am
a fraile man, flesh and blood as other are ; but set my im-
perfections aside, ye have not a taller man, nor a truer
Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wrotham* is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King ?

Pri. Alas 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious
Liege.

King. 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as
To season others with good document, (sai:
Your lives as lamps to give the people light,
As shepherds, not as Wolves to spoile the flock ;
Go hang him, *Butler*.

But. Didst thou not rob me ?

Pri. I must confesse I saw some of your gold, but, my
dread Lord, I am in no humour for death : God will that
sinners live, doe not you cause me to die, once in their
lives the best may go astray, and if the world say true,
your self (my Liege) have bin a Thief.

Kin. I confesse I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my self.
Pri. So will I doe if you will give me time.
Kin. Wilt thou? My Lords, will you be his sureties?
Han. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.
Pri. I aske no more.
Kin. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better then at Cards or Wine,
For better virtues fit that Coat of thine.
Pri. *Vivat Rex, & currat Lex.* My Liege, if ye have
cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir *John* bestir himself in your
quarrell.

An alarm. Enter *King*, *Suffolk*, *Huntington*, *Sir
John* bringing forth *Alton*, *Beverly*, and
Murly prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring minds
Thought to have triumpht in our overthrow:
But now ye see, base villains, what successe
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Alton, thou retain'st the name
Of Knight, and should'st be more discreetly temper'd
Than joyn with pezants, Gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more then popular.

Al. Pardon, my Lord, my conscience urg'd me to it.

Kin. Thy conscience? then conscience is corrupt,
For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy conscience thou should'st love thy Countrey,
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil manners of the Turk?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,
But reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you sought?
I pray who gave you that authority?
Belike then we hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne, but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their grief,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Unlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is,
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable* as he sayes.

King. Sirrha, what made you leave your Barley broth,
To come in armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fic, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon oc-
casion, what a world is this? Knighthood (my Liege),
'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had
wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

Kin. And so you brought those horses which we saw,
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurres when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon occasion I did.

Kin. In and out upon occasion, therefore you shall be
hang'd, and in the stead of wearing these Spurres upon
your heeles, about your neck they shall bewray your fol-
ly to the world.

Pri. In and out upon occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fic, paltry, paltry, too and fro: good my Liege,
a pardon, I am sorry for my fault.

King. That comes too late: but tell me, went there
none beside *Sir Roger Alton*, upon whom
You did depend to be you Governour.

Mur. None, my Lord, but *Sir John Oldcastle*.

Enter *Bishop*.

Kin. Beares he a part in this conspiracy.

Al. We lookt, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come.

Al. Such Letters we received forth of *Kent*,

Bish. Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace.
Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels,

It is a generall voyce among them all,

That they had never come into this place,

But to have met their valiant Generall

The good Lord *Cobham* as they title him:

Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,

His Treason is apparant, which before

He sought to colour by his flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,

But for his conscience which I bear withall,

There had not liv'd a more true hearted Subject.

Bish. It is but counterfeits, my gracious Lord,

And therefore may it please your Majesty,

To set your hand unto this precept here,

By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,

And answer this by order of the Law.

Kin. Not onely that, but take Commission

To search, attach, imprison, and condemn,

This most notorious traitor as you please.

Bish. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:

So now I hold Lord *Cobham* in my hand,

That which shall finish thy disdain'd life.

King. I think the Iron age begins but now,

Which learned Poets have so often taught,

Wherein there is no credit to be given

To either words or looks, or solemn oaths:

For if he were, how often hath he sworn,

How gently tun'd the musick of his tongue,

And with what amiable face beheld he me,

When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie.

Enter *Cobham*.

Cob. Long life and prosperous reign unto my Lord.

Kin. Ah, villain, canst thou wish prosperity,

Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?

I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,

Of treason capitall against the state.

Cob. Of treason, mighty Prince? your Grace mistakes,

I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

Kin. Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly.

Dar'st thou intrude into our presence, knowing

How hainously thou hast offended us?

But this is thy accustomed deceit.

Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,

With some excuse or other thou wilt come

To clear thy self of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

Kin. If you deny it, here is evidence,

See you these men; you never counselled,

Nor offered them assistance in their Warres.

Cob. Speak, sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour,

Have ever I been conversant with you?

Or written Letters to encourage you?

Or kindled but the least or smallest part

Of this your late unnaturall Rebellion?

Speak, for I date the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that *Sir John Oldcastle*

Was one with whom you purposed to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,

Because I heard it was reported so.

Kin. Was

King. Was there no other argument but that?

All. I must confesse we have no other ground
But onely runour to accuse this Lord,
Which now I see was meeterly fabulous.

Kin. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace
Speak for my loyalty, read these Articles,
And then give sentence of my life or death.

Kin. Earl Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My Crown from me, or secretly contrive
My death by Treason? Is't possible.

Cob. There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,
Each severally subscribed to the same.

Kin. Oh never heard of base ingratitude!

Even those I hug within my bosome most,

Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.

Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends,

Is then their time of meeting so near hand?

We'll meet with them, but little for their ease,

If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,

Let them have martiall law: but as for thee,

Friend to thy King and Countrey, still be free. *Exeunt.*

Mur. Be it more or lesse, what a world is this?

Would I had continued still of the order of knaves,

And ne're sought Knight-hood, since it costs

So dear: Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.

Alton. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,

I prethee, Murley, doe not urge me with it.

Hun. Will you away, and make no more to doe?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, too and fro, as occasion serves,
If you be so hasty, take my place.

Hun. No, good sir Knight, e'ne tak't your self.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bishop, Lord Warden, Cromer the Shreeve,
Lady Cobham and attendants.*

Bish. I tell ye, Lady, it's impossible
But you should know where he conveyes himself,
And you have hid him in some secret place.

La. My Lord, believe me, as I have a soule,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Bish. Go to, go, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc't by torture to confesse,
If fair meanes will not serve to make you tell.

La. My Husband is a noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any fault
That e're I heard of, therefore wrong him not,

Bish. Your husband is a dangerous Schismatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, M. Cromer, Shreeve of Kent,
I charge you take her to your custody,
And feize the goods of Sir John Oldcastle
To the Kings use; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her apparell out,
There is your warrant from his Majesty.

L. War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacifie your wrath
Against the Lady.

Bish. Then let her confesse
Where Oldcastle her husband is conceal'd.

L. War. I dare engage mine honour and my life,
Poor Gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his practices
If any evil by him be practised.

Bish. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whercof you are chief,

Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.

Shew him his Highnesse warrant, M. Sheriffe.

L. War. I am sorry for the Noble Gentleman.

Bish. Peace, he comes here, now do your office,

Enter Harpoole and Oldcastle.

Cob. Harpoole; what businesse have we here in hand?
What makes the Bishop and the Sheriffe here?

I fear my coming home is dangerous,

I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be foes,
we'll scramble threwdly with them: if they be friends
they are welcome.

Cro. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham, in the Kings
name, I arrest ye of high treason.

Cob. Treason, M. Cromer?

Har. Treason, M. Sheriffe, what Treason?

Cob. Harpoole, I charge thee stirre not, but be quiet.
Do ye arrest me of Treason, M. Sheriffe?

Bish. Yea, of high Treason, Traitor, Heretick.

Cob. Defiance in his face that calls me so,

I am as true a loyall Gentleman

Unto his Highnesse, as my proudest enemy,

The King shall witnesse my late faithfull service,

For safety of his sacred Majesty.

Bish. What thou art, the Kings hand shall testifie,
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me,
Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The Princely disposition of his minde,

To sign the damage of a royall Subject?

Well, the best is, it beares an antedate,

Procured by my absence and your malice.

But I, since that, have shew'd my self as true,

As any Churchman that dare challenge me.

Let me be brought before his Majesty,

If he acquit me not, then doe your worst.

Bish. We are not bound to doe kinde offices,
For any traitor, schismatick, nor heretick:

The Kings hand is our warrant for our work,

Who is departed on his way for France,

And at Southampton doth repose this night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles of
it, on Salisbury plain! I would lose my head if thou
brought'st thy head hither again. *Aside.*

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th Cinque-ports, and Lord
of Rochester, ye are joynt Commissioners, favour me so
much on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Bish. VVhat, to Southampton?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,

And if he doe not clear me of all guilt,

And all suspicion of conspiracy,

Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:

I aske no favour, but extreamest torture.

Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,

Good my Lord VVarden, M. Shrieve entreat.

They bosh entreat for me.

Come hither, Lady, nay sweet wife, forbear

To heap one sorrow on anothers neck:

'Tis grief enough falsely to be accus'd,

And not permitted to acquit my self,

Doe not thou with thy kinde respective teares,

Torment thy husbands heart that bleeds for thee.

But be of comfort, God hath help in store

For those that put assured trust in him.

Dear VVife, if they commit me to the Tower,

Come up to London to your sisters house:

That being near me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I fetled in my soul,
That I am free from Treasons very thought,
Onely my conscience for the Gospels sake,
Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.

La. O, my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doors,
Our substance seiz'd unto his Highnesseuse,
Even to the garments longing to our backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.

Bish. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,
I swear by sweet *S. Peter's* blessed keyes,
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

Crom. But by your leave, this warrant doth not stretch
To imprison her.

Bish. No, turn her out of doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

La. O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my appeal unto the King's deny'd.

Bish. No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,
Forbids all favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private malice more then publick power,
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

Har. aside. O that I had the Bishop in that fear
That once I had his Summer by our selves.

Cro. My Lord, yet grant one suit unto us all,
That this same ancient servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his master in the Tower.

Bish. This old iniquity, this heretick?
That in contempt of our Church discipline,
Compel'd my Sumner to devour his Proceſſe?
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for't, ye grizeled heretick.

Har. Sblood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am
neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church, I'll
swear, drink ale, kiss a wench, go to mass, eat fish all
Lent, and fast Frydayes with cakes and wine, fruit and
spicery, thrive me of my old sinnes afore Easter, and be-
gin new before Whitsontide.

Cro. A merry mad conceited knave, my Lord.

Har. That knave was simply put upon the Bishop.

Bish. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity with his soul no hurt.

Cob. God bless my soul from such cold charity.

Bish. To th' Tower with him, & when my leisure serves
I will examine him of Articles;
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge
The Shrieve perform his office.

War. I, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Bish. What bring'st thou there? what books of heresie?

Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a Latine Book,

Not so much as our Ladies Psalter:

Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalmes in meeter,

The sick-man's salve, the Treasure of Gladness,

All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *English*.

Bish. Away with them, to th' fire with them, *Clun*,
Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks.

All *English*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.

Harp. But do not, Sumner, as you'll answer it, for I
have there *English* books, my Lord, that I'll not part

withall for your Bishoprick, *Bevis of Hampton*, *Owle-
glasse*, *The Fryer and the Boy*, *Ellen of Ramming*, *Re-
bin-hood*, and other such godly stories, which if you burn,
by this flesh I'll make ye drink their ashes in *S. Marger's*
Ale.

Exit.

*Enter the Bishop of Rocheſter, with his men
in Livery Coats.*

1. *Ser.* Is it your honours we shall stay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you.

Bish. Now have ye brought me here unto the Tower,
You may go back unto the Porter's lodge,
Where if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2. We will attend your honour here without.

3. Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at
Barking, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1. We must bid us then.

3. Let's away.

Exeunt.

Bish. Ho, Mr. Lievtenant.

Liev. Who calls there?

Bish. A friend of yours.

Liev. My Lord of *Rocheſter*? your honour's welcome.

Bish. Sir, here's my warrant from the counſel,
For conference with Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Upon some matter of great consequence.

Liev. Ho, Sir *John*.

Har. Who calls there?

Liev. *Harpool*, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter*
Comes from the counſel to confer with him,
I think you may as safe without suspicion.

As any man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

Bish. I did, sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.

Enter Sir John Oldcastle.

Mr. Lievtenant, I pray you give us leave,
I must confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Liev. With all my heart, my Lord.

Har. aside. My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occasion
while it is offered, & on my life your Lordship will escape.

Cob. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

Bish. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of
the Counſel, to know if you do recant your errours.

Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,

I see my errour; but yet understand me,
I mean not errour in the Faith I hold,
But errour in submitting to your pleasure,
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.

Bish. What means, thou heretick?

Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you for a thousand pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper garment a
little, not a word more, peace for waking the children;
there, put on, dispatch, my Lord, the window that goes
out into the Leads is sure enough: as for you, I'll bind
you surely in the inner room.

Cob. This is well begun, God send us happy speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of need.

Enter servingmen again.

1. I marvel that my Lord should stay so long.

2. He hath sent to seek us I dare lay my life.

3. We come in good time, see where he is coming.

Har. I beseech you, good my Lord of *Rocheſter*, be
favourable to my Lord and master.

Cob. The

Cob. The inner roomes be very hot and close,
I do not like this air here in the Tower.

Harp. His case is hard, my Lord: you shall safely get
out of the Tower, but I will down upon them; in which
time get you away. Hard under *Islington* wait you my
coming, I will bring my Lady ready with horses to get
hence.

Cob. Fellow; go back again unto my Lord, and coun-
sel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'll bring you
to *S. Albons* through the woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain away.

Har. Nay since I am paſt the Towers liberty,
You part not ſo. *He drawes.*

Biſh. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1. Murther, murther, murther.

2. Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly rogues. *Cobh. eſcapes.*

Enter Lieutenant, and his men.

Liev. Who is ſo bold as to dare to draw a ſword
ſo near unto the entrance of the Tower.

1. This Ruffian, ſervant to ſir *John Oldcaſtle*, was
like to have ſlain my Lord.

Liev. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off if you love your puddings.

Rocheſter calls within.

Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Liev. Who's that within? ſome Treason in the
Tower on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Rocheſter bound.

Liev. Without your cloak, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me ſpeed,
For now's the fitteſt time to ſcape away. *Exit.*

Liev. Why do you look ſo gaſtly and affrighted?

Biſh. Oldcaſtle that Traitor and his man,
When you had left me to conferre with him,
Took, bound, and ſtrip't me as you ſee,
And left me lying in this inner chamber,
And ſo departed, and I ----

Liev. And you I Nere ſay that the Lord *Cobham's* man
Did here ſet on you like to murther you.

1. And ſo he did.

Biſh. It was upon his Maſter then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might eſcape.

Liev. Where is this *Harpool*?

2. Here he was even now.

Liev. Where, can you tell? They are both eſcap'd.
Since it ſo happens that he is eſcap'd,
I am glad you are a witneſſe of the ſame:
It might have elſe been laid unto my charge,
That I had been conſenting to the fact.

Biſh. Come, ſearch ſhall be made for him with expedi-
tion, the Haven's laid that he ſhall not eſcape, and hue
and cry continue through *England*, to find this damned,
dangerous heretick. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a chamber, and
ſet down at a Table, conſulting about their Treason,
King Harry and Suffolk liſtning at the door.*

Cam. In mine opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd,
Poison will be the onely apteſt mean,
And fitteſt for our purpoſe to diſpatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wiſe, therefore Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that way not ſo convenient.

Ser. What think ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And unſuſpected nightlie ſleep with him.

What if I venture in thoſe ſilent houres,
When ſleep hath ſealed up all mortal eyes
To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein conſiſts no ſafety for your ſelf,
And you diſclos'd, what ſhall become of us?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,
The wind's ſo fair, and ſet away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entering in the ſhip
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of theſe, or if you will,
I'll cauſe a preſent ſitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend ſome matter of ſuch weight;
As needs muſt have his royal company,
And ſo diſpatch him in his Council chamber.

Cam. Tuff, yet I hear not any thing to purpoſe;
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* ſtayes ſo long,
His counſel in this caſe would much avail us.

The King ſteps in upon them with his Lords.

Ser. What ſhall we rile thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a ſhame indeed: no, ſit again,
And you ſhall have my counſel in this caſe:

If you can find no way to kill the King,

Then you ſhall ſee how I can furniſh ye;

Scroop's way by poiſon was indifferent,

But yet being bed-fellow to the King,

And unſuſpected, ſleeping in his boſome,

In mine opinion that's the likelier way.

For ſuch falſe friends are able to do much,

And ſilent night is Treason's fitteſt friend.

Now, *Cambridge* in his ſetting hence for *France*,

Or by the way, or as he goes aboard

To do the deed, that was indifferent too,

But ſomewhat doubtfull.

Marry Lord *Gray* came very near the point,

To have the King at Council, and there murder him.

As *Cæſar* was amongſt his deareſt friends.

Tell me, oh tell me, you bright honour's ſtaines,

For which of all my kindneſſes to you,

Are ye become thus Traitors to your King?

And *France* muſt have the ſpoil of *Harrie's* life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a ſin indeed,

Drag them to death, which juſtly they deſerve:

And *France* ſhall dearly buy this villany,

So ſoon as we ſet footing on her breaſt.

God have the praiſe for our deliverance,

And next our thanks, Lord *Cobham*, iſt to thee,

True perfect mirrour of Nobilitie. *Exit.*

Enter the Hoſt, L. Cobham, and Harpool.

Hoſt. Sir, y'are welcome to this houſe, to ſuch as iſt
here with all my heart: but I fear your lodging will be
the worſt. I have but two beds, and they are both in a
chamber, and the Carrier and his daughter lies in the
one, and you and your wife muſt lye in the other.

Cob. Faith ſir, for my ſelf I do not greatly paſs,
My wife is weary, and would be at reſt,
For we have travel'd very far to day,
We muſt be content with ſuch as you have.

Hoſt. But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

Har. What? haſt thou never an empty room in thy
houſe for me?

Hoſt. Not a bed in troth. There came a poor *Iriſh-*
man, and I lodg'd him in the barn, where he has fair
ſtraw, although he have nothing elſe.

Har. Well mine Hoſt, I prythee help me to a pair of
clean ſheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen sheets were nere layn in : come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Constable, Mayor, and Watch.

May. What? have you searcht the Town?

Con. All the town, sir, we have not left a house unsearcht that uses to lodge.

May. Surely, my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd, Or ill inform'd of sir *John Oldcastle*, Or if he came this way, he's past the Town, He could not else have escap'd you in the search.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all night, And not a stranger lodger in the Town But he is known; onely a lusty Priest We found in bed with a pretty wench, That sayes she is his wife, yonder at the Shears: But we have charg'd the host with his forth coming To morrow morning.

May. What think you best to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Maior, here's a few stragling houses beyond the bridge, and a little Inne where Carriers use to lodge, although I think surely he would nere lodge there: but we'll go search, and the rather, because there came notice to the town the last night of an *Irish* man, that had done a murder, whom we are to make search for.

Mayor. Come I pray you, and be circumspect. *Exeunt.*

Con. First beset the house, before you begin to search.

Off. Content, every man take a several place.

A noise within.

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.

Con. Come you villanous heretick, tell us where your Master is.

Irish. Vat mester?

May. Vatmester, you counterfeit Rebel? This shall not serve your turn.

Irish. Be sent Patrick I ha no mester.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, sir *John Oldcastle*, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

Irish. Vat Lort *Cobham*?

May. You counterfeit this shall not serve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confesse where that arch-heretick is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty rascal? *Exeunt.*

Lord Cobham comes out stealing in his gown.

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noise about the house, God warrant us, I fear we are pursued: what Harpool?

Har. within. Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

Har. Yes marry do I; zounds I cannot find my hose, this *Irish* rascal that lodg'd with me all night, hath stolen my apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowfie mantle, and a pair of broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

Noise heard about the house a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpool in the Irishman's apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the *Irishman* that did the murder, by all tokens this is he.

May. And perceiving the house beset, would get away: stand sirra.

Har. What art thou that bid'st me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an *Irish* man, such a villain as thy self, thou hast murder'd a man this last night by the high way.

Harp. Shloud Constable art thou mad? am I an *Irish*-man?

May. Sirra, we'll find you an *Irish*-man befor we part: Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and wenches apparel.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleep all day? Good morrow, good morrow, come wench, come; Saddle, saddle, now afore God two fair dayes, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

May. O 'tis *Lancashire* Carrier, let them pass.

Cob. What, will no body ope the gates here? Come, let's int'stable to look to our Capons.

The Carrier calling.

Host, why Ostler?

Zwooks here's such a bomination company of Boyes: A pox of this pigstie at the house end, It fills all the house full of fleas, Ostler, Ostler.

Off. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your guests? Do you lodge rogues, and slaves, and scoundrels, ha? They ha stoln our clothes here: why Ostler?

Off. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Host. How now? what would the Carrier have? Look up there.

Ostler. They say the man and the woman that lay by them, have stoln their clothes.

Host. What, are the strange folks up yet that came in yester night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Host. What Mr. Maior, and Mr. Constable?

May. We are come to seek for some suspected persons, and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate in Cobham and Ladies apparel.

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quorth a, ods hat I'll forewear your house: you lodg'd a fellow and his wife by us, that ha run away with our parrel, and left us such gew-gaws here, come Kate, come to me, thowse dizeard yfaith.

Mayor. Mine host, know you this man?

Host. Yes, master Maior, I'll give my word for him, why neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gaw stand on my head.

Con. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantial people, and lodg'd all in one chamber by these folks: me thinks have been so bold to change apparel, and gone away this morning ere they rose.

May. That was that Traitor *Oldcastle* that thus escape us: make hue and cry after him, keep fast that traiterous Rebel his servant there: farewell, mine Host.

Car. Come Kate *Owdham*, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. Ifaith

Kate. Ifaith neam *Club*, Iſe wor nere what to do, Iſe be fo flouted and ſo ſhouſted at: but by th' Meſs Iſe cry.

Exit.

Enter *Prieſt* and *Doll*.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, come, be merſy wench.

Farewell *Kent*, we are not for thee.

Be liſty my Eaſſe, come for *Lancuſhire*.

We muſt nip the Bounſ for theſe Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the gold ſpent alerady, that you had the other day.

Prieſt. Gone *Doll*, gone; flown, ſpent, vaniſhed, the Devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent* till you had been better provided.

Prieſt. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent*'s too hot, *Doll*, *Kent*'s too hot: the weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has loſt his feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted wench.

Doll. I might have gone to ſervice again, old *M. Harpool* told me he would provide me a Miſtris.

Prieſt. Peace, *Doll*, peace; come mad wench, I'll make thee an honeſt woman, we'll into *Lancuſhire* to our friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little money, and money we will have I warrant thee: ſtay, who comes here? ſome *Iriſh* villain me thinks that has ſlain a man, and now he is riſing on him, ſtand cloſe, *Doll*, we'll ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman with his dead Maſter, and riſes him.

Iriſh. Alas poe Maſter, Sir *Riſhard Lee*, be *S. Patrick* is rob and cut thy trote, for'de ſhain, and dy mony, and dy gold ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be ſhitten kanave.

Prieſt. Stand, ſirra, what art thou?

Iriſh. Be *S. Patrick* Meſter, is poor *Iriſman*, is a leuſter.

Prieſt. Sirra, ſirra, y'are a damn'd rogue, you have kill'd a man here, and riſted him of all that he has: ſbloud you rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you ſo much as a hair above your ſhoulders, you whoſon *Iris* dog.

Rebs him.

Iriſh. We's me *S. Patrick*, Iſe kill my Meſter for ſhain and his ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Prieſt. Avant you Rascal, go ſirra, be walking: come *Doll*, the devil laughs when one thief robs another: come wench, we'll to *S. Albans*, and revel in our bower, my brave girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done ifaith.

Enter the hoſt of the houſe with the Iriſhman.

Iriſh. Be me tro Meſter is poor *Iriſman*, is want ludging, is have no mony, is ſtarve and cold, good Meſter give her ſome meat, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſt. Faith fellow I have no lodging, but what I keep for my Gueſſe: as for meat, thou ſhalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair ſtraw, and room enough.

Iriſh. Is tank my Meſter hertily.

Hoſt. Ho, *Robin*.

Rob. Who calls?

Hoſt. Shew this poor *Iriſman* to the barn, go ſirra.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the horſes? Uds har, here's fine work, the Hens in the manger, and the Hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, here's a houſe well lookt too ifaith.

Kate. Mas Goff *Club*, Iſe very cawd.

Club. Get in *Kate*, get into fire and warme thee.

John Oſtler?

Hoſt. What, Gaſſer *Club*, welcome to *S. Albans*,

How do's all our friends in *Lancuſhire*?

Club. Well, God a mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*? where is he?

Oſt. *Tom*'s gone from hence, he's at the three Horſe-loves at *ſtony-Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun*.

Club. Uds har, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a ſlough in *Brick hill-lane*: a plague found it, yonders ſuch abomination weather as was never ſeen.

Oſt. Uds har Thief, have one half peck of peafe and oats more for that, as I am *John Oſtler*, he has bin ever as good a jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well ſaid old *Jack*, thou art the old lad ſtill.

Oſt. Come Gaſſer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to ſupper.

Enter Cobham and his Lady diſguiſed.

Cob. Come Madam, happily eſcapd, here let us ſit, This place is far remote from any path, And here a while our weary limbs may reſt, To take reſreſhing, free from the purſuit Of envious *Rochester*.

La. But where, my Lord, ſhall we find reſt for our diſquiet minds?

There dwell untamed thoughts that hardly ſtoop to ſuch abaſement of diſdained rags:

We were not wont to travel thus by night, Eſpecially on foot.

Cob. No matter, love, extremities admit no better choice:

And were it not for thee, ſay froward time

Impos'd a greater task, I would eſteem it

As lightly as the wind that blows upon us,

But in thy ſufferance I am doubly taſk,

Thou waſt not wont to have the earth thy ſtool,

Nor the moiſt dewy graſſe thy pillow, nor

Thy chamber to be the wide Horizon.

La. How can it ſeem a trouble, having you

A partner with me, in the worſt I feel?

No gentle Lord, your preſence would give eaſe

To death it ſelf, ſhould he now ſeize upon me:

Here's bread and cheeſe and a bottle.

Behold what my fore-ſight hath underrane

For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,

Yet ſawe'd with hunger, they may ſeem as ſweet

As greater dainties we were wont to taſte.

Cob. Praise be to him, whoſe plenty ſends both this

And all things elſe our mortal bodies need:

Nor ſcorn we this poor feeding, nor the ſtate

We now are in, for what is it on earth,

Nay under heaven, continues at a ſtay?

Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?

Follows not darkneſſe when the day is gone?

And ſee we not ſometime the eye of heaven

Dim'd with ore-flying clouds? There's not that work

Of carefull Nature, or of cunning Art,

(How ſtrong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)

But falls in time to ruine: here, gentle Madam,

In

In this one draught I wash my sorrow down. *Drinks.*

La. And I encourag'd with your chearfull speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he should fall into the Bishops hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.

La. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shiftr.

Cob. That power be still his guide hath guided us.
My drowfie eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

La. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear wife, be too much trouble to thee.

La. Urge not that,
My duty binds me, and your love commands,
I would I had the skill with-tuned voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody,
But imperfection and unaptness too
Are both repugnant; fear inserts the one,
The other nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means, to purchase that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle hand,
Hath shut his eye-lids: Oh victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charme the bodies sense?
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee,
Great God of heaven from danger keep us free.

Enter Sir Richard Lee and his men.

Lee. A Murder closely done, and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

Ser. Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his body up:
Alack, it is my son, my son and heir,
Whom two years since, I sent to *Ireland*,
To practise there the discipline of war,
And coming home, for so he wrote to me,
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,
Hath here fluc'd out his blood. Unhappy hour,
A cursed place, but most inconstant fate,
That had'st reserv'd him from the bullets fire,
And suffered him to scape the wood-kerns fury.
Did'st here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the armes of tender peace,
To be consum'd by treasons wastfull hand?
And which is most afflicting to my soul;
That this his death and murder should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2. *Ser.* Not so, sir, I have found the authors of it,
See where they sit, and in their bloody fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin.

Lee. Just judgement of that power, whose gracious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazling their senses with benumbing sleep,
Till their unhallowed treachery was known.
Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot choose,

Beholding this unhumane deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, sir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?

Lee. Oh devilish I can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
With more then mandrakes shrieks for your offence?

La. What murther? you upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the fact? See you not here,
The body of my son by you misdone?
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue:
Do we not find you where the deed was done?
Were not your knives fast closed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent blood?
These speaking characters were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their lives shall answer for my sons lost life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed.

*Enter Rochester, Constable of S. Albans, with Priest,
Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.*

Bish. What intricate confusion have we here?
Not two hours since, we apprehended one
In habit *Irish*, but in speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in speech is *Irish*,
But in habit *English*: yea, and more then so,
The servant of that heretick Lord *Cobham*.

Irish. Fait me be no servant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane of Ulster*.

Bish. Otherwise call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*, go too, sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.

Pri. Trust me, Lord Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*.
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the trial:

But sure I am, this man by face and speech,
Is he that muredred young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the fact,
And that he slew his Master for that gold,
Those Jewels, and that chain I took from him.

Bish. Well, our affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfeit,
And you Sir *John of Wrotham*, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murder, ye shall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your friends in what they lawfull may.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Enter Goaler, bringing forth Oldcastle.

Goa. Bring forth the prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
The Justices are coming to the Bench:

So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest. *Exeunt.*

Cob. Oh give me patience to endure this scourge.
Thou that art fountain of that virtuous stream,
And though contempt of witness, and reproach
Hang on these iron givies, to presse my life

As

As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.

Enter Goller, bringing in La. Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, sorrow 'tis for her.
Thy wound is grievous, else I scoffe at thee.
What and poor *Harpool*! art thou i'th' bryars too?

Har. Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

La. Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may confesse, shall we confesse in brief,
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
The accusation is commenc'd against us?

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet love,
We shall for heresie be put to death,
For so they term the Religion we professe.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,

That of the guilt impos'd our soules are free.

Har. I, I my Lord, *Harpool* is so resolv'd,
I wreak of death the lesse in that I dye,
Not by the sentence of that envious Priest.

La. Well, be it then according as heavens please.

*Enter L. Judge, Justices, Mayor of S. Albans, Lord
Powis and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: the
Judge and Justices take their places.*

Judg. Now Mr. Maior, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the bench?

May. The Lord *Powis*, if it like your honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd last night within my house,
And my Lord Bishop did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Left for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Jud. We cry your honour mercy, good my Lord,
Wilt please you take your place. Madam, your Ladyship
May here, or where you will repose your self
Until this businesse now in hand be past.

La. Po. I will withdraw into some other room,
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

Jud. With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon prisoners all this while,
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The Noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.

La. Po. I think no less, are they suspected for this murder?
Po. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:
Mean time as you pass by them, ask the question,
But do it secretly you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I may know your mind.

As she passeth over the stage by them.

La. Po. My Lord *Cobham*? Madam?

Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancashire*, and *Jean* his wife.

La. Po. Oh tell, what is it that our love can do,
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.

Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle Lady, passe for being spyed.

La. Po. My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief. *Exit.*

Jud. Call the Prisoners to the Bar: sir *Richard Lee*,
What evidence can you bring against these people,
To prove them guilty of the murder done?

Lee. This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives;
Beside, we found them sitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

Ind. What answer you why *Law* should not proceed,
According to this evidence given in,
To tax ye with the penalty of death?

Cob. That we are free from murders very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slain.

1. *Inst.* How came th's linnen cloath so bloody then?

L. Cob. My husband hot with travelling, my Lord,
His nose gush't out a bleeding, that was it.

2. *Inst.* But how came your sharp edg'd knives un-
sheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut such simple victual as we had.

Jud. Say we admit this answer to those Articles,
What made you in so private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick where the dead corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancashire*, where we do dwell;
And what with age, and travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other passengers,
And so we stray'd into that secret corner.

Ind. These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger justice from her purpos'd end.
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the Irish-man, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay judgement, and release those innocents,
For here is he whose hand hath done the deed,
For which they stand endited at the Bar:
This savage villain, this rude *Irish* slave,
His tongue already hath confest the fact,
And here is witness to confirm as much.

Pri. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he slain
His loving Master for the wealth he had,
But I upon the instant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the losse of blood,
With strokes I presently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
I willingly surrender to the hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Recheester*.

Delivers them.

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty throat did drink
My dear Son's blood? art thou the Snake
He cherish't, yet with envious piercing sting
Affail'dst him mortally? Were't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traytor to God, thy Master, and to me,
These hands should be thy executioner.

Ind. Patience, sir *Richard Lee*, you shall have justice.
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the wretch be dead,
His body after shall be hang'd in chains,
Near to the place where he did act the murder.

Irish. Prythee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
cloathes, my strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a
wyth after my country the *Irish* fashion. *Exit.*

Ind. Go to, away with him. And now, sir *John*,
Although by you this murder came to light:
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the *Irish-man*, by which
You stand attain'd here of Felony:
Beside, you have been lewd, and many yeares
Led a lascivious, unbeseeming life.

Pri. O

Pri. O but, my Lord, sir John repents, and he will mend.

Ind. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rochester* intreats for you,
We are content you shall be proved.

Pri. I thank your good Lordship.

Ind. These falsely here accus'd, and brought
In peril wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.

Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few Crowns.

Ind. Your kindnesse merits praise, sir *Richard Lee*,
So let us hence.

Exeunt all but L. Powess and Cobham.

Pow. But *Powess* still must stay,
There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied

And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordship's safe delivery:
And then intreat, that since unlookt for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have
Are all at your command. Deny me not,
I know the Bishop's hate pursues ye so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided
Of lusty geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his face,
He never more shall have the game in chace. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.





The PURITAN: or, The WIDOW of Watling-street.

Actus Primus.

Enter the Lady Widow-Plus, her two Daughters, Frank and Moll, her husbands Brother an old Knight Sir Godfrey, with her Son and Heir Master Edmond, all in mourning apparell, Edmond in a Cypresse Hat. The Widow wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the Buriall of her husband.

Widow.

H, that ever I was born, that ever I was born !
Sir Godfrey. Nay good sister, dear sister, sweet sister, be of good comfort, shew your self a woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have lost the dearest man, I have buried the sweetest husband that ever lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet wife man, ---he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he was a man so well given to a woman---oh !

Sir God. Nay, but kind sister, I could weep as much as any woman, but alas, our teares cannot call him again : me thinks you are well read, sister, and know that death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all men ; ---a man shall be taken when he's making water, ---nay, did not the learned Parson Master *Pigman* tell us e'ne now, that all Flesh is frail, we are born to die, Man has but a time : with such like deep and profound perswasions, as he is a rare fellow you know, and an excellent Reader : and for example, (as there are examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die tother day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cri'd not above half an hour---for shame, for shame : then followed him old Master *Fulsome* the Usurer, there's a wife Widow, why she cry'd ne're a whit at all.

Wid. O ranck not me with those wicked women, I had a husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. I that he did, if alth, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a tear for thy fathers death ? oh thou ungracious son and heir thou ?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure ; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-fel-
lowes laugh at me ; I should be mockt, so I should ; pray let one of my sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time ?

Wid. O thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight, thou gracelesse Imp, thou grievest me more then the death of thy Father : oh thou stubborn onely Son : hadst thou such an honest man to thy Father---that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water ? he that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those Lands, which now you respect not : up every morning betwixt four and five, so duely at *Westminster-Hall* every Tearm-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Absalon*---oh dear husband !

Edm. Weep, quotha ? I protest I am glad he's Churched ? for now he's gone I shall spend in quiet.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray cease, half your teares suffice, 'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes, Let me weep now ?

Wid. O such a dear Knight, such a sweet Husband have I lost, have I lost ? ---if blessed be the Coarse the rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down ?

Sir God. Sister, be of good cheer, we are all mortall our selves, I come upon you freshly, I ne're speak without comfort, hear me what I shall say ; ---my brother has left you wealthy, y'are rich.

Wid. Oh !

Sir God. I say y'are rich : you are also fair.

Wid. Oh !

Sir God. Go to, y'are fair, you cannot smother it, beauty will come to light ; nor are your yeares so far enter'd with you, but that you will be sought after, and may very well answer another husband ; the world is full of fine Gallants, choyce enow, sister, ---for what should we doe with all our Knights I pray ? but to marry rich Widowes, wealthy Citizens Widowes ; lusty fair-brow'd Ladies ; go to, be of good comfort I say, leave snobbing and weeping---yet my Brother was a kind-hearted man---I would not have the Elf see me now ? ---come, pluck up a womans heart---here stands your Daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also be enquir'd after with good husbands, so all these teares shall be soon dried up, and a better world then ever---what, Woman ? you must not weep still ? he's dead, he's buried---yet I cannot chuse but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again ! no, let me be buried quick then ! And that same part of Quire whereon I tread To such intent, O may it be my grave : And that the Priest may turn his wedding prayers,

Even

Even with a breath, to funerall dust and ashes ;
Oh, out of a million of millions, I should ne're find such
a husband ; he was unmatched---unmatchable : nothing
was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of
that one thing that I had not, beside, I had keyes of all,
kept all, receiv'd all, had money in my purse, spent what
I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I
would, and did all what I would : Oh---my sweet hus-
band ; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister ? ne're say so, he was an honest Bro-
ther of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as hon-
est again, or one, as honest again may light upon you,
that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never : oh if you love me urge it not :
Oh may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talk at Table in the mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e're more
I entertain the carnall suit of man.

Mol. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Franck. And I, whom never man as yet hath scal'd,
E'ne in this depth of generall sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such losse,
As a dear husband seems to be, once dead.

Mol. I lov'd my Father well too ; but to say,
Nay vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not ?
I'd eas soon vow never to come in Bed :
Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my husband, oh let me kiss thee :

Drawing out her Husbands Picture.

How like him is their Model ; their brief Picture
Quickens my teares : my sorrowes are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister----

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to clay,
Oh my sweet husband, oh----

Franck. My dear Father ? *Exeunt mother & daughters.*

Mol. Here's a puling indeed ! I think my Mother
weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands : for if
from time to time all the Widowers teares in England
had been bottled up, I doe not think all would have fill'd
a three-half-penny Bottle : alas, a small matter bucks a
Handkercher,----and sometimes the spittle stands too
nigh Saint Thomas a Warrings : well, I can mourn in
good sober sort as well as another ? but where I spent one
tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty kisses for a
quick husband.

Exit Mol.

Sir God. Well, go thy wayes, old *Sir Godfrey*, and
thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving sister-
in-law : how constant ? how passionate ? how full of A-
pril the poor soules eyes are ; well, I would my Brother
knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he
had left behind him ; truth, and 'twere not for shame that
the neighbours at th'next Garden should hear me be-
twixt joy and grief, I should e'ne cry out-right.

Exit Sir Godfrey.

Edmond. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in dust,
his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat Pye, and the
wormes will cut him up shortly : farewell, old Dad, fare-
well ; I'll be curb'd, in no more : I perceive a son and heir
may quickly be made a fool and he will be one, but I'll
take another order ; ---Now she would have me weep
for him forsooth, and why ; because he cozen'd the right
heir being a fool, and bestow'd those Lands on me his
eldest Son ; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha :

why all the world knowes, as long as 'twas his pleasure to
get me, 'twas his duty to get for me : I know the Law in
that point, no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Uncle
is an old Ass, and an admirable Coxcombe, I'll rule the
Roast my self, I'll be kept under no more, I know what
I may doe well enough by my Fathers Copy : the Law's
in mine own hands now : nay now I know my strength,
I'll be strong enough for my Mother I warrant you ?

Exit.

*Enter George Py-bord a Schollar and a Citizen, and un-
to him an old Souldier, Peter Skirmish.*

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou
that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spir, as nimble as a
Fencer, and as lowly as a Schoole-master ; now thou
art put to silence like a Sectary, ---War sits now like a
Justice of peace, and does nothing : where be your Mus-
kets, Calivers and Hotshots ? in Long-lane, at pawn, at
pawn ; ---Now keyes are our onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-
guns, and Bawdes the Gunners,---who are your senti-
nells in peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning ;
with hems, hums, and pocky-coffs ; onely your Chambers
are licenst to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give fire
to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong
with me, for since the cessure of the wars, I have spent a-
bove a hundred Crownes out a purse : I have been a Sol-
dier any time this forty yeares, and now I perceive an old
Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one destiny, and in
the end turn both into hob-nayles.

Pye. Pretty mystery for a Beggar, for indeed a hob-
naile is the true embleme of a Beggar's Shoe-soale.

Skir. I will not say but that War is a bloud-sucker,
and so ; but in my conscience, (as there is no soldier but
has a piece of one, though it be full of holes like a shot
Ancient, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my con-
science, I think some kinde of Peace has more hidden op-
pressions, and violent heady sins, (though looking of a
gentle nature) then a profest warre.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gen-
tleman, and a Schollar, I have been matriculated in the
University, wore out six Gowns there, seen some fools,
and some Schollars, some of the City, and some of the
Countrey, kept order, went bare-headed over the Qua-
drangle, eat my Commons with a good stomach, and
Battled with Discretion ; at last, having done many
sights and tricks to maintain my wit in use (as my brain
would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the
University, onely for stealing a Cheese out of Jesus Col-
ledge.

Skir. Is't possible ?

Pye. Oh ! there was one *Welshman* (God forgive him)
pursued it hard ? and never left, till I turn'd my staffe to-
ward London, where when I came, all my friends were
pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few
left before) then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the
world, to towre among Sons and Heires, and Fooles, and
Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing, to
feed out of Flint, and ever since has my belly been much
beholding to my brain : But now to return to you, old
Skirmish. I say as you say, and for my part with a Tur-
bulency in the world, for I have nothing in the world,
but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be :
and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an ho-
nest warre, is better than a bawdy peace : as touching
my

my profession; the multiplicity of Schollars, hatcht, and nourisht in the idle Calmes of peace, makes'em like Fishes one devour another; and the communitie of Learning has so plaid upon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to Phantasie, and discredited by being too much spoken of--in so many and mean mouths. I my self being a Schollar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how Schollar-like to name what I want, and can call my self a Beggar both in Greek and Latine, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nourisher: a great getter of Children, which must either be Thieves or Rich men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skirmish. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar, for if the truth were known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Averni*, 'tis an easie journey to a Knave, thou maist be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other professions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her; for the law lives by quarrels, the Courtier by smooth good-morrrows, and every profession makes it self greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? and seeing our brains are the onely Patrimonies, let's spend with judgement, not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templer, ---one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my self will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you a figure-caster, or a Conjuror.

Skir. A Conjuror.

Pye. Let me alone, I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes, but the Devils.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceive him and I could choofe, of all others.

Pye. Fear not I warrant you; and so by these means we shall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affords creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. Oh wondrous, new fools and fresh asses.

Pye. Oh, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye-board. My memory greets me happily with an admirable subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I saw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Husband, sure she's but a watrish soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her eyes: device well manag'd may do good upon her: it stands firme, my first practise shall be there.

Skir. You have my voice, *George*.

Pye-board. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a fool to her onely son, and an ape to her youngest Daughter;---I over-heard'em severally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou old *Peter Skirmish* shalt be my second in all flights.

Skir. Ne're doubt me, *George Pye-board*,---only you must teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle, pinion'd, and with a guard of Officers passeth over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*:
How now? what's he?

Skir. Oh *George*! this sight kills me,
'Tis my sworn Brother, Captain *Idle*.

Pye. Captain *Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious act or other, he has started out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt silver; I cannot but commend his resolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either some of us were employed, or might pitch our Tents at Usurers doors, to kill the slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed those are our ancient enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em, but come let's follow after to the Prison, and know the nature of his offence, and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of; and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable Knave, is better then a soothing Puritan.

Exeunt.

Enter at one door Corporal Oath, a vain-glorious fellow, and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritans Servingmen, Nicholas Saint-Tanclings, Simon Saint Mary-Overies, and Frailty in black scurvy mourning coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.

Nich. What Corporal *Oath*? I am sorry we have met with you next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withall, we must not swear I can tell you, and you have the name for swearing.

Sim. I, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do so much as forsake us, we cannot abide you, we must not be seen in your company.

Frail. There is none of us I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrapeshoes, Flesh a good Fridayes; a hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas Saint-Tanclings*, *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, has the De'il posselt you, that you swear no better, you half-Christened *Katomites*, you ungod-mother'd Varlets, do's the first lesson teach you to be proud, and the second to be Cox-combs; proud Cox-combs; not once to do duty to a man of Mark.

Frail. A man of Mark, quatha, I do not think he can shew a Beggars Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of spirit, that is able to blow you up all drye with your Books at your Girdles.

Simon. We are not taught to believe that, sir, for we know the breath of man is weak. *Corp breaths on Frailty.*

Frail. Foh, you lie *Nicholas*; for here's one strong enough; blow us up, quatha, he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant if the wind stood right, a man might smell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow book of Wax-candle.

Nich. I, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

Corp. I swear by the-----

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; for if you swear once, we shall fall down in a fown presently.

Corp. I must and will swear: you quivering Cox-combs, my Captain is imprisoned, and by *Vulcan's* Leather Cod-piece point-----

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oath was there.

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one point to his hose.

¶ C

Corp.

Cor. With these, my Bully-Feet, I will thump ope the Prison doors, and brain the Keeper with the begging-Box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nic. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunts son, my dear Kinsman in Cappadochio.

Cor. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious out-side thou; if thou had'st any grace in thee, thou would'st visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nic. Assure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Cor. Why do't now then; *Marmaset*; bring forth thy yearly-wages, let not a Commander perish?

Simon. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nic. Well Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will, --- but I have nothing for him, *Simon* Saint *Mary Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lye for me to the Knight my Master, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Cor. A Lye? may you lye then?

Frail. O I, we may lye, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our Neighbour's wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Cor. Oh, an excellent Tag of Religion!

Nic. Oh *Simon*, I have thought upon a sound excuse, it will go currant, say that I am gon to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nic. I, to a Fast say, with master *Full-belly* the Minister.

Sim. Master *Full-belly*? an honest man: he feeds the flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

Exeunt Corporal & Nicholas.

Frail. O I, I have seen him eat up a whole Pig, and afterwards fall to the pettitoes. *Exeunt Sim. & Frailty.*

The Prison, Marshalsea.

Enter Captain Idle at one door, and old Souldier at the other.

George Pye-board speaking within.

Pye. Pray turn the key.

Skir. Turn the key I pray?

Cap. Who should those be, I almost know their voices? O my friends!

Entring.

Y'are welcome to a smelling Room here? you newly took leave of the air, is't not a strange favour?

Pie. As all Prisons have smells of sundry wretches; Who though departed, leave their scents behind 'em, By Gold Captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Cap. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, pish-- what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your offence?

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinary, -- common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, prophesie not so ill, it shall go hard But I'll shift for thy life.

Cap. Whether I live or dye, thou'rt an honest *George*. I'll tell you --- Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, (for now the tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers) I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purse had been as pursie as his body; and the slave had about him but the poor purchase of ten groats: notwithstanding being descryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unset-

ted Souldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, Captain; first, that your purchase was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Cap. Push, the worst is but death, --- ha you a pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me!

Captain blows a Pipe.

Cap. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I must cast about some happy flight: Work brain, that ever did'st thy Master right.

Cor. Keeper, let the key be turn'd.

Corporal and Nicholas within.

Nic. I, I, pray master Keeper give's a cast of your office.

Cap. How now? more visitants? -- what, Corporal *Oath*?

Pye. *Skir.* Corporal.

Cor. In prison, honest Captain? this must not be.

Nic. How do you, Captain Kinsman?

Cap. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure, -- starcht fool here?

Nic. You see, Kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do; I heard you were safe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Cap. This is a double torture now, --- this fool by th' book doth vex me more then my imprisonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Cor. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee, I'll make him do't.

Cap. Fie, what vain breath you spend:

He supply? I'll sooner expect mercy from a Usurer when my Bond's forfeited, sooner kindnesse from a Lawyer when my money's spent: nay, sooner charity from the Devil, then good from a Puritan. I'll look for relief from him, when *Lucifer* is restor'd to his bloud, and in Heaven again.

Nic. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*? what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Cap. Pshaw; a foolish cousin of mine: I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change cloathes with him, and leave him here, and so ---

Cap. Push, I publisht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd ere he do me so much good; why I know a more proper, a more handsome device then that, if the slave would be sociable, --- now Goodman *Fleer-face*?

Nic. Oh, my Cousin begins to speak to me now, I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this device, a happy one, Captain?

Cap. Speak low, *George*; Prison Rats have wider eares then those in Malt-lofts.

Nic. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say, -- to -- do --

Cap. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that; nere talk forder on't, the fool will be hang'd ere he do't.

Cor. Pax, I'll thump'im to't.

Pye. Why do but try the Fopster, and break it to him bluntly.

Cap. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Jawes, & the Slave

Slave flaver out our purpose to his Master, for would I were but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would be heartily glad, Cousin, if any of my friendships, as they say, might -- stand, ah--

Pye. Why, you see he offers his friendship foolishly to you already.

Cap. I, that's the hell on't, I would he would offer it wisely.

Nic. Verily, and indeed-la, Cousin --

Cap. I have took note of thy fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good? as thou gapst upon me comfortably, and giv'st me charitable faces; which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans, wilt soon at night steal me thy Master's Chain?

Nic. Oh, I shall fowne!

Pye. Corp oral, he starts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at second hand, which now lies in pawn to the Law, if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy Master; why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'st my life at no price, and these thy broken and unjoynted offers, are but only created in thy lip, now born, and now buried, foolish breath only: what, would do't? shall I look for happineffe in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my Master's Chain quoth he? no, it shall nere be said, that Nicholas Saint Tantlings committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man.

Nic. Why Cousin, you know 'tis written, Thou shalt not steal.

Cap. Why, and fool, thou shalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in extremities.

Nic. Mafs I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Cousin?

Cap. Why in the first of Charity, the second verse.

Nic. The first of Charity, quoth a, that's a good jest, there no such Chapter in my book!

Cap. No, I know twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes so little in thy heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, y'are too unkind a Kinsman ifaith; the Captain loving you so dearly, I, like the Pomewater of his eye, &c you to be so uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd, any thing else that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha don't, but I must not steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou shalt not steal; and would you wish me to steal then?

Pye. No faith, that were too much, to speak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nic. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that, or he shall ha none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha dealt with your Kinsman in a corner; a good, --kind-natur'd fellow, me thinks: go to, you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nic. I, that I will, Cousin.

Cap. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentleman, because we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the Knight

shall not lose his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way some one or two dayes.

Nic. I, that would be good indeed, Kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farder reach, to profit us better, by the missing on't only, then if we had it out-right, as my discourse shall make it known to you; -- when thou hast the Chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary banck; but for a small season; and by that harmlesse device, I know how to wind Captain Idle out of prison, the Knight thy Master shall get his pardon, and release him, and he satisfie thy Master with his own Chain, and wondrous chanks on both hands.

Nic. That were rare indeed la, pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, because thou must be employ'd as an Actor?

Nic. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parson rails against Players mightily I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once, -- as he will be horribly drunk.

Cor. Mafs I cannot blame him then, poor Church-spout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nic. I, that, that.

Pye. Give me audience then; when the old Knight thy Master has rag'd his fill for the loss of the Chain, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in prison, of such exquisite Art, that the Devil himself is French Lackey to him, and runs bare-headed by his horse ----- belly (when he has one:) whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of Sea-coal, and ne're make Spade or Pick-axe his instruments; tell him but this, with farder instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou show'st thy self a Kinsman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honest -- Book-keeper.

Cap. And my three times thrice honey-Cousin.

Nic. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the Rosemary banck, but I bear that mind, Cousin, I would not steal any thing, me thinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why well said, he begins to be an honest fellow, faith.

Cor. In troth he does.

Nic. You see, Cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, alwayes saving my self harmless. Exit Nicholas.

Captain. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I shall requite it.

Cor. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou hast such an egregious Ass to thy Cousin.

Cap. I, is not that a fine fool, Corporal? But George, thou talk'st of Art and Conjuring, How shall that be?

Pyb. Puh, be't not in your care, Leave that to me and my directions; Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now, E'en with the vantage, man, to gain by Prison, As my thoughts prompt me: hold on brain and plot, I aim at many cunning far events, All which I doubt not to hit at length, I'll to the Widow with a quaint assault, Captain be merry.

Cap. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more flights, and one will knit strong in another, -- Corporal Oath.

Cor. Hoh Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*; I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-bord*.

Corp. What e're it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a quarrell before the *Lady Widdowes* door, and draw your Swords ith' edge of the Evening: clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh.

Let us alone to make our Blades ring noon,
Though it be after supper.

Pye. I know you can;

And out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief---and, Captain, to countenance my device the better, and grace my words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Sute, that I had of a young Reveller tother night, for words pass not regarded now a dayes, unless they come from a good suit of cloathes, which the Fates and my wits have bestowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne're be seen within twelve score of a prison, for I protest at this instant, I walk in great danger of small debts; I owe money to severall Hostesses, and you know such Jills will quickly be upon a mans Jack.

Capt. True, *George*?

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporall and Ancient, thou shalt hear more newes next time we greet thee.

Corp. More newes? I, by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in heaven shalt thou. *Exeunt.*

Capt. Enough: my friends farewell,
This prison shewes as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

Enter Moll youngest Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. Not marry? forswear marriage? why all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I to spight my Sisters vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of the last Feather, he sayes he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me money to Dice withall, and many such pleasing protestations he sticks upon my lips: indeed his short-winded Father ith' Countrey is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dore in time: troth I'le venter upon him; women are not without wayes enough to help themselves: if he prove wise and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an Ass, why in a quarter of an houres warning I can transform him into an Oxe; --- there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Mistresse *Moll*, Mistresse *Moll*.

Moll. How now? what's the newes?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, *Sir John Penny-Dub*.

Moll. *Sir John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no, she's---spitting in the Kitchen.

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good *Frailty*,
I'le meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happineffe my Mother saw him not:
O welcome, good *Sir John*.

Penny-Dub. I thank you faith,---Nay you must stand me till I kisse you: 'tis the fashion every where ifaith, and I came from Court enow.

Moll. Nay the Fates forfend that I should anger the fashion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the sweet of new ceremonies, I first fall back, then recovering my self; inake my honour to your lip thus: and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty, and moving, y'are worthy on't, sir.

O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here,

Kissing. *Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.*

We'll steale into the Gallery. *Exeunt.*

Sir Godf. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, doe not play the foole, stand not in your own light, you have wealthy offers, large tendrings, doe not withstand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small fool, a rich Knight oth' City, *Sir Oliver Muck-hill*, no small fool I can tell you: and furthermore as I heard late by your Maid-servants (as your Maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suiters, I, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, *Sir Andrew Tip-staffe*, suiter afar off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmers Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him *Sir John Penny-Dub*, a good name marry, he may have it coynd when he lacks money: what blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir Godf. Satan? doe I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my senses, Brother, when you name A suiter to me,---oh I cannot abide it,
I take in poyson when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my son *Edmond*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exercise, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I shall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferiour, as *Harry of Monmouth* won all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all; so *Edmond of Bri-
flow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond of London* that's his son now, will spend all.

Sir Godf. Peace, sister, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forsooth Madam; there are two or three Archers at door would very gladly speak with your Ladiship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir Godf. Your Husbands Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his,
Troth I should ha forgot 'em, how now?
Villain, which be those Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penni-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not see 'em before you? are not these

these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters : Shooters and Archers are all one I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady, We come in way of honorable love.

Tipst. Penny. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Penny. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen ? indeed I will not look upon you ; when the tears are scarce out of mine eyes, not yet washt off from my cheeks, and my dear husbands body scarce so cold as the Coffin, what reason have you to offer it ? I am not like some of your Widows that will bury one in the evening, and be sure to another ere morning ; pray away, pray take your answers good Knights, and you be sweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry ; ---and so have my daughters too !

Penny. I, two of you have, but the third's a good wench !

Muck. Lady, a shrewd answer marry ; the best is, 'tis but the first, and he's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one sharp answer.

Tip. Where be your Daughters Lady, I hope they'll give us better encouragements ?

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so, take't a my word they'll give you the very same answer *Verbatim* truly la.

Penny. Mum : *Moll's* a good wench still, I know what she'll do ?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never : and I live these thousand years ; and you be good Knights, do not hope ; 'twill be all Vain, Vain, ---look you put off all your suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put of all their suits, quatha ? I that's the best wooing of a Widdow indeed, when a man's Nonfuted, that is, when he's a bed with her.

Going out Muckhill and Sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey* ? here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me ; there's life in't yet. *Exit Muckhill.*

Sir Godf. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhill*, I'll stick close for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-board the Schollar.

Pye. By your leave Lady Widow.

Wid. What another suiter now ?

Pye. A-suiter, no, I protest Lady ? if you'd give me your self, I'de not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so Sir, then you're the better welcome sir.

Pye. Nay, Heaven bleffe me from a Widow, unlesse I were sure to bury her speedily !

Wid. Good bluntnesse : well, your businesse, sir ?

Pye. Very needfull ; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needfull ? Brother, pray leave us ; and you sir.

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put 'em all beside the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himself, I have seen as mad a trick. *Exit Frailty.*

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir ? ---here's none but wee----Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as you ?

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious ear,

For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear ?

Pye. I, if 't passe unregarded, and uneffected, Else peace and joy : ---I pray Attention.

Widow, I have been a meer stranger for these parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain spiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory ? tuh ; that word deserves to be spit upon ; I wonder that a man of sober tongue, as you seem to be, should have the folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well Lady, in cold blood I speak it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to recide, and wherein he is like to remain, till the dissolution of the world ; till the last general Bon-fire : when all the earth shall melt into nothing, and the Seas scald their finny labourers : so long is his abidance, unlesse you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single life in your self and your eldest Daughter, and the speedy determination of marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knows he that, what, has some Devil told him ?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts : -----

Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd speedy Marriage ?

Pye. You see she tells you I, she says nothing.

Nay, give me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to me metaphisically, and by a super-natural intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Frank. Know our secrets ?

Mol. I'de thought to steal a marriage, would his tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But sir, my husband was too honest a dealing man, to be now in any Purgatories----

Pye. O do not load your conscience with untruths, 'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em ore :

That has past but for Copper ; Praises here, Cannot unbind him there : confesse but truth, I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe : Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all, how knows he that ?

Pye. He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up ; And had his drink from many a poor mans brow. Even as their labour brew'd it.

He would scrape riches to him most unjustly ;

The very dirt between his nails was ill got

And not his own, ---oh

I groan to speak on't, the thought makes me shudder ! ---shudder !

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't---sir, I am much griev'd, that you a stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead husband !

Pye-board. Oh ?

Wid. A man that would keep Church so duly ; rise early before his servants, and e'en for Religious hast, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay sir Reverence untruss, to Morning Prayer ?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon high-dayes, and when I had great guesse, would e'en shame me, and rise from the Table, to get a good seat at an after-noon Sermon.

Pye. There's the devil, there's the devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a man, for 'ad bin done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, so 'ad bin

neat

near enough to th' Preacher, Oh! -- a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a dissembler, -- Church, I, he seem'd all Church, and his conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't, You may believe my strains, I strike all true.

And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue, your self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present; a Brother of your husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forfend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearfull, if not happily prevented, -- for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this day some blood-shed before your door, whereof the humane creature dyes, of you two the elder shall run mad.

Mother & Frank. Oh!

Mol. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with most impudent prostitution, show your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me, and your younger Daughter be stricken dumb.

Mol. Dumb? out alas; 'tis the worst pain of all for a Woman, I'de rather be mad, or run naked, or any thing: dumb?

Pye. Give ear: ere the evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my speech shall have past probation, and then shall I be believed accordingly.

Widow. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Mol. Dumb? I'll speak as much as ever I can possible before evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this preface of your strange fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and blood-shedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that have such a desire to outstrip Chastity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with horreur kill the ear should hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vow'd never to marry.

Frank. And so did I.

Mol. And I vow'd never to be such an Ass, but to marry: what a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your blouds, that's all the bitterness I would you.

Widow. Oh! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey* my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearfull prefages.

Frank. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. Oh I, they do, they do; If any happy issue crown thy words, I will reward thy cunning.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady,

I wish no higher.

Exit.

Moll. Dumb? and not Marry? worse, Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse.

Exit.

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happiness, being in my Hostess's Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make these Vowes, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former preface to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmish* the Souldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and in stead of giving the Corporal some Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, and make him seem as dead; for the which the old Souldier being apprehended, and ready to be borne to execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought it self, and so shall I get my self into a most admired opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* keep true time with the Chain, my plot will be found, the Captain delivered, and my wits applauded among Schollars and Souldiers for ever.

Exit Pye-board.

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings, with the Chain.

Nic. Oh, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneakt it away by little and little, most Puritanically! we shall have good sport anon when has mist it, about my Cousin the Conjuror; the world shall see I'me an honest man of my word, for now I'me going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rosemary branches.

Exit Nich.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, my Mistress sends away all her suiters, and puts fleas in their eares.

Sim. *Frailty*, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, what so ere comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy flesh desires a Conjunction Copulative; what strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but master *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Ma-

Sim. Master *Sud*'s a good man, he washes the sins of the Beard clean.

Skir. How now, creatures? what's a Clock?

Enter old Skirmish, the Soldiers.

Frail. Why, doe you take us to be Jack at th' Clock-house?

Skir. I say again to you what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conscience, all worldly Clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conscience?---oh, I must break off, here comes the Corporall---hum, hum:---what's a Clock?

Enter Corporall.

Corp. A Clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporall *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not bawke or baffle me, dost thou? I am a Souldier---past seventeen.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12. and 1. is thirteen I hope, 2. fourteen, 3. fifteen, 4. sixteen, and 5. seventeen, then past seventeen, I will take the Dials part in a just cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Corp. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then: dost thou not know numbers? canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting ith' street?
Draw.

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs. *Simon runs in.*

Frail. I, I knew by their shuffling Clubs would be Trump; masse here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-board.

Cap. O Villain, thou hast open'd a vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

Cap. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh peace now---I have a Cordiall here to comfort thee.

Off. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among 'em now.

Cap. I'me hurt, and had more need have Surgeons, Lay hands upon me then, rough Officers.

Off. Go, carry him to be dress'd then:

This mutinous Soldier shall along with me to prison.

Skir. To prison? where's *George*?

Off. Away with him. *Exeunt with Skir.*

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amaz'd Widow, Will plant me strongly now in her belief, And wonder at the virtue of my words: For the event turns these presages from 'em, Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy Mingled with admiration: these empty creatures, Souldier and Corporall, were but ordain'd

As instruments for me to work upon.

Now to my Patient, here's his Potion. *Exit Pye-board.*

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happinesse, beyond our thoughts! O luckky fair event! I think our fortunes Were blest e'ne in our Cradles: we are quitted Of all those shamefull violent presages By this rash bleeding chance: go, *Frailty*, run, and know Whether he be yet living, or yet dead, That here before my door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the superiour, but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. *Exit Frailty.*

Franck. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller, never lookt upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous fellow surely.

Moll. I am glad I have the use of my tongue yet, though of nothing else, I shall find the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother sir *Godfrey*, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have lost my Chain, where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, h'as lost his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me speak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you should have a losse, and he has prophesied so true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophecy of the losse of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, besides 'twas my Fathers, my Fathers Fathers, my Grandfathers huge Grandfathers: I had as lieve ha lost my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it; O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be against a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly sifter, would you had me lost more? my best Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my holyday Gascoins, and my Jerkin set with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read---

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what strangers have been here? you let in strangers, Thieves and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not---steale I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, sirtha? the newes?

Frail. O, Mistresse, he may well be call'd a Corporall now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capons?

Wid. More happinesse.

Sir God. Sirtha, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, knave?

Frail. Your Chain, sir?

Sir God. My Chain is lost, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, sir, I saw none of your Chain since you were hung with it your self.

Sir God.

Sir God. Out varlet? it had full three thousand Lincks, I have oft told it over at my prayers :
Over and over, full three thousand Lincks.

Frail. Had it so, sir, sure it cannot be lost then ; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain.

Nich. Why about your neck, is't not, sir?

Sir God. About my neck, Varlet? my Chain is lost, 'Tis stoln away, I'me robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a man.

Nic. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistressse, I could bring him to a Cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a Sefarara.

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient, say, where dwells he?

Nic. Marry he dwells now, sir, where he would not dwell and he could choose, in the *Marshalsea*, sir; but he's an exlent fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the world o're, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces: why he would make it be fetcht; sir, if it were rid a housand mile out of town.

Sir God. An admirable fellow, what lies he for;

Nic. Why he did but rob a Steward of ten groats tother night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace, a trifle, I'll get his par-
Besides a botintifull reward, I'll about it, (don,
But see the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it straight, good sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my blood. *Exeunt.*

Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw two Serisants, with Yeoman Dogson, to arrest the Scholler George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hostesse where he lies will trust him no longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the Schollar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Serjeant *Raven-shaw*, I have the good Angel to arrest him.

Raven. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant. not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a Schollar: why, Serjeant, 'tis naturall in us you know to hate Schollars: naturall besides, they will publish our imperfections, knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. I, and spitefully too; troth I have wondred how the slaves could see into our breasts so much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Raven. I, and so close without yielding: oh, their parlous fellows, they will search more with their wits, than a Constable with all his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman *Dogson*.

Dog. Ha? what sayes Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries shop still,

Dog. I, I.

Put. Have an eye, have an eye.

Raven. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Schollar he weares no weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he weares no weapon.

Raven. Masse, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better heart; nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-necked; I have been one of the six my self, that has dragg'd as tall men of their hands, when their weapons have bin gone, as ever baltinado'd a Serjeant---I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's comming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha fisht in my time.

Raven. I, and caught many a fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-boord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Chain's couch't, And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't, The Widow holds me in great admiration For cunning Art: 'mongst joyes I'me e'ne lost, For my device can no way now be crost, And now I must to prison to the Captain, and there---

Put. I arrest you, sir.

Pye. Oh---I spoke truer then I was aware, I must to prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a Schollar, nay sir---Yeoman *Dogson*, have care to his armes---you'll raile again Serjeants, and stage 'em: you tickle their vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman, I'me little lesse.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good jest ifaith; can a Schollar be a Gentleman,---when a Gentleman will not be a Schollar; ---look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Schollars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Schollar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inseparabile* to my blood.

Raven. A rablement, nay you shall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and enter the Action ith' Counter.

Pye. Pray doe not handle me cruelly, I'll go *Ex. Dogf.* Whether you please to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hostesses Suit where you lie, Mistressse *Canniburrow*, for bed and board, the summe four pound five shillings and five pence.

Pye. I know the summe too true, yet I presum'd Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my starres: And I must bear it now, though never harder. I swear now, my device is crost indeed.

Captain must lie by't: this is Deccits seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus. *Making to tie his Garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne're recover of this disease: hot Iron gnaw their fists: they have struck a Fever into my shoulder, which I shall ne're shake out again I fear me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me, oh if I take prison once, I shall be preft

prest to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedily; perhaps I may be forty year a pressing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the grates, men may look through me; all my means is confounded, what shall I do? has my wit served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd servant) when I have most need of 'em: no device to keep my poor carcase from these *Put-locks*?...yes, happiness, have I a paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto wit*, I, I.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so lo long a tying on them? come away sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant I protest; you could never ha took me at a worse time, for now at this instant, I have no lawfull picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how shall we come by our fees then.

Rav. We must have fees, sirra.

Pye. I could have wisht ifaith, that you had took me halfe an hour hence for your own sake, for I protest if you had not crost me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this paper but now, come, I must be contented, 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. I, well said Serjeant, 'tis good to cast about for mony.

Put. Speak, if it be not far---

Pye. We are but a little past it, the next street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievously already, if you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double fees, and spend upon's, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. I, well said still Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will suffice, it shall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a penny, my Hostels shall have her four pound five shillings, and bate me the five pence, and the other fifteen shillings I'll spend upon you.

Ravinish. Why now thou art a good Schollar.

Put. An excellent Schollar ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

Exeunt with him, passing in they knock at the door with a knocker withinside.

Ser. Who knocks, whose at door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few friends here. ---pray is the Gentleman your Master within?

Ser. Yes, is your business to him?

Pye. I, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me.

Ser. I by my troth, sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, please you to walk here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his worship,---worship I think, for so much the posts at his door should signifie, and the fait coming in, and the wicker; else I neither knew him nor his worship, but 'tis happiness he is within doors, what so ere he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this house, is't not most wholsomely plotted?

Rav. Troth prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me; for he ne're knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Master.

A pritty comfortable room this methinks:

You have no such roomes in prison now?

Put. Oh dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes indeed---I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here shortly, nay and dyet too, for he's the most free-hearted'st Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it? and what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make verses.

Put. O it stands pleasantly for a Schollar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Masse here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well;---All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Masse it seems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, sir.

Pye. I beseech you, conceal me sir, I'm undone else,--I have the Mask here for you sir, Look you sir,---I beseech your worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extreams makes me boulder then I would be; I am a poor Gentleman and a Schollar, and now most unfortunately false into the hands of unmercifull Officers, arrested for debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I'm destitute of lands, mony, and friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinched clean to the bone: Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtfull what to do; at last it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this paper, and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance, to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your door, sir, which my thoughts shew'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon understanding, and pity: may it please your good worship then, but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device he sayes; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Schollar, and especially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought, come in sir, and receive your mony, sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worship,--- You heard how he like't it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not choose but like it: go thy wayes, thou art a fine witty fellow ifaith, thou shalt discourse it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

¶ D

Pye. I,

Pye. I, I, that I will,-- look Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty toyes, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little villain, fetch thy chinck, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part Of my salvation, in these earthly evils, For he has sav'd me from three hungry Devils.

Exit George.

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could nere fancie them yet, me thinks they're too busie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could nere find the Counter in the Poultry.

Rav. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dog. Mafs that's true, then we must look oth' back-side for't: sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never markt so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see men peep out of door in 'em, oh we might have 'em in a morning to our Break-fast so finely, and nere knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

Rav. I marry sir, I'de buy one my self. But this talk is by the way, where shall's sup to night: Five pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.

I have a trick worth all, you two shall bear him toth' Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the summe, to finger money; because shee knows 'tis but a desperate debt, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share tother fifty shillings, Bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Ra. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't ifaith.

Dog. Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he staves so long.

Put. He carries long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountifull.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll search him.

Put. Nay be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Ra. Oh here comes the Gentleman, by your leave, Sir.

Gen. God you god den sirs,--would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your worship, sir; only we are bold to stay for a friend of ours, that went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? not the Schollar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gon above an hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gen. I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gen. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was out prisoner, sir, we did arrest him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers --- you were too blame then,

Why did you not make known to me as much; I could have kept him for you, I protest, He receiv'd all of me in Britain Gold, Of the last coyning.

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. Sfoot has he gull'd us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a month.

Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship, -- you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Ra. The Hole shall rot him.

Dog. Amen.

Exeunt.

Gen. So,

Vex out your Lungs without doors, I am proud, It was my hap to help him, it fell fit,

He went not empty neither for his wit:

Alas poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,

To labour his delivery, to be free,

From their unpitying fangs, -- I'me glad it stood,

Within my power to do a Scholar good. *Exit.*

Enter in the Prison, meeting George and Captain, George coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The same that I should be, Captain.

Cap. *George Pye-board*, honest *George*? why can'st thou in half-fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should nere ha laugh't agen, never spent frolick hour agen.

Cap. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with news As happy as thy quick delivery, Was trac'd out by the sent, arrested, Captain.

Cap. Arrested, *George*?

Pye. Arrested; guess, guess, how many Dogs do you think I'de upon me?

Cap. Dogs? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as *George Store* the Bear: Three at once, three at once.

Cap. How did'st thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our wits, let it Here I stand safe, and scap't by miracle: (suffice,

Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep

Our eyes in laughter: Captain, my device

Leans to thy happiness, for ere the day

Be spent toth' Girdle, thou shalt be free:

The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is mist,

Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old Knight

With Palsy-hams now labours thy release.

What rests, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain?

Cap. Conjure? sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'de not have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring: look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready characterized and all.

Ca. Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right wits, dost know what thou say'st? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? did'st thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy life? dost call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, me thinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why

Pye. Why every fool knowes that Captain : nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll stay and hang the next Sessions you may.

Cap. No, by my faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, as my wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put Crowns in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Souldier, to make you now a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly the onely best purchase peace can allow you) safer then High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better booty; for your greatest thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wise, and cheat within doores; and we geld fooles of more money in one night, then your false-tail'd Gelding will purchase in a twelve-moneths running, which confirms the old Bedlams saying, he's wisest, that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good fire.

Cap. Well opened ifaith, *George*, thou hast pull'd that saying out of the husk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'Tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to say to't, conjure? I shall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne're conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you, look you, sir, a parlous matter, sure, first to spread your circle upon the ground, then with a little conjuring ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-mans wand silver'd o're a purpose for you, then arriving in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample, as for instance: have you never seen a stalking, stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heeles?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one? for any thing will blear the old Knights eyes: for you must note, that he'll ne're dare to venture into the room, onely perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Cap. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I shall but shame my self ifaith, *George*, speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and spoile all: nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative laughter, that if the Devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a man, and may easily be hush't, as to think upon some disaster, some sad misfortune, as the death of thy Father ith' Countrey.

Cap. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an extasie, that I should ne're lin laughing.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging else.

Cap. Masse that's well remembred, now I'll doe well, I warrant thee, ne're fear me now: but how shall I doe, *George*, for boysterous words, and horrible names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian invocations, Captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecaries shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth, and you say true, *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, though they bene're so poor when they begin? but here lies the fear on't, how in this false conjuration, a true Devil

should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne're such a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Cap. Then h'as false enough a conscience ifaith, *George*.

The Cry at Marshalsea.

Cry prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your relief:.

Good Gentlemen over the way,---Good sir *Godfrey*?

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Master, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin---Kinsman, that's my Master yonder ith' Taffaty Hat---pray salute him intirely?

They salute: and Pye-boord salutes Master Edmond.

Sir God. Now my friend.

Pye. May I partake your name, sir?

Edm. My name is Master *Edmond*.

Pye. Master *Edmond*,---are you not a *Welsh*-man, sir?

Edm. A *Welsh*-man? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen name, and *Edmond* your sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Master *Edmond Plus* is my full name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy sir? *Whispering.*

Cap. I understand that you are my Kinsmans good Master, and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your service: but had you fortun'd a meer stranger, and made no meanes to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denyed to have been the man; both by reason of the Act of Parliament against Conjurers and Witches, as also, because I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my Sisters house,---mine own house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Cap. Very good, sir,---what may I call your losse, sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great losse, a grievous losse, sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I say it, that wore it: how sayest thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain a Gold, Kinsman you know,---

Sir God. You know? did you know't, Captain?

Cap. Trust a fool with secrets?---Sir he may say I know: his meaning is, because my Art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.---

Sir God. I very true.

Cap. A pax of all fooles---the excuse stuck upon my tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariners Gown, not to come off in haste---ber-lady, Knight, to lose such a fair Chain a Gold, were a foule losse: Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between heaven and earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you?

Sir God. A wonderfull Conjurer,---O I, 'tis between heaven and earth I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,---I know 'tis somewhere about the earth.

Cap. I; nigher the earth then thou wor't on.

Sir God. For first my Chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heaven, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir Godf. Thou say'st true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Cap. Faith Knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain agen.

Sir Godf. O dainty Captain!

Cap. Marry it will cost me much sweat, I were better go to sixteen Hot-houses.

Sir Godf. I, good man, I warrant thee.

Cap. Beside great vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nic. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Cousin, because you have not been us'd to't.

Sir Godf. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Cap. Plague of all fools still; -- indeed Knight I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir Godf. Oh it will, it will.

Cap. What plunges he puts me to? were not this Knight a fool, I had been twice spoil'd now; that Captain's worse then accurst that has an Ass to a Kinsman, sfoot I fear he will drivell't out before I come to't. -- Now sir, -- to come to the point indeed, -- you see I stick here in the jaw of the *Marshalsea*, and cannot do't.

Sir Godf. Tut tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldst say thou'rt a prisoner, I tell thee th'art none.

Cap. How, none? why is not this the *Marshalsea*?

Sir Godf. Wouldst hear me speak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:

My Chain was lost, I sweat for thy release,
As thou shalt do the like at home for me:
Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speak, is not this man free?

Keep. Yes, at his pleasure, Sir, the Fees discharg'd.

Sir Godf. Go, go, I'll discharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worship. *Exit Keeper.*

Cap. Now, trust me, y'are a dear Knight; kindnesse unexpected! oh there's nothing to a free Gentleman. -- I will Conjure for you, sir, 'till Froth come through my Buffe-Jerkin.

Sir Godf. Nay, then thou shalt not passe with so little a bounty, for at the first sight of my Chain agen, --- Fourty five Angels shall appear unto thee.

Cap. 'Twill be a glorious show, ifaith Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your own house? are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir Godf. I, I, no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray heaven he give him good counsel.

Cap. Who, he? he's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, Knight, the finest Fortune-teller.

Sir Godf. Oh! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady sister, and foretold the losse of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my Fortune to lose it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my Sisters the Widows, there you prophesied of the loss of a Chain: -- simply though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rarest fellow, has told me my fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What is't? God send it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, Nuncle: for he says I shall prove such an excellent Gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster then my Father got it.

Sir Godf. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humour so pat.

Sir Godf. I, that will be the end on't: will the Curse of the Beggar prevail so much, that the son shall consume that foolishly, which the father got craftily; I, I, I; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay. *Pye-board with an Almanack,*

Cap. Turn over, *George.* *and the Captain.*

Pye. June, July; here, July, thats the month, Sunday thirteen, yesterday fourteen, to day fifteen.

Cap. Look quickly for the fifteen day, --if within the compasse of these two dayes there would be some Boystrous storm or other, it would be the best, I'de defer him off till then; some Tempest, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteen day, --Hot and fair.

Cap. Puh, would't ad been, Hot and foul.

Pye. The sixteen day, that's to morrow; The morning for the most part, fair and pleasant.

Cap. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and thunder.

Cap. Lightning and thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll Conjure to morrow just at high-noon, *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give the leave to lye all the year after.

Cap. Sir, I must crave your patience, to bestow this day upon me, that I may furnish my self strongly, -- I sent a Spirit into *Lancashire* tother day, to fetch back a knave Drover, and I look for his return this evening -- to morrow morning, my friend here, and I will come and break-fast with you.

Sir Godf. Oh, you shall be most welcome.

Cap. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to Conjure.

Sir Godf. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to Conjure at our house, to morrow, Sir?

Cap. Marry do I, sir? 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: o rare! *Nicholas*, we shall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nic. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Cap. Law, he could ha told him of that, fool, coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earn some money of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is lost?

Cap. Oh, any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, sir, I tell't you as a friend and a Conjuror; I should marry a Pothecharies Daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her Maiden-head at *Stonie-Stratford*: now if you'll do but so much as Conjure for't, and make all whole agen --.

Cap. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Cap. A little merry with your sisters son, sir.

Sir Godf. Oh, a simple young man, very simple, come Captain, and you, sir; we'll e'en part with a gallon of wine 'till to morrow break-fast.

Tip. Cap. Troth, agreed, sir.

Nic. Kinsman -- Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nic. Am I indeed, la: I thank you heartily, la.

Exeunt.

Alm.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dub.

Pen. But I hope you will not serve a Knight so, Gentlewoman, will you? to cashier him, and cast him off at your pleasure; what doe you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my faith Ladies daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir John Penny-Dub, let it be defer'd awhile, I have a heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Penny. Pax oth' Fortune-teller, would Derrick had been his fortune seven yeare ago, to crosse my love thus: did he know what case I was in? why this is able to make a man drown himself in's Father's Fish-pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir John, that the breach of it, kept my Father in Purgatory.

Penny. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there, what have we to doe with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his water, is that any matter to us? how can he hinder our love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? ---Well, have I rid post day and night, to bring you merry newes of my Fathers death, and now---

Moll. Thy Fathers death? is the old Farmer dead?

Penny. As dead as his Barn door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your word with me now, sir John, that I shall have my Coach and my Coach-man?

Penny. I faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw it?

Penny. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't.

Pen. Thou shalt *Moll.*

Mol. And to let me have money in my purse to go whether I will.

Pen. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe're come's on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids oth' Kitchin. *Exe.*

Enter Widow with her eldest Daughter, Franck, and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir Godfrey? went he forth this morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at break-fast, with sir reverence a Conjuror.

Wid. A Conjuror? what manner of fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow, Mistresse, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin: he sayes he will fetch Sir Godfrey's Chain agen, if it hang between heaven and earth.

Wid. What he will nor? then he's an exlent fellow I warrant: how happy were that woman to be blest with such a Husband, a man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty*? very swartly I warrant, with black beard, scorcht cheeks, and smoaky eye-browes.

Frail. Foooh--he's neither smoak-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to see to, as one of us; I do think but if you saw him once, you'de take him to be a Christian.

Franck. So fair, and yet so cunning, that's to be wonder'd at, Mother.

Enter Sir Andrew, Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaffe.

Muck. Blesse you, sweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Mistresse.

Exit Frailty.

Wid. Coades, what doe you mean, Gentlemen? he, did I not give you your answers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a kisse: Daughter, kisse the Gentleman for once.

Franck. Yes forsooth.

Tip. I'me proud of such a favour.

Wid. Truly la, sir Oliver, y'are much to blame to come agen when you know my mind, so well deliver'd--- as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how say you? did I not?

Muck. But the sincere love which my heart beares to you---

Wid. Go to, I'le cut you off; and Sir Oliver to put you in comfort, as far off, my fortune is read me, I must marry again.

Muck. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose; nay, I'le hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haste? *In her ear.*

Tipst. Faith, Mistresse Frances, I'le maintain you gallantly, I'le bring you to Court, wean you among the fair society of Ladies poor Kinswomen of mine in cloth of Silver, beside you shall have your Moncky, your Parrat, your Muskat, and your Pisse, Pisse, Pisse.

Franck. It will doe very well.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how shall I do to be rid of these Knights, --please you Gentlemen to walk a while ith' Garden, to gather a pinck, or a Jilly-flower.

Beth. With all our hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd. *Exit.*

Sir God. within. Step in Nicholas, look, is the coast clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's eye, sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjuror: ---now--- how like you our Room, sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-boord, Edmond, Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderfull convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, simply though it lies here, tis the fairest Room in my Mothers house, as dainty a Room to Conjure in, me thinks, --why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthiest men he could get.

Sir God. Nay put by your chats now, fall to your business roundly, the Rescue of the Diall is upon the Crosse of Noon: but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualme comes o're my stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the matter, sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil should prove a knave, and tear the hangings.

Cap. Fuh,

Cap. Puh, I warrant you, *Sir Godfrey*.

Edm. I, Nuncle, or spit fire upo'th'fealing.

Sir Godf. Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaistered, and 'twill quickly take hold a the laths: and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

Cap. My life for yours, *Sir Godfrey*.

Sir Godf. My sister is very curious and dainty ore this room I can tell you, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th'Chimney.

Pye. Why, assure you, *Sir Godfrey*, he shall not be brought up wit h so little manners, to spit and spawl a'th'floor.

Sir Godf. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I,--fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the Godlies Zealous works.

Edm. That will be a fine device, Nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the door, I'll tear two or three Rosaries in pieces, and strew the pieces about the Chamber: Oh! the Devil already. *runs in. Thunders.*

Pye. Sfoot, Captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray peace, *George*, -- thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins agen; now, now, now! Captain.

Cap. *Rumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, colucandrian, Hois-Plois.*

Sir Godfrey through the key-hole, within.

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Conjuror! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark hark, agen Captain.

Cap. *Benjamino, - gaspois-kay-gosgothoeron-umbrois.*

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.

Pye. Agen.

Cap. *Flowste-kakopumpas-dragone-leloomenas-hodge-podge.*

Pye. Well said, Captain.

Sir Godf. So long a coming? Oh would I had nere begun't now, for I fear me these roaring Tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn--oh, i'th'Countrey.

Cap. *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounslow, hockley te coome park.*

Wid. O brother, brother, what a Tempest's i'th'Garden, sure there's some Conjuror abroad.

Sir Godf. 'Tis at home, sister.

Pye. By and by I'll step in, Captain.

Cap. *Nunck-Nunck-Rip-Gascoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.*

Sir Godf. He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. *O Sulphure Sootface.*

Pye. Arch-Conjuror, what would'st thou with me?

Sir Godf. O, the Devil, sister, i'th'dining-Chamber: sing sister, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly, quickly. *goes in.*

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee: enough Captain, enough: allow us some time to laugh a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their kidneies.

Cap. Sirrah *George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Would believe me, Captain, better then any Conjuror, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'ft you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I must needs say so, *George*: sirrah if we could ha convey'd hither cleanly a cracker, or a fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I protest, *George*, my heels are forer then a Whison Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now, -- onely to reveal that the Chain's i'th'Garden, where; thou know'st, it has lain these two dayes.

Cap. But I fear, that fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you must put it toth'venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon'em, take pittty on'em, for I believe some of 'em are in a pittifull case by this time.

Cap. *Sir Godfrey, Nicholas*, Kinsman, -- sfoot they're fast at it still: *George, Sir Godfrey?*

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the Devil's voice? how comes he to know my name?

Cap. Fear not, *Sir Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What, is he laid?

Cap. Laid: and has newly dropt Your chain i'th'Garden.

Sir Godf. I'th'Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir Godf. O sweet Conjuror! whereabouts there?

Cap. Look well about a banck of Rosemary.

Sir Godf. Sister, the Rosemary-banck, come, come; there's my chain he sayes.

Wid. Oh happiness! run, run. *supposed to goe.*

Edm. Captain Conjuror? *Edm. at key-hole.*

Cap. Who? Master *Edmond*?

Edm. I, Master *Edmond*; may I come in safely without danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long agoe, 'tis all as 'twas at first: Fear nothing, pray come near, - how now, man?

Edm. Oh! this room's mightily hot ifaith: slid, my shirt sticks to my Belly already: what a steam the Rogue has left behind him? foh, this room must be air'd, Gentlemen, it smells horribly of Brimstone, - let's open the windows.

Pye. Faith, Master *Edmond*, 'tis but your conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, ifaith, why do you think I cannot smell his favour, from another: yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a fear, ifaith: a my troth I shall love you for this the longest day of my life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you see more.

Edm. Mafs, now I remember, I'll look whether he has singed the hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come: make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this instant I could but flourish my wand thrice ore your head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible man? I should laugh at that ifaith; troth I'll requite your kindness, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjuror.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master *Edmond Plus*, why, look you, sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap. You see the Fortune-teller yonder at farder end ath'.

a'th'chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he shall nere find you.

Edm. Say you so, I'll try that ifaith,--- *Justles him.*

Pye. Hoe now, Captain? whose that justled me?

Cap. Justled you? I saw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha,---say 'twas a spirit.

Cap. Shall I?---may be some spirit that haunt the circle.

Pye. O my nose, agen, pray conjure then Captain.

Pulls him by the Nose.

Edm. Troth this is extlent, I may do any knavery now and never be seen,---and now I remember me, Sir Godfrey my Uncle abus'd me tother day, and told tales of me to my Mother--- Troth now I'me invisible, I'll hit him a sound wherrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden,---I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frank, Nicholas with the Chain.

Sir Godf. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again; *Edmond strikes him.*

O sweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.

Oh, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why Captain, am I not invisible?

Cap. A good jest, *George*,---not now you are not sir, Why did you not see me, when I did uncharme you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain:

Then pray you pardon me, Uncle, I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir Godf. So, you would do't? go,---y're a foolish boy, And were I not ore-come with greater joy, I'de make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction, push---no, neither you nor my Mother, shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir Godf. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my sweet Chain, gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare man: 'twas just i'th' Rosemary bank, as if one should ha laid it there,---oh cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tells me I must marry; let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the world knows that a worthy Captain, is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a sweet bed-fellow for any Lady,---I'll have it so---

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest fight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave fight?

Frail. Oh, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

Wid. A ruefull sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot Captain, I'll pawn my life the Corporal's coffin'd, and old *Skirmish* the souldier going to execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer sleepy potion, and we shall have extlent admiration; for I'll take upon me the cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the souldier bound, and led by Officers, the Sheriff there,

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Souldier, prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were those Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir Godf. What they were not, Sister?

Skirm. *George*, look to't, I'll peach at *Tiburn* else.

Pye. Mum,---Gentles all, vouchsafe me audience, and you especially Master Sheriff:

Yon man is bound to execution,

Because he wounded this that now lies coffin'd?

Sher. True, true, he shall have the law,---and I know the law.

Pye. But under favour, Master Sheriff, if this man had been cured and safe agen, he should have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why, make you question of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the death that he should die, if within a little season, I do not cure him to his proper health again.

Sher. How sir? recover a dead man?

That were most strange of all. *Frank comes to him.*

Frank. Sweet sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours,---oh do not undertake such an impossible venture.

Pye. Love you me; then for your sweet sake I'll do't: Let me entreat the corps to be set down.

Sher. Bearers set down the Coffin,-- this is wonderfull, and worthy *Stoos* Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedome of the aire upon our wholsome Art,---Masse his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: nay good Corporal wake betime, or I shall have a longer sleep then you,---'Sfoot if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, then have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, oh---he stirs--he stirs agen---look Gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us---out alas.

Pye. Nay pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else,---he knows no body yet.

Cor. Zowns: where am I? cover'd with snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would swear the first thing he did, as soon as he came to life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot Hostesse---some hot porridge,---oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagors in the Moon Parler, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pitty of him ifaith, and send him into your Kitchen fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart sir, *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nic. Bear him in, quatha, pray call out the Maids, I shall nere have the heart to do't indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost of all men.

Cor. 'Slood, let me see, where was I drunk last night, hah-

Wid. Oh, shall I bid you once agen take him away.

Frail. Why, we're as fearfull as you I warrant you---oh--

Wid. Away villains, bid the maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his brain--or a posset of Sack, quickly, quickly. *Exeunt, pushing in the corps.*

Sher. Sir, what so ere you are, I do more then admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendome.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderfull: Officers I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir Godf.

Sir God. I, and a banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriffe, to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late prisoner there: see you this goodly Chain, sir, mum, no more words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost ith' white sheet sit at upper end oth' Table.

Sheriffe. Extent merry man ifaith.

Exit.

Franck. Well, seeing I am enjoyn'd to love and marry, My foolish vow thus I casheere to aire
(ry,
Which first begot it, - now love play thy part;
The Schollar reads his lecture in my heart.

Actus Quintus.

Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. This is the Marriage morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master Edmond, we shall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church door, my Sister is almost ready.

Fra. What already, Master Edmond?

Edm. Nay go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Master *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the *Milliner*, and then run home agen.

Frail. Here's run, run, run----

Ed. But hark, *Frailty*.

Fra. What, more yet?

Edm. Has the Maids remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Fra. Foh, an hour ago I helpt 'em my self.

Ed. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away, then. *Exit Frailty.*

Edm. I shall have a simple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the finest name that can be for a woman, and then the Schollar, Master *Pye-boord* for my Sister *Frances*, that will be *Mistresse Frances Pye-boord*, *Mistresse Frances Pye-boord*, they'll keep a good Table I warrant you: Now all the Knights noses are put out of joynt, they may go to a Bone-setters now.

Enter Captain and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; oh who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweet Captain, and my fine Schollar? oh how bravely they are shot up in one night, they look like fine *Britains* now me thinks, here's a gallant change ifaith; 'slid, they have hir'd men and all by the Clock.

Cap. Master Edmond, kind, honest, dainty Master Edmond.

Edm. Foh, sweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume ifaith.

Pye. What, are the Brides stirring? may we steall upon 'em think'st thou, Master Edmond?

Edm. Faw, their e'ne upon readinesse I can assure you: for they were at their Torch e'ne now, by the same token I tumbled down the staires.

Pye. Alafs, poor Master Edmond.

Enter Musicians.

Cap. O, the Musicians! I prethee, Master Edmond, call 'em in and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her cloathes.

Pen. Whewh, *Mistresse Moll*, *Mistresse Moll*.

Moll. Who's there?

Pen. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir John Penny-Dub? O you're an early Cock ifaith, who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

Pen. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my faith Sir John, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous if once you get above.

Pen. I'll not stay ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith you shall stay: for, Sir John, you must note the nature of the Climates: your Northern Wench in her own Countrey may well hold out till she be fifteen, but if she touch the South once, and come up to London, here the Chimes go presently after twelve.

Pen. O th'art a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haste, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous unheard of forgery.

Tip. Knight, I never heard of such villany in our own Countrey, in my life.

Muck. Why 'tis impossible, dare you maintain your words?

Skir. Dare we? e'ne to their wezen pipes: we know all their plots, they cannot squander with us, they have knavishly abus'd us, made onely properties on's to advance their selves upon our shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses, this morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much besotted on flights and forgeries, the revelation of their villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindnesse, as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and to speak truth, for such needfull occasions, I onely preserve him in bond, and sometimes he may doe me more good here in the City by a free word of his mouth, then if he had paid one half in hand, and took Doomesday for tother.

Tip. Introth, sir, without soothing he it spoken, you have publisht much judgement in these few words.

Muck. For you know, what such a man utters will be thought effectually, and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if she'll be true.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Muck. How now, fellow.

Serv. May it please you, sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his honour's early: You see he loves me well; up before heaven, Trust me, I have found him night-capt at eleven: There's good hope yet: come, I'll relate all to him.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar after them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow changed in apparel, Mistress Frances led between two Knights, Sir John Penny-dub and Moll: there meets them a Noble man, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tip-staff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your honour is most chafly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you: upon whom can I justly cast this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, such is the blind besotting in the state of an un-headed woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a bandfull excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, state, and posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only love you to undoe you: who regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one man amongst ten thousand millions of men, that is accurst, disastrous, and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all Societies esteem least, that man is sure to be a Husband-- Such is the peevish Moon that rules your blouds. An impudent fellow best woos you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughly, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish truth from forgeries, mists from simplicity: witness those two deceitfull Monsters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitfull--

Pye. All will out.

Cap. Sfoot, who has blab'd, George? that foolish Nicholas.

Nob. For, what they have besotted your easie bloud withall, were nought but forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir Godfrey heard the falshood of all: nothing but meer knavery, deceit, and cozenage.

Wid. O wonderfull! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his craft, could not keep himself out of Purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder, that my Chain should be gon, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred most of all, that I should be tyed from Marriage, having such a mind to't: come Sir John Penny-dub, fair weather on our side, the Moon has chang'd since yesternight.

Pye. The Scing of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their fellow-actor in those forgeries, who full of Spleen and envy at their so sudden advancements, ravel'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Bafe Souldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false, which too soon you believed true?

Wid. O, to my shame, I do.

Sir Godf. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, Souldier.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the arch-Gull of all.

Sir Godf. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: for the Chain was but hid in the Rosemary-banck all this while, and thou gotst him out of prison to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir Godf. O villany of villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's, Truly la, Indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob; pure Nicholas Saint Antlings.

Sir Godf. O villain! one of our Society, Deem'd alwayes holy, pure, religious:

A Puritan, a thief? when was't ever heard?

Soon we'll kill a man, then Steal, thou know'st.

Out Slave, I'll rend my Lyon from thy back--with mine own hands.

Nich. Dear Master, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.

And now, Widow, being so near the Church, 'twere great pitty, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a Husband: draw near, you of true Worship, state and credit, that should not stand so far off from a Widow, and suffer forged shapes to come between you: Not that in these I blemish the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar: for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitfull Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, bestow your eyes and your purest affections, upon men of estimation, both in Court and City, that have long wooed you, and both with their hearts and wealth, sincerely love you.

Sir Godf. Good sister, do: sweet little Frank, these are men of reputation, you shall be welcome at Court: a great credit for a Citizen, sweet sister.

Nob. Come, her silence do's consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own face, they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my daughter have wrong'd your loves.

Muck. 'Tis easily pardon'd, Lady, If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my soul.

Fran. And I, with all my heart.

Moll. And I, Sir John with soul, heart, lights and all.

Sir Godf. They are all mine, Moll.

Nob. Now, Lady:

What honest Spirit, but will applaud your choice, And gladly furnish you with hand and voice; A happy change, which makes e'en heaven rejoice. Come, enter in your Joyes, you shall not want, For, fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me, But that you shall have hands enough to give me.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

q E

THE
A C T O R S
N A M E S.

In the Play Intituled

The PURITAN WIDOW.

The Scene London.

Lady Plus, a Citizens Widow.

Frances } *her two Daughters.*
Moll }

Sir Godfrey, Brother-in-Law to the Widow Plus.

Master Edmond, Son to the Widow Plus.

George Pye-boord, a Schollar and a Citizen.

Peter Skirmish, an old Soldier.

Captain Idle, a Highway-man.

Corporall Oath, a vain-glorious Fellow.

Nicholas St. Antlings

Simon St. Mary Overies } *Serving-men to the*
 } *Lady Plus.*

Frailty

Sir Oliver Muck-hill, a Suiter to the Lady Plus.

Sir John Penny-Dub, a Suiter to Moll.

Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, a Suiter to Frances.

The Sheriffe of London.

Puttock

Ravenshaw } *Two of the Sheriffs Serjeants.*

Dogson, a Yeoman.

A Noble-man.

A Gentleman Citizen.

Officers.

A York-



A YORK-SHIRE TRAGEDY,

Not so New, as Lamentable and True.

Enter Oliver and Raphe, two Serving-men.

Oliver.

Sirra *Raphe*, my young Mistris is in such a pitifull passionate humour for the long absence of her Love.

Raphe. Why can you blame her, why, Apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, viz. Mad wenches because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliver. Masse thou saist true, 'tis common indeed, but sirrah, is neither our young Master returned, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London*?

Raphe. Neither of either, as the Puritan Bawd sayes. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam*'s comè, here tarry, come ifaith, now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat, if he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not? What *Raph* and *Oliver*.

Am. Honest fellow *Sam*, welcome ifaith, what tricks hast thou brought from *London*?

Furnisht with things from London.

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato wyers upon my brest, a Capcase by my side, a Brush at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, and three Bal-lats in my codpiece, nay I am the true picture of a common servingman.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou maist set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with lesse I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies, but what's the news from *London*, *Sam*?

Raph. I that's well sed, what is the news from *London*, sirrah. My young Mistris keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more fool she, I, the more ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another, long ago.

Amb. Faith ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her; for you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Raphe. I that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah *Sam*, I would not for two years wages my young Mistris knew so much, she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and nere be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her bed, why he has consumed all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in wax for him; There's a fine phrase for a Scrivener, puh, he owes more then his skin is worth.

Oliver. Is't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and children bastards, as naturally as can be, but what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches: I quite forgot my two potting sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliver. I, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your conscience ifaith, have not we as good potting sticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th fire, the mind of a thing is all, and as thou said 'st even now, far fetcht are the best things far Ladies.

Oliv. I, and for waiting gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Raphe*, is our beer sower this thunder?

Raph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour, 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it, they call it knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, I'll give you all the degrees of it in order.

Exeunt.

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away, My husband never ceases in expence, Both to consume his credit and his house, And 'tis set down by heavens just decree, That Riots child must needs be beggery. Are these the vertues that his youth did promise?

¶ E 2

Dice

Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his bed with surfets. Ill befitting
The ancient honour of his House and Name :
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weaknesse of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot answer his expence :
He sits and sullenly locks up his armes,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward, which makes
Him appear so dreadfull, that he frights my heart :
Walks heavily, as if his soule were earth ;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vext, his money cannot make them last :
A fearfull melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox of the last throw, it made
Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight :
I'me damn'd, I'me damn'd, the Angels have forlook me ;
Nay 'tis certainly true : for he that has no coyn,
Is damn'd in this world ; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Huf. Oh ! most punishment of all, I have a Wife.

Wife. I doe entreat you as you love your soule,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Huf. A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse ?

Both beggery of the soule as of the body,
And so much unlike himself at first,
As if some vexed spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
He sayes I am the cause, I never yet
Spoke lesse then words of duty and of love.

Huf. If marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are
honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.
Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars ?
Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing ; he can-
not live but upo' fool, for he will have no Land to
maintain him : that mortgage fits like a snaffle upon mine
inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a promoter, and my third a
Thief, or an under-putter, a Slave Pander.
Oh beggery, beggery, to what base uses doth it put a man.
I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd :
He beares himself more proudly, has more care on his
credite.

Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty.

Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Shew me the true cause of your discontent.

Huf. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.

Wi. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my self be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boyes
You have been Father to.

Huf. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks.

Wi. Heaven knowes how those words wrong me,
But I'll endure these griefs among a thousand more :
Oh call to mind your Lands already morgag'd,
Your self wound into debts, your hopefull Brother
At the University into bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And-----

Huf. Ha done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy words
Shall kill my pleasure ? fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in humour : Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your company : curb'd in ?
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custome ? that I flagd in money ?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Huf. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest,
He spurns her.

I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc't in bed, till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Huf. Look it be done, shall I want dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my pockets,
Holds his Hands in his Pockets.

But my hands to fill them up with nayles ?
Oh much against my blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a loker on :
A Bawde to Dice ; I'll shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield, I say look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall. *Exit.*

Huf. Speedily, speedily, I hate the very hour I chose
a Wife, a trouble, trouble, three Children like three evils
hang upon me, sic, sic, sic, strumpet and bastards, strum-
pet and bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1. *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your
Tongue ?

Your self to stain the honour of your Wife,
Nobly descended ; those whom men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more then mad
That wounds himself, whose own words
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2. *Gen.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

3. *Gen.* Let honest kindness sway so much with you.

Huf. God den, I thank you, sir, how do you ? adieu, I
am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.
Exeunt Gent.

Enter a Servant.

How now sirra ? what would you ?

Ser. Onely to certifie you, sir, that my Mistresse was
met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to
London by her honourable Uncle, your Worships late
Guardian.

Huf. So, sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But

But let her look that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home.
Exit Servant.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huf. No nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Huf. Who me ? chide me ? do't finely then , let it not
move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own follies, for it is they
Deserve to be well beaten ; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption,
I am sorry for thee ; that man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name,
And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy fathers and fore-fathers worthy honours,
Which were our Countrey monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into mens beliefs,
Such dearth should hang on thee, we that see it,
Are sorry to believe it : in thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurld :
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the world.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her private friend,
The party you wor on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought,
I am past my patient blood, shall I stand idle
And see my reputation toucht to death ?

Huf. This has gal'd you, has it ?

Gent. No monster, I prove
My thoughts did onely tend to virtuous love.

Huf. Love of her virtues ? there it goes.

Gent. Base spirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitfull honour of thine own bed.

They fight, and the Husband is hurt.

Huf. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet ?

Huf. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne're shall do. *Fight again.*

Huf. Have you got tricks ? are you in cunning with me ?

Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

Husband falls down.

Huf. Hard fortune, am I level'd with the ground ?

Gent. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.

Huf. I, you slave.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave,
You see, my Sword's not thisty for your life,
I am sorrier for your wound, then your self ;
Y'are of a virtuous house, shew virtuous deeds,
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds :
Much good has been expected in your life,
Cancel not all mens hopes, you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient : heap not wrongfull shame

On her and your posterity : let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. *Exit.*

Huf. Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth hath left me ? Oh, my heart
Would fain leap after him, revenge I say,
I'm mad to be reveng'd, my strumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit blood, but thou shalt bleed :
Vanquish't ? got down ? unable e'en to speak ?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak,
I, 'twas that ore-threw me, I'de nere been down else. *Exit.*

Enter Wife in a riding-sute, with a Serving-man.

Serv. Faith Mistress, if it may not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad ?
'Tis grief enough within doors ; at first sight
Mine Uncle could run o're his prodigal life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had numbred all his follies :
Knew of his morgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself withered with debt ; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good :
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier then an unshapt Bear.
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And place at Court : a good and sure releif
To all his stooping fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.

Serv. I should think so : Mistress, if he should not now
be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should
think the Devil himself kept open house in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prythee leave me,
I think I hear him coming.

Serv. I am gone. *Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of Usurers hands :
Now there is no need of sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband. *Enter Husband.*

Huf. Now, are you come ? where's the money ? let's
see the money, is the rubbish sold ? those wiseakers your
Lands, why then, the money, where is it ? poure it
down, down with it, down with it ; I say pour't on the
ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My words shall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

Huf. Ha, what's that ?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hear-
ing. My Uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild use-
age (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your decli-
ning fortunes, provided a place for you at Court, of worth
and credit : which so much overjoyed me ----

Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and over-joyed,
When I'm in torment. *spurns her.*
Thou politick whore, subtiller then nine Devils, was
this

this thy journey to *Nunck*, to set down the history of me, my state and fortunes:

Shall I, that dedicated my self to pleasure, be now confin'd in service to crouch, and stand like an old man ith' hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head ith' Church: base slut, this fruit beares thy complaints.

Wife. Oh, heaven knowes,
That my complaints were praises, and best words
Of you, and your estate; onely my friends
Knew of your morgag'd Lands, and were posselt
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (though it suits a mother
To shew a naturall care in their reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my self to calme your blood,
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish, e'ne Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.

Huf. Mony, whore, mony, or I'll----- draws his dagger.

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil? how now? thy hasty newes?

Ser. May it please you, sir.

Huf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee:
quick, short.

Ser. Why sir, a Gentleman from the University staves below to speak with you.

Huf. From the University? so, University,
That long word runs through me.

Exit.

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this newes stept in between, the point
Had offered violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my miseries: I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all Wives that are,
Nothing will please him, untill all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be prefer'd,
A place of credit, a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty beggars,
I see how ruine with a palse hand
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust:
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes: I can scarce see;
Thus grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the Colledge.

Huf. Please you draw near, sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Ma. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Ma. 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was pittious and lamentable; that hopefull young Gentleman your Brother, whose virtues we all love dearly; through your default and unnatural negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and

the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Huf. Hum, hum, hum.

Ma. Oh you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our University, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgements to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand soules fit for heaven, now by your carelesse courses cast in prison, which you must answer for, and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

Huf. Oh God, oh.

Ma. Wise men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no man loves you, nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemns you: and take this from the virtuous affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous hour, good thought, quiet sleeps, contented walks, nor any thing that makes man perfect, till you redeem him: what is your answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my soule, you are your Arts master.
I never had sence till now; your syllables have cleft me, both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a Servingman.

Huf. Fill me a Bowle of Wine. Alas poor Brother, Bruised with an execution for my sake.

Ma. A bruise indeed makes many a mortall sore,
Till the Grave cure them. *Enter with Wine.*

Huf. Sir, I begin to you, y'ave chid your welcome.

Ma. I could have wisht it better for your sake,
I pledge you, sir, to the kind man in prison.

Huf. Let it be so.

Now, sir, if you so please, to spend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man shall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Ma. Good sir, in that the Angels would be pleased, and the worlds murmures calm'd, and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky day. *Exit.*

Huf. O thou confus'd man, thy pleasant sins have undone thee, thy damnation has begger'd thee, that heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women: gives our senses way to find pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? Oh would virtue had been forbidden, we should then have proved all virtuous, for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden, what man would have been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine, to shew tricks in the mire, what is there in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compasse of a little round table, and with the Gentlemans palse in the hand shake out his posterity, thieves, or beggars; 'tis done, I have don't ifaith: terrible, horrible misery,-----how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shewed like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine:
mine

mine and my fathers, and my fore-fathers generations, generations, down goes the house of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of years has made this Shire famous; in me and my posterity runs out.

In my seed five are made miserable besides my self, my Riot is now my Brothers Jaylor, my Wifes fighing, my three boyes penury, and mine own confusion.

He tears his hair.

Why sit my hairs upon my curst head?
Will not this poison scatter them? oh my Brother's
In execution among devils that stretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell,
Slavery and misery. Who in this case
Would not take up money upon his soul?
Pawn his salvation, live at interest:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throws of hell.

Enter his little son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: you take up all the room with your wide legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.

He takes up the child by the skirts of his long coat in one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.

Huf. Up sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boy.

Strikes him.

Huf. Thou shalt be my red boy, take that.

Son. Oh you hurt me father.

Huf. My eldest beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bred, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow, good your Honour by a Coach, no, nor your brother: 'tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my head's broke?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *stabs him.*
Be not thy names disgrace:
Spurn thou thy fortunes fist, if they be base:
Come view thy second Brother: Fates,
My childrens blood shall spin into your faces,
You shall see,
How confidently we scorn beggery. *Exit with his son.*

Enter a maid with a child in her armes, the Mother by her asleep.

Maid. Sleep sweet babe, sorrow makes thy mother sleep,
It boads small good when heaviness falls so deep,
Hush, pretty boy, thy hopes might have bin better,
'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies away the Son:
Nothing but misery serves in this house,
Ruine and desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the Boy bleeding.

Huf. Whore, give me that Boy.

He strives with her for the child.

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Huf. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy Quean,
I'll break your clamour with your neck,
Down stayers; tumble, tumble, headlong,

He throws her down.

So, the surest way to charme a womans tongue,
Is break her neck, a Polititian did it.

Son. Mother, mother, I am kill'd mother.

His wife awakes, and catches up the youngest.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Huf. Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wife. Oh my sweet husband.

Huf. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear husband?

Huf. Give me the bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet boy.

Huf. There are too many beggars,

Wife. Good my husband.

Huf. Do'st thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

Stabs at the child in her armes, and gets it from her.

Huf. Have at his heart.

Wife. Oh my dear boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house.

Wife. Oh heaven.

She is hurt and sinks down.

Huf. And perish, now be gone,
There's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. Oh sir, what deeds are these?

Huf. Base slave, my vassail,

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.

Huf. Hold me? presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sbloud, you have undone us all, sir.

Huf. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a monster.

Huf. Have I no power? shall my slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the devil wrestles, I am thrown.

Husband overcomes him.

Huf. Oh villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,
set quick spurs to my vassail, bruise him, trample him;
so, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar;
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

The Master meets him.

Mr. How is't with you sir, me-thinks you look of a distracted colour.

Huf. Who, I sir? 'tis but your fancy,
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you,
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

M. I shall be glad to see it, sir, I'll attend you. *Exeunt.*

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up my self,
He has so bruised me with his devillish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur,
A man before of easie constitution,
Till now hells power supplied, to his souls wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weak men strong.

Enter Master and two servants.

Ser. Oh the most pitious deed, sir, since you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting; hath he sum'd up these

To satisfie his brother? here's another,
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh, oh!

Ma. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers life,
One of his men all faint and bloudied.

1. Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took
Horse to kill his child at nurse, oh follow quickly.

Ma. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.

Exit Master and Servants.

1. Ser. Good sir follow him.

Wife. Oh my children.

1. Ser. How is it my most afflicted Mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?

To see my children bleed before mine eyes,
A fight, able to kill a Mothers breast without an Execu-
tioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1. Ser. I thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs
had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler strength then his
Ore-threw me with his armes, then he did bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and rob'd me of my hair,
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all grace?
And stole away humanity from his breast,
To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants.

Enter two Servants.

Boch. Please you leave this accursed place,
A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it:
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood,
Murder hath took this chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the house stands. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Husband, as being thrown off his
horse, and falls.*

Huf. Oh stumbling Jade, the spavin overtake thee,
The fifty diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th'Town,
In such plain even ground,
Sfoot, a man may dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Huf. Ha? I hear sounds of men, like hue and cry;
Up, up, and struggle to my horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.

Cry within. Here, this way, this way.

Huf. At my back? oh,
What fate have I, my limbs deny me to go,
My will is bated, Beggery claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the infants heart.

*Enter Master of the Colledge, three Gentlemen, and
others with Halberds.*

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Ma. Unnatural, flinty, more then barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds

In their relentless natures, then these of thine:

Was this the answer I long waited on,
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?

Huf. He can have no more of us, then our skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.

1. Gent. Great sinnes have made him impudent.

Ma. Has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.

2. Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices,
A Gentleman of worship dwells at hand
There shall his deeds be blazed.

Huf. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I mist of one.

Ma. There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endangered so his Wife, murdered his
Children?

1. Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'reknew him.
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honoured stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.

1. Gent. Here come the men.

*Enter the Master of the Colledge, and the rest
with the Prisoner.*

Knight. The Serpent of his house: I'me sorry for this
time, that I am in place of justice.

Ma. Please you, sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much,
Would it had nere been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.

1. Gent. Your father's sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous cruelty?

Huf. In a word, sir,
I have consum'd all, plaid away long-acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could do,
To cozen Beggery, and knock my house o'th'head.

Kni. I do not think, but in to morrow's judgement,
The terrour will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of Death remembers you;
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was aet plaid more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, Sir.

Knight. Go lead him to the Jayle.
Where justice claims all, there must pitty fail.

Huf. Come, come, away with me.

Exit Prisoner.

Ma. Sir, you deserve the worship of you place,
Would all did so, in you the Law is grace.

Knight. It is my wish it should be so;
Ruinous man, the desolation of his house,
The blot upon his predecessor's honour'd name:
That man is nearest shame, that is past shame. *Exit.*

*Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and Gen-
tlemen, as going by his house.*

Huf. I am right against my house, seat of my Ance-
stors: I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered;
let me intreat to speak with her before the prison
gripe me.

Enter

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair,

Gent. See here she comes of her self.

Wife. Oh my sweet husband, my dear distressed husband, now in the hands of unrelenting laws, my greatest sorrow, my extreamest bleeding; now my soul bleeds.

Hus. How now? kind to me? did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater wounds did my breast feel, Unkindnesse strikes a deeper wound then steel, You have been still unkind to me.

Hus. Faith, and so I think I have; I did my murders roughly out of hand, Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given mine eyes Seaven wounds apiece; now glides the devil from Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my nails. Oh catch him new torments, that were nere invented: Bind him one thousand more you blessed Angels, In that bottomlesse pit, let him not rise To make men act unnatural Tragedies, To spread into a Father, and in fury, Make him his childrens executioners, Murder his wife, his servants, and who not? For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.

Wife. Oh my repentant husband.

Hus. My dear soul, whom I too much have wrong'd For death I die, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not (be assured) for these faults Die, if the law could forgive as soon as I.

Children laid out.

Hus. What sight is yonder?

Wife. Oh our two bleeding boyes Laid forth upon the threshold.

Hus. Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack, Oh were it lawfull that your pretty souls Might look from heaven into your fathers eyes, Then should you see the penitent glasses melt, And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks,

But you are playing in the Angels laps, And will not look on me, Who void of grace, kill'd you in beggery.

Oh that I might my wishes now attain, I should then wish you living were again; Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd, Oh 'twas the enemy my eyes so becar'd.

Oh would you could pray heaven me to forgive, That will unto my end repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other sorrows, And leave part with this.

Officer. Come, will you go?

Hus. I'll kisse the bloud I spilt, and then I'll go, My soul is bloudied, well may my lips be so.

Farewell dear Wife, now thou and I must part, I of thy wrongs, repent me with my heart.

Wife. Oh stay. thou shalt not go.

Hus. That's but in vain, you see it must be so.

Farewell ye bloody ashes of my boyes, My punishments are their eternal joyes.

Let every father look well into his deeds,

And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

Exennt Husband with Officers.

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distresse. Then former sorrows made me.

Mr. Oh kind Wife, be comforted, One joy is yet unmurdered, you have a boy at nurse, your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer then all is my poor husband's life: Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint With much expence of bloud, and I will kneel, Sue for his life, number up all my friends, To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

Mr. Was it in man to wound so kind a creature? I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.

I must return with grief, my answer's set,

I shall bring news weighes heavier then the debt.

Two Brothers; the one in bond lies overthrowen,

This, on a deadlier execution.

F I N I S.

¶ F





The Tragedy of L O C R I N E, the eldest Son of King B R U T U S.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Atey with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one hand, and a bloudie Sword in the other hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear or any other beast, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb show, and then departs. Remain Atey.

Atey.

In pœnam sistatur & Vmbæ.

A Mighty Lion, ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,
With hideous noise scaring the trembling
trees,

With yelling clamours shaking all the earth,
Travest the groves, and chac't the wandring beasts:
Long did he range among the shadie trees,
And drave the filly beasts before his face:
When suddenly from out a thorny bush
A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a dismal shaft,
So he him strook, that it drew forth the blood,
And fill'd his furious heart with fretting ire;
But all in vain he threatneth teeth and pawes,
And sparkleth fire from forth his flaming eyes,
For the sharp shaft gave him a mortal wound:
So valiant *Brute*, the terrour of the world,
Whose only looks did scare his enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his latest end.
Oh what may long abide above this ground,
In state of blis and healthfull happines!

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Brutus carried in a chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanast, Corineius, Guendelin, Assaracus, Debon, Thrasimachus.

Brutus. Most loyal Lords, and faithfull followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Passed the greedy gulf of th'Ocean,
Leaving the confines of fair *Italie*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,

And I must leave you, though against my will:
My sinews shrunk, my numbred senses fail,
A chilling cold possesseth all my bones,
Black ugly death with visage pale and wan,
Presents himself before my dazeled eyes,
And with his dart prepared is to strike:
These armes, my Lords, these never daunted armes,
That oft have quell'd the courage of my foes,
And eke dismay'd my neighbour's arrogance,
Now yield to death, o'relaid with crooked age,
Devoid of strength and of their proper force;
Even as the lusty Cedar worn with yeares,
That far abroad her dainty odour throws,
'Mongst all the daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
This heart, my Lords, this ne're appalled heart,
That was a terror to the bording lands,
A dolefull scourge unto my neighbour Kings,
Now by the weapons of impartial death,
Is clove asunder and bereft of life;
As when the sacred oak with thunderbolts,
Sent from the fierie circuit of the heavens,
Sliding along the aires celestial vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this foe,
Then welcome death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas my Lord, we sorrow at your case,
And grieve to see your person vexed thus;
But whatsoe're the fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannull,
And he that would annihilate his mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*:
For when the fatal sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal force can countermand their minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Corin. Your Highness knows how many victories,
How many Trophees I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came;
The Grecian Monarch, warlike *Pandrasus*
And all the crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arme-strong King of *Gantes*,
Have felt the force of our victorious armes,
And to their cost beheld our Chivalrie,
Where ere *Ancora* handmaid of the Sun,
Where ere the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,

Where

Where e're the joyfull day with cheerfull light,
Where e're the light illuminates the world,
The *Trojans* glory flies with golden wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the skies, and with the skies the throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad laments,
Comfort your self with this your great renown,
And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

Brutus. Nay, *Corinus*, you mistake my mind,
In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,
I fear'd not t' yield my self to fatall death,
God knowes it was the least of all my thoughts,
A greater care torments my very bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings doth the substance lie.

Thrafi. Most noble Lord, if ought your loyal Peers
Accomplish inay, to ease your lingring grief,
I in the name of all protest to you,
That we will boldly enterprise the same,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throat,
Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding noyse,
We'll either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrails of the brutish earth,
Or with his Ixions overdaring soon,
Be bound in Chains of everduring Steele.

Bru. Then hearken to your Sovereign's latest words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our royall mind and resolute intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthfull Down,
Th'unhappy slaughter of my lucklesse Sire,
Drove me and old *Asarachus* mine Eame,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constrain'd to flye
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrasus*,
There I alone did undertake your cause,
There I restor'd your antique liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Molossia* storm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martiall band,
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandrasus* and his contributaries,
With all the rout of their confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious memory,
And wipe the name of *Trojans* from the earth :
Him did I captivate with this mine Arme,
And by compulsion forc't him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound,
From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellepont*,
We came into the Fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineus* was ;
Which when we passed the *Cicilian* gulf,
And so transfretting the *Illician* sea,
Arrived on the coasts of *Aquitain* ;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gaules*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountering with our host, sustain'd the foile,
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost :
Turnus that slew six hundred men at Armes
All in an hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe:
From thence upon the stronds of *Albion*
To *Cornus* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albions* race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,

The curst Captain of that damned crew,
And in that Isle at length I placed you.
Now let me see if my laborious toyles,
If all my care, if all my grievous wounds,
If all my diligence were well employ'd.

Corin. When first I followed thee and thine (brave King)
I hazarded my life and dearest blood,
To purchase favour at your Princely hands,
And for the same in dangerous attempts
In sundry conflicts, and in divers broyles,
I shew'd the courage of my manly minde :
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul* :
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A savage Captain of a savage crew :
And for these deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A gratefull gift given by a gracious King ;
And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,
Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd
The same will *Debon* doe unto his end. (to you,

Bru. Then, loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
And resolute to follow *Brutus* hoasts,
Favour my Sons, favour those *Orphans*, Lords,
And shield them from the dangers of their foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And onely Pillar of my weakned age:
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy latest blessings at his hands;
And for thou art the eldest of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Fathers steps,
Which will conduct thee to true honours gate :
For if thou follow sacred virtues lore,
Thou shalt be crowned with a Lawrel branch,
And wear a wreathe of sempiternall fame,
Sorted amongst the glorious happy ones.

Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your advice,
And beare himself in all things like a Prince
That seeks to amplifie the great renown,
Left unto him for an inheritance
By those that were his Ancestours,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And swallowed in the bowels of the earth.
Or let the ruddy lightning of great *Jove*,
Descend upon this my devoted head.

Brutus taking *Guendoline* by the hand.

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
Who shall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this present at my hand :
A gift more rich then are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou shalt be spoused to fair *Guendoline* :
Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
If so thy Uncle and her self do please.

Corin. And herein how your Highnesse honours me,
It cannot nowbe in my speech exprest :
For carefull Parents glory not so much
At their honour and promotion,
As for to see the issue of their blood
Seated in honour and prosperity.

Guend. And far be it from my pure Maiden thoughts,
To contradict her aged Fathers will.
Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath given me now unto your Royal Self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,

Like crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possesse.

Brutus turning to Locrine.

Locrine kneeling.

Then now my son thy part is on the stage,
For thou must bear the person of a King.

Puts the Crown on his head.

Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the state of Majesty,
That thou with honour well maist wear the Crown,
And if thou tendrest these my latest words,
As thou requir'st my soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own security,
Cherish and love thy new betrothed wife.

Locrine. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Then I do peerlesse *Guendoline*.

Brut. Camber.

Cam. My Lord.

Brut. The glory of mine age,
And darling of thy mother *Juneger*,
Take thou the South for thy dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a royal race,
That shall maintain the honor of this land,
That sway the regal scepter with their hands.

Turning to Alabanact.

And *Albanact* thy fathers onely joy,
Youngest in years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect pattern of all chivalrie,
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial thoughts.
Live long my sons with endlesse happinesse,
And bear firm concordance among your selves,
Obey the counsels of these fathers grave,
That you may better bear our violence,
But suddenly through weaknesse of my age,
And the defect of youthfull puissance,
My Maladie increaseth more and more,
And cruel death hasteneth his quickned pace,
To dispossesse me of my earthly shape,
Mine eyes wax dim, o're-cast with clouds of age.
The pangs of death compasse my crazed bones,
Thus to you all my blessings I bequeath,
And with my blessings, this my fleeting soul.
My glasse is run, and all my miseries
Do end with life: death closeth up mine eyes,
My soul in hast flies to the Elisian fields.

He dieth.

Loc. Accursed starrs, damn'd and accursed starrs,
To abreviate my noble father's life,
Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
Thus to cut off my father's fatal thred,
Brutus that was a glory to us all,
Brutus that was a terror to his foes,
Alasse too soon by *Demagorgon's* kn fe,
The martial *Brutus* is bereft of life.
No sad complaints may move just *Lacus*.

Corin. No dreadfull threats can fear judge *Rhodomanth*,
Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
That tam'd the hugie monsters of the world,
Plaid'st thou as sweer, on the sweet sounding Lute,
As did the sporse of fair *Enridice*,
That did enchant the waters with his noise,
And made the stones, birds, beasts, to lead a dance,
Constrained the hilly trees to follow him,
Thou could'st not move the judge of *Crebus*,

Nor move compassion in grim *Pluto's* heart,
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And every man must tread the way of death,
Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* fire,
Guest to the gods, suffred untimely death,
And old *Fleithonus* husband to the morn,
And eke grim *Minos* whom just *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his sacrifice,
The thundring trumpets of bloud-thirsty *Mars*.
The fearfull rage of fell *Tisphoen*.
The boistrous waves of humid Ocean,
Are instruments and tools of dismal death.
Then noble cousin cease to mourn his chance,
Whose age and years were signes that he should die.
It resteth now that we interre his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies.
Take up his coarfe, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Troyan* state.
Sound drums and trumpets, march to *Trinovant*,
There to provide our chieftains funeral.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Strumbo above in a gown, with ink and paper in his hand saying.

Strum. Either the four Elements, the seven Planets
and all the particular Starrs of the Pole Antastick, are
adversitive against me, or else I was begotten and born
in the wain of the Moon, when every thing, as
Lactantius in his fourth book of Constultations doth
say, goeth arsward. I Maisters, I, you may laugh, but
I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shed-
ding salt tears from the watry fountains of my moist
dainty fair eyes, along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as
great plenty as the water runneth from the bucking-tubs,
or red wine out of the Hogs-heads: for trust me gentle-
men and my very good friends, and so forth: the little
god, nay the desperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his
vengible bird-bolts, hath shot me unto the heel: so not
only, but also, oh fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and
I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strum-
bo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina* with the Ass *Tom*?
Yea with these eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore
pull them out: for they will work thy bail. Ah *Strum-
bo*, hast thou heard the voice of the Nightingale, but a
voice sweeter then hers, yea with these ears hast thou
heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have
caus'd thy sorrow. Nay *Strumbo*, kill thy self, drown
thy self, hang thy self, starve thy self. Oh but then
I shall leave my sweet heart. Oh my heart! Now pate
for thy Master, I will dite an aliquant love-pistle to her,
and then she hearing the gland verbosity of my scripture,
will love me presently,

Let him write a little, and then read.

My pen is naught, Gentlemen lend me a knife, I think
the more haste the worst speed.

Then write again, and after read.

So it is, Mistress *Dorothie*, and the sole essence of
my soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in
me towards your sweet self, hath now increased to a great
flame, and will ere it be long consume my poor heart,
except you with the pleasant water of your secret foun-
tain,

tain.

rain, quench the furious heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good fame, and name, majesticall, in apparell comely, in gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young man of a handsome life, and by despising him, not only but also to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo*.

Oh wit, O pate, O memory, O hand, O Ink, O paper. Well, now I will send it away. *Trompart, Trompart*, what a Villain is this? Why surra, come when your Master calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart entering saith

Anon, sir.

Strumbo. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy, what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my service.

Trom. I, sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee alwayes, as if thou hadst been the fruit of my loynes, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.

Trom. I, sir.

Strum. Then shew thy self herein a trusty servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress *Dorothy*, and tell her.

Speaking in his care.

Exit Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Doro. Signior *Strumbo*, well met, I received your Letters by your man here, who told me a pittifull story of your anguish, and so understanding your passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and pigsnay, the fecundity of my ingenie is not so great, that may declare unto you the sorrowfull sobs, and broken sleeps that I suffered for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

*For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh:
Unto my heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.*

Dor. Truly, M. *Strumbo*, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your mind, and therefore tell your tale in plain termes, and leave off your dark riddles.

Strum. Alas, Mistress *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood: so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain termes, I love you, Mistress *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

Strum. Say'st thou so, sweet wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewell, Mistress. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-case full of new coyn'd words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labres*, and something else.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Camber, Albanast, Corineus, Asarachus, Debon, Thrasimachus.

Locrine. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*, Since that our noble Father is entomb'd, As best be seem'd so brave a Prince as he, If so you please, this day my Love and I, Within the Temple of *Concordia*, Will solemnize our royall marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your subjects every one, Must needs obey your Highnesse at command, Especially in such a cause as this, That much concerns your Highnesse great content.

Locr. Then frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's* walls, Where we will passe the day in Knightly sports, The night in Dancing and in figured Maskes, And offer to God *Risus* all our sports.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Atey as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show: Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another door Phineus, all black in Armour, with Ethiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Atey remaining, saying.

Regit omnia numen.

When *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*, The onely Daughter of King *Cepheus*, He thought he had establisht well his Crown, And that his Kingdome should for aye endure. But loe proud *Phineus* with a band of men, Contriv'd of sun-burnt *Ethiopians*, By force of Armes the Bride he took from him, And turn'd their joy into a flood of teares. So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love, He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weale, But this foule day, this foule accursed day, Is the beginning of his miseries. Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians* Approcheth nigh with all his warlike train, I need not I, the sequel shall declare, What tragick chances fell out in this Warre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter, Humber, Hubba, Estrilo, Segar, and their Souldiers.

Hum. At length the Snaile doth climbe the highest Ascending up the stately Castle Walls, *(rops, A*

At length the water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone,
At length we are arriv'd in *Albion*,
Nor could the barbarous *Dasian* sovereign,
Nor yet the ruler of brave *Belgia*
Stay us from cutting over to this Ile;
Whereas I hear a troop of *Phrygians*
Under the conduct of *Posthumus* son,
Have pitch'd up lordly pavillions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely Ile:
But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperour
Leads fortune tied in a chain of gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble hosts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hubba. If she that rules fair *Rhannis* golden gate,
Grant us the honour of the victory,
As hitherto she alwayes favour'd us,
Right noble father, we will rule the land,
Enthroniz'd in seats of Topace stones,
That *Locrine* and his brethren all may know,
None must be King but *Humber* and his son.

Hum. Courage my son, fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the coronet of bays,
That decketh none but noble conquerors:
But what saith *Elfrid* to these regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious eyes?

Elfr. The plains, my Lord, garnisht with *Flora's* wealth,
And overspread with party-coloured flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind,
The aerie hills enclos'd with shade groves,
The groves replenisht with sweet chirping birds,
The birds resounding heavenly melodic,
Are equall to the groves of *Thesaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with the learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with musick harmony,
And from the moisture of the mountain tops,
The silent springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with chrystal waves,
The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest wind,
Moving the pittering leaves of *Silvanus's* woods,
Do equall it with *Tempe's* paradice,
And thus comforted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy Iles,
Most fortunate, if *Humber* may them win.

Hubba. Madam, where resolution leads the way,
And courage follows with emboldened pace,
Fortune can never use her tyranny;
For valiantnesse is like unto a rock
That standeth on the waves of Ocean,
Which though the billows beat one every side,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy fire:
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'st thou unto our royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Burns* sonnes,
Stout *Albanast*, with millions of men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of hosts,
He shall find entertainment good enough,

Yea fit for those that are our enemies:
For we'll receive them at the lances points,
And massacre their bodies with our blades:
Yea though they were in number infinite,
More then the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the ruler of West,
Brought 'gainst the Emperour of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not start back one foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove* the supreme King of heaven,
And the immortal gods that live therein,
When as the morning shews his chearfull face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his steed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden sun,
I'll meet young *Albanast* in the open field,
And crack my launce upon his burganet,
To try the valour of his boyish strength:
There will I shew such ruthfull spectacles
And cause so great effusion of blood,
That all his boyes shall wonder at my strength:
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazon*,
Penthesilea armed with her launce,
Girt with a corslet of bright shining steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble son,
Nay, like a Prince that seeks his father's joy.
Therefore to morrow ere fair *Titan* shine,
And bashfull *Eos* messenger of light,
Expells the liquid sleep from out mens eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the host,
The left wing shall be under *Segar's* charge,
The rearward shall be under me my self;
And lovely *Elfrid* fair and gracious,
If fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muster up our train,
And furnish up our lusty souldiers,
That they may be a bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished joyes to perfect end.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Strambo*, *Dorothy*, *Trompart*, cobling shoes, and singing.

Trom. We Coblers lead a merry life:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Strum. Void of all envy and of strife:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. Our ease is great, our labour small:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. And yet our gains be much withall:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. With this art so fine and fair:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. No occupation may compare:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Strum. For merry pastime and joyfull glee:

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. Most happy men we Coblers be:

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. The

Trum. The can stands full of nappy ale,

Dan : dan : dan : dan :

Strum. In our shop still withouten fail:

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. This is our meat, this is our food :

Dan : dan : dan : dan :

Trum. This brings us to a merry mood :

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. This makes us work for company :

Dan, dan, dan, dan :

Dor. To pull the Tankards cheerfully :

Dan diddle dan.

Trum. Drink to thy husband *Dorothie*,

Dan, dan, dan, dan :

Dor. Why then my *Strumbo* there's to thee :

Dan diddle dan :

Strum. Drink thou the rest *Trumpart* amain :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again :

Dan diddle dan.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from annoy,

How merrily he sitteth on his stool :

But when he sees that needs he must be prest,

He'll turn his note and sing another tune,

Ho, by your leave Master Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome gentleman, what will you any old shoes or buskins, or will you have your shoes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatsoever ?

Captain shewing him press-money.

O Master Cobler, you are far deceived in me, for don you see this ? I come not to buy any shoes, but to buy your self ; come sir, you must be a souldier in the King's cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you sir, has your King any Commission to take any man against his will. I promise you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commission ?

Cap. O sir, ye need not care for that, I need no Commission : hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanast*, to appear to morrow in the town-house of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactabell*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us ? but you sir master capontail, draw your pasteboard, or else I promise you, I'll give you a canvasado with a bastinado over your shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the Kings command.

Strum. Put me out of your book then.

Cap. I may not.

Strumbo Snatching up a staff.

No will, come sir, will your stomach serve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have about with you.

Fight both.

Enter Thrasmachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamor's this ?

How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it ?

Sirs what is your quarrel ?

Cap. Nothing, sir, but that he will not take press-money.

Thra. Here good fellow, take it at my command, Unlessse you mean to be stretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Master gentleman, I lack no mony, if you please I will resigne it to one of these poor fellows.

Thras. No such matter,

Look you be at the common house to morrow.

Exit Thrasmachus and the Captain.

Strum. O wife I have spun a fair thred, if I had been quiet, I had not been prest, and therefore well may I wayment ; But come sirra, shut up, for we must to the warrs.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Albanast, Debon. Thrasmachus, and the Lords.

Alb. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*, Whose trenchant blades with our deceased fire, Passing the frontiers of brave *Grecia*, Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme blood, Now is the time to manifest your wills, Your haughty minds and resolutions, Now opportunity is offred To try your courage and your earnest zeal, Which you alwayes protest to *Albanast*, For at this time, yea at this present time, Stout fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds Have pestred every place with mutinies : But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease To persecute the rascal runnagates, Till all the rivers stained with their blood, Shall fully shew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highnesse merit great renown, And imitate your aged father's steps.

Alb. But tell me cousin, cam'st thou through the plains ? And saw'st thou there the faint-heart fugitives Mustring their weather-beaten souldiers, What order keep they in their marshalling ?

Thra. After we past the groves of *Caledone*, We did behold the stragling *Scythians* Camp, Repleat with men, stor'd with munition ; There might we see the valiant minded Knights Fetching carriers along the spacious plains, *Humber* and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blew, Mounted upon their coursers white as snow, Went to behold the pleasant flowring fields ; *Hector* and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely sons, Chasing the *Grecians* over *Simois*, Were not to be compared to these two Knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in eloquence The portraiture of *Humber* and his son ; As fortunate as was *Polierates*, Yet should they not escape our conquering swords, Or boast of ought but of our clemencie.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often ;

Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch, &c.

Thra. What sirs, what mean you by these clamors made, Those outcries raised in our stately Court ?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof ?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Tell me you villains, why you make this noise, Or with my Lance, I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houses, where's your dwelling place ?

Strum

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why doe you think that such poor honest men as we be, hold our habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But because you seem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you your state.

*From the top to the toe,
From the head to the shoe;
From the beginning to the ending.
From the building to the burning.*

This honest fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in the suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury*. And by the common Souldiers of the Shittens, the *Scythians* what doe you call them? with all the suburbs were burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there for the Countrey Wives to wash bucks withall. And that which grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruell strife; the wicked flames did roast.

*And therefore Captain Crust,
We will continually cry,
Except you seek a remedy,
Our Houses to reedifie,
Which now are burnt to dust.*

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alba. Well, we must remedy these outrages, And throw revenge upon their hatefull heads, And you good fellows for your houses burnt, We will remunerate your store of Gold, And build your houses by our Pallace gate.

Strumbo. Gate! O petty treason to my person, no where else but by your backside; Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Master King? If you mean to gratifie such poor men as we be, you must build our houses by the Tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, I, by Lady, sir, it was spoken like a good fellow. Do you hear, sir? when our house is builded, if you do chance to passe or re-passe that way, we will bestow a quart of the best Wine upon you? *Exit.*

Alb. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods Should thus be spoyled by the *Scythians*, Who as you see with lightfoot forragers, Depopulate the places where they come, But cursed *Humber* thou shalt rue the day That ere thou cam'st unto *Cathnesia*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Trussier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horse, As many Launciers, and light-armed Knights, As may suffice for such an enterprize, And place them in the Grove of *Calcedon*, With these, when as the skirmish doth encrease, Retire thou from the shelters of the wood, And set upon the weakned *Trojans* backs, For policy joyned with Chivalry,

Can never be put back from victory.

Exeunt.

Enter Albanact, Clownes with him.

Alb. Thou base born *Hunne*, how durst thou be so bold, As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?

The great Commander of these Regions, But thou shalt buy thy rashnesse with thy death, And rue too late thy over-bold attempts, For with this Sword, this Instrument of death, That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens blood, I'll separate thy body from thy head, And set that Coward blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay with this staffe great *Strumbo's* Instru- I'll crack thy Cockscombe, paltry *Scythian*. *(ment,*

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats, thou princex boy, Nor doe I fear thy foolish insolency, And but thou better use thy bragging blade, Then thou dost rule thy overflowing tongue, Superbious *Britain*, thou shalt know too soon The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

Let them fight.

Humber and his Soldiers run in.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

Scena Sexta.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young *Britain*, *Albanact*, Darest abroad the thunderbolts of warre, Beating down millions with his furious mood: And in his glory triumphs over all, Moving the massie squadrants of the ground; Heap hills on hills, to scale the starry skie: As when *Briareus* armed with an hundred hands, Flung forth an hundred mountains at great *Jove*, And when the monstrous gyant *Monichus* Hurl'd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe, And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva's* shield. How doth he overlook with haughty front My fleeting hoasts, and lifts his lofty face Against us all that now do fear his force, Like as we see the wrathfull Sea from farre, In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyse, With thousand billowes beat against the Ships, And tesse them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

Sound the Alarm.

Humb. Ay me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Souldiers, follow *Albanact*; Pursue the *Scythians* flying through the field: Let none of them escape with victory:

That they may know the *Britains* force is more Than all the power of the trembling *Hunnes*.

Thra. Forward, brave soldiers, forward, keep the chase, He that takes captive *Humber* or his Son, Shall be rewarded with a Crown of gold.

Sound alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hubba enters at their backs, and kills Debon, let Strumbo fall down, Albanact run in, and afterwards enter wounded.

Alba. Injurious fortune, hast thou crost me thus? Thus in the morning of my victories,

Thus

Thus in the prime of my felicity
To cut me off by such hard overthrow.
Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the spring of all my dignities?
Hadst thou no place to spit thy venoime out
But on the person of young *Albanact*?
I that ere while did scare mine enemies,
And drove them almost to a shamefull flight:
I that ere while full Lyon-like did fare
Amongst the dangers of the thick throng'd pikes,
Must now depart most lamentably slain
By *Humber's* treacheries and fortunes spights:
Curst be their charmes, damn'd be her curst charmes
That doth delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that trust unto her fickle wheele,
Which never leaveth turning upside down.
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may finde her hatefull mansion,
I'll passe the *Alpes* to watty *Meroc*,
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his charriot,
The wheelles whereof are deckt with Emeralds,
Cast such a heat, yea such a scorching heat,
And spoileth *Flora* of her chequered grasse,
I'll overturn the mountain *Caucasus*,
Where fell *Chimera* in her triple shape,
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous panch,
Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge,
I'll passe the frozen *Zone* where Icy flakes
Stopping the passage of the fleeting ships
Do lie, like mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
Where if I find that hatefull house of Hers,
I'll pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
And tie her self in everlasting bands:
But all in vain I breathe these threatnings,
The day is lost, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,
Debon is slain, my men are done to death,
The currents swift swimme violently with blood,
And last, O that this last night so long last,
My self with wounds past all recovery,
Must leave my Crown for *Humber* to possesse.

Strum. Lord have mercy upon us, Masters, I think
this is a holy day, every man lies sleeping in the fields,
but God knowes full sore against their wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self,
The *Scythians* follow with great celerity,
And there's no way but fight, or speedy death,
Flee, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self.

Sound the Alarm.

Alba. Nay let them flie that fear to die the death,
That tremble at the name of fatal *Mors*,
Ne're shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himself,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And least he should triumph at my decay,
This sword shall reave his Master of his life,
That oft hath sav'd his Masters doubtfull life:
But oh my brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my death upon his traiterous head.

*Et vos quæis dominus est nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido stigios moderamine lucos:
Nox caci reginæ poli furialis Erinnis,
Diique deaque omnes Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.*

Thrust himself through

Enter Trumpart.

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds: but I smell a Fox,
Look where my Master lies, Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trum. Yet one, good, good, Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead I tell thee.

Trum. And is my Master dead?

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,
and is my Master dead?

O you cockatrices, and you bablatrices,
that in the woods dwell:

You briars and brambles, you Cook shops and shambles,
come howle and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,
come you to lament.

O Colliers of *Croyden*, and Rusticks of *Royden*,
and Fishers of *Kent*.

For *Strumbo* the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler
of *Cathnes* town:

At this same stoure, at this very hour
lies dead on the ground.

O Master, thieves, thieves, chievers.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin,
let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

Scena Octava.

*Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild,
and the Souldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful shocks of furious *Mars's*
Thundring alarmes, and *Rhamnusia's* Drum
We are retired with joyfull victory,
The slaughter'd *Trojans* squeltring in their blood,
Infect the aire with their carcasses,
And are a prey for every ravenous bird.

Estrild. So perish they that are our enemies.
So perish they that love not *Humber's* weale,
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Protect my love from all false treacheries.

Hum. Thanks lovely *Estrild*, solace to my soule.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowing garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for this thy forward minde.

Set it on his head.

Hub. This unexpected honour, noble Sire,
Will prick my courage unto braver deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,
That all the world shall sound of *Hubba's* name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good success,
Carouse whole cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter then *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*,
And cast away the Clods of cursed care,
With goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* silver streames,
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* fields,
And moist the grassy meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with joy and victory.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Ate as before. The dumb show. A Crocodile sitting on a rivers bank, and a little Snake stinging it. Then let both of them fall into the water.

Ate. Scelera in authorem cadunt.
High on a bank by *Nilus* boystrous streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long teeth,
The broken bowels of a silly fish,
His back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brasse that shin'd like burnisht gold,
And as he stretched forth his cruel paws,
A subtil Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked sting into his claws,
Privily shead his poison through his bones,
Which made him swell that there his bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatnesse trust.
So *Humber* having conquered *Albanact*,
Doth yield his glory unto *Locrine's* sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see,
That all our life is but a Tragedy. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Assaracus, Thrasimachus, Camber.

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanactus* slain?
Hath cursed *Humber* with his stragling host,
With that his army made of mungrel currs,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harp,
For to awake out of the infernal shade
Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned traitor's soul:
O that I had *Amphion's* instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes and tunes
The flintie joynts of every stonie rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be punished;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunne* shall die had he ten thousand lives:
And would to God he had ten thousand lives,
That I might with the arm-strong *Hercules*
Crop off so vile an *Hydra's* hissing heads.
But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear
How *Albanact* came by untimely death?

Thras. After the traitorous host of *Scythians*
Entred the field with martial equipage,
Young *Albanact* impatient of delay,
Led forth his army 'gainst the stragling mates,
Whose multitude did daunt our souldiers minds,
Yet nothing could disinay the forward Prince;
But with a courage most heroical,
Like to a lion 'mongst a flock of lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart fugitives,
Hewing a passage through them with his sword;
Yea we had almost given them the repulse,

When suddenly from out the silent wood
Hubba with twenty thousand souldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned backs,
And murdered all with fatal massacre;
Amongst the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the death:
And *Albanact* oppress'd with multitude,
Whilst valiantly he feld his enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the dust,
He being dead, the souldiers fled amain,
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of these accidents.

Locr. Not aged *Priam* King of stately *Troy*,
Grand Emperour of barbarous *Asia*,
When he beheld his noble minded sonnes
Slain traiterously by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When she beheld the town of *Pergamus*,
Her pallace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty sonnes and daughters fresh of hue,
Murthred by the wicked *Pyrhus* bloody sword,
Shed such sad tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe* fair *Athens* Queen,
For her seven sonnes magnanimous in field,
For her seven daughters fairer then the fairest,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughtered Prince,
In vain you sorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seeks to venge the injury.
Think you to quell the enemies warlike train,
With childish sobs and womanish laments?
Unsheath your swords, unsheath your conquering sword?
And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore:
In *Cornwall* where I hold my regiment,
Even just ten thousand valiant men at armes
Hath *Corineus* ready at command:
All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corineus* ready at command.

Cam. And in the fields of martial *Cambria*,
Close by the boystrous *Isca's* silver streams,
Where lightfoot Fairies skip from bank to bank,
Full twenty thousand brave couragious Knights
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalrie,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with gold and victual;
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer up to venge my brothers death.

Loc. Thanks loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge; for this sweet word Revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongfull injuries;
And by the sword of bloudie *Mars* I swear,
Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous head
That slew my noble brother *Albanact*.
Sound drums and trumpets, muster up the camp,
For we will straight march to *Albania*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Trussier, & the souldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious Conquerors

Unto

Un to the flowing currents silver streams,
Which, in memorial of our victory,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our posterity :
For sure I hope before the golden Sun
Posteth his horses to fair *Thetis* plains,
To see the waters turned into blood,
And change his blewish hue to ruefull red,
By reason of the fatal massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

See how the Traitor doth presage his harm,
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper loss.
O fortune wild, unstable, fickle, frail !

Hum. Me thinks I see both armies in the field,
The broken lances climb the crystal skies,
Some headless lie, some breathless on the ground,
And every place is strew'd with carcasses,
Behold the grafs hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. I, traitorous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments ;
The grassie plains, that now do please thine eyes,
Shall ere the night be coloured all with blood ;
The shadie groves that now inclose thy camp,
And yield sweet favour to thy damned corps,
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood ;
The profound stream that passeth by thy tents,
And with his moisture serveth all thy camp,
Shall ere the night converted be to blood,
Yea with the blood of those thy stragling boyes :
For now revenge shall ease my lingering grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renown'd for chivalrie :
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hives because the bees have stings ;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany ;
For nothing can dismay our Regal mind ;
Which aims at nothing but a golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish crew,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched *Syphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy thoughts, my noble son,
And all thy words favour of Chivalrie,
But, warlike *Segar*, what strange accidents
Makes you to leave the warding of the Camp ?

Segar. To armes, my Lord, to honourable armes ;
Take helm and targe in hand, the *Britains* come
With greater multitude then erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these accidents ?
What counsel gives he in extremities ?

Seg. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution is a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise ;

Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisfull star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed state :
Come let us in and fortifie our camp,
So to withstand their strong invasion.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Strumbo, Trampart, Oliver, and his son William following them.

Strum. Nay neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot,
come prepare your self, you shall find two as stout fellows
of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my dorth neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee
dat you are a man of small zideration, dat will zeek to
injure your old vrecnds, one of your vamiliar guests, and
derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reason,
Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall
be fardest vrom reason ; how zay you, will you have my
Daughter or no ?

Strum. A very hard question neighbour, but I will
solve it as I may : what reason have you to demand it
of me ?

Will. Marry sir, what reason had you when my sister
was in the barn to tumble her upon the hay, and to fish
her Belly.

Strum. Mafs thou say'st true ; well, but would you
have me marry her therefore ? No, I scorn her, and you,
and you. I, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then ?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part
hence.

Enter Margerie, and snatch the staff out of her brother's hand as he is fighting.

Strum. I, you come in pudding time, or else I had
drest them.

Mar. You master sawce-box, lobcock, cocks-comb,
you sloopawce, lickfingers, will you not hear ?

Strum. Who speak you to, me ?

Mar. I sir, to you, *John* lackhonestie, littlewit, is it
you that will have none of me ?

Strum. No by my troth, mistress nicebice, how fine
you can nick-name me ; I think you were brought up in
the University of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick so
ready at your tongues end, as if you were never well
warned when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cools-head, if you will have
none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, mistress driggle-draggle,
fare you well.

Mar. Nay, master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we
must have more words, you will have none of me ?

They both fight.

Strum. Oh my head, my head, leave, leave, leave,
I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now master *Strumbo*, hath my daughter
taught you a new lesson ?

Strum. I but hear you, goodman *Oliver*? it will not be for my ease to have my head broken every day, therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oli. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be friends with him.

Shake hands.

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you, Masters, I think it be my luck, my first wife was a loving quiet wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be meddling with warm plackers.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, Asparachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of men,
Whose haughty courage is invincible;
Now am I hemm'd with troupes of Souldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puissance;
Now sit I like the mighty god of warre,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* streames.
Now, curst *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the glory of his victories,
And all his fame, and all his high renown,
Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine's* sword:
Thy bragging banners crost with argent streames,
The ornaments of thy pavillions,
Shall all be captivated with this hand,
And thou thy self at *Albanact's* Tombe
Shalt offered be, in satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
How far we are distant from *Humber's* camp?

Thra. My Lord, within your foule accursed Grove
That beares the tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned camp.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see
The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.

Locri. Sweet fortune, favour *Locrine* with a sinile,
That I may venge my noble Brothers death,
And in the midst of stately *Troimovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy deitie
Of perfect marble, and of *Jacinth* stones,
That it shall passe the high *Pyramides*,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong off-spring of the doubted
Stout *Hercules Alcmenas*, mighty Son, (Knight,
That tam'd the monsters of the three-fold world,
And rid the oppressed from the tyrants yokes,
Did never shew such valiantnesse in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cori. Full fourscore yeares hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometime in warre, sometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feel my self to be as strong
As erst I was in summer of mine age,

Able to tosse this great unweildy Club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens brains:
And with this Club I'll break the strong array
Of *Humber* and his stragling Souldiers,
Or loose my life amongst the thickest presse,
And die with honour in my latest dayes:
Yet ere I die they all shall understand,
What force lies in stout *Corineius* hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the fight,
Either for weaknesse or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Souldiers, first for your safety.
Next for your peace, last for your victory. *Exeunt.*

*Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba and Segar at one door,
and Corineius at the other.*

Cori. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy treason slew'st young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed proud *Phrigian*,
I'll send thy soule unto the Stigian lake,
There to complain of *Humber's* injuries.

Cori. You triumph, sir, before the victory,
For *Corineius* is not so soon slain.
But, curst *Scythians*, you shall rue the day,
That e're you came into *Albania*.
So perish they that envy *Britains* wealth,
So let them die with endlesse infamy,
And he that seeks his Sovereigns overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his woe.

Strikes them both down with his Club.

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find some desert wilderness,
Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning voyce,
Where every ecchoes repercussion
May help me to bewaile mine overthrow,
And aid me in my sorrowfull laments?
Where may I find some hollow uncooth rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill?
The heavens, the hell, the earth, the aire, the fire,
And utter curses to the concave skie,
Which may infect the aery regions,
And light upon the *Britain Locrine's* head.
You ugly sprites that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearfull dogs that in black *Lathe* howle,
And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
Do plunge your selves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompany the *Britains* conquering host.
Come fierce *Erinnis*, horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your whips,
You threefold judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the army of you hellish fiends,
With new found torments rack proud *Locrine's* bones.
O gods and starres, damn'd be the gods and starres,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* plains.
Curst be the sea that with outrageous waves,
With surging billowes did not rive my ships
Against the rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or swallowed me into her watry gulf.

Would

Would God he had arriv'd upon the shore
Where *Poliphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropomphagie*
With greedy jawes devours the wandring wights,

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanact's* bloody Ghost,
To bring a corsive to our miseries?
Is't not enough to suffer shamefull flight,
But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
With apparitions fearfull to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for blood.

Hum. So nought will satisfie your wandring Ghost,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall;
Because he conquered you in *Albany*.
Now by my soule, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantals* hunger, or *Ixions* Wheele,
Or to the vulture of *Prometheus*,
Rather then that this murther were undone.
When as I die I'll drag thy cursed Ghost
Through all the Rivers of soule *Erebus*,
Through burning sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting soule.

Exeunt.

Alba. Ghost. Vindicta, vindicta.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Atrey as before. Then Omphale Daughter
to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her hand,
and a Lyons skin on her back, Hercules following
with a distaffe. Then let Omphale turn about, and
taking off her Pantofle, strike Hercules on the head,
then let them depart, Atrey remaining, saying;*

*Quem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the world,
Son to *Alcmene* and great *Jupiter*,
After so many conquests won in field,
After so many Monsters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearfull woman void of manly strength,
She took the Club, and wore the Lyons skin.
He took the Wheele, and maidenly gan spin
So martiall *Locrine* cheer'd with victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber's* Concubine,
And so forgetteth peerlesse *Guendoline*.
His Uncle *Corineus* stormes at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his grace to sue,
Loe here the summe, the proesse doth ensue.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Asarachus, Thrasimachus, and the Souldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona's* broiles,
With sound of Drumme and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* slain with great occision,
Doe equallize the grasse in multitude,
And with their blood have stain'd the streaming brooks,
Offering their bodies and their dearest blood
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghost,
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
For thy deceits and crafty treacheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,
With losse of life, and everduring shame.
Where are thy Horses tract with burnisht gold,
Thy trampling Coursers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy soldiers strong and numberlesse?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers?
Even as the Country Clownes with sharpest Scythes,
Doe mow the withered grasse from off the earth,
Or as the Ploughman with his piercing share
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
And rippeth up the roots with Razors keen.
So *Locrine* with his mighty curtle-axe,
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunnes*,
So *Locrine's* Peers have daunted all thy Peeres,
And drove thine host unto confusion,
That thou maist suffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdring valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd,
That seek to enter *Albion* 'gainst our wills.

If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the Cole-black *Athiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the hoasts of the *Barbarian* lands,
Should dare to enter this our little world,
Soon should they rue their overbold attempts,
That after us our progeny may say,
There lie the beasts that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. I, they are beasts that seek to usurp our Land,
And like to brutish beasts they shall be serv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the supream King of heaven,
That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure skie,
Fights alwayes for the *Britains* safety.
But stay, me thinks I hear some shrieking noyse,
That draweth near to our pavillion.

Enter the Souldiers leading in Estrild.

Estrild. What Prince soc're adorn'd with golden
Doth sway the Regall Scepter in his hand: (Crown,
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
The perfect platform of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with mavoriall bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble blood,
Now am I fajn into my foemens hands,

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And.

And with my death must pacifie their mood.
 O life the harbour of calamities,
 O death the haven of all miseries,
 I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
 Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
 But that thou viewd'st thy enemies overthrow,
 Nigh to the rock of high *Caphareus*,
 Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence.
 I must abide the victors insolence.
 The gods that pittied thy continual grief,
 Transform'd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,
 Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
 For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
 What said I few? I, few or none at all,
 For cruel death made havock of them all.
 Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good,
 To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
 Thrice haplesse I, whom fortune so withstood
 That cruelly she gave me to my foes.
 Oh souldiers is there any misery,
 To be compar'd to fortunes treacherie.

Loc. *Camber*, this same should be the *Scythian* Queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a dame mine eyes did never see,
 With fouds of woes she seems o're-whelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine* hath she not a cause for to be sad?

Locrine at one side of the stage.

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber's* death,
 And shed salt tears for her overthrow:
Locrine may well bewaile his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe,
 He being conquer'd died a speedy death,
 And felt not long his lamentable smart,
 I being a conquerour, live a lingring life,
 And feel the force of *Cupid's* sudden stroke.
 I gave him cause to die a speedy death,
 He left me cause to wish a speedy death.
 Oh that sweet face painted with natur's dye,
 Those roseal cheeks mixt with a snowy white,
 That decent neck surpassing ivory,
 Those comely breasts which *Venus* well might spite,
 Are like to snares which wylie fowlers wrought,
 Wherein my yielding heart is prisoner caught.
 The golden tresses of her dainty hair
 Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
 Have so entrapt poor *Locrine's* lovesick heart,
 That from the same no way it can be won.
 How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
 One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.

Estr. Hard is their fall, who from a golden Crown
 Are cast into a Sea of wretchednesse.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
 Are wrapt in waves of endlesse carefulnesse.

Estr. Oh Kingdome object to all miseries.

Loc. Oh love, the extreame'st of all extremities.

Let him go into his chair.

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
 I found this Lady, and to manifest
 That earnest zeal I bear unto your Grace,
 I here present her to your Majesty.

Another sold. Helies, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
 And here present her to your Majesty.

1. *Sold.* Presumptuous villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2. *Sol.* Nay rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1. *Sol.* Resigne thy title (cative) unto me,
 Or with my sword I'll pierce thy cowards loins.

2. *Sol.* Soft words, good sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
 A barking dog doth seldome strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent villains, strive you in our fight?

Take them hence Jaylor to the dungeon,
 There let them lie and trie their quarrel out.
 But thou fair Princess be no whit dismaid,
 But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Estr. How can he favour me that slew my spouse?

Loc. The chance of war (my love) took him from thee.

Estr. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an enemy to *Locrine's* state,
 And slew my noble brother *Albanact*.

Estr. But he was link'd to me in marriage bond,
 And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, then not to live at all.

Estr. Better to die renowned for chastitie,
 Then live with sname and endlesse infamie.

What would the common sort report of me,
 If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Estr. But Ladies must regard their honest name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in marriage bonds?

Estr. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine's* burning love,
 Thou shalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Estr. But *Guendoline* will undermine my state.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harme.

Estr. Then lo brave *Locrine*, *Estrild* yields to thee,

And by the gods, whom thou do'st invoke,
 By the dread ghost of thy deceased Sire,
 By thy right hand, and by thy burning love,
 Take pity on poor *Estrild's* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendoline*,
 That thus he courts the *Scythians* paramour?

What, are the words of *Brute* so soon forgot?
 Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?

Have I bin faithfull to thy Sire now dead,
 Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hands,
 And do'st thou quit me with ungratitude?

Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds,
 Is this the honour for my labours past?

Now by my sword, *Locrine*, I swear to thee,
 This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your royal soveraigne,
 As if we stood for cyphers in the Court?

Upbraid you me with those your benefits?

Why, it was a subjects duty so to do.

What you have done for our deceased Sire,
 We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant proud princex, brav'st thou me withall,
 Assurance thy self, though thou be Emperour
 Thou ne're shalt carry this unpunished.

Cam. Pardon my brother, noble *Corineus*,
 Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assar. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,
 How he desired you to cherish them:
 Let not this fault so much incense your mind,
 Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, loe I reconcile my self,
 But as thou lov'st thy life, so love thy wife:
 But if thou violate those promises,
 Bloud and revenge shall light upon thy head.
 Comes, let us back to stately *Troynovant*,
 Where all these matters shall be settled.

Locrine to himself.

Millions of devils wait upon thy soul.

Legions

Legions of spirits vex thy impious ghost :
Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones.
Let every thing that hath the use of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber alone, his hair hanging over his shoulders, his arms all bloodie, and a dart in one hand.

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought ?
What fearfull Furie haunts these cursed groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* meat ?
Hath fell *Alesto* with envenomed blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender plains ?
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these withered hearbs ?
Hath dreadfull *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenesse on every fruitfull tree ?
What nor a root, no fruit, no beast, no bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this wilderness ?
What would you more, you fiends of *Erebus* ?
My very intrails burn for want of drink,
My bowels cry, *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed groves afford no meat :
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The gods, hard hearted gods, yield me no meat
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat ?

Enter Strumbo with a pitch-fork, and a Scotch-cap.

St. How do you, Masters, how do you ? how have you
scaped hanging this long time ? I faith I have scape many
a scouring this year, but I thank God I have past them
all with a good couragio, couragio, and my wife and I
are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood
and my strength ; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a
certain day at night I came home, to say the very truth,
with my stomack full of wine, and ran up into the cham-
ber, where my wife soberly sate rocking my little babie,
leaning her back against the bed, singing lullaby. Now
when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking
that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, snatcht up a fagot-
stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards
me with a big face, as though she would have eaten me
at a bit ; thundering out these words unto me. Thou
drunken knave where hast thou been so long ? I shall
teach thee how to benight me another time : and so she
began to play knaves trumps. Now although I trembled
fearing she would set her ten commandments in my
face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the mid-
dle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her
upon it, flung my self upon her, and there I delighted
her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would
call me sweet husband, and so banisht brawling for ever :
and to see the good will of the wench, she bought with
her Portion a yard of land, and by that I am now be-
come one of the richest men in our parish. Well,

Masters, what's a clock ? it is now break-fast time, you
shall see what meat I have here for my break-fast.

He sits down and pulls out his victuals.

Hum. Was ever land so fruitless as this land ?
Was ever grove so gracelesse as this grove ?
Was ever soil so barren as this soil ?
Oh no : the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no wise equalize this cursed land ;
No, even the climate of the torrid zone
Brings forth more fruit then this accursed grove.
Ne'er came sweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here ;
Triptolemus the god of husbandmen,
Ne'er sow'd his seed in this foul wilderness.
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac't from the nine-fold *Puriflegiton*,
Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.
The iron-hearted Furies arm'd with snakes,
Scater'd huge *Hydra's* over all the plains,
Which have consum'd the grasse, the herbs, the trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing water springs.

Strumbo hearing his voice starts up, and puts his meat in his pocket, seeking to hide himself.

Hum. Thou great commander of the starry sky,
That guid'st the life of every mortal wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting clouds
Rain down some food, or else I faint and dye :
Pour down some drink, or else I faint and dye.
O *Jupiter*, hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish shape to minister some food ?
Some meat, some meat, some meat.

Strum. O alas sir, ye are deceived, I am not *Mercury*,
I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me some meat, villain, give me some meat,
Or 'gainst this rock, I'll dash thy cursed brains,
And rend thy bowels with my bloodie hands.
Give me some meat, villain, give me some meat.

Strum. By the faith of my body, good fellow, I had
rather give an whole ox, then that thou should'st serve
me in that sort. Dash out my brains ? O horrible, ter-
rible. I think I have a quarry of stones in my pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he putteth out his hand, enter the Ghost of Albanast, and strikes him on the hand, and so Strumbo runs out, Humber following him. *Exeunt.*

Alba. Ghost. Lo, here the gift of fell ambition,
Of usurpation and of treachery.
Lo, here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others lands,
Which are not under their dominion. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven yeares hath aged *Corineus* liv'd
To *Locrine's* grief, and fair *Efrilda's* woe,
And seven yeares more he hopeth yet to live ;
Oh supreme *Jove*, annihilatè this thought.

Should

Should he enjoy the aires fruition ?
 Should he enjoy the benefit of life ?
 Should he contemplate the radiant sun,
 That makes my life equall to dreadfull death ?
Venus convey this monster fro the earth,
 That disobeyerth thus thy sacred hefts.
Cupid convey this monster to dark hell,
 That disannulls thy mothers fugred lawes.
Mars with thy target all beset with flames,
 With murdering blade bereave him of his life,
 That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest joyes.
 And yet for all his diligent aspect,
 His wrathfull eyes piercing like Lincés eyes,
 Well have I overmatcht his subtiltie.
 Nigh *Deucolium* by the pleasant Lee,
 Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver streams,
 Making a breach into the grassie downes,
 A curious arch of costly marble fraught,
 Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the ground,
 The walls whereof, garnisht with diamonds,
 With ophirs, rubies, glistering emeralds,
 And interlact with sun-bright carbuncles,
 Lightens the room with artificial day,
 And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
 The moisture is deriv'd into this arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair *Estriid* secretly ;
 Thither *Estroons* accompanied with my page,
 I covertly visit my hearts desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest eye,
 For love aboundeth still with policie :
 And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
 Till *Atropos* cut off mine uncle's life. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber alone, saying :

Hum. *O vita misero longa, felici brevis !
 Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.*
 Long have I lived in this desert cave,
 With eating hawes and miserable roots,
 Devouring leaves and beastly excrements.
 Caves were my beds, and stones my pillow-beres,
 Fear was my sleep, and horror was my dream ;
 For still me thought at every boisterous blast,
 Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must dye ;
 So that for fear and hunger, *Humber's* mind
 Can never rest, but alwayes trembling stands.
 O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirst ?
 What *Euphrates*, what light-foot *Euripus*.
 May now allay the fury of that heat,
 Which raging in my entrails eats me up ?
 You ghastly devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
 You damned ghosts of joyless *Acheron*,
 You mournfull soules, vext in *Abyssus* vaults,
 You coal-black devils of *Avernus* pond,
 Come with your flesh-hooks, rend my famisht armes,
 These armes that have sustain'd their masters life ;
 Come with your razours rip my bowels up,
 With your sharp fire-forks crack my starved bones.
 Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
 Accursed gods that rule the starrie poles,
 Accursed *Jove* king of the accursed gods,

Cast down your lightning on poor *Humber's* head,
 That I may leave this deathfull like life of mine :
 What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* dye ?
 Nay I will dye though all the gods say nay.
 And gentle *Aby* take my troubled coips,
 Take it and keep it from all mortal eyes,
 That none may say when I have lost my breath,
 The very fouds conspir'd 'gainst *Humber's* death.

Flings himself into the river.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cadem sequitur, cades in cade quiesco.
Humber is dead, joy heavens, leap earth, dance trees ;
 Now may'st thou reach thy apples *Tantalus*,
 And withem feed thy hunger-bitten limmes :
 Now *Sisyphus* leave the tumbling of thy rock,
 And rest thy restless bones upon the same :
 Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
 And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling wheel.
 Back will I post to hell mouth *Tanarus*,
 And pass *Cocytus*, to the *Elysian* fields,
 And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's daughter.
 Medea following, bath a garland in her hand, and
 putting it on Creon's daughters head, setteth it on fire,
 and then killing Jason and her, departeth.*

Ate. *Non tam Trinacriis exastuat Aetna cavernis,
 Lasa furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.*

Medea seeing *Jason* leave her love,
 And choose the daughter of the *Theban* King,
 Went to her devillish charms to work revenge ;
 And raising up the atuple *Hecate*,
 With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
 Framed a garland by her magick skill,
 With which she wrought *Jason* and *Creon's* ill.
 So *Guendoline* seeing her self misus'd,
 And *Humber's* paramour possesse her place,
 Flies to the Dukedome of *Cornubia*,
 And with her brother stout *Thrasimachus*,
 Gathering a power of *Cornish* souldiers,
 Gives battel to her husband and his host,
 Nigh to the river of great *Mertia* :
 The chances of this disinal massacre,
 That which ensueth shortly will unfold. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assaracus, Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dyed my Brother so ?
 Now who is left to hapless *Albion*,
 That as a pillar might uphold our state,
 That might strike terrour to our daring foes ?
 Now who is left to hapless *Britanie*,

That

That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seek to work her downfall and decay.

Cam. I Uncle, death is our common enemy,
And none but death can match our matchlesse power,
Witnesse the fall of *Albionens* crew,
Witnesse the fall of *Humber* and his *Hannes*,
And this foul death hath now increas'd our woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this life,
And in his room leaving us worlds of care.

Thra. But none may more bewaile his mournfull hearse,
Then I that am the issue of his loins,
Now foul befall that cursed *Humber's* throat,
That was the causer of his lingring wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the dead again,
But where's my Lady Mistris *Guendoline*?

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my sister now,
Providing for my Father's funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning weeds,
And mourn for ever her own widdow-hood:
Ne're shall she come within our Palace gate,
To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his love,
Go, boy, to *Dentolium*, down the Lee,
Unto the arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* straight unto the Court,
She shall be Queen in *Guendolines* room,
Let others waile for *Corineus* death,
I mean not so to macerate my mind,
For him that barr'd me from my hearts desire.

Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forsook his *Guendoline*?
Is *Corineus* death so soon forgot?
If there be gods in heaven, as sure there be,
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
Ande pour their plagues upon thy cursed head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, peasant, to thy Sovereigne?
Or art thou stricken in some extasie?
Do'st thou not tremble at our royal looks?
Do'st thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardless boy, were't not that *Locrine* scorns
To vex his mind with such a heartlesse child,
With the sharp point of this my battel-axe,
I'de send thy soul to *Puryslegiton*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble father with his conquering sword,
Slew the two gyants Kings of *Aquitain*.

Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the looks
Or taunting words of a veneration squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy royal Sovereigne?
Uncivil, not befitting such as you.
Injurious traitor (for he is no lesse
That at defiance standeth with his King).
Leave these thy taunts, leave these thy bragging words,
Unlesse thou mean'st to leave thy wretched life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious dignitie
With ugly spots of monstrous infamie,
They lesse their former estimation,
And throw themselves into a hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,
As though thou did'st our high displeasure scorne?
Proud boy, that thou maist know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, losell *Locrine*, look unto thy self,

Thrasimachus will venge this injurie.

Exit.

Loc. Farewell, proud boy, and learn to use thy tongue.

Assa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest words that *Brutus* spake to you,
How he desir'd you, by the obedience
That children ought to bear their sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendoline*:
Consider this, that if the injurie
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and dissention follows speedily.
What though her power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a silly Mouse?
Even so the chance of war inconstant is.

Loc. Peace Uncle, peace, and cease to talk hereof,
For he that seeks by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine* in his sweetest life,
Let him perswade himself to die the death.

Enter the Page, with *Estrild* and *Sabren*.

Estr. O say me, Page? tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my life?

Say me, sweet boy? tell me and do not fain.

Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the
little honestie that is yet left me, there is no such danger
as you fear, but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Estr. Then, *Estrild*, lift thy dazled spirits up,
And blesse that blessed time, that day, that hour,
That warlike *Locrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Locrine taking her up.

Doth *Estrild* fall with such submission
Before her servant King of *Albion*?
Arise, fair Lady, leave this lowly chear,
Lift up those looks that cherish *Locrine's* heart,
That I may freely view that roscall face,
Which so intangled hath my love-sick brest.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And passe the night and day in *Venus* sports.
Frollick, brave Peers, be joyfull with your King. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, *Adrian*, and souldiers.

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modest blasts,
Passe through the circuit of the heavenly vault,
Enter the clouds unto the throne of *Jove*,
And bear my prayers to his all-hearing ears,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humbers* concubine.
You happy sprites that in the concave skie
With pleatant joy, enjoy your sweetest love,
Shed forth those tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to your wills:
Those tears are fittest for my wofull case,
Since *Locrine* thuns my nothing pleasant face.
Blush Heavens, blush Sun, and hide thy shining beams,
Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds,

Deny

Deny thy cheerfull light unto the world,
Where nothing reigns but falshood and deceit.
What said I, falshood? I, that filthy crime,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*.
Behold the heavens do wail for *Guendoline*:
The shining sun doth blush for *Guendoline*:
The liquid air doth weep for *Guendoline*:
The very ground doth groan for *Guendoline*.
I, they are milder then the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckless *Guendoline*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause,
This open wrong must have an open plague:
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with *Locrinus* death,
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.

Guen. O no, his death will more augment my woes,
He was my husband, brave *Thrasimachus*,
More dear to me then the apple of mine eye,
Nor can I find in heart to work his scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can move you to revenge:
Think on our father *Corineus* words,
His words to us stand alwayes for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live that caus'd my fathers death?
Should *Locrine* live that now divorceth you?
The heavens, the earth, the air, the fire reclaims;
And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish complaints,
All childish pittie henceforth then farewell:
But cursed *Locrine* look unto thy self,
For *Nemesis* the mistresse of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismal blades,
And cursed *Estrild* that inflam'd his heart,
Shall if I live, die a reproachfull death.

Madan. Mother, though nature makes me to lament
My luckless fathers froward lechery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady mother, thus,
I, if I could, my self would work his death.

Thra. See Madam, see, the desire of revenge
Is in the children of a tender age.

Forward, brave souldiers, into *Mertia*,
Where we shall brave the coward to his face. *Exeunt*.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Locrine, Estrild, Habren, Asarachus, and
the Souldiers.*

Loer. Tell me, *Asarachus*, are the *Cornish* chuffes
In such great number come to *Mertia*,
And have they pitched there their host,
So close unto our Royal mansion?

Assa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majesty.

Loer. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendoline*
Should have the heart to come in armes 'gainst me.

Estr. Alas, my Lord, the horse will run amain
When as the spur doth gall him to the bone;
Jealousie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked sting.

Loer. Sayst thou so, *Estrild*, Beauties paragon?
Well, we will try her choler to the proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Asarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud pavillion. *Exeunt*.

Scena Quinta.

Enter the Ghost of Corineus, with thunder & lightning.

Ghost. Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
Throws forth sad throbs, and grievous suspirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine's* overthrow:
The fire casteth forth sharp darts of flames,
The great foundation of the triple world
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody massacres at hand.
The wandring birds that flutter in the dark,
When hellish night in cloudie chariot seated,
Casteth her mists on shadie *Tellus* face,
With sable mantles covering all the earth,
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
Foretelling some unwonted misery.
The snarling cures of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* ponds by *Radamanth*,
With howling ditties pester every wood;
The watrie Ladies and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the rabble of the woodie Nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shadie groves,
And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow pits.
The boysterous *Boreas* thundreth forth revenge:
The stonie rocks cry out on sharp revenge:
The thornie bush pronounceth dire revenge.

Sound the alarme.

Now *Corineus* stay and see revenge,
And feed thy soul with *Locrine's* overthrow,
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth:
The roaring drums summon the souldiers.
Loe where their army glistereth on the plains.
Throw forth thy lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy plagues on cursed *Locrine's* head.

Stand aside.

*Enter Locrine, Estrild, Asarachus, Habren and their
souldiers at one door, Thrasimachus, Guendoline, Ma-
dan and their followers at another.*

Loc. What is the Tygre started from his cave?
Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus she braveth *Locrine* to the teeth?
And hast thou found thine armour, pretty boy,
Accompanied with these thy stragling mates?
Believe me but this enterprise was bold,
And well deserveth commendation.

Guen. I *Locrine*, traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to seek thine overthrow:
What have I done that thou should'st scorn me thus?
What have I said that thou should'st me reject?
Have I been disobedient to thy words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane secrecie?
Have I dishonoured thy marriage bed
With filthy crimes, or with lascivious lusts?
Nay it is thou that hast dishonoured it,
Thy filthy mind overcome with filthy lusts,
Yieldeth unto affections filthy darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest feir,
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest friend;
Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilfull *Brutus* lawes,

For

Forgetting father, uncle, and thy self.

Estr. Believe me *Locrine*, but the girle is wise,
And well would seem to make a vestal Nun,
How finely frames she her oration.

Thra. *Locrine* we came not here to fight with words,
Words that can never win the victory,
But for you are so merry in your frumps,
Unsheath your swords, and trie it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Locr. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,
And with my sword, the messenger of death,
Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts. *Exeunt.*

Sound the alarum. Enter *Locrine*, *Affaracus*, and a
souldier at one door, *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*,
at another, *Locrine* and his follow-
ers driven back.

Then let *Locrine* and *Estrild* enter again in a maze.

Locr. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the field,
Thrasimachus hath won the victory,
And we are left to be a laughing stock,
Scoft at by those that are our enemies,
Ten thousand souldiers arm'd with sword and shield,
Prevail against an hundred thousand men,
Thrasimachus incest with fuming ire,
Rageth among'st the faint-heart souldiers
Like to grim *Mars*, when covered with his targe
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
Close by the banks of silver *Simois*. *Sound the alarum.*
O lovely *Estrild* now the chase begins,
Ne're shall we see the stately *Troynovant*
Mounted with coursers garnisht all with pearles
Ne're shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unlesse as captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken prisoner,
By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendoline* captivate my love?
Ne're shall mine eyes behold that dismal hour,
Ne're will I view that ruthfull spectacle,
For with my sword, this sharp curtle axe,
I'll cut in sunder my accursed heart.
But O you judges of the ninefold *Stix*,
Which with incessant torments rack the ghosts
Within the bottomlesse *Abyssus* pits,
You gods, commanders of the heavenly spheers,
Whose will and laws irrevocable stands,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed sin,
Forget O gods, this foul condemned fault:
And now my sword that in so many fights kiss his sword.
Hast sav'd the life of *Brutus* and his son,
End now his life that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that hateth still his life.
Farewell fair *Estrild*, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorn miseries,
Ne're shall mine eyes behold thy sun-shine eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elysian* fields,
Thither I go before with hastened pace.
Farewell vain world, and thy enticing snares.
Farewell foul sin, and thy enticing pleasures.
And welcome death, the end of mortal smart,
Welcome to *Locrine's* over-burthened heart.

Thrusts himself through with his sword.

Estr. Break heart with sobs and grievous suspirs,
Stream forth you tears from forth my watry eyes,
Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine's* death,
Pour down your tears you watry regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of life.
O fickle fortune, O unstable world,
What else are all things, that this globe contains,
But a confused chaos of mishaps?
Wherein as in a glasse we plainly see,
That all our life is but a Tragedie.
Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
I, mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of life;
Shall *Estrild* live then after *Locrine's* death?
Shall love of life bar her from *Locrine's* sword?
O no, this sword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeing soul:
Strengthen these hands O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my wofull miserie,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. *Kills her self.*
Sound the alarme. Enter *Sabren*.

Sab. What dolefull sight, what ruthfull spectacle
Hath fortune offred to my haplesse heart?
My father slain with such a fatal sword,
My mother murthred by a mortal wound?
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at such a ruthfull case?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony flint,
Would not bemoane this mournfull Tragedie?
Locrine, the map of magnanimitie,
Lies slaughtered in his foul accursed cave,
Estrild, the perfect pattern of renown,
Natures sole wonder, in whose beauteous brests,
All heavenly grace and vertue was inshrind,
Both massacred are dead within this cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet love.
Here lies a sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
And bring my soul unto my parents ghosts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our case with mournfull plaudities.

Let her offer to kill her self.

Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bullwarke of my brest,
My fingers us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely glain,
So I am left to waile my parents death,
Not able for to work my proper death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy noblenesse.
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy constancie.
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal ends.

Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, *Madan*,
and the Souldiers.

Guen. Search souldiers search, find *Locrine* & his Love,
Find the proud strumpet, *Humber's* concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing looks,
To pale and ignominious aspect.
Find me the issue of their cursed love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine's* only joy,
That I may glut my mind with lukewarme blood,
Swiftly distilling from the bastards brest,
My fathers ghost still hants me for revenge,
Crying, revenge my over-hastened death,
My brother's exile, and mine own divorce,
Banish remorse clean from my brazen heart,

All mercy from mine adamantine breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy husband, lovely *Guendoline*,
That wonted was to guide our starlesse steps,
Enjoy this light; see where he murdered lies:
By lucklesse lot and froward frowning fate,
And by him lies his lovely paramour
Fair *Estrild* goared with a dismal sword,
And as it seems, both murdered by themselves,
Clasping each other in their feeble armes,
With loving zeal, as if for company
Their discontented corps were yet content.
To passe foul *Stix* in *Charon's* ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendoline's* wrath,
Violently by cutting off her life?
Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra's* lives,
That every hour she might have died a death
Worse then the twing of old *Ixions* wheel,
And every hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houles *Caucason*,
Doth feed the substance of his own mishap,
And every day for want of food doth die,
And every night doth live again to die.
But stay, me thinks I hear some fainting voice,
Mournfully weeping for their lucklesse death.

Sa. You mountain nymphs which in these deserts raign,
Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts,
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with care,
Addresse your ears to hear a mournfull stile,
No humane strength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart so tyrant like doth deal.
You *Driades* and lightfoot *Satiri*,
You gracious Fairies which at evening tide,
Your closets leave with heavenly beauty stor'd;
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks,
You savage bears in Caves and darkned Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine's* death.
Come mourn with me, for beateous *Estrild's* death.
Ah loving parents little do you know,
What sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this curtesie,
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death.

Sa. Hard hearted death, that when the wretched call.
Art farthest off, and seldome hear'st at all.
But in the mid'st of fortunes good success,
Uncalled comes, and sheers our life in twain:
When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh,
When poor distressed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal thred.

What art thou death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?

Guendoline taking her by the chin, shall say thus.

Guen. Yes damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
Though all the world should seek to save her life,
And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and grievous punishments,
Shortly inflicted upon thy battards head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streams,
And feed the fishes with thy tender flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel homicid,
That these thy deeds shall be unpunished?
No traitor, no, the gods will venge these wrongs,
The fiends of hell will mark these injuries:
Never shall these bloud-sucking mally currs,
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home.
For I my self in spite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former destinies,
And that which *Locrine's* sword could not perform,
This present streame shall present bring to passe.
She drowneth her self.

Guen. One mischief follows anothers neck,
Who would have thought so young a maid as she
With such a courage would have sought her death.
And for because this River was the place
Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren, for ever shall this same be call'd.
And as for *Locrine* our deceased spouse,
Because he was the son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our country, lives and goods,
He shall be buried in a stately tombe,
Close by his aged father *Brutus* bones,
With such great pomp and great solemnity,
As well befits so brave a Prince as he.
Let *Estrild* lie without the shallow vaults,
Without the honour due unto the dead,
Because she was the authour of this War.
Retire brave followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate these exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his father's Tombe.

Exeunt omnes.

Atey. Lo here the end of lawlesse treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious pride,
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoile our land, and set their broils abroad,
Let them be warn'd by these premisses,
And as a woman was the onely cause
That civil discord was then stirr'd up,
So let us pray for that renowned maid,
That eight and thirty years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet peace and sweet felicitie,
And every wight that seeks her graces smart,
Would that this sword were pierced in his heart. *Exit.*

F I N I S.

