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Shakespeare, witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, Plautus, Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, Love Labours Lost, Love Labours Won, Midsummer's Night Dream, Merchant of Venice, Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, King John, Romeo and Juliet, Epius Stolo, Musaeus, Hero and Leander, Thamyras, Hercules, Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, Ariosto, Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus, Aeschylus, Euripides, Seneca, Lord Buckhurst, Doctor Legge of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the Mirror for Magistrates, Anneus Lucanus, Medea, Menander, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, the best for comedy amongst us be Edward Earl of Oxford, Doctor Gager of Oxford, Master Rowley, Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Master Edwards, one of her Majesty's Chapel, eloquent and witty John Lyly, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Munday, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle, Horace, Lucilius, Juvenal, Lucullus, Emmanuel College in Cambridge, Pygmalion's Image and Certain Satires, Skialetheia, Hipponax Ephesius, Richard Stanyhurst, Theogenes Megarensis, Mecaenas, Ovid, Propertius, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Samuel Page, Corpus Christi College in Oxford, Amyntae Gaudia, Walsingham's Meliboeus, Master Chaloner, Stephen Gosson, Abraham Fraunce, and Richard Barnfield, Portius Licinius, Quintus Cornificius, Martial, Getulicus, Sir Thomas More, Sir John Davies, Phaer, Barnabe Googe, Palingenius, Turberville, Andreas Alciatus, Geoffrey Whitney, Gervase Markham, Tusser, Actaeon, Isle of Dogs, Anacreon, George Peele, Diogenes, pickled herrings, Rhenish wine, Damon and Pithias, Selimus, Pandosto, recusant literature, Arthur Brooke, Romeus and Juliet, Pasquil, R. W. Bond, Paul's Boys, Children of the Chapel, Bussy d'Ambois, Audley's End, Palemon and Arcite, Jailer's Daughter, Lord Strange, Strange News, Earl of Leicester, Swan Theatre, Globe Theatre, Rose Theatre, The Curtain, Samuel Langley, Francis Bacon, Looney, Ruth Miller, Shakespeare Identified, J. Churton Collins, Edward Arber, Malone Society, McKerrow, Privy Council, Stationers Company, Stationers Register, Richard Edwardes, Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice, Alphonsus King of Aragon, Spanish Tragedy, Tragedy of Soliman and Perseda, Endimion The Man in the Moone, Summer's Last Will and Testament, Strange Newes, Epistle Dedicatorie, Pasquil's Countercuffe to Martin Junior, Elizabethan Satires and Tracts, A Passionate century of Love, Poems of Edward de Vere, Palladis Tamia, Richard Edwards, Thomas Nash, London Theaters, Children's Acting Companies, Endymion, True Tragedy, Authorship Studies, Authorship Controversy, Authorship debate, Endymion, Robert Brazil, Robert Sean Brazil, Barboura Flues, Barb Flues, elizabethanauthors.org, Nobody and Somebody, No-body and Some-body, Horestes

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath
borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how
abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at
it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know
not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your
gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment,
that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one
now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen?
Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let
her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must
come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell
me one thing."

No-Body and Some-Body.

Original spelling; style made consistent.
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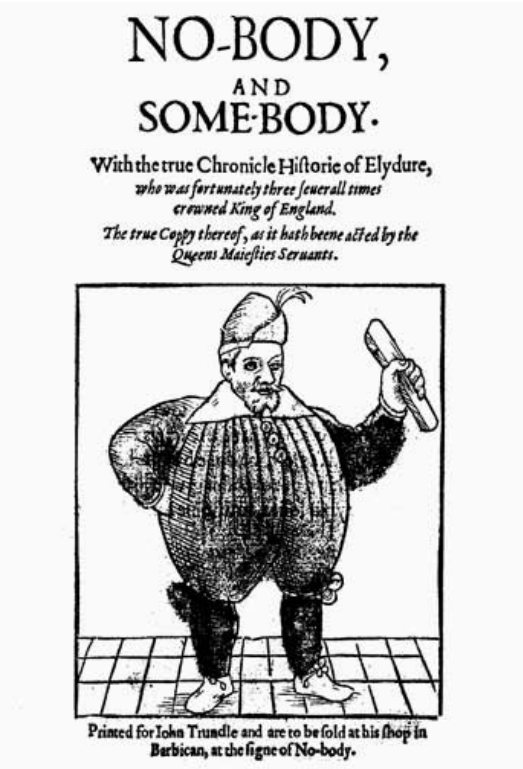
NO-BODY
AND
SOME-BODY.
With the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure,
who was fortunately three several times
crowned King of England.
The true Copy thereof, as it hath been acted
by the Queens Majesties Servants.


NO-BODY,
AND
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who was fortunately three seuerall times
crowned King of England.
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Queens Maieſties Seruants.
Printed for Iohn Trundle and are to be ſold at his ſhop in
Barbican, at the ſigne of No-body.

Printed for John Trundle, and are to be sold
at his shopin Barbican, at the signe of No-body.

Characters in the Play

Cornwell, an honest Counsellor.
Martianus his friend, an honest Counsellor.
Elydure, Heir to the throne of Britain.
Vigenius, his younger brother.
Peridure, his younger brother.
Archigallo, the corrupt King of Britain.
Lord Sicophant, a fawning courtier.
Two petitioners: Lord Morgan and Lord Malgo.
Queen
Lady Elidure
Flatterer
Attendants
Two Porters
Nobody, an honest subject.
Somebody, his opposite.
Somebody's servants
Clown.
Wench.
Rafe.
A Man and His Wife
Two Men
A Prentice
Several Keepers of the Prisons
Constable
Braggart
Officers

PROLOGUE

A subject, of no subject, we present,
for No-body is Nothing:
Who of nothing can something make?
It is a worke beyond the power of wit,
And yet invention is rife:
A morrall meaning you must then expect
grounded on lesser than a shadowes shadow:
Promising nothing where there wants a toong;
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:
Yet something out of nothing we will show
To gaine your loves, to whome our selves we owe.

(Enter Cornwell and Martianus.)

CORNWELL: My Lord Martianus.

MARTIANUS: My Lord of Cornwell.

CORNWELL: Morrow.

MARTIANUS: Morrow.

CORNWELL: You are sad my Lord.

MARTIANUS: You melancholy.

CORNWELL: So,
The state itself mournes in a robe of Wo.

MARTIANUS: For the decease of Archigalloes vertues.
I understand you, noble-minded Cornwell.
What generous spirit drawes this Brittish ayre
But droops at Archigalloes government?

CORNWELL: And reason, Martianus. When the Sunne
Struggles to be delivered from the wombe
Of an obscure Eclipse, doth not the earth
Mourne to behold his shine envelloped?
O Corbonon, when I did close thine eyes
I gave release to Britaines miseries.

(Enter Elydure.)

MARTIANUS: Good morrow to Prince Elydure.

ELIDURE: The same to you and you: you are sad my Lordes;
Your harts I thinke are frosty, for your blood
Seemes crusted in your faces, like the dew
In a September morne. How fares the King?
Have you yet bid good morrow to his highnes?

CORNWELL: The King's not stirring yet.

(Enter Vigenius and Peridure.)

PERIDURE: Yonder's old Cornwell; come Vigenius
Weele have some sport with him.

VIGENIUS: Brother, content.

PERIDURE: Good morrow to you brother Elydure.

CORNWELL: God morrow to Cornwell.

VIGENIUS: Morrow old gray-beard.

CORNWELL: My beards not so gray as your wits greene.

VIGENIUS: And why so?

PERIDURE: We shall ha you come out now with some reason
that was borne in my great grandsires time.

CORNWELL: Would you would prove as honest princes as
your great grandsire was, or halfe as wise as your elder brother was!
Theres a couple of you! Sfoote I am ashamed you should be
of the blood royall.

PERIDURE: And why, father Winter?

CORNWELL: You do not know your state. There's Elydure
Your elder brother next unto the King;
He plies his booke; when shall you see him trace
Lascivious Archigallo through the streets,
And fight with common hacksters hand to hand
To wrest from them their goods an dignities?

PERIDURE: You are to saucy, Cornwell.

VIGENIUS: Bridle your spirit.

ELIDURE: Your words are dangerous, good honest subject,
Old reverent states-man, faithful servitor:
Do not traduce the King, hees vertuous.
Or say he tread somewhat besides the line
of vertuous government, his regality
Brookes not taxation: Kings greatest royalties
Are, that their subjects must aplaud their deedes
As well as beare them. Their prerogatives
Are murall interponents twixt the world
And their proceedings.

CORNWELL: Well, well, I have served foure Kings,
And none of those foure but would have ventured
Their safeties on old Cornwels constancy.
But thats all one; now I am cald a dotard.
Go to, though now my limbes be starke and stiffe
When Cornwels dead, Brittayne I know will want
So strong a prop. Alasse, I needs must weepe
And shed teares in abundance, when I thinke
How Archigallo wrongs his government.

VIGENIUS: Nay, now youle fall into your techy humor.

(Enter Lord Sicophant.)

SICOPHANT: My Lords, Princes I should have said, and after, Lords, I am the Usher and Harbinger unto the Kings most excellent person, and his Majesty.

VIGENIUS: is fourth-comming.

SICOPHANT: Or comming fourth, hard by or at hand. Will you
put your gestures of attendance on, to give his Majestie the
Bon joure?

(Enter Archigallo and two Lords, Morgan, Malgo.)

ALL: Good morrow to our soveraigne Archigallo.

ARCHIGALLO: Morrow.

CORNWELL: Why do you frowne upon your servants, King?
We love you, and you ought to favor us.
Will you to Counsel? Heeres petitions,
Complaints, and controversies twixt your subjects,
Appealing all to youl

ARCHIGALLO: Lets see those papers. A controversie betwixt the
Lord Morgan and the Lord Malgo, concerning their Tytles to the
Southerne Island. We know this cause and what their titles be.
(To Morgan) You claim it by inheritance?

MORGAN: My liege, I do.

ARCHIGALLO (to Malgo): You by the marriage of Lord Morgans mother, To whom it was left joynture?

MALGO: True gratious Soveraigne.

ARCHIGALLO: Whose evidence is the strongest? To which part
Inclines the censures of our learned Judges?

MORGAN: We come not heer to plead before your grace
But humblie to intreat your Majestie
Peruse our evidence and censure it
According to your wisdome.

ARCHIGALLO: What I determine, then, youle yeeld unto?

BOTH: We will, my Soveraigne.

ARCHIGALLO: (to Sicophant) Then that Southerne Ile
We take to our protection, and make you
Lord governor thereof.

SICOPHANT: I humblie thanke your highnesse.

MALGO: I hope your Majesty --

ARCHIGALLO: Replie not, I but take it to myselfe
Because I would not have dissention
Betwixt two peeres. I love to see you friends;
And now the Islands mine your quarrell ends.
What's next? A poore Northern mans humble petition.
~~ Which is the plaintive?

(Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.)

RAFE: If it please your Majestie I was betrothed to this maid.

ARCHIGALLO: Is this true my Wench?

WENCH: Tis verie true, and like your majestie, but this tempting fellow after that most felloniously stole my hart awaie fro me, caried it into the church, and I, running after him to get my hart againe was there married to this other man.

CLOWNE: Tis verie true, and like your majesty; though Raphe were once tooke for a propper man, yet when I came in place it appeared otherwise: if your highnesse note his leg and mine, there is ods; and for a foot, I dare compare. I have a wast to; and though I say it that should not saye it, there are faces in place of Gods making.

ARCHIGALLO: Thou art a proper fellow, and this wench is thine by lawfull marriage.

CLOWNE: Rafe, you have your answer, you may be gon; your only way to save charges is to buy a halfpenniwoorth of Hobnailes for your shoes. Alasse, you might have looked into this, before; go silly Rafe, go, away, vanish.

ARCHIGALLO: Is not this lasse a pretty neat browne wench?

SICOPHANT: She is my liege, and mettell, I dare warrant.

ARCHIGALLO: Fellow, how long hast thou been married?

CLOWNE: I was, as they say, coupled the same day that my countryman Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Majestie the truth, we are yet both Virgins, it did never freese betwixt us two in a bed I assure your grace.

ARCHIGALLO: Didst never lie with thy wife?

CLOWNE: Never yet, but nowe your Majestie hath ended the matter,
Ile be so bold as take possession.

ARCHIGALLO: Harke my wench, wilt leave these rusticke fellowes and stay with me?

WENCH: What will your highnes doe with me?

ARCHIGALLO: Why, Ile make thee a Lady.

WENCH: And shal I goe in fine clothes like a Lady?

ARCHIGALLO: Thou shalt.

WENCH: Ile be a Lady then, that's flat. Sweet heart, farewell, I
must be a Lady, so I must.

CLOWNE: How now, how now? but hear you Sis.

WENCH: Away you Clowne, away.

CLOWNE: But will your highnes rob me of my spouse?

ARCHIGALLO: What we will we will. away with those slaves.

CLOWNE: Zounds, if ever I take you in Yorkshire for this!

SICOPHANT: Away, you slaves.

CORNWELL: My Lord, these generall wrongs will draw your highnesse Into the common hatred of your subjects.

ARCHIGALLO: Whats that to thee? Old doting Lord, forbeare.
Whats heere? Complaints against one Nobody
For over much releeving of the poore,
Helping distressed prisoners, entertayning
Extravagants and vagabonds. What fellowes this?

CORNWELL: My liedge I know him; he's an honest subject
That hates extortion, usury, and such sinnes
As are too common in this Land of Brittaine.

ARCHIGALLO: Ile have none such as he within my kingdome;
He shall be banisht.

SICOPHANT: Heare my advise my liedge: I know a fellow
Thats opposite to Nobody in all thinges:
As he affects the poore, this other hates them;

Loves usurie and extortion. Send him straight
Into the Country, and upon my life
Ere many monthes he will devise some meanes
To make that Nobody bankrout, make him flie
His Country, and be never heard of more.

ARCHIGALLO: What doost thou call his name?

SICOPHANT: His name is Somebody my liedge.

ARCHIGALLO: Seeke out that Somebody, wele send him straight.
What other matters stay to be decided
Determine you and you. The rest may follow
To give attendance.

(Exeunt all but the Lords. Manent Cornwell and Martianus.)

MARTIANUS: Alls nought already, yet these unripe ills
Have not their full growth; and their next degree
Must needes be worse than nought: and by what name
Doe you call that?

CORNWELL: I know none bad enough:
Base, vild, notorious, ugly, monstrous, slavish,
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable!
Tis worse than bad! Ile be no longer vassaile
To such a tirannous rule, nor accessarie
To the base sufferance of such outrages.

MARTIANUS: Youle not indure it? -- How can you remedie
A mayme so dangerous and incurable?

CORNWELL: There is a way: but walls have eares and eyes.
Your eare, my Lord, and counsell.

MARTIANUS: I have eares
Open to such discourse, and counsell apt,
And to the full recovery of these wounds
Made in the sick state, most effectual.
A word in private.

(Enter Peridure and Vigenius.)

PERIDURE: Come brother, I am tyrde with revelling,
My last Caranta made me almost breathlesse.
Doth not the Kings last wench foote it with art?

VIGENIUS: Oh rarely, rarely, and beyond opinion.
I like this state where all are Libertines

But by ambitions pleasure and large will:
See, see, two of our strict-lived Counsellors
In secret conference: they cannot indure
This freedome.

PERIDURE: Nor the rule of Archigallo
Because tis subject to his libertie.
Are they not plotting now for some installement
And change of state? Old gallants, if you be
Twill cost your heads.

VIGENIUS: Bodies and all for me.
List them; such strict reproovers should not live
Their austere censures on their kings to give.

CORNWELL: He must then be deposed.

PERIDURE: Ey, are you there? that word sounds treason.

VIGENIUS: Nay, but farther heare.

MARTIANUS: The King deposed, how must it be effected?
What strengths and powers can sodenly be levied?
Who will assist this busines, to reduce
The state to better forme and government?

VIGENIUS: Ey, mary, more of that.

CORNWELL: All Cornwells at my becke; Devonshire our neighbour
Is one with us; you in the North command.
The oppressed, wrongd, dejected and supprest
Will flock on all sides to this innovation:
The Clergie late despised, the Nobles scornd,
The Commons trode on, and the Law contemnd,
Will lend a mutuall and combyned power
Unto this happie change.

PERIDURE: Oh monstrous treason!

MARTIANUS: My Lord, we are betraide and over-heard
By the two princes.

CORNWELL: How? betraide?

MARTIANUS: Our plots discovered.

CORNWELL: Ile helpe it all; doe you but sooth me up
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for us.

MARTIANUS: Ile doot.

CORNWELL: Now sir, the King deposd
Who shall succeed?

MARTIANUS: Some would say Elidure.

CORNWELL: Tush, he's too milde to rule.
But there are two young princes, hopefull youths
And of rare expectation in the Land.
Oh, would they daigne to beare this weightie charge
Betwixt them, and support the regal sceptre
With joynt assistance, all our hopes were full!

VIGENIUS: A sceptre!

PERIDURE: And a crown!

MARTIANUS: What if we make the motion? We have wills
To effect it, we have power to compasse it.

VIGENIUS: And if I make refusall, heaven refuse me.

PERIDURE: These Counsellors are wise, and see in us
More vertue then we in ourselves discerne.
Would it were come to such election!

CORNWELL: My honord Lord, wele breake it to those princes,
Those hopefull youths, at our convenient leasure.

MARTIANUS: With all my hart.

CORNWELL: You that our footsteps watcht
Shall in the depth of your owne wiles be catcht. (Exeunt.)

VIGENIUS: A King!

PERIDURE: And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall!

VIGENIUS: And sit in state.

PERIDURE: Command.

VIGENIUS: And be obeyed.

PERIDURE: Our Nobles kneeling.

VIGENIUS: Servants homaging, and crying Ave.

PERIDURE: Oh brother, shall we through nice folly
Despise the profferd bountie of these Lords?

VIGENIUS: Not for the world. I long to sit in state
To purse the bountie of our gracious fate.

PERIDURE: To entertaine forreine Embassadors.

VIGENIUS: And have our names ranckt in the course of kings.

PERIDURE: Shadow us, State, with thy majesticke wings!

(Enter King, Cornwell, Martianus, and Elidure.)

VIGENIUS: Now sir, my brother Archigall deposde.

CORNWELL: Deposd! did you heare that my Lord?

VIGENIUS: For his licensious rule, and such abuses
As wele pretend gainst him in parliament --

ARCHIGALLO: Oh monstrous brothers!

ELIDURE: Oh ambitious youthes!

VIGENIUS: Thus wele divide the Land: all beyond Trent
And Humber, shall suffise one moitie:
The southpart of the Land shall make tother,
Where we will keepe two Courts, and raigne devided,
Yet as deere loving brothers.

ARCHIGALLO: As vild traitors.

PERIDURE: Then Archigall, thou that hast sat in pompe
And seene me vassaile, shalt behold me crownd,
Whilst thou with humble knees vailst to my state.

ARCHIGALLO: And when must this be doone? when shall my crowne
Be parted and devided into halfes?
You raigne on this side Humber, you beyond
The river Trent! When do you take your states?
Sit crownd and scepterd to receive our homage
Our dutie, and our humble vassalage?

PERIDURE: I know not when.

ARCHIGALLO: Nor you?

VIGENIUS: Nor I.

ARCHIGALLO: But I know when you shall repent your pride,
Nor will we use delayes in our revenge.
Ambitious boyes, we doome you prisonment;
Your Pallace royall shall a Jaile be made,
Your thrones a dungeon, and your sceptres Irons,
In which wele bound your proud aspiring thoughts.
Away with them, we will not mount our chayre
Till their best hopes be changd to black despaire.

PERIDURE: Heare us excuse ourselves.

VIGENIUS: Or lets discover
Who drew us to this hope of soveraigntie.

ARCHIGALLO: That shall our further leysures arbitrate.
Our eares are deafe to all excusive pleas.
Come unambitious brother Elidurus,
Helpe us to lavish our abundant treasures
In masks, sports, revells, riots, and strange pleasures. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Somebody, with two or three servants.)

SOMEBODY: But is it true the fame of Nobody
For vertue, alms-deeds, and for charity
Is so renowned and famous in the country?

SERVANT: O Lord, sir, ay, he's talkd of far and near
Fills all the boundless country with applause;
There lives not in all Britain one so spoke of
For pity, good mind, and true charity.

SOMEBODY: Which Somebody shall alter e'er 't be long.

SERVANT: You may, my Lord, being in grace at Court
And the high favours of King Archigallo,
Exile this petty fellow from the land
That so obscures the beauty of your deeds.

SOMEBODY: What doth this Nobody?

SERVANT: You shall hear, my Lord.
Come twentie poore men to his gate at once,
Nobody gives them mony meate and drinke;
If they be naked, clothes. Then come poore souldiers
Sick, maymd and shot, from any forraine warres,
Nobody takes them in, provides them harbor,
Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge.
He gives to orphants, and for widdowes buildes

Almes-houses, Spittles, and large Hospitals:
And when it comes in question, who is apt
For such good deeds, tis answerd, Nobody.
Now Nobodie hath entertaind againe
Long banisht Hospitalitie, and at his boord
A hundred lustie yeomen daily waites,
Whose long backs bend with weightie chynes of biefe
And choise of cheere, whose fragments at his gate
Suffice the generall poore of the whole shire.
Nobodies table's free for travellers,
His buttry and his seller ope to all
That starve with drought, or thirst upon the way.

SOMEBODY: His fame is great; how should we helpe it?

SERVANT: My Lord, tis past my reach, tis you must doe it,
Or't must be left undone.

SOMEBODY: What deedes of note
Is he els famous for?

SERVANT: My Lord, Ile tell you.
His Barnes are full, and when the Cormorants
And welthy Farmers hoord up all the graine
He empties all his Garners to the poore
Under the stretcht prise that the market yeelds.
Nobody racks no rents, doth not oppresse
His tenants with extortions. When the King
Knighted the lustie gallants of the Land
Nobody then made daintie to be knighted,
And indeed kept him in his known estate.

SOMEBODY: The slave's ambitious, and his life I hate.

SERVANT: How shall we bring his name in publick scandall?

SOMEBODY: Thus it shall be, use my direction.
In Court and country I am Sombody,
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:
Goe thou in secrete, beeing a subtile knave,
And sowe seditious slaunders through the Land.
Oppresse the poore, suppresse the fatherlesse,
Deny the widdowes foode, the starv'd releefe;
And when the wretches shall complaine their wrongs,
Beeing cald in question sweare twas Nobody.
Racke rents, raise prises,
Buy up the best and choise commodities
At the best hand, then keepe them till their prises
Be lifted to their height, and double rate;

And when the raisers of this dearth are sought,
Though Sombody doe this, protest and sweare
Twas Nobody, fore Judge and Magistrate:
Bring scandalls on the rich, raise mutinous lyes
Upon the state, and rumors in the Court,
Backbite and sow dissention amongst friends,
Quarrels mongst neighbors, and debate mongst strangers,
Set man and wife at ods, kindred at strife;
And when it comes in question, to cleere us
Let every one protest and sweare for one,
And so the blame will fall on Nobody.
About it then; if these things well succeede
You shall prevaile, and we applaude your speede.

(Enter Nobody and the Clowne.)

See where he comes: I will withdraw and see
The event and fortunes of our last pollicie.

NOBODY: Come on, myne owne servaunt, some newes, some newes,
what report have I in the country? how am I talkt on in the Citty,
and what fame beare I in the Court?

CLOWNE: Oh Maister, you are halfe hangd.

NOBODY: Hangd, why man?

CLOWNE: Because you have an ill name: a man had as good
almost serve no Maister as serve you. I was carried afore the
constable but yesterday, and they tooke mee up for a stravagant:
they askt me whom I served; I told them Nobody: they presently
drew me to the post, and there gave me the law of armes.

NOBODY: The law of armes?

CLOWNE: Ey, as much lawe as their armes were able to lay on;
they tickled my Collifodium; I rid post for a quarter of an houre,
with switch though not with spurre.

NOBODY: Sure Sombody was the cause of all.

CLOWNE: Ile be sworne of that. Sombody tickled me a heate, and
that I felt. But Maister, why doe you goe thus out of fashion?
you are even a very hoddy doddy, all breech.

NOBODY: And no body. But if my breeches had as much cloth in
them as ever was drawne betwixt Kendall and Canning street, they
were scarce great enough to hold all the wrongs that I must pocket.
Fie, fie, how I am slaunderd through the world.

Nobody keepes tall fellowes at his heeles,
Yet if you meete a crew of rogues and beggars,
Aske who they serve, theile aunswere, Nobody.
Your Cavaliers and swaggerers bout the towne
That dominere in Taverns, sweare and stare,
Urge them upon some termes: theile turne their malice
To me, and say theile fight with Nobody;
Or if they fight, and Nobody by chaunce
Come in to part them, I am sure to pay for it,
And Nobody be hurt when they scape scotfree:
And not the dastardst coward in the world
But dares a bout with me. What shall I doe?

SOMEBODY: Doe what thou wilt, before we end this strife
Ile make thee tenne times weary of thy life.

CLOWNE: But do you heare Maister, when I have serv'd you a yere or two, who shall pay me my wages?

NOBODY: Why, Nobody.

CLOWNE: Indeede if I serve Nobody, Nobody must pay me my wages, therefore Ile even seeke out Sombody or other to get me a new service; but the best is, Maister, if you runne away, you are easie to be found againe.

NOBODY: Why so sir?

CLOWNE: Mary, aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele straight say Nobody, aske the blindest beetle that is, whom hee sees, and heele aunswere Nobodie. He that never saw in his life can see you, though you were as little as a moate; and hee that never heard can heare you, though you treade as softlie as a Mouse, therefore I shall be sure never to loose you. Besides you have one commoditie, Maister, which none hath besides you; if you should love the most fickle and inconstants wench that is in the world, sheele be true to Nobody, and therefore constant to you.

NOBODY: And thou sayest true in that my honest servant.
Besides, I am in great especiall grace
With the King Archigallo that now raignes
In tiranny and strange misgovernment.
Nobody loves him, and he loves Nobody.
But that which most torments my troubled soule,
My name is made mere opposite to vertue;
For he is onely held peacefull and quiet
That quarrels, brawles and fights with Nobody.
He's honest held that lies with Nobodies wife,
And he that hurts and injures Nobody,

All the world saies, ey, thats a vertuous man.
And though a man have doone a thousand mischiefes,
And come to prove the forfeit made to law,
If he can prove he hath wrong'd Nobody,
No man can touch his life. This makes me mad,
This makes me leave the place where I was bred,
And thousand times a day to wish me dead.

SOMEBODY: And Ile pursue thee where so ere thou fliest,
Nor shalt thou rest in England till thou diest.

CLOWNE: Maister, I would wish you to leave the Country, and see what good entertainement you will have in the Citie. I do not think but there you will be most kindly respected. I have been there in my youth; there's Hospitalitie, and you talke of Hospitalitie, and they talke of you, bomination to see. For there, Maister, come to them as often as you will, foure times a day, and theyle make Nobody drinke; they love to have Nobody trouble them, and without good securitie they will lend Nobody mony. Come into Birchin Lane, theyle give Nobody a sute, chuse where hee list; goe into Cheapeside, and Nobody may take up as much plate as he can carrie.

Nobody: Then Ile to London, for the Country tires me
With exclamations and with open wrongs.
Sith in the Cittie they affect me so.

CLOWNE: O Maister, there I am sure Nobody may have any thing without mony; Nobody may come out of the Tavern without paying his reckoning at his pleasure.

(Enter a man meeting his wife.)

Nobody: Thats better then the Country. Who comes heere?

MAN: Minion, where have you been all this night?

WIFE: Why do you aske, husband?

MAN: Because I would know, wife.

WIFE: I have beene with Nobody.

NOBODY: Tis a lie good man, beleeve her not,
shee was not with mee.

MAN: And who hath layne with you to-night?

WIFE: Lye with me, why Nobody.

NOBODY: Oh monstrous, they would make me a whore-maister.

MAN: Well, I doe not thinke but Sombody hath been with you.

SOMEBODY: Sombody was indeed.

WIFE: Gods life, husband, you doe me wrong, I lay with Nobody.

MAN: Well minion, though Nobody beare the blame,
Use it no more, least Sombody bide the shame.

NOBODY: I will endure no longer in this Clymate,
It is so full of slaunders. Ile to the Cittie,
And therefore performe the deedes of charitie.

(Enter the 2d man and a prentice.)

2 MAN: Now, you rascall, who have you beene withal at the alehouse?

PRENTICE: Sooth, I was with Nobody.

NOBODY: Not with me.

2 MAN: And who was drunke there with you?

PRENTICE: Sooth, Nobody was drunke with me.

NOBODY: O intollerable! they would make me a drunkard to.
I cannot indure any longer, I must hence;
No patience with such scandals can dispence.

2 MAN: Well sirra, if I take you so againe, Ile so belabour you;
O neighbour, good morrow.

1 MAN Good morrow.

2 MAN: You are sad, me thinkes.

1 MAN: Faith sir, I have cause; I have lent a friend of mine a hundred pounde, and have Nobodyes worde for the payment; bill nor bond, nor any thing to shew.

2 MAN: Have you Nobodies worde? Ile assure you that Nobodie is a good man; a good man, I assure you, neighbor, Nobodie will keep his worde; Nobodies worde is as good as his bond.

1 MAN: Ey, say you so? nay then, lets drinke down sorrow;

If none would lend, then Nobody should borrow.

NOBODY: Yet there's one keepes a good tongue in his head,
That can give Nobody a good report;
I am beholding to him for his praise.
But since my man so much commends the Cittie,
Ile thether, and, to purchase me a name,
Take a large house of infinite receipt,
There keepe a table for all good spirits,
And all the chimneyes shall cast smoake at once:
There Ile give schollers pensions, Poets gold,
Arts their deserts, Philosophy due praise,
Learning his merrit, and all worth his meede.
There Ile release poore prisoners from their dungeons,
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,
And get myself a name mongst Cittizens,
That after-times, pertakers of all blisse,
May thus record, Nobody did all this.
Country, farewell, whose slaunderous tongues I flie!
The Cittie now shall lift my name on hie.

SOMEBODY: Whether Ile follow thee with Swallowes wings
And nimble expedition, there to raise
New brawles and rumors to eclipse thy praise.
Those subtile slie insinuating fellowes
Whom Sombody hath sent into the country
To rack, transport, extort, and to oppresse,
Will I call home, and all their wits employ
Against this publique Benefactor, knowne
Honest, for all the rumors by us sowne.
But howsoever, I am sworne his foe,
And opposite to all his meriting deedes.
This way must doe; though my devining thoughts
This augurie amidsts their changes have,
That Sombody will at length be proov'd a knave. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Queen, Sicophant and Lady Elidure severallie.)

SICOPHANT: Good day to you both, faire Ladies!
But fairest of them both, my gratious Queene!
Good day to your high Majestie! and madam,
The royall Lady of great Elidure,
My Soveraignes brother, unto you I wish
This morning proove as gracious and as good.

QUEENE: Those greetings from the Lady Elidure
Would pleasingly sound in our princely eares.

LADY: Such greetings from great Archigalloes queene

Would be most gratious to our princely eare.

QUEENE: What, no good morrow, and our grace so neere?
Reach me my glove.

LADY: Whom speakes this woman to?

QUEENE: Why, to my subject to my waiting maid;
Am I not mightie Archigalloes queene?
Is not my Lord the royall English King?
Thy husband and thy selfe my servitors?

LADY: Is my Coach ready? where are all my men
That should attend upon our awfull frowne?
What, not one neere?

QUEENE: Minion, my glove,

SICOPHANT: Madam, her highnes glove.

LADY: My scarfe is falne, one of you reach it up.

QUEENE: You heare me?

LADY: Painted Majesty, begone!
I am not to be countercheckt by any.

QUEENE: Shall I beare this?

SICOPHANT: Be patient, I will schoole her.
Your excellence greatly forgets your selfe
To be so dutilesse unto the Queene;
I have seene the world; I know what 'tis to obey
And to command. What if it please the Queene
That you her subject should attend on her
And take her glove up, is it meete that I
Should stoope for yours? You're proud, fie, fie, you're proud!
This must not be twixt two such royall sisters
As you by marriage are; go to, submit,
Her Majestie is easie to forgive.

LADY: Sawcie Lord, forbeare; there's for your exhortation! (Strikes him.)

QUEENE: I cannot beare this, tis insufferable:
Ile to the King; and if he save thy life,
He shall have mine: madnes and wrath attend,
My thoughts are leveld at a bloody end. (Exit.)

LADY: Shee's shadow;

We the true substance are: follow her those
That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.

(Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.)

CORNWELL: Helth to your Ladiship. I would say Queene
If I might have my minde, bir lady, Ladie.

MARTIANUS: I had a sute unto the King with this Lord
For the great office of high Seneshall,
Because of our good service to the state.
But he in scorne, as he doth every thing
Hath tane it from us both, and gin't a foole.

MORGAN: To a Sicophant, a courtly parasite.

SICOPHANT: Beare witnes, Madam, Ile goe too the King
That they speake treason.

MALGO: Passe upon our swords,
You old exchecker of all flatterie.
I tell thee, Archigallo shall be deposd,
And thou disroab'd of all thy dignitie.

SICOPHANT: I hope not so.

CORNWELL: See heere the Counsels hands,
Subscrib'd to Archigallos overthrow.
The names of sixteene royall English Peeres
Joynd in a league that is inviolable;
And nothing wants, but Elidurus grant
To accept the kingdome when the deede is done.

SICOPHANT: Nay then, Ile take your parts, and joyne with you.

MARTIANUS: We will not have a Clawbacks hand comixt
With such heroick peeres.

SICOPHANT: I hope, my Lady
Is not of their minds. My most gratious Queene,
What I did speake in reprehensive sort
Was more because her Majestie was present,
Then any offence of yours, and so esteeme it.
God knowes I love your highnes and these Lords.

LADY: Which of you will persuade my Elidure
To take upon him Englands royaltie?

MARTIANUS: Madam, we all have so importund him

Laying unto his judgement every thing
That might attract his sences to the crowne;
But he, frost-braind, will not be obtaind
To take upon him this Realmes government.

MALGO: Hee is the verie soule of lenitie.
If ever moderation liv'd in any,
Your Lord with that rich vertue is possesst.

LADY: This mildnes in him makes me so despisd
By the proude Queene, and by her favourits.

(Enter Elidure.)

CORNWELL: See, Maddam, where he comes, reading a booke.

LADY: My Lord and husband, with your leave, this booke
Is fitter for an Universitie,
Than to be lookt on, and the Crowne so neere.
You know these Lords, for tyrannie, have sworne
To banish Archigallo from the throne,
And to invest you in the royaltie:
Will you not thanke them, and with bounteous hands
Sprinckle their greatnes with the names of Earles,
Dukes, Marquesses, and other higher terms?

ELIDURE: My deerest love, the essence of my soule,
And you my honord Lords; the sute you make,
Though it be just for many wrongs imposd,
Yet unto me it seemes an injurie.
What is my greatnes by my brothers fall,
But like a starved body nourished
With the destruction of the other lymbes?
Innumerable are the griefes that waite
On horded treasures, then much more on Crownes.
The middle path, the golden meane for me!
Leave me obedience, take you Majestie.

LADY: Why, this is worser to my lofty minde
Then the late checks given by the angry Queene.

CORNWELL: If you refuse it, knowe we are determined
To lay it elsewhere.

LADY: On your younger brother,
And then no doubt we shall be awde indeed,
When the ambition of the elders wife
Can scarsly give our patience any bounds.
England is sicke of pride and tirrany,

And in thy goodnes only to be curde.
Thou art cald foorth amongst a thousand men
To minister this soveraigne Antidote;
To amend thy brothers cruelty with love;
And if thou wilt not from oppression free
Thy native Country, thou art vilde as he.

ELIDURE: I had rather stay his leasure to amend.

LADY: Men, heaven, gods, devills, what power should I invoke
To fashion him anew? Thunder, come downe!
Crowne me with ruine, since not with a Crowne.

CORNWELL: Long life unto the Kingly Elidure!
Trumpets, proclaim it, whether he will or no.

LADY: For that conceit, Lords, you have wonne my hart.
In his despight let him be straight waies Crownd,
That I may triumph while the trumpets sound.

ELIDURE: Carry me to my grave, not to a Throne!

LADY: Helpe, Lords, to seate him! nay, helpe every one!
So should the Majestie of England sit,
Whilst we in like state do associate him.

ELIDURE: Never did any less desire to raigne
Then I: heaven knowes this greatnes is my paine.

LADY: Paine me in this sort, great Lords, every day;
Tis sweete to rule.

ELIDURE: Tis sweeter to obay.

CORNWELL: Live King of England long and happily!
As long and happily your Highnes live!

LADY: We thanke you, Lords; now call in the deposd!
Him and his proud Queen, bring unto our sight,
That in her wrongs we may have our delight.

(Enter Archigallo and his Queene bound.)

ARCHIGALLO: Betrayd, tane prisoner, and by those that owe
To me their duty and allegiance!
My brother, the usurper of the Crowne!
Oh, this is monstrous, most insufferable!

ELIDURE: Good brother, grieve not! tis against my will

That I am made a King. Pray take my place;
I had rather be your subject then your Lord.

LADY: So had not I; sit still my gracious Lord,
Whilst I looke through this Tyrant with a frowne.
Minion, reach up my glove.

QUEENE: Thinkst thou because
Thy husband can dissemble piety,
And therein hath deposd my royall Lord,
That I am lesser in estate than Queene?
No, thine owne answere lately given to me
I thus revet. Stoope then, proud queene, for me!

SICOPHANT: Nay then, as I did lately to her Highnes,
I must admonish you. Dejected lady,
You do forget yourself, and where you are.
Duty is debt; and it is fit, since now
You are a subject, to beare humble thoughts.
Follow my counsell, Lady, and submit;
Her Majestie no doubt will pardon it.

QUEENE: There's for your paines! (Strikes him.)

SICOPHANT: Which way soere I goe,
I have it heere, whether it ebbe or flowe.

LADY: That pride of thine shall be thy overthrowe.
And thus I sentence them.

ELIDURE: Leave that to me.

LADY: No, you are too mild; judgment belongs to me.
Thou, Archigallo, for thy tirannie,
For ever be excluded from all rule
And from thy life!

ELIDURE: Not from his life, I pray.

LADY: He unto whom the greatest wrongs are done,
Dispatch him quickly.

MORGAN: That will I.

MAGLO: Or I.

ELIDURE: And therein, Lords, effect my tragedie.

LADY: Why strike you not? Oh, tis a dangerous thing

To have a living subject of a King:
Much treason may be wrought, when in his death
Our safety is secur'd.

ELIDURE: Banish him rather. Oh sweete, spare his life!
He is my brother.

ARCHIGALLO: Crownd, and pray thy wife.

ELIDURE: Oh brother, if you roughly speake, I knowe
There is no hope but your sure overthrowe.
Pray be not angry with me for my love.
To banishment! since it must needes be so.
His life I give him, whosoere saies no.

LADY: What? and his Ladies to?

ELIDURE: I, hers and all.

LADY: But Ile not have you banisht with the King.
No, minion, no, since you must live, be assur'd
Ile make thee meanest of my waiting Maides.

QUEENE: I scorne thy pride.

ARCHIGALLO: Farewell, deceiving state!
Pride-making Crowne! my deerest wife, farewell!
I have been a Tyrant, and Ile be so still. (Exit.)

ELIDURE: Alas, my brother!

LADY: Dry up childish teares,
And to these Lords that have invested you,
Give gracious lookes an honorable deedes.

ELIDURE: Give them my Crowne, oh, give them all I have!
The throne I reckon but a glorious grave.

LADY: Then from my selfe these dignities receive.
The Hand wrested from you, I restore;
See it be given them backe, Lord Sicophant.
The office of his Seneschall bereft you,
My Lord of Cornwell, to your grace we give.
You, Martianus, be our Treasurer;
And if we find you faithfull, be assured
You shall not want preferment at our hands.
Meanetime this office we impose on you;
Be Tutor to this Lady; and her pride,
With your learned principles whereof you are full,

Turne to humility, or vex her soule.

QUEENE: Torment on torment! tutord by a foole!

SICOPHANT: Madam, it is her Highnes will; be pleased.

LADY: Young Peridurus and Vigenius, Lords,
Release from prison; and because your King
Is mightely affected unto Yorke,
Thether dismisse the Court incontinent.

SICOPHANT: Shall it be so, my Liedge?

LADY: Are not we King?
His silence saies it; and what we ordaine,
Who dares make question of? This day for ever
Thorough our raigne be held a festivall,
And tryumphe, Lords, that England is set free
From a vild tyrant and his crueltie.

ELIDURE: On to our funerall; tis no matter where:
I sin I knowe, in suffering pride so neere. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Nobody and the Clowne.)

NOBODY: Ahem boy, Nobody is sound yet, for all his troubles.

CLOWNE: And so is Nobodies man, for all his whipping. But
Maister, we are now in the Citty, wald about from slaunder; there
cannot a lie come in but it must runne through bricke, or get
the good will of the warders, whose browne bills looke blew upon all
passengers.

NOBODY: O this Citty, if Nobody live to be as old againe,
be it spoken in secret,
Ile have fenst about with a wall of brasse.

CLOWNE: Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

NOBODY: Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it, empty
Moore-ditch at my own charge, and build up Paules-steple without
a collection. I see not what becomes of these collections.

CLOWNE: Why, Nobody receaves them.

NOBODY: I, knave?

CLOWNE: You, knave: or as the world goes, Somebody receaves
all and Nobody is blamd for it.

NOBODY: But is it rumord so thorough out the Citty?

CLOWNE: Doe not you knowe that? Theres not an orphants portion lost out of the Chamber, but Nobody has got it; no Corne transported without warrant, but Nobody has donne it; no goods stolne but by Nobody, no extortion without Nobody: and but that truth will come to light, fewe wenches got with child, but with Nobody.

NOBODY: Nay, thats by Somebody.

CLOWNE: I thinke Somebody had a hand in 't, but Nobody some times paies for the nursing of it.

NOBODY: Indeede I have taken into my charge many a poore infant left to the almes of the wide world; I have helpt many a vertuous maide to a good husband, and nere desird her maiden-head; redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that have thankt Nobody for it; built Pest-houses and other places of retirement in the sicknes time for the good of the Cittie, and yet Nobody cannot get a good word for his labor.

CLOWNE: Tis a mad world, Maister.

NOBODY: Yet this mad world shall not make me mad. I am
All spirit, Nobody. Let them grieve
That scrape for wealth; I will the poore relieve.
Where are the Maisters of the several prisons
Within and neere adjoyning to the Citty?
That I may spred my charity abroad.

CLOWNE: Heere they be Sir.

(Enter three or four.)

NOBODY: Welcome, gentlemen!
You are they that make poore men housholders
Against their wills, and yet doe them no wrong:
You have the actions and the cases of your sides,
Whilst your Tenants in comon want money to fill them.
How many Gentlemen of lesse revenewes than Nobody
Lie in your Knights ward for want of maintenance?

ONE: I am, Sir, a Keeper of the Counter, and there are in our wards above a hundred poore prisoners, that are like nere to come foorth without satisfaction.

NOBODY: But Nobody will be their benefactor. What in yours?

THREE: Double the number, and in the Gayle.

NOBODY: Talke not of the Gayle; tis full of limetwigs, lifts,
and pickpockets.

ONE: Is it your pleasure, Sir, to free them all?

NOBODY: All that lie in for debt.

TWO: Ten thousand pound, and ten to that, will not doe it.

NOBODY: Nobody, Sir will give a hundred thousand,
Ten hundred thousand! Nobody will not have a prisoner,
Because they all shall pray for Nobody.

CLOWNE: Tis great pitty my Maister has no body,
and so kind a hart.

(A noise within. "Follow, follow, follow.")

NOBODY: What outcries that?

(Enter Somebody with two or three.)

SOMEBODY: This is the gallant, apprehend him straight.
Tis he that sowes sedition in the Land
Under the couler of being charitable.
When search is made for such in every Inne,
Though I have seene them housd, the Chamberlaine,
For gold, will answere there is Nobody.
He for all bankrouts is a common baile;
And when the execution should be servd
Upon the sureties, they find Nobody:
In private houses, who so apt to lie
As those that have been taught by Nobody?
Servants forgetfull of their Maisters friends,
Being askt how many were to speake with him
Whilst he was absent, they say, Nobody.
Nobody breakes more glasses in a house
Then all his wealth hath power to satisfie.
If you will free this Citty then from shame,
Sease Nobody, and let him beare the blame.

CONSTABLE: Lay hold upon him.

NOBODY: What, on Nobody? Give me my sword, my morglay!
My friends, you that doe know how innocent I am,
Draw in my quarrell, succor Nobody!

Wht? Nobody but Nobody remaining?

CLOWN: Yes, Maister, I, Nobodies man.

NOBODY: Stand to me nobly then, and feare them not!
Thy Maister Nobody can take no wounds.
Nobody is no coward; Nobody
Dares fight with all the world.

SOMEBODY: Upon them, then.

(A fight betwixt Somebody and Nobody; Nobody escapes.)

What, has he scapt us?

CONSTABLE: He is gone, my Lord.

SOMEBODY: It shall be thus, now you have seene his shape:
Let him be straight imprinted to the life;
His picture shall be set on every stall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him
Shall have a hundred pounds of Sombody.
Country and Citty I shall thus set free,
And have more roome to worke my villanie. (Exeunt.)

NOBODY: What? are they gone? Then, Citty, now adew;
Since I have taken such great injury
For my good life within thy government,
No more will Nobody be charitable,
No more will Nobody relieve the poore.
Honor your Lord and Maister Somebody,
For Somebody is he that wrongs you all.
Ile to the Court; the changing of the ayre
May peradventure change my injuries.
And if I speede no better, being there,
Yet say that Nobody liv'd everywhere. (Exit.)

(Enter Archigallo.)

ARCHIGALLO: I was a King, but now I am slave.
How happie were I in this base estate
If I had never tasted royaltie!
But the remembrance that I was a king,
Unseasons the content of povertie.
I heare the hunters musicke; heere Ile lie
To keepe me out of sight till they passe by.

(Enter Morgan and Malgo.)

MORGAN: The stag is hearded; come, my Lord,
Shall we to horse, and single him againe?

MALGO: Content, the King will chase; the day is spent
And we have kild no game. To horse, away! (Exeunt.)

(Enter Elidure.)

ELIDURE: Hearded? goe single him, or couple straight,
He will not fall to day. What fellowes this?

ARCHIGALLO: I am a man.

ELIDURE: A banisht man, I thinke.
My brother Archigallo, ist not so?

ARCHIGALLO: Tis so, I am thy brother, Elidure;
All that thou hast is mine; the Crowne is mine,
Thy royaltie is mine; these hunting pleasures
Thou doost usurpe. Ambitious Elidure,
I was a King.

ELIDURE: And I may be a wretch! Poore Archigallo!
The sight of thee, that wert my Soveraigne,
In this estate, drawes rivers from mine eyes.
Will you be King againe? If they agree,
Ile redeliver all my royaltie,
Save what a second brother and a subject
Keepes in an humble bosome; for I sweare
The Crowne is yours that Elidure doth weare.

ARCHIGALLO: Then give it me; use not the common sleights
To pittie one, and keepe away his right.
Seest thou these ragges? Do they become my person?
O Elidure, take pittie on my state,
Let me not still live thus infortunate.

ELIDURE: Alas, if pittie could procure your good,
Instead of water, Ide weepe teares of blood,
To expresse both love and pittie. Say, deere brother,
I should uncrowne my selfe, the angree Peeres
Will never let me reach the imperiall wreathe
To Archigalloes head. There's ancient Cornwell,
Stout Martianus, Morgan, and bold Malgo,
From whom you tooke the pleasant Southerne Ile,
Will never kneele to you: what should I say?
Your tirannie was cause of your decay.

ARCHIGALLO: What! shall I die then? Welcome be that fate,

Rather then still live in this wretched state!

(Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.)

CORNWELL: Yonders the King. My soveraigne you have lost
The fall of a brave stagg; he's dead, my liedge.
What fellow's this?

ELIDURE: Knowest him not, Cornwell?

CORNWELL: No, my liedge, not I.

ARCHIGALLO: I am thy King.

ELIDURE: Tis Archigallo, man.

CORNWELL: Thou art no King of mine; thou art a traytor;
Thy life is forfeit by thy stay in Brittaine.
Wert thou not banisht?

ELIDURE: Noble Cornwell, speake
More gently, or my piteous hart will breake.
Lord Martianus, Morgan, and the rest,
I am awearie of my government,
And willinglie resigne it to my brother.

MARTIANUS: Your brother was a tyrant, and my knee
Shall never bow to wrong and tirannie.

ELIDURE: Yet looke upon his misery. His teares
Argue repentance. Thinke not, honourd Lords,
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne
Makes me so wiling to resigne the same;
For I am lov'd, I know: But justice bids.
I make a resignation; 'tis his right;
My call's but usurpation.

CORNWELL: Elidure,
If you are wearie of your government,
Wele set the Crowne upon a strangers head
Rather then Archigallo. Harke ye, Lords,
Shall we make him our King, we did depose?
So might our heads be chopt of. He loose mine,
Ere my poore Country shall endure such wrongs
As that injurious tyrant plagues her with.

MORGAN: Keepe still your Crowne, my Liedge; happy is Brittaine
Under the government of Elidure.

ARCHIGALLO: Let it be so.
Death is the happy period of all woe.
The wretch thats torne upon the torturing wrack
Feeles not more devilish torment than my hart,
When I but call to minde my tirannie.
I record heaven, my Lords, my brothers sight,
The pitie that he takes of my distresse,
Your love and true allegiance unto him,
Hath wrought in me a reconciled spirit.
I doe confesse my sinne, and freely say
I did deserve to be deposd.

ELIDURE: Alas god prince! my honorable Lords,
Be not flint-harted! pitty Archigallo!
I know his penitentiall words proceede
From a remorcefull spirit. Ile engage
My life upon his righteous government.
Good Cornwell, gentle Martianus, speake!
Shall Archigallo be your king againe?

ARCHIGALLO: By heaven, I not desire it.

ELIDURE: See, my Lords,
Hee's not ambitious. As thou lov'st me, Cornwell,
As thou did love our Father, let his sonne
Be righted; give him backe the government
You tooke from him.

CORNWELL: What should I saye? faith, I shall fall a weeping:
Therefore speake you.

ELIDURE: Lord Martianus, speake.

MARTIANUS: What say these Lords that have been wrongd by him.

ELIDURE: Morgan and Malgo, all I have in Brittaine
Shall be ingag'd to you, that Archigallo
Will never more oppresse you, nor impose
Wrong on the meanest subject in the Land.

MORGAN: Then weele embrace his government.

ELIDURE: Saies Malgo so?

MALGO: I doe my Lord.

ELIDURE: What saies Martianus?

MARTIANUS: Faith, as my Lord of Cornwell.

CORNWELL: I say that I am sorry he was bad,
And now am glad hee's chang'd. His wickednes
We punisht, and his goodnes, there's great reason
Should be rewarded. Therefore, Lords, set on.
To Yorke then, to his Coronation.

ELIDURE: Then happie Elidure, happie day!
That takes from me a kingdomes cares away.

ARCHIGALLO: And happie Archigallo, that have rangd
From sin to sin, and now at last am changd!
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you have seene
In me, my future vertues shall redeeme.
Come, gentle brother! Pittie, that should rest
In women most, is harbor'd in thy brest. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Queene, Lady Elidure, and Flatterer.)

LADY: Come, have you done your taske? Now doe you see
What 'tis to be so proude of Majestie?
We must take up your glove, and not be thought
Worthy the name of Sister! Thus, you minx,
Ile teach you ply your worke, and thanke me to:
This paines will be your owne, another day.

QUEENE: Insulting, over-proude, ambitious woman,
Queene I disdaine to call thee, thou dost wrong
Thy brothers wife, indeed thy Kings espousd;
And mauger all thy tyrannie, I sweare,
Rather then still live thus, Ile perrish heere.

SICOPHANT: You are not wise, dejected as you are,
To bandie braves against her Majestie.
You must consider you are now her subject.
Your tongue is bounded by the awe of dutie.
Fie, fie, I needes must chide you, since I see
You are so sawcie with her soveraigntie.

QUEENE: Time was, base spaniell, thou didst fawne as much
On me, as now thou strivest to flatter her.
O God, that one born noble should be so base,
His generous blood to scandall all his race!

LADY: My Lord, if she continue these proude terms,
I give you libertie to punish her.
Ile not maintaine my prisoner and my slave
To raile 'gainst any one that honours me.

(Enter Morgan and Malgo.)

MORGAN: Health to the Queene, and happines to her
That must change states with you, and once more raigne
Queene of this Land.

QUEENE: Speake that againe, o I will blesse my fate
If once more I supply my former state.

MALGO: Long may your highnes live. Your banisht Lord
Is by his brother Elidurus seated
Once more in Britaines throne.

LADY: O, I could teare my haire! Base Elidure,
To wrong himselfe, and make a slave of me.

QUEENE: Now, minion, Ile cry quittance with your pride,
And make you stoope at our imperiall side.
But tell me, Morgan, by what accident
You met with my beloved Archigallo?

MORGAN: Even in the woods where we did hunt the stagge,
There did the tender-harted Elidure
Meete his distressed Brother, and so wrought
By his importunate speech, with all his Peeres,
That after much deniall, yet at last
They yeelded their allegiance to your Lord,
Whom now we must acknowledge our dread King,
And you our princelie Queene.

LADY: Thou Screchowle, Raven, uglie throated slave,
There's for thy newes! (She strikes him.)

QUEENE: Restraine her good my Lord.

SICOPHANT: Fie, madam! fie, fore God you are to blame,
In presence of my soveraigne ladie Queene
To be thus rude. It would become you better
To shew more dutie to her Majestie.

LADY: O monstrous! was not I thy Queene, but now?

SICOPHANT: Yes, when your husband was my King, you were.
But now the streame is turnd, and the States currant
Runnes all to Archigallo. Blame not me;
Wisedome nere lov'd declined Majestie.

(Enter Archigallo crownd, Elidure, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornwell, Martianus and others.)

Go To No-body and Some-body part 2

Elizabethan Authors HOME PAGE

No-Body and Some-Body.

Original spelling; style made consistent.
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NO-BODY
AND
SOME-BODY.
With the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure,
who was fortunately three several times
crowned King of England.
The true Copy thereof, as it hath been acted
by the Queens Majesties Servants.

Printed for John Trundle, and are to be sold
at his shopin Barbican, at the signe of No-body.

Part 2
(Enter Archigallo crownd, Elidure, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornwell, Martianus and others.)

QUEENE: Welcome from banishment, my loving Lord.
Your Kinglie presence wraps my soule to heaven.

ARCHIGALLO: To heaven, and my kind brother Elidure,
Faire Queene, we owe chiefe thanks, for this our greatnes.
Next them, these honourable Lords.

CORNWELL: Great Queene,
Once more the tribute of my bended knees
We pay to you, and humbly kisse your hand.

MARTIANUS: So doth Martianus.

ELIDURE: And I.

VIGENIUS: And I.

QUEENE: Our brothers, by how much that name exceedes
The name of Lord, so much the more this dutie
Deserves requitall: thanks both, and thanks to all.

ARCHIGALLO: Set on there. (Exeunt all but Lady and Sicophant.)

SICOPHANT: Madam, you are not wise to grieve at that
Heaven hath decreed, and the state yeelded to.
No doubt her Majestie will use you well.

LADY: Well, saiest thou? No, I looke that she should treble
All the disgraces I have layd on her.
I shall turne Laundresse now, and learne to starch
And set, and poke, and pocket up such basenes
As never princesse did. Did you observe
What lookes I cast at Elidure my husband?

SICOPHANT: Your lookes declard the passion of your hart:
They were all fire.l

LADY: Would they had burnt his eyes out,
That hath eclipsd our state and Majestie.

(Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.)

QUEENE: Bring hether the proude wife of Elidure.

SICOPHANT: It shall be done.

QUEENE: Our shoe string is untied, stoope, minion, stoope.

LADY: Ile rather stoope to death, thou moone-like Queene,
New-changd, and yet so proude! There's those are made
For flexure, let them stoope; thus much Ile doe,
You are my Queene, tis but a debt I owe.

QUEENE: Bring me the worke there; I will taske you to
That by the howre; spin it, I charge you, doe.

LADY: A distaffe and a spindle, so indeed!
I told you this! Diana be my speede.

MORGAN: Yet for his Princelie worth that made you Queene,
Respect her, as the wife of Elidure.

(Enter Cornwell.)

CORNWELL: Wheres the Queene?

QUEENE: What newes with Cornwell, why so sad my Lord?

CORNWELL: Your husband on the suddaine is falne sicke.

QUEENE: How? sick?

LADY: Now if it be thy will, sweet blessed heaven,
Take him to mercie!

QUEENE: Doe not heare her prayers, heaven, I beseech thee!

(Enter Martianus.)

MARTIANUS: Madam, his highnes --

QUEENE: Is he alive or dead?

MARTIANUS: Dead, Madam.

QUEENE: O my hart!

CORNWELL: Looke to the Queene, let us not loose her to.
She breathes, stand of! Where be those wemen there?
Good Queene that shall be, lends a helping hand,
Helpe to unlace her.

LADY: Ile see her burst first!

QUEENE: Now, as you love me, let no helping hand
Preserve life in me; I had rather die
Then loose the title of my soveraigntie.

LADY: Take back your Distaffe yet, wele stay our rage,
We will forbeare our spleene, for charitie,
And love unto the dead, till you have hearsd
Your husbands bones. Conduct her, Lords, away;
Our pride, though eager, yet for foode shall stay.

SICOPHANT: Wilt please your high imperiall Majestie
Commaund my service; I am humbly yours.

LADY: We doe commaund what we well know youle doe.
Follow the stronger part, and cleave thereto. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Elidurus crownd, all the Lords and Ladies attendants.)

ELIDURUS: Once more our royall temples are ingirt
With Brittaines golden wreath. All-seeing heaven,
Witnes I not desire this soveraigntie.

But since this kingdoms good, and your Decrees
Have laid this heavy loade of common care
On Elidure, we shall discharge the same
To your content, I hope, and this Lands fame.
Our brother once interd, we will not stay
But then to Troynovant weele speede away. (Exeunt.)

(Enter two Porters.)

1 PORTER: Come fellow Porter, now the Court is heere
Our gaines will flie upon us like a tide.
Let us make use of time, and whilst theres plentie
Stirring in Court, still labour to increase
The wealth which by our office we have got.

2 PORTER: Out of our large alowance we must save
Of thousands that passe by us, and our office;
We will give entertainment to No body.

(Enter Nobody.)

NOBODY: My name is No-body.

1 PORTER: You are welcome sir. Ere you peruse the Court,
Tast the Kings beere at the Porters lodge.
A dish of beere for maister No-body!

NOBODY: I thanke you sir.

2 PORTER: Heere, maister No-body, with all my hart;
A full Carouse, and welcome to our Office.

NOBODY: I thanke you. sir: and were your beere tems water,
Yet Nobody would pledge you. To you sir!

1 PORTER: You are a stranger heere, how in the Citty
Have you bin long in towne?

NOBODY: I sir, too long, unlesse my entertaine
Had bin more pleasing; for my life is sought.
I am a harmelesse well dispos'd plaine man,
That injure none, yet what so ere is done
Amisse in London is impos'd on me.
Be it lying, secret theft, or anything
They call abuse, tis done by Nobody.
I am pursued by all, and now am come
To see what safety is within the Court
For a plaine fellow.

2 PORTER: You are welcome hether, sir.
Methinkes you do looke wilde: as if you wanted
Sufficient sleepe.

NOBODY: O do not blame me, sir.
Being pursued, I fled. Comming through Poules,
There No-body kneeld downe to say his prayers,
And was devout, I wis: comming through Fleetstreet,
There at a tavern doore, two swaggerers
Were fighting; being attacht, twas askt, who gave
The first occasion? twas answered, nobody.
The guilt was laid on me, which made me fly
To the Thems side; desired a Waterman
To row me thence away to Charing-crosse;
He askt me for his fare; I answered him
I had no money; whats your name? quoth he;
I told him Nobody; then he bad me Welcome;
Said he would carry Nobody for nothing.
From thence I went
To see the law Courts, held at Westminster;
There, meeting with a friend, I straight was askt
If I had any sute? I answered, yes,
Marry, I wanted money. Sir, quoth he,
For you, because your name is No-body,
I will sollicit law; and no-body.
Assure yourselfe, shall thrive by sutes in Law.
I thankt him, and so came to see the Court,
Where I am very much beholding to your kindnesse.

1 PORTER: And Maister no-body, you are very welcome.
Good fellow, lead him to the Hall.
Will you walke neare the court?

NOBODY: I thanke you sir. (Exeunt Nobody and Porters.)

(Enter Somebody and a Bragart.)

SOMEBODY: Fie, what a toil it is to find out nobody.
I have dogd him very close, yet is he got into the Court before me.
Sir, you have sworne to fight with nobody;
Do you stay heere, and watch at the court gate,
And when you meet him, challenge him the field,
Whilst I set Lime-twigs for him in all Offices.
If either you or I but prosper right,
He needs must fall by policy or slight. (Exit.)

BRAGGART: I would this round man nobody would come.
I, that professe much valor, yet have none,
Cannot but be too hard for nobody.

For what can be in nobody, unlesse
He be so cald because he is al spirit?
Or say he be all spirit; wanting limbes,
How can this spirit hurt me? Sure he dies;
And by his death my fame shall mount the skies.

(Enter Nobody.)

NOBODY: By thy leave, my sweet friend,
Theres for thy farewell.

BRAGGART: Stay.

NOBODY: Thats but one word; let two go to the bargain,
if it please you. Why should I stay?

BRAGGART: I challenge thee.

NOBODY: I may chuse whither ile answer your chalenge,
by your leave.

BRAGGART: Ile have thee picturd as thy picture, unles thou answer me.

NOBODY: For what sir? pray, why wold you have me printed?

BRAGGART: For cowardice.

NOBODY: Methinkes, your picture would doe better for the picture
of cowardice, then mine sir. But pray, whats your will with me?

BRAGGART: Thou hast abused one Somebody.

NOBODY: So have my betters abusd Sombody in their time.

BRAGGART: Ile fight with thee for that.

NOBODY: Alas, sir, I am nobody at fighting, yet thus much
let me tell you, nobody cannot run away: I cannot budge.

BRAGGART: Prepare thee, then, for I will spit thy body upon
this weapon.

NOBODY: Nay, by faith, that you cannot, for I have no bodye.

BRAGGART: Thy bowels then.

NOBODY: They are the fairer mark, a great deal; com on, sir, come on!

BRAGGART: Have at thy bellie.

NOBODY: You must either hit that, or nothing.

BRAGGART: Ill kill and quarter thee.

NOBODY: Youle hardly find my joynts, I think, to quarter me;
I am so well fed. Come on, sir.

(Fight; nobody is downe.)

BRAGGART: Now thou art at my mercie.

NOBODY: What are you the better to have nobody at your mercy?

BRAGGART: Ile kill thee now.

NOBODY: I thinke youle sooner kill me then any body.
But let me rise againe.

BRAGGART: No, I will let No-body rise.

NOBODY: Why then let me, sir, I am no-body.

(Enter Clowne.)

CLOWNE: How now, O fates, O heavens, is not that my M?
What shall I do? Be valiant, and reskue my sweet maister.
Avant thou Pagan, Pug, what ere thou be!
Behold I come to set thy prisoner free.

BRAGGART: Fortune, that giddy Goddesse, hath turnd her wheel:
I shall be matcht, thus will I gore you both.
Hold, captains!
Not Hercules himself would fight with two.
I yield.

CLOWNE: Twas your best course. Down, vassall, down!
And kisse my pumpe.

BRAGGART: Tis base, O base!

CLOWNE: Zounds, Ile naile thy lips to limbo, unlesse thou kis.

BRAGGART: Tis done.

NOBODY: Thanks, honest servant.

CLOWNE: Zounds, if I say ile doet, ile doet indeed.

NOBODY: For this, Ile carry thee into the Court.
Where thou shall see thy Maister, Nobody,
Hath friends, will bid him welcome. So farewell.

CLOWNE: Farewell, maister Braggart, farewell, farewell. (Exeunt.)

BRAGGART: Ile follow, I shall meet with Some-body
That will revenge. Ile plot, and ert be long,
Ile be reveng'd on Nobody for this wrong. (Exit.)

(Enter Vigenius, Peridure and the Queene.)

QUEENE: Your hopes are great, fair brothers, and your names
Shall, if in this you be advised by us,
Be rankt in scroule of all the Brittish kings.
Oh take upon you this so weighty charge,
To great to be dischargd by Elidure.

VIGENIUS: Deere sister Q. how are we bound to you!
In neerer bonds then a fraternal league,
For this your royall practise to raise us
Unto the height of honor and estate.
Let me no longer breath a prince on earth,
Or thinke me woorthy of your regall blood,
If we imbrace not this high motion.

PERIDURE: Imbrace it brother. We are all on speed;
My princely thought inflamed with Ardency
Of this imperiall state, and Scepterd rule.
My Kinglie browes itch for a stately Crowne;
This hand, to beare a round Monarchall Globe;
This, the bright sword of Justice and stern aw.
Deere sister, you have made me all on fire;
My kingly thoughts, beyond their bounds aspire.

VIGENIUS: How shall we quit your love, when we ascend
The state of Elidure?

QUEENE: All that I crave
Is but to make the imperious Queene my slave,
That she, that above Justice now commands,
May tast new thraldome, at our royall hands.

PERIDURE: The Queene is yours. The King shalbe depos'd,
And she disgraded from all Soveraignty.

QUEENE: That I might live to see the happy houre,
To have that sterne commandresse in my power!

VIGENIUS: Shees doomd alreadie and at your dispose;
And we, prepard for speedy execution
Of any plot, that may availe our pompe,
Or throne us in the state of Brittany.

(Enter Morgan and Malgo.)

PERIDURE: Heere comes the Lords of this pretended league.
How goes our hope? Speake, valiant English Peeres,
Are we in way of Soveraignty? or still stand we
Subjects unto the law of Elidure?

MORGAN: Long live the valiant brothers of the King,
With mutual love to weare the Brittish Crowne.
Two thousand Souldiors have I brought from Wales
To wait upon the princely Peridure.

MALGO: As many of my bold confederates
Have I drawn from the South, to sweare allegiance
To young Vigenius.

VIGENIUS: Do but cal me King,
The charming Spheres so sweetly cannot sing.

MALGO: To King Vigenius.

VIGENIUS: Oh, but wheres our Crowne,
That make knees humble when their soveraignes frowne?

MALGO: King Elidurus shall his state resigne.

PERIDURE: Say Morgan so, and Britains rule is mine.

MORGAN: King Peridure shall raigne.

PERIDURE: And sit in state?

MORGAN: And thousand subjects on his glory waite.

PERIDURE: Then they that lifts us to the imperiall seate,
Our powers and will shall study to make great.

VIGENIUS: And thou that raisest us, as our best friend,
Shall, as we mount, the like degrees ascend.

QUEENE: When will you give the attempt?

PERIDURE: Now, royall sister:
Before the King have notice of our plot.

Before the Lords that love his government
Prepare their opposition.

VIGENIUS: Well determined;
And like a king in Esse, now, this night,
Lets make a hostile uprore in the Court;
Surprize the King; make ceasure of the Crowne;
Lay hands upon the Counsell, least they scape
To levy forces -- Those Lords
That serve the King, and with austere reproofes
Punish the hatefull vices of the Land,
Must not awe us. They shall not raigne. We will
Those that applaud us, raise; despise us, kill.

PERIDURE: I see a kind of state appeare already
In thy majestick brow. Cal in the souldiors,
Man the Court gates, barricade al the streets,
Defend the waies, the lands, and passages;
And girt the pallace with a treble wall
Of armed souldiors; and in dead of night
When all the peeres ly drownd in golden sleepe,
Sound out a sodaine and a shrill Alarum,
To maze them in the midst of horrid dreames.

VIGENIUS: The King and Crowne is ours!

QUEENE: The Queen, I claim.

PERIDURE: It shal go hard, but I the shrew will tame.
Trumpets and drums, your dreadfull clamors sound!

VIGENIUS: Proclaime me captive, or a King new crownd!

(Alarum, they watch the doores, Enter at one doore Cornwell.)

CORNWELL: Treason, treason!

PERIDURE: Thou art mine, what ere thou be.

CORNWELL: Prince Peridure!

PERIDURE: I, Cornwell, and thy king.

CORNWELL: He discourds taught, that taught thee so to sing.

(Alarum, enter at another doore Martianus.)

MARTIANUS: Who stops this passage?

VIGENIUS: Martianus, we.

MARTIANUS: Vigenius?

VIGENIUS: Unto whom thou owest thy knee.

MARTIANUS: My knee to none but Elidure shall bend.

VIGENIUS: Our raign beginning hath when his lines end.

(Alarum. Enter at another doore Lady Elidure, stopt by the Queene.)

LADY: What traitorous hand dares interdict our way?

QUEENE: Why that dare ours, tis we command thee staie.

LADY: Are we not Queene?

QUEENE: Ist you? Then happily met:
I have owed you long, and now Ile pay that dept.

LADY: Vild traitresse, darest thou lay a violent hand
On us thy Queene?

QUEENE: We dare commaund thee stand.
Thou wast a Queene, but now thou art a slave.

LADY: Before such bondage, graunt me, heaven, a grave!

(Alarum, enter Elidure.)

ELIDURE: What seeke ye Lords? What meane these loud Alarums,
In the still silence of this hunnied night?

PERIDURE: King, we seeke thee.

VIGENIUS: And more, we seeke thy Crowne.

ELIDURE: Why, Princely brothers, is it not our owne?
That tis ours, we plead the law of kings,
The guift of heaven, and the antiquity on earth,
Election from them both.

VIGENIUS: We plead our powers and strength, we two must raign.

PERIDURE: We were borne to rule, and homage we disdaine.

CORNWELL: Do not resigne, good King.

PERIDURE: How, saucy Lord?

CORNWELL: Ile keepe still thy Crowne.

PERIDURE: I say that word
Shall cost old Cornwels life.

CORNWELL: Tush, this for care:
Tirants good subjects kills, and traitors spare.

VIGENIUS: Wilt thou submit thy Crowne?

MARTIANUS: Dread soveraigne, no.

VIGENIUS: He hates his own life that adviseth so.

MARTIANUS: I hate all traitors, and had rather die
Then see such wrong done to his soveraignty.

QUEENE: Give up thy state to these two princely youthes,
And thy resigment shal preserve thy life.

LADY: Wilt thou so much wrong both thyself and wife?
Hast lived a king, and canst thou die a slave?
A royal seat doth aske a royall grave.
Though thousand swords thy present safety ring,
Thou that has bin a Monarch, dye a king!

QUEENE: Whether he live or dye, thou sure shalt be
No longer Queene, but Vassayle unto me.
Ile make ye now my drudge.

LADY: How, mynion, thine?

QUEENE: Thart no more Queen: Thy husband must resigne.

CORNWELL: Resigne? to whom?

PERIDURE: I am one.

VIGENIUS: And I another.

LADY: Canst be so base to see a younger brother,
Nay, two young Boyes plast in thy throne of state?
And thou, their sodaine , in their traines to waite?
Ile dye before I endure it.

PERIDURE: So shall all,
That do not prostrate to our homage fall.

Shall they not brother King?

VIGENIUS: They shall, by heaven!

MARTIANUS: Come, kill me first.

CORNWELL: Nay make the number even,
And kill me to, for I am pleasd to dye,
Rather then this indure.

LADY: The third am I.

QUEENE: Nay strike her first.

PERIDURE: Rage, give my fury way.

VIGENIUS: Strike, valiant brother king.

ELIDURE: Yet heare me, stay!

PERIDURE: Be brief, for Gods sake, then.

ELIDURE: O heaven, that men so much should covet care!
Septers are golden baites, the outsides faire:
But he that swallowes this sweete sugred pill,
Twill make him sicke with troubles that grow, stil.
Alasse, you seeke to ease me, being wearied,
And lay my burthen on your able loines!
My unambitious thoughts have bin long tird
With this great charge, and now they rest desird.
And see the kinde youths coveting my peace.
Bring me of all these turmoiles free release.
Here, take my Crown.

LADY: Wilt thou be made a stale?
Shall this proud woman, and these boyes, prevaile?
Shal I, for them, be made a publike scorne?
Oh, hadst thou buried bin as soone as borne,
How happy had I bin!

ELIDURE: Patience, sweete wife:
Thinkst thou I praise my Crowne above thy life?
No, take it Lords, it hath my trouble bin,
And for this crowne, oh give me back my Queene.

QUEENE: Nay, shes bestowed on me.

ELIDURE: Then what you pleese:
Here take my trouble, and resigne your ease.

SICOPHANT: My Lords, receive the crowne of Elydure.
Faire hopefull blossoms of our future peace,
Happy am I, that I but live to see
The Land ruld by your dubble soveraignty.

VIGENIUS: Now let the king discend, to be disposd of
At our high pleasure. Come, give me the Crowne.

PERIDURE: Why you the Crown, good brother, more then we?

VIGENIUS: Weele prove it, how it fits our kingly temples,
And how our brow becomes a wreath so faire.

PERIDURE: Shall I see you crownd, and my selfe stand bare?
Rather this wreath majestick let me try,
And sit inthrond in pompious Majesty.

VIGENIUS: And I attend whilst you ascend the throne?
Where, had we right we should sit crownd alone.

PERIDURE: Alone? darst thou usurpe upon my right?

VIGENIUS: I durst do much, had I but power and might.
But wanting that, come, let us raigne togither,
Both Kings, and yet the rich crowne worne by neither.

PERIDURE; Content. The king doth on our sentence waite;
To doome him, come, lets take our dubble state.
What, shall he live or dye?

ELIDURE: I know not how I should deserve to dye.

LADY: Yes, to let two such usurpers live.

SICOPHANT: Nay, Madam, now I needes must tell your grace,
You wrong these kings, forget both time and place.
It is not as it was; now you must bowe
Unto this dubble state; Ile shew you how.

LADY: Base flattring groome! slavish parasite!

VIGENIUS: Shall I pronounce his sentence?

PERIDURE: Brother, doe.

VIGENIUS: Thy life we graunt thee and that Womans to;
But live devided, you within the Tower,
You, prisoner to that princesse.

LADY: In her power?

Oh dubble slavery!

PERIDURE: Convay both hence.

ELIDURE: My doomes severer then my small offence.

QUEENE: Come, Minion, will you goe?

LADY: To death, to hel,
Rather then in thy base subjection dwell.

VIGENIUS: Cornwell and Martianus, you both see
We are possest of this imperiall seate;
And you that were sworne liedgemen to the Crowne
Should now submit to us that owe the same.
We know, without your grave directions,
We cannot with experience guide the land,
Therefore weele study to deserve your loves.

PERIDURE: Twas not ambition, or the love of state,
That drew us to this businesse, but the feare
Of Elidurus weakenesse, whom, in zeal
To the whole land, we have deposd this day.
Speake, shall we have your loves?

CORNWELL: My lords and kings,
Tis bootlesse to contend gainst heaven and you.
Since without our consent the kings deposd,
And we unable to support his fall,
Rather then the whole land should shrinke
You shall have my assystance in the state.

MARTIANUS: Cornwell and I will beare the self same state.

PERIDURE: We now are Kings indeede, and Brittaine sway
When Cornwell and his brother Vive say.

VIGENIUS: Receive our grace, keepe still your offyces,
Imbrace these peeres that raisd us to the throne.
Brittaine rejoice, and Crowne this happy yeare,
Two sonnes at once shine in thy royall sphere!

CORNWELL: And thats prodigious! I but waite the time,
To see their sodaine fall, that swiftly clime.

MARTIANUS: My Lord, much honor might you win your land,

To give release unto your sister Queene,
Being a Lady in the land beloved.

VIGENIUS: You have advisd us well, it shall be so.

CORNWELL: Shold you set free the Princesse, might not she
Make uprors in the land, and raise the Commons,
In the releasment of the Captive King?

PERIDURE: Well counseld, Cornwell, she shall live in bondage.

MARTIANUS: Renowne yourselfe by being kind to her.

CORNWELL: Secure your state by her imprisonment.

VIGENIUS: Weele have the Queene set free

PERIDURE: Weele have her guarded
With stricter keeping and severer charge.

MARTIANUS: Will you be braved by one thats but your equall,
Having no more then party government?

CORNWELL: Or you be scornd by one to you inferior,
In generall estimation of the land?

VIGENIUS: Set free the Princesse; say the king commands.

PERIDURE: Keepe her in thraldome still, and captive bands.

VIGENIUS: Weele not be countermaunded.

PERIDURE: Sir, nor we.

VIGENIUS: Before Ile be halfe a king, and contrould
In any regality, ile hazard all.
Ile be compleat, or none.

PERIDURE: Before ile stand
Thus for a Cipher, with my halfe command,
Ile venture all my fortunes. How now, Pride,
Percht on my upperhand?

CORNWELL: (Aside.) By heaven, well spyed.

VIGENIUS: Tis ours by right, and right we wil injoy.

PERIDURE: Claimst thou preheminence? Come down proud boy!

VIGENIUS: Then lets try maistries, and one conquer all.
We climd at once, and we at once wil fall.
(They wrastle, and are parted.)

PERIDURE: They that love Peridure devide themselves
Uppon their part.

CORNWELL: That am I.

MORGAN: And I.

VIGENIUS: They that love us, on this side.

MORGAN: I.

MALGO: And I.

VIGENIUS: Then to the field, to set our sister free!

PERIDURE: By all my hopes, with her Ile captive thee!

VIGENIUS: Trumpets and Drums, triumphant musick sing!

PERIDURE: This day a captive, or a compleat king! (Exeunt.)

(Alarum. Enter Somebody and Sicophant.)

SOMEBODY: Sir you have sworne to manage these affaires,
Even with your best of judgement.

(Enter Clowne.)

SICOPHANT: I have, provided you will let me share
of the grand benefit you get by dice,
Deceitfull Cards, and other cozening games
You bring into the Court.

CLOWNE: O rare! Now shall I find out crab, som notable knavery.

SOMEBODY: You shall have equall share with Somebody.
Provided you will help to apprehend that Nobody,
On whom the guilt shall lye,
Of all those cheting tricks I have devisd.

CLOWNE: O, the fates! treason against my m. person! But I beleeve
Somb. will pay fort. Ile tickle your long wast for this, ifaith.

SICOPHANT: Give me some bales of dice. What are these?

SOMEBODY: Those are called high Fulloms.

CLOWNE: Ile Fullom you for this.

SOMEBODY: Those low Fulloms.

CLOWNE: They may chance bring you as hie as the Gallowes.

SOMEBODY: These Demi-bars.

CLOWNE: Great reason you should come to the barre
before the gallowes.

SOMEBODY: Those bar Sizeaces.

CLOWNE: A couple of Asses, indeed.

SOMEBODY: Those Brisle dice.

CLOWNE: Tis like they brisle, for I am sure theile breed anger.

SICOPHANT: Now, sir, as you have compast all the Dice,
So I for cards. These for the game at maw:
All saving one, are Cut next under that.
Lay me the Ace of Harts, then cut the Cards,
O your fellow must needs have it in his first tricke.

CLOWNE: Ile teach you a trick for this, yfaith.

SICOPHANT: These for Premero; cut upon the sides,
As the other on the ends.

CLOWNE: Marke the end of all this.

SICOPHANT: These are for post and paire. These for saunt.
These for new cut.

CLOWNE: Theile make you cut a fether, one day.

SICOPHANT: Well, these disperst, and Nobody attacht,
For all these crimes, shall be hangd.

CLOWNE: I, or els you, shall hange for him.

SICOPHANT: Come, shals about our business?

SOMEBODY: Content, lets straight about it. (Exeunt.)

CLOWNE: O, my hart! that it was my fortune to heare all thys; but

beware a lucky man whilst you live. Alasse, if I had not rescued my maister, the swaggering fellowe would have made Nobody of him. Againe, if I had not overheard this treason to his person, these Cunnicatching knaves would have made less than Nobody of him; for indeed, they wold have hangd him. But heeres my maister. O, sweete maister, how cheere you?

(Enter Nobody.)

NOBODY: O excellent, admirable, and beyond comparison!
I thinke my shape inchants them.

CLOWNE: I think not so, for if I wer a Lady I should never abide you: But Maister, I can tell you rare newes; you must be apprehended for a Cheater, a Cozener, a Libiller, and I know not what.

NOBODY: Not I, I am an innocent, no Cheater, No Cozener, but a simple honest man, hunted from place to place by Somebody.

CLOWNE: 'Tis true sir, it is one som. that would attach you, therefore looke to your selfe. But Mai., if you be tooke, never feare, I heard all their knavery, and I can cleare you, I warrant.

(Enter Somebody, and officers.)

SOMEBODY: O have I found you? This is he, my frends ,
We have long sought: you know when twas inquird
Who brought the false Dice and the cheating cards
Into the court, twas answered Nobody.

CLOWNE: No. I am affraid youle prove the knave som.

SOMEBODY: Lay hold upon him; beare him to the prison.

NOBODY: To prison -- say you well? If I be guilty,
This fellow is my partner; take him to.

SOMEBODY: Are you confederate in this treason sirra?

CLOWNE: If I be not, sir, somebody is, but if I be guilty
I must beare it off with head and shoulders.

SOMEBODY: To prison with them! Now the bird is caught
For whom so long through Britaine have I sought.

CLOWNE: I beleeve I have a bird in a box shall catcht you for all this.

SOMEBODY: Away with them I say! (Exeunt.)

(Enter, severally, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus,, Malgo, with drum and Coulors.)

VIGENIUS: In Armes well met, ambitious Peridure.

PERIDURE: Vigenius, thou salutes me with a title
Most proper to thy selfe.

VIGENIUS: ~~ Art thou not proud?

PERIDURE: Onely to meet thee on this bed of death,
Wherein the Title to the English Crowne
Shall perish with thy selfe.

: ~~ Faire is the end
Of such as die in honourable warre;
Oh far more faire then on a bed of downe.

MARTIANUS: Warre is the souldiors harvest: it cuts downe --

PERIDURE: The lives of such as hinder our renowne.

VIGENIUS: Such as are apt for tumult --

PERIDURE: Such as you,
That to our lawfull Soveraigne are untrue.

VIGENIUS: Blushes not Peridure, to brave us so?

PERIDURE: Blushes, Vigenius -- at thy overthrow.
Who wast that told me he would submit?

SICOPHANT: Twas I, my Lord.

VIGENIUS: Peace foole! thou dost forget
Tis not an hower since, to our princely eare,
Thou saidst thou didst desire us to forbeare.

SICOPHANT: True, my good Lord.

PERIDURE: True, that I sought to stay.

VIGENIUS: That I would basely my ritcht hopes betray.

SICOPHANT: I did it of mine own head, to make you friends.

PERIDURE: Still playing of the Sicophant.

VIGENIUS: What still?

PERIDURE: A glose, I see, to insinuate our goodwill.

VIGENIUS: That whosoever conquerd, he might gaine.

PERIDURE: The favour of us both, that was his trayne.

VIGENIUS: But henceforth we cashiere thee from the filde.

PERIDURE: Never heerafter beare a souldiers shield,
A souldiers sword, nor any other grace,
But what is like thine owne, a doubble face.

SICOPHANT: Now I beseech Jove heare my praier,
let them bee both slaine in the battell! (Exit.)

PERIDURE: If there be any other of his hart,
We give them free licence to depart.

CORNWELL: Cornwell hates flattery.

MARTIANUS: So does Martianus.

MALGO: Malgo is resolute for all affaires.

MORGAN: And so is Morgan, for he scornes delayes.

VIGENIUS: Then, where the fielde consists of such a spirit,
He that subdues conquers the Crowne by merit.

PERIDURE: Thats I.

VIGENIUS: Tis I.

PERIDURE: Ryvers in blood declare it!

VIGENIUS: Grasse turne to crimson if Vigenius spare it!

PERIDURE: Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.

VIGENIUS: Follow, my friends.

PERIDURE: Conquer, or neare give ore.

(Alarum, Excursions, Peridurus and Vigenius fight, and both slaine. Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.)

MARTIANUS: This way I saw Vigenius, on the spur.

CORNWELL: I Peridurus, this way.

MORGAN: A strang sight! My Lord is breathlesse.

MALGO: My deare Lord is dead!

MARTIANUS: True brothers in ambition, and in death.

CORNWELL: Yet we are enemies, why fight we not
With one another for our generals losse?

MARTIANUS: Too much blood already hath beene spent,
Now, therefore, since the difference in themselves
Is reconsiled in eithers overthrow,
Let us be as we were before this Jar;
And joyning hands like honorable frends,
Inter their bodyes, as becomes their state,
And (which is rare) once more to Elidure,
Who now in prison leades a wearied life,
With true submission, offer Englands Crowne.
Of all the charges of tumultuous fate
This is most strange, three times to flow in state. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Queene and Sicophant.)

SICOPHANT: Madam.

QUEENE: You are welcome; what new flatteries
Are a coyning in the mint of that smoth face?

SICOPHANT: Where is the Lady Elidor, I pray?

QUEENE: Amongst my other waiting maides at worke.

SICOPHANT: Tis well. Yet, Madam, with your gratious leave,
I wish it better.

QUEENE: What, in love with her?
Canst thou affect such a dejected wretch?
Then I perceive thy flattery is folly,
Or thout prove honest, loving one so poore.

SICOPHANT: I know not, Madam, what your highnesse gathers
Out of my troubled words; I love you well;
And though the time should alter, as I am sure
It is impossible, yet I would follow
All your misfortunes with a patient hart.

QUEENE: I have seene too much of thee, to credit thee.

SICOPHANT: Now in your height of glory use your servant,
Now Madam, whilst the noble Peridure,
That loves you dearer then the Brittish Crowne,
Whilst hees conqueror, use me to destroy
Your greatest enemy, and I will doe it.

QUEENE: Thou wilt not.

SICOPHANT: Be it Elidure the king,
The prisoner I should say, Ide murder him,
To shew how much I love your majesty.

QUEENE: Thou wouldst not poyson for me his base Queene,
Whom I so often have triumphed ore,
That torment now is her beatitude
And tedious unto me?

SICOPHANT: No more; shes dead.

(Enter Lady Elidure.)

QUEENE: See where she comes, dispatch her presently.
For, though the Princely Peridure be King,
His brothers death, in time, will make him odious
Unto his subjects, and they may restore
Mild Elidure againe; and then I dye.

SICOPHANT: Withdraw, shes dead, as surely as you live.

LADY: What, shall I never from this servitude
Receive releasant? Evermore be plagud
With this insulting Queen? Is there no change,
No other alteration in the state?
I know there is not. I am borne to be
A slave, to one baser than slavery.

SICOPHANT: I will release you, by a speedy death.

LADY: By death? alasse, what tongue pronounst that word?
What! my Lord weather-cocke? nay then I see
Death in thy mouth is but base flattery.

SICOPHANT: By heaven, I am sent to kill you.

LADY: By whose meanes?

SICOPHANT: By one that will avouch it, when tis done.

LADY: Not the proud queene?

SICOPHANT: Yes; but I am determined
In full amends for all my flattery,
To save your life, and kill her instantly.

LADY: Oh if a Divell would undertake that deed!
I cared not though she heard me, I would say
He were a starre, more glorious than the day.

SICOPHANT: And would you for that good deed pardon me?

LADY: And quite all former injury.

SICOPHANT: But let me tell your highnes, by the way,
The Queene is not so hasty of your death.

LADY: No, for she had rather have my life prolongd.

SICOPHANT: I do assure your highnes, on mine honor,
When I did say she sent me to destroy you,
I slaunderd her great mercy towards you;
For she had given me order to release you.

LADY: O monstrous lie!

SICOPHANT: Beleeve it, for tis true.
And this moreover; she so much repents
Her former pride and hardnes, towards you,
That she could wish it never had bin done.

LADY: Then, I repent me of my wrongs towards her;
And, in the stead of a reward proposd
To him that should destroy her, I do wish,
Death be his death, that undertakes the deed.

SICOPHANT: But will you not forget these princelie words,
If any alteration should ensue?

LADY Not I, I in my oths am true.

SICOPHANT: Except once more the Lords crowne Elydure?

LADY: Though that should chance, ile hold my promise sure.

SICOPHANT: And you, too, Madam?

QUEENE: So thou murderst hir.

SICOPHANT: Know that Lord Peridurus and his brother

Are in the battell slaine: and by the nobles,
Her husband, Elidure, raisd to the state.
Setting aside all all jesting, Queene, beleeve it,
And truce with her, least she triumph againe.

QUEENE: For Gods sake make us friends.

SICOPHANT: Good Lord, how strange this reconciled foes
Behold each other!

LADY: Sister.

QUEENE: Kind Sister.

SICOPHANT: Then make me your brother. Say, are you friends?

BOTH: We are.

SICOPHANT: Then, chance what can,
In this I have proovd myselfe an honest man.

(Enter Malgo.)

MALGO: The king your husband, madam, new releast,
Desires your presence at his Coronation.

LADY: My Elydure a third time to be crownd!

MALGO: True, Madam, and expects your company.

LADY: And you knew this before?

SICOPHANT: No, on mine honor.

LADY: Neither you, Sister?

QUEENE: Neither.

LADY: If you did,
My oath is past, and what I have lately sworne
Ile hold inviolate. Here all stryfe ends:
Thy wit has made two proude shrewes perfect friends. (Exeunt.)

(Enter, in state, Elidure, Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and all the Lords.)

CORNWELL: A third time live our gratious soveraigne
Monarch of England, crowned by these hands!

ELIDURE: A third time, Lords, I do returne your love,

And wish it with my soule, so heaven were pleasd,
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this.
But we have given them honorable graves.

(Enter Queen and Lady.)

And mournd their most untimely funerall.
My loved Queen, come seat thee by my side,
Partner in all my sorrowes and my joyes;
And you, her reconciled Sister, sit
By her, in second place of majesty;
It joyes me that you have outworne your pride.

LADY: Methinks, my gratious husband and my King,
I never tooke more pleasure in my glasse,
Then I receive in her society.

QUEENE: Nor I in all my state as in her love.

ELIDURE: My Lord of Cornwell, whose that whispers to you?
Or whats the newes?

CORNWELL: My liege, he tells me heeres a great contention
Betwixt two noted persons of the land,
Much spoke of by all states; one Somebody
Hath brought before your highnes, and this presence,
An infamous and strange opiniond fellow
Cald Nobody: they would intreat your highnes
To heare their matters scand.

ELIDURE: Weele sit in person on their controversies.
Admit them Cornwell.

LADY: Is that strange monster tooke, so much renownd
In Citty, Court and Country for lewd prancks?
Tis well, weel heare how he can purge himselfe.

(Enter Somebody, bringing in Nobody and his man, with Billes and staves.)

SOMEBODY: Now sirrha, we have brought you before the King.
Wheres your hart now?

NOBODY: My harts in my hose; but my face was never ashamed to
shew itselfe yet, before king or keyser.

SOMEBODY: And where's your hart, sirrha?

CLOWNE: My harts lower then my hose, for mine is at my heel;
but whersoever it is, it is a true hart, and so is not somb.

SOMEBODY: Health to your Majestie, and to the Queene!
With a hart lower than this humble earth,
Whereon I kneele, I beg against this fellow
Justice, my liege.

ELIDURE: Against whom?

SOMEBODY: Against Nobody.

NOBODY: My liege, his words wel sute unto his thoughts;
He wishes no man Justice, being composd
Of all deceit, of subtilty and slight.
For mine own part, if in this royall presence,
And before all these true judiciall Lords,
I cannot with sincerenes clere myselfe
Of all suggestions falsly coynd against me,
Let me be hangd up sunning in the ayre,
And made a scar-crow.

MARTIANUS: Lets heare his accusations;
And then how well thou canst aquit thy selfe.

SOMEBODY: First: when this monster made his residence
Within the country, and disperst his shape
Through every shire and country of the Land,
Where plenty had before a quiet seat,
And the poore commons of the Land were full
With rich abundance and satiety,
At his arrive, great dearths, and scarsity,
By ingrosing corne, and racking poore mens rents.
This makes so many poore and honest Farmers
To sell their leases, and to beg their bread;
This makes so many beggers in the Land.

CORNWELL: I, but what proofe, or lawfull evidence,
Can you being forth that this was done by him?

SOMEBODY: My Lord, I tras't him, and so found him out;
But should your Lordship not beleeve my proofe,
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,
Whose full cramd Garners to the roofes are fild,
In every dearth, who makes this scarsitye,
And every man will clearely quit himselfe:
Then, consequently, it must be Nobody.
Base copper money is stampt, the mint disgrast --
Make search who doth this, every man cleares one:
So, consequently, it must be Nobody.
Besides, whereas the nobles of the land

And Gentlemen built goodly maner houses,
Fit to receive a king and all his traine,
And there kept royall hospitality:
Since this intestine monster, No-body,
Dwels in these goodly houses, keepes no traine
A hundred Chimnies, and not one cast smoke
And now the cause of these, mock-begger Hal,
Is this, they are dwelt in by Nobody.
For this out of the countrey he was chast.

NOBODY: My royall liedge, whie am I thus disgrast?
Ile prove that slandrous wretch hath this al done.

ELIDURE: Tis good you can acquit you. Such abuses
Grow in the countrey, and unknowne to us!
Nay then, no marvell that so manie poore
Starve in the streets, and beg from doore to doore.
Then, sirha, purge you from this countrey blame,
Or we will make thee the worlds publike shame.

CORNWELL: Now, Nobody, what can you say to this?

CLOWNE: My M. hath good cards on his side, Ile warrant him.

NOBODY: My Lord, you know that slanders are no proofes:
Nor words, without their present evidence.
If things were done, they must be done by Somebody,
Else could they have no being. Is corne hoorded?
Somebody hords it, else it would be delt
In mutual plentie throughout all the land.
Are their rents raisd? If Nobody should doe it,
Then should it be undone. Is
Base money stampt, and the kings letters forgd?
Somebody needes must doe it, therefore not I.
And where he saies, great houses long since built
Lye destitute and wast, because inhabited
By Nobody; my liedge I answer thus.
If Somebody dwelt therein I would give place:
Or wold he but alow those chimnies fire
They would cast cloudes to heaven; the kitchin, foode
It would releeve the poore; the cellars beere
It would make strangers drinke. But he commits
These outrages, then laies the blame on me;
And for my good deeds I am made a scorne.
I onely give the tired a refuge seat,
The unclothed, garments, and the starved, meate.

CLOWNE: How say you by this maister Somebody? I beleeve
you will be found out by and by.

CORNWELL: If this be true my liedge, as true it is,
Somebody will be found an arrant cheater,
Unlesse he better can acquit himselfe.

SICOPHANT: Tuch him with the citty, since you have
taken the foile in the countrey.

MARTIANUS: Sirha, what can you say to this?

SOMEBODY: What should I saie, my Lord? see heare complaints
Made in the citty against no-body,
As well as in the countrey. See their bils;
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,
And asking where she revels night by night:
She answeres she hath bin with nobody.
Heares queanes maintaind in every suburb streete;
Aske who maintaines them, and tis nobody.
Watches are beaten, and constables are scoft
In dead of night; men are made drunke in taverns,
Girles loose their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,
Pockets pickt, and purses cut in throngs --

QUEENE: Inough, inough! Doth nobody all this?
Though he hath cleard himselfe from country crimes,
He cannot scape the citty.

NOBODY: Yes, dread Queene,
I must confess these things are daily done,
For which I heere accuse this Somebody,
That everywhere with slaunders dogs my steps,
And cunnimgly assumes my borrowed shape.
Women lie out; if they be tooke and found
With somebody, then No-body goes cleere;
Else the blames mine. He doth these faults unknowne,
Then slanders my chast innocence for proofe.
Somebody doth maintaine a common strumpet
Ith Garden-allies, and undid himself;
Somebody swaggered with the watch last night,
Was carried to the counter; Somebody
Once pickt a pocket in this Play-house yard,
Was hoysted on the stage, and shamd about it.

CLOWNE: Ha, ha! hath my maister met with you?

NOBODY: Alasse, my liege, your honest Nobodie
Builds Churches, in these dayes, and Hospitals;
Releeves the severall prisons in the Citty;
Redeemes the needy debtor from the hole --

And when this somebody brings infant children,
And leaves them in the night at strangers doores,
Nobody fathers them, provides them nurses --
What should I say? Your highnes love I crave,
That am all just!

CORNWELL: Then somebodies a knave.

SICOPHANT: If neither citty nor countrie will prevaile, to him
With the court ma. somebody, and there you will match him.

SOMEBODY: Then touching his abuses in the court --

CORNWELL: I, marrie, Nobody, what say you to this?
See, heere are dangerous Libils gainst the state,
And no name to them, therefore nobodies.

MARTIANUS: Besides, strange rumors and false buzzing tales
of mutinous leasings raisd by Nobody.

MALGO: False dice and cheating brought even to the presence!
And who dares be so impudently knavish,
Unlesse some fellow of your name and garbe?

MORGAN: Cards of advantage, with such cheating tricks,
Brought even amongst the noblest of the land,
And when these cosening shifts are once discovered
There is no cheater found save Nobody.

SOMEBODY: How canst thou answer these?

NOBODY: ~~ Even as the rest.
Are libels cast? If nobody did make them
And nobodies name to them, they are no libels.
For he that sets his name to any slander
Makes it by that no libell. This aproves
He forgd those slanderous writs to scandall me;
And for false cards and dice, let my great slops,
And his big bellied dublet both be sercht,
And see which harbors most hipocrisie.

QUEENE: Let them both be sercht.

SICOPHANT: Ile take my leave of the presence.

CLOWNE: Nay, M. Sicophant, weele have the inside of your pockets
translated to, weele see what stuffyng they have; Ile take a little
paines with you.

ELIDURE: What have you in there in nobodyes pockets?

CORNWELL: Here are, my liedge, bonds, forfeit by poore men,
Which he releast out of the usurers hands,
And canceld. Leases, likewise forfeited,
By him repurchast. These peitions,
Of many poore men, to preferre their sutes
Unto your highnesse.

ELIDURE: Thou art just, we know;
All great mens pockets should be lined so.

QUEENE: What bumbast beares his gorge?

MORGAN: False Cards, false Dice;
The kings hand, counterfeit;
Bonds put in sute, to gaine the forfitures;
Forgd deedes, to cheate men of their ancient land;
And thousand such like trashe.

CLOWNE: Nay, looke you heere! heares one that, for his bones, is pretily stuft. Heares fulloms and gourds; heeres tall-men and low-men; Heere trayduce ace, passedge comes a pace.

SOMEBODY: Mercy, great King!

SICOPHANT: Mercy, my Soveraigne!

CORNWELL: My liedge, you cannot to be severe in punishing
Those monstrous crimes, the onely staine and blemish
to the weale publike.

ELIDURE: Villaines, heare your doome.
Thou that hast bin the oppressyon of the poore,
Shalt bee more poore than penury itselfe.
All that thou hast, is forfit to the Law.
For thy extortion, I will have thee branded
Upon the forhead with the letter F;
For cheating, whipt; for forging, loose thine eares;
Last, for abasing of thy Soveraignes Coyne,
And traitrous impresse of our Kingly seale,
Suffer the death of traitors. Beare him hence.

SOMEBODY: Since I must needs be marterd, graunt me this;
That Nobody may whip, or torture, me,
Or hang me for a traitor.

MORGAN: A way with him.

SOMEBODY: Or if needs I must dye a traitors death;
That Nobody may see me when I dye.

MALGO: Hence with the traitor.

CLOWNE: I know by your complexion, you were ripe for the hangman;
but now to this leane Gentleman.

LADY: Let me doome him, smoth spaniel, soothing grome,
Slicke, oyly knave, egregious parasite!
Thou turning vane, and changing Weather-cocke,
My sentence is, thou shalt be naked stript,
And by the citty beadles soundly whipt.

CLOWNE: Ile make bold to see the execution.

NOBODY: Well hath the king decreed. Now, by your highnesse
patience, let Nobody borrow a word or two of Every-body.

THE EPILOGUE.

Heer, if you wonder why the king Elidurus bestowes nothing on me, for all my good services in his land, if the multitude shuld say he hath preferd Nobody, Somebody or other would say it were not well done, for, in doing good to No-body, he should be get himselfe an il name. Therefore, I will leave my sute to him, and turne to you. Kinde Gentleman, if any-body heere dislike No-body, then I hope Every-body have pleased you, for being offended with nobody, not Anybody can finde himselfe agrieved. Gentlemen, they have a cold sute that have no-body to speak in their cause, and therefore blame us not to feare. Yet our comfort is this. If no-body have offended, you cannot blame Nobody for it, or rather we will find Somebody hereafter, shall make good the fault that no-body hath done; and so, I crave the generall grace of Every-body.

ELIDURE: Now forward Lords, long may our glories stand, Three sundry times Crownd King of this faire land.

(Exeunt.)

FINISl

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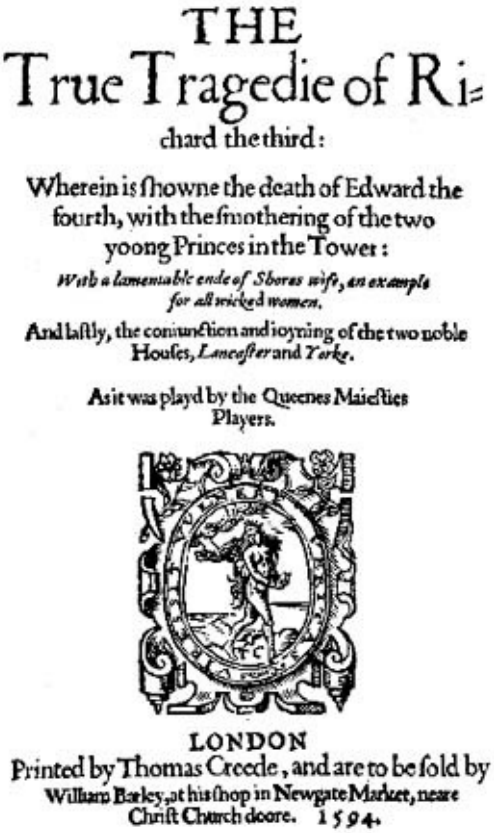
Elizabethan Authors HOME PAGE


THE
True Tragedie of Ri-
chard the third:

Wherein is ſhowne the death of Edward the fourth, with the ſmothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower:

With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women.

And laſtly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houſes, *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maieſties Players.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſold by William Barley, at his ſhop in Newgate Market, neare Chriſt Church doore. 1594.

THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Modern spelling version
Transcribed by Ramon Jimenez
Edited for the web by Robert Brazil
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The True Tragedie of Richard the third
Published anonymously 1594

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Scene i
Enter Truth and Poetry. To them the Ghost of George, Duke of Clarence.

GHOST: Cresce cruor! Sanguis satietur sanguine!
Cresce, Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta! (Exit) (1. Cresce, cruor! etc. Increase, blood! Let blood be satiated by blood! Rise up that which I hope for, quickly! O quickly, quickly, revenge!)
POETRY: Truth well met.

TRUTH: Thanks, Poetry; what makes thou upon a stage?

POETRY: Shadows.

TRUTH: Then will I add bodies to the shadows.
Therefore depart and give Truth leave
To show her pageant.

POETRY: Why, will Truth be a Player?

TRUTH: No, but Tragedia like for to present
A tragedy in England done but late,
That will revive the hearts of drooping minds.

POETRY: Whereof?

TRUTH: Marry thus.
Richard Plantagenet of the House of York,
Claiming the crown by wars, not by descent,
Had, as the chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth year of Henry the Sixth,
By Act of Parliament entailed to him
The crown and titles to that dignity,
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to stay the time,
Made wars upon King Henry then the Sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that virtuous King,
And won the crown of England to himself.
But since at Wakefield, in a battle pitched,
Outrageous Richard breathed his latest breath,
Leaving behind three branches of that line,

Three sons: the first was Edward, now the King,
George of Clarence, and Richard, Gloucester's Duke.
Then Henry, claiming after his decease
His style, his crown and former dignity,
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the Fourth. (36. style: the ceremonial designation of a sovereign - OED 18)
POETRY: But tell me Truth, of Henry what ensued?

TRUTH: Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies, [40]
By strict command, from Edward, England's King,
Since cruelly murdered by Richard, Gloucester's Duke.

POETRY: Whose Ghost was that did appear to us?

TRUTH: It was the ghost of George, the Duke of Clarence,
Who was attainted in King Edward's reign,
Falsely of treason to his royalty,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most unnaturally,
By his own brother, shame to parents' stock,
By Gloucester's Duke drowned in a butt of wine.

POETRY: What shield was that he let fall? [50]

TRUTH: A shield containing this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craves due revenge:
Whereupon he writes, Cresce cruor,
Sanguis satietur sanguine. Cresce,
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta.

POETRY: What manner of man was this Richard Duke of Gloucester?

TRUTH: A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withal,
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authority.
So during the minority of the young Prince,
He is made Lord Protector over the realm. [60]
Gentles, suppose that Edward now hath reigned
Full two and twenty years, and now like to die,
Hath summoned all his nobles to the Court,
To swear allegiance with the Duke his brother,
For truth unto his son, the tender Prince,
Whose father's soul is now near flight to God,
Leaving behind two sons of tender age,
Five daughters to comfort the hapless Queen,
All under the protection of the Duke of Gloucester:
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter, [70]
And here begins Truth's Pageant. Poetry,
Wend with me. (Exeunt.)

Scene ii

Enter Edward IV, Lord Hastings, Lord Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and Elizabeth. To them, Richard.

HASTINGS: Long live my sovereign, in all happiness.

MARQUESS: An honourable age with Croesus' wealth,
Hourly attend the person of the King:

KING: And welcome, you peers of England, unto your King:

HASTINGS: For unthankfulness the heavens hath thrown thee down. [80]

MARQUESS: I fear for our ingratitude; our angry God doth frown.

KING: Why nobles, he that lay me here,
Can raise me at his pleasure.
But my dear friends and kinsmen,
In what estate I now lie, it is seen to you all,
And I feel myself near the dreadful stroke of death,
And the cause that I have requested you in friendly wise
To meet together is this:
That where malice and envy sowing sedition in the hearts of men, [90]
So would I have that admonished and friendly favours,
Overcome in the heart of you Lord Marquess and Lord Hastings
Both; for how I have governed these two and twenty years,
I leave it to your discretions,
The malice hath still been an enemy to you both,
That in my life time I could never get any league of amity betwixt you.
Yet at my death let me entreat you to embrace each other,
That at my last departure you may send my soul
To the joys celestial,
For leaving behind me my young son, [100]
Your lawful King after my decease,
May be by your wise and grave counsel so governed,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realm of England.
But what saith Lord Marquess and Lord Hastings?
What not one word? Nay then, I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition.

ELIZ: Ah yield, Lord Hastings,
And submit yourselves to each other.
And you, Lord Marquess, submit your self, [110]
See here the aged King, my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both.
Consider Lord Marquess, you are son to my mother the Queen,
And therefore, let me entreat you to mitigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, embrace each other.

KING: Nay, cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speak to them.
For they are resolute in their ambitious minds.
Therefore Elizabeth, I feel myself at the last instant of death,
And now must die, being thus tormented in mind.

HASTINGS: May it be that thou, Lord Marquess,
That neither by entreaty of the Prince,
Nor courteous words of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me?

MARQUESS: May it be, Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceive the mark his Grace aims at?

HASTINGS: No, I am resolute, except thou submit.

MARQUESS: If thou be resolute, give up the upshot,
And perhaps thy head may pay for the losses.

KING: Ah Gods, sith at my death you jar,
What will you do to the young Prince after my decease?
For shame, I say, depart from my presence, and leave me to myself;
For these words strikes a second dying in my soul.
Ah my Lords, I thought I could have commanded
A greater thing than this at your hands.
But sith I cannot, I take my leave of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.

HASTINGS: With shame, and like your Majesty I submit therefore,
Craving humble pardon on my knees,
And would rather that my body shall be a prey to mine enemy,
Rather than I will offend my Lord at the hour
And instance of his death.

KING: Ah, thanks, Lord Hastings.

ELIZ: Ah, yield, Lord Marquess, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be united.

KING: Ah yield, Lord Marquess, thou art too obstinate.

MARQUESS: My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly crave your Grace's pardon on my knee,
For my foul offence,
And see, my Lord, my breast opened to mine adversary,
That he may take revenge, than once it shall be said,
I will offend my gracious sovereign.

KING: Now let me see you friendly give one another your hands.

HASTINGS: With a good will and like your Grace,
Therefore, Lord Marquess, take here my hand,
Which once was vowed and sworn to be thy death,
But now through entreaty of my Prince,
I knit a league of amity forever.

MARQUESS: Well, Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To have shivered thy body in piecemeals,
That the fowls of the air should have fed
Their young withal,
But now, upon allegiance to my Prince, I vow perfect love,
And live friendship for ever.

KING: Now for confirming of it, here take your oaths.

HASTINGS: If I, Lord Hastings, falsify my league of friendship
Vowed to Lord Marquess, I crave confusion.

MARQUESS: Like oath take I, and crave confusion. (168-70 confusion: ruin, destruction)
KING: Confusion.
Now my Lords, for your young King, that lieth now at Ludlow,
Attended with Earl Rivers, Lord Grey, his two uncles,
And the rest of the Queen's kindred,
I hope you will be unto him as you have been to me.
His years are but young, thirteen at the most,
Unto whose government, I commit to my brother the Protector.
But to thee Elizabeth, my daughter,
I leave thee in a world of trouble;
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
And especially I give thee this in charge upon and at my death,
Be loyal to thy brother during his authority.
As thyself art virtuous, let thy prayers be modest,
Still be bountiful in devotion.
And thus, leaving thee with a kiss, I take my last farewell,
For I am so sleepy that I must now make an end;
And here before you all, I commit my soul to almighty God,
My saviour, and sweet redeemer, my body to the earth,
My scepter and crown to the young Prince my son.
And now nobles, draw the curtains and depart.
He that made me, save me,
Unto whose hands I commit my spirit.

The King dies in his bed. (Exit all)

Scene iii
Enter Shore's wife, and Hursly her maid.

SHORE'S WIFE: O fortune, wherefore wert thou called fortune?
But that thou art fortunate?
Those whom thou favourest be famous,
Meriting mere mercy,
And fraught with mirrors of magnanimity,
And fortune, I would thou hadst never favoured me. [200]

HURSLY: Why Mistress, if you exclaim against fortune,
You condemn yourself,
For who hath advancéd you but fortune?

SHORE'S WIFE: Aye, as she hath advancéd me,
So may she throw me down.
But Hursly, dost not hear the King is sick?

HURSLY: Yes Mistress, but never heard that every sick man
died.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Hursly, my mind presageth
Some great mishaps unto me. [210]
For last time I saw the King, me thought
Ghastly death approachéd in his face.
For thou knowest this, Hursly, I have been good to all,
And still ready to prefer my friends,
To what preferment I could.
For what was it his Grace would deny Shore's wife?
Of anything, yea were it half his revenues,
I know his Grace would not see me want,
And if his Grace should die,
As heavens forfend it should be so, [220]
I have left me nothing now to comfort me withal,
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall.
But if the King escape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my nest,
That blow the stormy winter never so cold,
I will be thoroughly provided for one.
But here comes Lodowick, servant to Lord Hastings,
How now, Lodowick, what news?

Enter Lodowick

LODOWICK: Mistress Shore, my Lord would request you [230]
To come and speak with him.

SHORE'S WIFE: I will Lodowick.
But tell me, what news? Is the King recovered?

LODOWICK: Aye, Mistress Shore, he hath recovered

That he long looked for.

SHORE'S WIFE: Lodowick, how long is it since
He began to mend?

LODOWICK: Even when the greatest of his torments had left him.

SHORE'S WIFE: But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the Prince?

LODOWICK: The nobles and peers are agreed as the King would with them.

SHORE'S WIFE: Lodowick, thou revivest me.

LODOWICK: Aye, but few thought that the agreement and his life would have ended together.

SHORE'S WIFE: Why Lodowick, is he dead?

LODOWICK: In brief, Mistress Shore, he hath changed his life.

SHORE'S WIFE: His life! Ah me, unhappy woman,
Now is misery at hand,
Now will my foes triumph at this my fall.
Those whom I have done most good, will now forsake me.
Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,
I was far from change.So was I, Lodowick,
When I restored thee thy lands.
Ah, sweet Edward, farewell my gracious Lord and sovereign,
For now shall Shore's wife be a mirror and a looking glass,
To all her enemies.
Thus shall I find Lodowick, and have cause to say,
That all men are unconstant.

(252. entertained: employed)

LODOWICK: Why Mistress Shore, for the loss of one friend,
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah, Lodowick, I must; for when the tree decays
Whose fruitful branch have flourished many a year,
Then farewell those joyful days and offspring of my heart,
But say, Lodowick, who hath the King made Protector
During the minority of the young Prince?

LODOWICK: He hath made his brother Duke of Gloucester Protector.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah me, then comes my ruin and decay,
For he could never abide me to the death,
No, he always hated me whom his brother loved so well,
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is unconstant.

LODOWICK: But Mistress Shore, comfort yourself,
And think well of my Lord,
Who hath always been a helper unto you.

SHORE'S WIFE: Indeed, Lodowick, to condemn his honour I cannot,
For he hath always been my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

LODOWICK: Why Mistress Shore, rather than want should oppress
You, that little land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.

SHORE'S WIFE: Thanks, good Lodowick.

Enter a Citizen, and Morton, a serving man.

CITIZEN: O Master Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my money.

MORTON: I pray sir bear with me, and you shall have it,
With thanks too.

CITIZEN: Nay, I pray sir let me have my money,
For I have had thanks and too much more than I looked for.

MORTON: In faith, sir you shall have it,
But you must bear with me a little,
But sir, I marvel how you can be so greedy for your money,
When you see sir, we are so uncertain of our own.

CITIZEN: How so uncertain of mine own?
Why, dost thou know anybody will come to rob me?

MORTON: Why no.

CITIZEN: Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throat?

MORTON: No.

CITIZEN: Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?

MORTON: Why no, I tell thee.

CITIZEN: Why how should I then be uncertain of mine own?

MORTON: Why sir, by reason the King is dead.

CITIZEN: O sir! Is the King dead?
I hope he hath given you no quittance for my debt.

MORTON: No sir, but I pray stay a while, and you shall have it
As soon as I can.

CITIZEN: Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,
The King loseth his right they say,
But who is this?

MORTON: Marry sir, it is Mistress Shore,
To whom I am more beholden to for my service,
Than the dearest friend that ever I had.

CITIZEN: And I for my son's pardon.

MORTON: Now Mistress Shore, how fare you?

SHORE'S WIFE: Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,
For I think I shall be driven to try my friends one day.

MORTON: God forfend, Mistress Shore,
And happy be that sun shall shine upon thee,
For preserving the life of my son.

SHORE'S WIFE: Gramercies, good father.
But how doth thy son? Is he well?

CITIZEN: The better that thou lives, doth he.

SHORE'S WIFE: Thanks father, I am glad of it.
But come, Master Lodowick, shall we go?
And you Morton, you'll bear us company?

LODOWICK: Aye Mistress Shore,
For my Lord thinks long for our coming.

Exit omnes

CITIZEN: There, there, huffer; but by your leave,
The King's death is a maim to her credit.
But they say there is my Lord Hastings in the Court;
He is as good as the ace of hearts at maw.

Well, even as they brew, so let them bake for me.
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meet
With such cold customers as they I met withal even now,
Mass, if I meet with no better,
I am like to keep a bad household of it. (Exit)
(329. huffer: a boastful, swaggering, hectoring person)

(332. maw: an old game of cards)

Scene iv
Enter Richard, Sir William Catesby, Page of his
chamber, and his train

RICHARD: My friends, depart. [341]
The hour commands your absence.
Leave me, and every man look to his charge. (Exit train.)

CATESBY: Renowned and right worthy Protector,
Whose excellency far deserves the name of King than Protector,
Sir William Catesby wisheth my Lord,
That your Grace may so govern the young Prince,
That the crown of England may flourish in all happiness. (Exit Catesby)

RICHARD: Ah, "young Prince," and why not I? [350]
Or who shall inherit Plantagenet's but his son?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authority hinder inheritance?
No! I say no! Principality brooks no equality,
Much less superiority,
And the title of a King is next under the degree of a God.
For if he be worthy to be called valiant,
That in his life wins honour, and by his sword wins riches,
Why now I with renown of a soldier, which is never sold but
By weight, nor changed but by loss of life, [360]
I reaped not the gain but the glory, and since it becometh
A son to maintain the honor of his deceased father,
Why should not I hazard his dignity by my brother's sons?
To be baser than a King I disdain,
And to be more than Protector the law deny,
Why my father got the crown, my brother won the crown,
And I will wear the crown,
Or I'll make them hop without their crowns that denies me.
Have I removed such logs out of my sight, as my brother Clarence
And King Henry the Sixth, to suffer a child to shadow me? [370]
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me?
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother,
As I term it, to become subject to his son?

No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I will reign,
And so reign, that the proudest enemy shall not abide
The sharpest hour. Why, what are the babes but a puff of
Gunpowder? A mark for the soldiers, food for fishes,
Or lining for beds, devices enough to make them away,
Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsel.
Ho, whose within? [380]

Enter Page and Percival

PERCIVAL: May it please your Majesty.

RICHARD:. Ha, villain! Majesty!

PERCIVAL: I speak but upon that which shall be, my good Lord.

RICHARD: But what's he with thee?

PAGE: A messenger with a letter from the right honourable
The Duke of Buckingham.

Exit Page

RICHARD: Sirrah, give place.
Ah, how this title of Majesty animates me to my purpose. [390]
Rise man, regard no fall; haply this letter brings good luck,
May it be, or is it possible?
Doth fortune so much favour my happiness,
That I no sooner devise, but she sets abroach?
Or doth she but to try me, that raising me aloft,
My fall may be the greater? Well laugh on, sweet change,
Be as be may, I will never fear colours nor regard ruth,
Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.
Percival.

PERCIVAL: My Lord. [400]

RICHARD: For so thy letter declares thy name,
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant
That I utter my mind fully unto thee;
And seeing thy Lord and I have been long foes,
And have found now so fit opportunity to join league,
To allay the proud enemy, tell him thus as a friend:
I do accept of his Grace, and will be as ready to put in practice
To the uttermost of my power, what e'er he shall be to devise.
But whereas he hath writ that the removing of the young
Prince from the Queen's friends might do well, [410]
Tell him thus: it is the only way to our purpose.
For he shall shortly come up to London to his coronation,

At which instant, we will be both present,
And where by the help of thy Lord, I will so play my part,
That I'll be more than I am, and not much less than I look for,
No, nor a hair breadth from that I am,
Ajudge thou what it is, Percival.

PERCIVAL: God sent it, my Lord; but my Lord willed me to satisfy you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readiness a brave company of men.

RICHARD: What power hath he?

PERCIVAL: A brave band of his own.

RICHARD: What number?

PERCIVAL: My Lord, to the number of five hundred footmen. And horsemen aiders unto him, is my Lord Chamberlain, and my Lord Hastings.

RICHARD: Zounds! Dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

PERCIVAL: Aye, my Lord, as his own life; he is secret I warrant you.

RICHARD: Well Percival, this matter is weighty and must not be slipt; therefore, return this answer to thy Lord, that tomorrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot; for now the funeral is past I must set a screen before the fire for fear of suspicion. Again, I am now to strengthen myself by the controversy that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceased, and the Queen that's living. The young Prince is yet in hucksters handling, and they not thoroughly friends; now must I so work that that water that drives the mill may drown it. I climb, Percival. I regard more the glory than the gain, for the very name of a King redouble a man's life with fame, when death hath done his worst. And so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy pains.

PERCIVAL: I thank your Grace; I humbly take my leave.

Exit Percival.

RICHARD: Why so, now fortune make me a King;
Fortune give me a kingdom. Let the world report
The Duke of Gloucester was a King,
Therefore fortune me a King:
If I be but King for a year, nay but half a year,
Nay a month, a week, three days, one day, or half a day,
Nay an hour; Zounds, half an hour.
Nay, sweet fortune, clap but the crown on my head,

That the vassals may but once say,
God save King Richard's life, it is enough.
Sirrah, who is there?

Enter Page

PAGE: My Lord.

RICHARD: What hearest thou about the Court?

PAGE: Joy, my Lord, of your Protectorship for the most part;
Some murmur, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

RICHARD: A mighty arm will sway the baser sort; authority doth terrify.
But what other news hearest thou?

PAGE: This, my Lord: they say the young king is coming up
to his coronation, attended on by his two uncles, Earl Rivers and
Lord Grey, and the rest of the Queen's kindred. [460]

RICHARD: A parlous bone to ground upon, and a rush stifly knit,
which if I could find a knot, I would give one half to the dogs
and set fire on the other.

PAGE: It is reported, my Lord, but I know not whether it be
true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches
of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, he aims at the
crown.

RICHARD: Tush, a shadow without a substance, and a fear
without a cause; but yet if my neighbour's house be on fire, let
me seek to save mine own. In trust is treason; time slippeth. It is [470]
ill jesting with edge tools, or dallying with Prince's matters.
I'll strike whilst the iron is hot, and I'll trust never a Duke of
Buckingham, no never a Duke in the world, further than I see
him. And sirrah, so follow me. Exit Richard.

PAGE: I see my Lord is fully resolved to climb, but how he
climbs I'll leave that to your judgements; but what his fall will
be, that's hard to say. But I marvel that the Duke of Buckingham
and he are now become such great friends, who had wont
to love one another so well as the spider doth the fly. But this I
have noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how [480]
many noble men hath fled the realm; first the Lord Marquess, son
to the Queen, the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland,
are secretly fled. How this gear will cotten I know not. But
what do I meddling in such matters, that should meddle with the
untying of my Lord's points, faith do even as a great many do
beside, meddle with Princes matters so long, til they prove them-

selves beggars in the end. Therefore I, for fear I should be taken napping with any words, I'll set a lock on my lips, for fear my tongue grow too wide for my mouth. [489]
(Exit Page)

(483. How this gear will cotten: How this business will turn out)

Scene v
Enter the young Prince, his brother, Duke of York, Earl Rivers, Lord [Thomas] Grey, Sir [Richard] Haute, Sir Thomas Vaughan.

KING: Right loving uncles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it convenient that we dismiss our train, for fear the town of Northampton is not able to receive us. And again my uncle of Gloucester may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood. Therefore my Lords, let me hear your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one. And besides, I myself give consent.

RIVERS: Then thus may it please your Grace, I will show my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and York, the [500] league of friendship is yet but green betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it break; and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the company because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is joined the Protector, for what cause I know not. Therefore my Lords, I have spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall think good.

VAUGHAN: Why my Lord Rivers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safety?

RIVERS: Aye, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because [510] he is Protector.

GREY: We have the Prince in charge, therefore we need not care.

RIVERS: We have the Prince, but they the authority.

GREY: Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

RIVERS: Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloucester as a foe.

GREY: Why then my Lord Rivers, I think it is convenient that we leave you here behind us at Northampton, for conference with them; and if you hear their pretence be good towards the King, you may in God's name make return and come with them. But if not, leave them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queen hath willed that we should dismiss our company, and the King himself hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

RIVERS: If it please your Grace, I am content, and humbly take my leave of you all. (Exit.)

KING: Farewell good uncle. Ah gods, if I do live my father's years, as God forbid I may, I will so root out this malice and envy sown among the nobility, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefs.
Grey. Worthily well-spoken of your princely Majesty,
Which no doubt showeth a king-like resolution.

VAUGHAN: A toward young Prince, and no doubt forward to all virtue, whose reign God long prosper among us.

KING: But come uncle, let us forward of our journey towards London.

RIVERS: We will attend upon your Majesty.

Exit omnes

Scene vi
Enter an old Innkeeper, and Richard's Page.

PAGE: Come on, mine host, what dost thou understand my tale or no?

HOST: I' faith my guest, you have amazed me already, and to hear it again, it will mad me altogether, but because I may think upon it the better, I pray you let me hear it once more.

PAGE: Why then, thus, I serve the right honourable the Lord Protector.

HOST: I, I know that too well.

PAGE: Then this is his Grace's pleasure, that this night he will be

lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men used friendly and with great courtesy, and that he may have his lodging prepared as near Lord Rivers as possible may be.

HOST: Why sir if this be all, this is done already.

PAGE: Nay more.

HOST: Nay sir, and you love me no more, here's too much already.

PAGE: Nay, my Lord's Grace's pleasure is further, that when all thy guests have ta'en their chambers, that thou convey into my [560] Lord's hands the keys of every several chamber; and what my Lord's pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

HOST: How lock in my guests like prisoners, why do you hear my guests? Me thinks there should be little better than treason in these words you have uttered.

PAGE: Treason, villain, how darest thou have a thought of treason against my Lord? Therefore, you were best be brief, and tell me whether you will do it or no.

HOST: Alas, what shall I do? Who were I best to offend? Shall I betray that good old Earl that hath lain at my house this [570] forty years? Why and I do, he will hang me. Nay, then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head. But is there no remedy?

PAGE: Come sir, be brief. There is no remedy; therefore be brief and tell me straight.

HOST: Why then, sir, here's my hand. Tell my Lord Protector he shall have it; I will do as he commands me, but even against my will. God is my witness.

PAGE: Why then, farewell mine host.

HOST: Farewell, even the worst guest that ever came to my [580] house. Ah masters, masters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into. You think we that be innkeepers get all the world, but I think I shall get a fair halter to my neck; but I must go see all things done to my great grief.

Exit.

Scene vii
Enter the Mother Queen [Elizabeth] , and her daughter [Elizabeth],

and her son [Richard, Duke of York], to sanctuary.

Earl Rivers speaks out of his chamber:

Ho, mine host, Chamberlain, where's my key?
What? Penned up like a prisoner? But stay, I fear I am betrayed;
The sudden sight of Gloucester's Duke doth make me sore afraid.
I'll speak to him, and gently him salute,
Though in my heart I envy much the man.
Good morrow, my Lord Protector, to your Grace,
And Duke of Buckingham, Good morrow too,
Thanks, noble Dukes, for our good cheer, and for your company.

(593. envy: hate)

Here enter Buckingham and Gloucester, and their train.

RICHARD: Thou wretched Earl, whose aged head imagines nought
but treachery,
Like Judas, thou admitted wast to sup with us last night,
But heavens prevented thee our ills, and left thee in this plight.
Griev'st thou that I, the Gloucester Duke, should as Protector sway?
And were you he was left behind, to make us both away?
Wilt thou be ringleader to wrong, must you guide the realm?
Nay, overboard all such mates I hurl, whilst I do guide the helm.
I'll weed you out by one and one, I'll burn you up like chaff;
I'll rend your stock up by the roots, that yet in triumphs laugh.

RIVERS: Alas, good Dukes, for ought I know, I never did offend,
Except unto my Prince, unloyal I have been,
Then show just cause, why you exclaim so rashly in this sort,
So falsly thus me to condemn, upon some false report.
But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?
Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crew.

BUCK: Ah, bravely spoken good old Earl, who though his limbs be numb,
He hath his tongue as much at use, as though his years were young.

RICHARD: Speakest you the truth? How darst you speak, for justice to appeal?
When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falsehood do reveal.
Ah Rivers, blush for shame to speak, like traitor as thou art.

RIVERS: Upbraid you me a traitor to your Grace?
No, although a prisoner, I return defiance in thy face.
The chronicles I record, talk of my fidelity, and of my progeny,
Where, as in a glass you maist behold thy ancestors and their treachery.
The wars in France, Irish conflicts, and Scotland knows my trust,
When thou hast kept thy skin unscarred, and let thine armor rust.
How thou unjustly here exclaim'st,
Yea, far from love or kin,
Was this the oath which at our Prince's death,
With us thou didst combine?
But time permits now, to tell thee all my mind,
For well 'tis known that but for fear, you never would have climbed.
Let Commons now have it in hand, the matter is begun,
Of whom I fear the lesser sort, upon thy part will run.
My Lords, I cannot breathe it out in words like to you, but this:
My honor I will set to sale, let any common man come in,
And say Earl Rivers' faith unto his Prince did quail,
Then I will lose my lands and life, but if none so can do,
Then thou Protector injur'st me, and thy copartner too;
But since as judges here you are, and taking no remorse,
Spare me not, let me have law; in justice do your worst.

BUCK: My Lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone too far.
You have him fast, now cut him off, for fear of civil war.
Injurious Earl, I hardly brook this portion thou hast given,
Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

RICHARD: But as thou art, I leave thee here,
Unto the officers' custody,
First bear him to Pomphret Castle,
Charge them to keep him secretly:
And as you hear from me so deal,
Let it be done immediately :
Take from our garrison one whole band,
To guard him thither safely.
Rivers. And send'st thou me to common jail?
Nay then, I know thy mind;
God bless these young and tender babes,
That I do leave behind.
And God above protect them day and night,
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their right.
Farewell, sweet England, and my countrymen,
Earl Rivers leads the way:
Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,
But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly fear them all.
And thus disloyal Duke, farewell. Whenever this is known,
The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine own. Exit.

RICHARD: So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hoist up sail

while the wind serves, this hot beginning must have a quick dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly, that every highway be laid close, that none may be suffered to carry this news before we ourselves come, for if word come before us, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we have done to no effect. [670] If any ask the cause why they may not pass, use my authority, and if he resist shoot him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let us take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily I'll say such grace to the Prince's dinner, that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they eat, and yet all for the best I hope. Exit.

(629. permits now: an apparent misprint for "permits not")

(640. a cooling card: from an unknown game; something that cools passion or enthusiasm.)

(646. Pomfret Castle: Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire.)

(667. straightly: strictly)

Scene viii
Enter the young Prince [King Edward V], Lord Grey,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Sir Richard Haute and their train.

HAUTE: Lord Grey, you do discomfort the King by reason of
your heaviness.

GREY: Alas, Sir Richard, how can I be merry when we have
so great a charge of his Grace? And again, this makes me to grieve
the more, because we cannot hear from Earl Rivers, which
makes me think the Protector and he have been at some words.

KING: Why good uncle, comfort yourself; no doubt my un-
cle Earl Rivers is well, and is coming no doubt with my uncle
of Gloucester to meet us. Else we should have heard to the contrary.
If any have cause to fear, it is my self; therefore, good uncle
comfort yourself and be not sad.

GREY: The sweet juice of such a grape would comfort a man
were he half dead, and the sweet words of such a Prince would
make men careless of mishaps, how dangerous soever.

HAUTE: Lord Grey, we hear now by all likelihoods the Protec-
tor not to be far; therefore, we are to entertain him and the
Duke of Buckingham with courtesy, both for the Prince's behalf
and for our own.

GREY: Sir Richard Haute, I shall hardly show the Protector or
the Duke of Buckingham any merry countenance, considering
how hardly I have been used by them both; but yet for love to
my prince I will bridle my affection; but in good time they come.
Enter Richard [and] Duke of Buckingham, and their train.

RICHARD: Long live my Princely nephew in all happiness.

KING: Thanks, uncle of Gloucester for your courtesy, yet you have made haste, for we looked not for you as yet.

RICHARD: Therein I show my humble duty to your Grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased father's days.

KING: Thanks, good uncle.

BUCK: . Long live my gracious Prince.

KING: Thanks, Buckingham; but uncle you will bear us company towards London? [710]

RICHARD: For that cause we came.

BUCK: Gentlemen, on afore keep your rooms. How now, Lord Grey, do you jostle in the presence of the King? This is more than needs. (712. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes: keep to your proper places till time afford the law to take place.)
GREY: . My Lord, I scarce touched you. I hope it be no offence.

RICHARD: Sir, no great offence, but inward envy will burst out. No Lord Grey, you cannot hide your malice to us of the King's blood.

KING: Why, good uncle, let me know the cause of your sud- den quarrel? [720]

RICHARD: Marry thus, noble Nephew, the old wound of envy, being rubbed by Lord Grey's venomous rashness, is grown to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remove of dead flesh.

Buck. Lord Grey, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combat; but thus, and it shall like your Grace, I arrest and attach this Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Richard Haute, of high treason to your Grace. And that Lord Grey hath conveyed money out of the Tower to relieve our enemies the Scots, and now by curry- [730] ing favour with your Majesty, he thinks it to be hid.

RICHARD: Only this I add: you govern the Prince without my authority, allowing me no more than the bare name of Protector, which I will have in the dispite of you; and therefore, as your competitor Earl Rivers is already imprisoned, so shall you be,

GREY: But, whereas we are attached as traitors to his Grace, and

govern him without your authority, why we have authority
from the Mother Queen. And for the delivery of the money to
the Scots, it was done by a general consent of you all, and that I [740]
have your hands to show for my discharge. Therefore, your arrest and
attachment is not lawful; and yet, as lawful as your quarrel is right.

RICHARD: Thy presumption condemns thee, Lord Grey; thy arrest
is lawful. Therefore, see them speedily and secretly imprisoned:
and after the coronation they shall answer it by law. Mean-
while, officers look to your charge.

KING: Ah gods, and is it justice without my consent? Am I a
King and bear no authority? My loving kindred committed
to prison as traitors in my presence, and I stand to give aim at
them? Ah Edward, would thou laist by thy father's side, or else he [750]
had lived till thou hadst been better able to rule. If my near kindred
be committed to prison, what remains for me? A crown? Ah,
but how? So beset with sorrows that the care and grief will kill me
ere I shall enjoy my kingdom? Well, since I cannot command, I
will entreat. Good uncle of Gloucester, for all I can say little, but for
my uncle Lord Grey, what need he be a thief or convey money
out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good
uncle, let me bail them all. If not, I will bail my uncle Lord
Grey, if I may.

(749. I stand to give aim at them: stand near butts to inform archers how near their arrows fell.)

RICHARD: Your Grace undertakes you know not what; the mat- [760]
ters are perilous, especially against the Lord Grey.

KING: What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to us?

RICHARD: He may be a friend to win favour, and so climb to pro-
motion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

KING: I know my uncle will conceal no treason or dange-
rous secrecy from us.

RICHARD: Yes, secrets that are too subtle for babes. Alas, my Lord,
you are a child, and they use you as a child; but they consult and
conclude of such matters, as were we not careful, would prove
prejudicial to your Majesty's person. Therefore, let not your [770]
Grace fear anything by our determination, for as my authority
is only under your Grace, so shall my loyalty deserve hereafter
the just recompense of a true subject. Therefore, I having charge
from my brother your father, and our late deceased king, during the
minority of your Grace, I will use my authority as I see good.

KING: Aye me, unhappy king.

GREY: Nay, let not your Grace be dismayed for our imprisonment;
but I would we could warrant your Grace from harm. And so we
humbly take our leaves of your Grace, hoping that ere long we
shall answer by law to the shame and disgrace of you all. Exit. [780]

RICHARD: Go, you shall answer it by law.

KING: But come, uncle; shall we to London to our untimely coronation?

RICHARD: What else? And, please your majesty, where by the way I
will appoint trusty officers about you.

BUCK: Sound trumpet in this parley. God save the King:

RICHARD: Richard.

Enter the Mother Queen, and her young son, the Scene ix
Duke of York, and Elizabeth.

YORK: May it please your Grace to show to your children the
cause of your heaviness that we, knowing it, may be copartners [790]
of your sorrows?

QUEEN: Aye me, poor husbandless Queen, and you poor fatherless princes.

ELIZ: Good mother, expect the living, and forget the dead.
What though our father be dead, yet behold his children, the image
of himself.

QUEEN: Ah poor Princes, my mourning is for you and for
your brother, who is gone up to an untimely coronation.

ELIZ: Why mother he is a Prince, and in hands of our two
uncles, Earl Rivers, and Lord Grey, who will no doubt be care-
ful of his estate. [800]

QUEEN: I know they will; but kings have mortal enemies, as
well as friends that esteem and regard them. Ah sweet children,
when I am at rest my nightly dreams are dreadful. Methinks as
I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworn at the
death of your kingly father. 'Tis this, my children, and many other
causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to la-
ment as she doth.

YORK: May it please your Grace.

QUEEN: Ah my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced,

that without God's grace, I fall into dispair with my self, but [810]
who is this?

Enter a Messenger.

YORK: What art thou that with thy ghastly looks presseth in-
to sanctuary, to affright our mother Queen.

MESSENGER: Ah sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me?
My news is doubtful and heavy.

ELIZ: Then utter it to us, that our mother may not hear it.

QUEEN: Ah yes, my friend, speak whate'er it be.

MESSENGER: Then thus may it please your Grace. The young prince
coming up to his coronation, attended on by his two uncles, [820]
Earl Rivers and Lord Grey, and the rest of your kindred, was
by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector met at Stony
Stratford, where on a sudden grew malice between the Duke
of Buckingham and the Lord Grey; but in the end, the Duke
of Buckingham's malice grew so great that he arrested and atta-
ched all those of your kindred of high treason; whereupon the
Protector, being too rash in judgement, hath committed them
all to Pomphret Castle.

QUEEN: . Where I fear he will butcher them all. But where
is the Prince, my son? [830]

MESSENGER: He remains at London in the Bishop's palace, in the
hands of the Protector.

QUEEN: Ah traitors, will they lay hands on their Prince, and
imprison his peers, which no doubt means well towards him?
But tell me, art not thou servant to the Archbishop of York?
Mess. Yes, and it please your Grace, for himself is here at
hand with letters from the Council; and here he comes.

Enter Cardinal.

QUEEN: . But here my friend, grief had almost made me for-
get thy reward. [840]
Ah come, my Lord, thou bringest the heavy news, come shoot
thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grief al-
ready.

CARDINAL: Whate'er my news be, have patience. The Duke of Gloster
greets your Grace.

QUEEN: Draw home, my Lord, for now you hit the mark.

CARDINAL: The Prince, your son, doth greet your Grace.

QUEEN: A happy gale that blew that arrow by. Ah, let me see
the letter that he sent. Perhaps it may prolong my life a while.

YORK: How doth my brother? Is he in health my Lord? [850]

CARDINAL: In health, sweet Prince, but longs to have thy
company.

YORK: I am content, if my mother will let me go.

CARDINAL: Content or not, sweet Prince it must be so.

QUEEN: Hold! And have they persuaded thee my son to
have thy brother too away from me? Nay, first I will know what
shall become of thee, before I send my other son to them.

CARDINAL: Look on this letter and advise yourself; for thus the
Council hath determined.

QUEEN: And have they chosen thee among the rest, for to [860]
persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade
yourself, I will not send him to be butchered.

CARDINAL: Your Grace misdoubts the worst; they send for him
only to have him bedfellow to the King, and there to stay and keep
him company. And if your son miscarry, then let his blood be
laid unto my charge. I know their drifts and what they do pretend,
for they shall both this night sleep in the Tower, and tomorrow
they shall come forth to his happy coronation. Upon my honour,
this is the full effect, for see the ambushed nobles are
at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will [870]
not by fair means let him go.

QUEEN: Why my Lord, will you break sanctuary, and bring
in rebels to affright us thus? No, you shall rather take away my
life before you get my boy away from me.

CARDINAL: Why Madam, have you taken sanctuary?

QUEEN: Aye, my Lord, and high time too, I trow.

CARDINAL: A heavy case when Princes fly for aid, where cut-
throats, rebels, and bankrupts should be. But Madam, what
answer do you return? If I could persuade you, 'twere best to
let him go. [880]

QUEEN: But for I see you counsel for the best, I am content
that you shall have my son, in hope that you will send him safe
to me. Here I deliver him into your hands.
Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

YORK: Mother farewell, and farewell sister too; I will but see
my brother and return to you.

QUEEN: Tears stops my speech. Come let us in my Lord.

Exit.

CARDINAL: I will attend upon your Grace. Hold take the Prince, the
Queen and I have done. I'll take my leave, and after you I'll come.

Exit Cardinal

YORK: How now, my friend, shall I go to my brother?

CATESBY: What else, sweet Prince? And for that cause we are
come, to bear you company. (Exit omnes.)

Scene x
Enter four watchmen.
Enter Richard's Page.

PAGE: Why thus by keeping company, am I become like unto
those with whom I keep company. As my Lord hopes to
wear the crown, so I hope by that means to have preferment.
But instead of the crown, the blood of the headless light upon
his head. He hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threat-
ener and will have revenge. He makes havoc of all to bring his
purpose to pass. All those of the Queen's kindred that were
committed to Pomphret Castle, he hath caused them to be secretly
put to death without judgement. The like was never seen in
England. He spares none. Whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer
to his proceedings, he is straight chopped up in prison. The valiant
Earl of Oxford, being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in
Hammes Castle. Again, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my
Lord, that preached at Paul's Cross yesterday, that proved the
two Princes to be bastards. Whereupon in the afternoon came
down my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynard's Castle,
and offered my Lord the whole estate upon him, and offered to
make him King, which he refused so faintly that if it had been
offered once more, I know he would have taken it. The Duke of
Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making
his oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter Richard and Catesby.

RICHARD: Catesby, content thee. I have warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be won, 'tis better to cut him off than suffer him. He hath been all this while partaker [920] to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike utter it, then were we all cast away.

CATESBY: Nay, my Lord do as you will; yet I have spoken what I can in my friend's cause.

RICHARD: Go to no more ado, Catesby. They say I have been a long sleeper today, but I'll be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrah, are those men in readiness that I appointed you to get?

PAGE: Aye, my Lord, give diligent attendance upon your Grace.

RICHARD: Go to, look to it then, Catesby; get thee thy weapons ready, for I will enter the Court. [930]

CATESBY: I will, my Lord. (Exit Richard and Catesby)

PAGE: Doth my Lord say he hath been a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion--that thinks his Grace lieth never long enough abed. Now there is Court held today by diverse of the Council, which I fear me will cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Stanley their best caps; for my Lord hath willed me to get half a dozen ruffians in readiness, and when he knocks with his fist upon the board, they to rush in, and to cry, "treason," "treason," and to lay hands upon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stanley, which for fear I should [940] let slip, I will give my diligent attendance.

Enter Richard, Catesby, and others, pulling Lord Hastings.

RICHARD: Come, bring him away; let this suffice. Thou and that accursed sorceress the mother Queen hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brother's, Shore's wife. My withered arm is a sufficient testimony. Deny it if thou canst; lay not Shore's wife with thee last night?

HASTINGS: That she was in my house, my Lord, I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If . . .

RICHARD: If, villain? Feedest thou me with ifs and ands? Go fetch me [950] a Priest; make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paul, I swear I will not dine till I see the traitor's head. Away, Sir Thomas! Suffer him not to speak. See him executed straight, and let his copartner the Lord Stanley be car-

ried to prison also; tis not his broke head I have given him shall excuse him.

Exit Hastings and his captors.

Catesby, go you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the City of London by a Herald of Arms that the cause of his death, and the rest, were for conspiring by witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might govern the King and rule the realm. I think the proclamation be almost done.

CATESBY: Aye, my good Lord, and finished too.

RICHARD: Well then, about it. But hearest thou, Catesby; meanwhile I will listen after success of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the citizens of London to make me King, which I hope shall be shortly. For thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we nearer the mark than before; and when I have it, look thou for the place of thy friend the Lord

HASTINGS: Meanwhile, about thy business.

CATESBY: I thank your Grace.

Exit Catesby.

RICHARD: Now sirrah, to thee. There is one thing more undone, which grieves me more than all the rest; and to say the truth, it is of more importance than all the rest.

PAGE: Ah that my Lord would utter it to his page, then should I count myself a happy man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

RICHARD: I commend thy willingness, but it is too mighty and reacheth the stars.

PAGE: The more weighty it is, the sooner shall I, by doing it, increase your honour's good liking toward me.

RICHARD: Be assured of that; but the matter is of weight and great importance, and doth concern the state.

PAGE: Why, my Lord, I will choke them with gifts that shall perform it. Therefore, good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

RICHARD: Indeed, thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to utter it unto thee. Come hither -- and yet the matter is too weigh-

ty for so mean a man.

PAGE: Yet good my Lord, utter it.

RICHARD: Why thus it is: I would have my two nephews, the young Prince and his brother, secretly murdered. Zounds, villain, 'tis out! Wilt thou do it? Or wilt thou betray me?

PAGE: My Lord, you shall see my forwardness herein. I am acquainted with one James Tyrell, that lodgeth hard by your honor's chamber. With him, my Lord, will I so work, that soon at night you shall speak with him.

(996-7 soon at night: tonight)

RICHARD: Of what reputation or calling is that Tyrell? May we trust him with that which, once known, were the utter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

PAGE: For his trust, my Lord, I dare be bound; only this: a poor gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your Grace; and upon my credit, my Lord, he will see it done.

RICHARD: Well, in this be very circumspect and sure with thy diligence. Be liberal, and look for a day to make thee bless thy self, wherin thou servedst so good a Lord. And now that Shore's wife's goods be confiscate, go from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receive her open penance. Let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserved that plague; and let there be straight proclamation made, by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall relieve her nor pity her; and privy spies set in every corner of the city, that they may take notice of them that relieves her. For as her beginning was most famous above all, so will I have her end most infamous above all. Have care now, my boy, and win thy master's heart for ever. (Exit Richard and Page)

Scene xi
Enter Shore's wife.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah, unfortunate Shore's wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy country, and the only blot of defame to all thy kindred. Aye, why was I made fair that a King should favour me? But my friends should have preferred discipline before affection, for they know of my folly. Yea, my own husband knew of my breach of disloyalty, and yet suffered me, by reason he knew it bootless to kick against the prick. Ah, sweet King

Edward, little didst thou think Shore's wife should have been so hardly used. Thy unnaturall brother, not content with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custody, but yet more to add to my present misery, hath proclaimed upon great penalty, that none whatsoever, shall either aid or succour me, but here being comfortless to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I fear tis in vain, for none will pity me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost; now will I try him to see if he will give me any thing.

(1025. to kick against the prick: to struggle against fate.)

Enter Lodowick.

LODOWICK: Ah time, how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, and changest the minds of the good for the worst. How many headless peers sleep in their graves, whose places are furnish with their inferiors? Such as are neither nobly born, nor virtuously minded. My heart hardly bewails the loss of the young King by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himself King, by the name of Richard the Third. The Commons mur-mur at it greatly, that the young King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say; but many thinks they shall never come forth again. But God do all for the best, and that the right heirs may not be utterly overthrown.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Gods, what a grief is it for me to ask, where I have given.

LODOWICK: Ah, my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou didst the heavens bear witness.

SHORE'S WIFE: Good sir, take pity upon me, and relieve me.

LODOWICK: Indeed, 'tis pity to see so fair a face to ask for alms. But tell me, hast thou no friends?

SHORE'S WIFE: Yes sir, I had many friends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsook me.

LODOWICK: Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leaving thee would let thee go as a spoil for villains. But hear'st thou, I prithee tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will [1060] pity thee.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why have this entreatie served thee, when thy lands had been clean gone had it not been for Shore's wife? And dost thou make me so long to beg for a little?

LODOWICK: Indeed, my lands I had restored me by Mistress Shore, but may this be she?

SHORE'S WIFE: Aye, Lodowick, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the Fourth. Therefore, I pray thee bestow something on me. [1070]

LODOWICK: Ah Gods, what is this world, and how uncertain are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more, that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by relieving of her hurt myself? No, for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her. Therefore, for fear I should be seen talk with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set down in heroical verse, the shameful end of a King's concubine, which is no doubt as wonderful as the defoliation of a kingdom.

Exit Lodowick [1080]

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Lodowick, if thou wilt give me nothing, yet stay and talk with me. Ah no, he shuns my company. All my friends now forsake me. In prosperity I had many, but in adversity none. Ah Gods, have I this for my good I have done, for when I was in my chiefest pomp, I thought that day well spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by suits to the King; for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For though he was King, yet Shore's wife swayed the sword. I where need was; there was I bountiful, and mindful I was still upon the poor to relieve them; and now none will know me nor succour me. Therefore, [1090] here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I have done good unto in saving the life of his son. Well, I will try him, to see if he will give me anything.

Enter a Citizen and another.

CITIZEN: No men, no laws, no Princes, no orders; all's hushed, neighbour, now he's King. But before he was King, how was the Thames thwacked with ruffians? What frays had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace between Scotland and England for

six years, to what end I know not; usurpers had need to be wise. [1100]

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah good sir, relieve me, and bestow something upon me.

CITIZEN: Ah neighbour, hedges have eyes, and highways have ears, but who is a beggar-woman? The streets are full of them, i' faith. But here's thou, hast thou no friends that thou goest a begging so?

SHORE'S WIFE: Yes sir, I had friends, but they are all dead as you are.

CITIZEN: Why am I dead, neighbour? Why, thou arrant quean, what meanst thou by that?

SHORE'S WIFE: I mean they are dead in charity. But I pray, sir, had [1110] not you the life of your son saved in the time of King Edward the Fourth by one Shore's wife?

CITIZEN: Yes, marry had I; but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you, neighbor, I thought so, that so idle a houswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet. Well, for her sake I'll give thee somewhat.

SHORE'S WIFE: Nay, then know that I am she that saved the life of thy condemned son.

CITIZEN: Who art thou? Shore's wife? Lie still purse. Neighbour, I would not for twenty pounds have given her one farthing, the [1120] proclamation is so hard by King Richard. Why minion, are you she that was the dishonour to the King? The shame to her husband? The discredit to the City? Hear you, lay your fingers to work, and get thereby somewhat to maintain you. O neighbour, I grow very choleric. (To Shore) And thou didst save the life of my son. Why if thou hadst not, another would; and for my part, I would he had been hanged seven years ago. It had saved me a great deal of money then. But come, let us go in and let the quean alone. (Exit Citizen)

SHORE'S WIFE: Alas, thus am I become an open shame to the world; [1130] here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance. Alas, is my fact so heinous that none will pity me? Yet here come another to whom I have done good, who is least able to pleasure me; yet I will try him, to see if he will give me any thing.

Enter Morton, a serving man.

MORTON: Now sir, who but King Richard bears sway, and hath

proclaimed John, Earl of Lincoln, heir apparent to the crown.
The young Princes, they are in the Tower, nay some says more,
they are murdered. But this makes me to muse: the Duke of
Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all [1140]
to help him to the crown. But the Duke of Buckingham is
rid down to Brecknock Castle in Wales, and there he means
to raise up a power to pull down the usurper. But let them agree
as they will, for the next fair wind I'll over seas.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Shore's wife, so near driven, to beg of a servingman.
Aye, necessity hath no law, I must needs. Good sir, relieve me, and
give me something.

MORTON: Why, what art thou?

SHORE'S WIFE: In brief, Morton, I am Shore's wife, that have done
good to all. [1150]

MORTON: A fool, and ever thy own enemy. In truth, Mistress
Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, we'll part stakes; but soft,
I cannot do what I would; I am watched.

Enter Page.

SHORE'S WIFE: Good Morton, relieve me.

MORTON: What? Should I relieve my King's enemy?

SHORE'S WIFE: Why, thou promised thou wouldst.

MORTON: I tell thee I will not, and so be answered. Sownes I would
with all my heart, but for yonder villain. A plague on him.

Exit Morton [1160]

PAGE: An honest fellow I warrant him. How now, Shore's
wife, will none relieve thee?

SHORE'S WIFE: No, none will relieve her, that hath been good to all.

PAGE: Why 'twere pity to do thee good, but me thinks she
is fulsome and stinks.

SHORE'S WIFE: If I be fulsome, shun my company, for none but thy
Lord sought my misery and he hath undone me.

PAGE: Why hath he undone thee? Nay, thy wicked and
naughty life hath undone thee; but if thou wantest maintenance, why
dost thou not fall to thy old trade again? [1170]

SHORE'S WIFE: Nay, villain, I have done open penance, and am sorry
for my sins that are past.

PAGE: Zounds! Is Shore's wife become an holy whore?
Nay then, we shall never have done.

SHORE'S WIFE: Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy
forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I pri-
thee leave me, and get thee from me.

PAGE: And cannot you keep the City, but you must run
gadding to the Court? And you stay here a little longer, I'll make
you be set away; and for my part, would all whores were so 1180
served, then there would be fewer in England than there be.
And so farewell, good Mistress Shore: (Exit Page)

SHORE'S WIFE: And all such usurping kings, as thy Lord is, may come
to a shameful end, which no doubt I may live yet to see.
Therefore, sweet God, forgive all my foul offence.
And though I have done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soul be hurled. [1188]

Exit Shore's Wife

Continue reading the second half of True Tragedy……

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THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD
PART II

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SECOND HALF

... Into hell fire, let not my soul be hurled. [1188]
(Exit Shore's Wife)

Scene xii
Enter Master Tyrell, and Sir Robert Brakenbury. [1190]

BRAKENBURY: Master Tyrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliver you the keys, and put you in full possession. But good Master Tyrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

TYRELL: Else God forbid, say on what e'er it be.

BRAKENBURY: Then this, Master Tyrell, for your coming I partly knovv the cause, for the King oftentimes hath sent to me to have them both dispatched. But because I was servant to their father, being Edvvard the Fourth, my heart would never give me to do the deed. [1200]

TYRELL: Why Sir Robert, you are beside the matter. What need you use such speeches? What matters are between the King and me, I pray you leave it, and deliver me the keys.

BRAKENBURY: Ah, here with tears I deliver you the keys, and so fare-well Master Tyrell.

Exit Brakenbury. Enter Forest.

TYRELL: Alas, good Sir Robert, he is kind-hearted, but it must not prevail; what I have promised the King I must perform. But ho, Myles Forest.

FOREST: Here Sir. [1210]

TYRELL: Myles Forest, have you got those men I spake of? They must be resolute and pitiless.

FOREST: I warrant you, Sir, they are such pitiless villains that all London cannot match them for their villany. One of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calls him Black Will; the other is Jack Denton -- two murderous villains that are resolute.

TYRELL: I prithee call them in that I may see them, and speak with them. (Enter Will and Jack)

FOREST: Ho, Will and Jack: [1220]

WILL: Here Sir, we are at hand.

FOREST: These be they that I told you of.

TYRELL: Come hither, sirs. To make a long discourse were but a folly; you seem to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath delivered to you. Therefore, you must cast away pity, and not so much as think upon favour, for the more stern that you are, the more shall you please the King.

WILL: Zounds Sir, ne'er talk to us of favour; tis not the first that Jack and I have gone about.

TYRELL: Well said, but the King's pleasure is this, that he will have [1230] no blood shed in the deed doing. Therefore, let me hear your advises?

FOREST: Why then, I think this, Master Tyrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags ready charged, and so suddenly to shoot them both through.
(1234. dags: heavy pistols or handguns)

TYRELL: No, I like not that so well. What sayest thou Will? What is thy opinion?

WILL: Tush, here's more ado than needs; I pray bring me where they are, and I'll take them by the heels and beat their brains against the walls. [1240]

TYRELL: Nay, that I like not, for 'tis too tyrannous.

DENT: Then hear me, Master Tyrell, let Will take one, and I'll take another, and by the life of Jack Denton we'll cut both their throats.

TYRELL: Nay, sirs, then hear me. I will have it it done in this order; when they be both abed and at rest, Myles Forest, thou shalt bring them up both, and between two feather beds smother them both.

FOREST: Why this is very good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes. I'll bring you word when the deed is done. [1250]

Exit Tyrell.
Enter the Princes [King Edward and Richard, Duke of York]

YORK: How fares my noble Lord and loving brother?

KING: Ah, worthy brother, Richard, Duke of York, my cause of sorrow is not for my self, but this is it that adds my sorrow more -- to see our uncle whom our father left as our Protector in minority, should so digress from duty, love and zeal, so unkindly thus to keep us up prisoners, and know no sufficient

cause for it.

YORK: Why brother, comfort yourself, for though he detain us a while, he will not keep us long; but at last he will send us to our loving mother again, whither if it please God to send us, I doubt not but our mother would keep us so safe, that all the Prelates in the world should not deprive her of us again. So much I assure myself of. But here comes Myles Forest. I prithee, Myles, tell my kingly brother some merry story to pass away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

KING: No Myles, tell me no merry story, but answer me to one question. What was he that walked with thee in the garden? Me thought he had the keys.

FOREST: My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an aide to Sir Thomas Brakenbury.
(1272. Thomas Brakenbury: an error for Robert Brakenbury)

KING: Did the King? Why Myles Forest, am not I King?

FOREST: I would have said, my Lord, your uncle the Protector.

KING: Nay, my kingly uncle I know he is now; but let him enjoy both crown and kingdom, so my brother and I may but enjoy our lives and liberty. But tell me, is Sir Robert Brakenbury clean discharged?

FOREST: No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

KING: Nay then, new officers, new laws; would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose ghastly looks doth present a dying fear to my living body? I prithee, tell me Myles what are they?

FOREST: One, my Lord, is called Jack Denton; the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your Grace?

KING: Slawter? I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murder and slaughter, good Lord deliver us. But tell me, Myles, is our lodging prepared?

FOREST: Aye my Lord, if it please your brother and you to walk up.

KING: Then come brother, we will go to bed.

FOREST: I will attend upon your Grace.

YORK: Come Myles Forest, bear us company.

FOREST: [to Will and Denton] Sirs, stay you two here, and when they are asleep I'll call you up. Exit Forest

DENTON: I promise thee, Will, it grieves me to see what moan these young Princes make. I had rather than forty pounds I had ne'er ta'en it in hand. 'Tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes; I like it not.

WILL: Why you base slave, are you faint-hearted? A little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee. [1300]

DENTON: Nay, go forward, for now I am resolute. But come, let's to it.

WILL: I prithee, stay; he'll call us up anon. But sirrah Jack, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feels me? (Enter Forest)

FOREST: But ho, sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

WILL: Come, we are ready. By the mass, they are asleep indeed.

FOREST: I hear they sleep. And sleep, sweet Princes, never wake no more, for you have seen the last light in this world. [1310]

DENTON: Come, press them down; it boots not to cry again. Jack, upon them so lustily. But Master Forest, now they are dead, what shall we do with them?

FOREST: Why, go and bury them at the heap of stones at the stair foot, while I go and tell Master Tyrell that the deed is done.

WILL: Well, we Will: Farewell Master Forest.
Exit Will and Denton. Enter Tyrell.

TYRELL: How now, Myles Forest, is this deed dispatched?

FOREST: Aye Sir, a bloody deed we have performed. [1320]

TYRELL: But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

FOREST: I have conveyed them to the stairs' foot among a heap of stones, and anon I'll carry them where they shall be no more found again, nor all the chronicles shall ne'er make mention what shall become of them. Yet good Master Tyrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

TYRELL: I will go certify the King with speed that Myles Forest,
Will Slawter, and Jack Denton -- they three have done the deed.
And so farewell.

Exeunt omnes. [1330]

Scene xiii
Enter Banister and the Duke of Buckingham
with his dagger drawn.

BANISTER: Ah good my Lord, save my life.

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, how canst thou ask for mercy, when thou
hast so unjustly betrayed me?

BANISTER: I desire your Grace but give me leave to speak.

BUCKINGHAM: Aye, speak thy last, villain, that those that hear it may see
how unjustly thou hast betrayed me.

BANISTER: Then thus, my Lord. First, the proclamation was death
to him that harboured your Grace. [1340]

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, and a thousand crowns to him that could
betray me.

BANISTER: Ah my Lord, my obeisance to my Prince is more.

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, thou betrayedst me for lucre, and not for
duty to thy Prince. Why Banister, a good servant thinks his life
well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his Master. But villain,
make thyself ready, and here receive thy death.

Enter a Herald.

HERALD: Henry, Duke of Buckingham, I arrest thee in King
Richard's name as a traitor. [1350]

BUCKINGHAM: . Well, Herald, I will obey thy 'rest. But am I arrested in
King Richard's name, usurping Richard? That insatiate blood
sucker? That traitor to God and man? Ah Richard, did I in Guild-
Hall plead the orator for thee, and held thee in all thy sly and
wicked practices, and for my reward dost thou allot me death?
Ah Buckingham, thou playedst thy part and made him King, and
put the lawful heirs besides. Why then is Buckingham guilty
now of his death? Yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had
escaped.

Enters six others, to rescue the Duke [1360]

ALL: Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die.
We will take him away by force.

HERALD: Why villains, will you be traitors to your
Prince?

BUCKINGHAM:Nay, good my friends, give me leave to speak,
And let me entreat you to lay your weapons by.
Then know this, countrymen; the cause I am arrested this,
Is for bringing in your lawful King,
Which is Henry Earl of Richmond, now in Brittany;
And means ere long to land at Milford Haven in Wales, [1370]
Where I do know he shall have aid of the chiefest of the Welsh.
He is your lawful King, and this a wrongful usurper.
When you shall hear of him landed in that place,
Then take up weapons and amaine to him;
He is the man must reave you of this yoke,
And send the usurper headless to his home.
And poor Buckingham prays upon his knees,
To bless good Richmond in his enterprise;
And when the conquest shall be given to him,
Grant he may match with Lady Elizabeth, [1380]
As promise hath to fore by him been past.
While then, my friends, leave me along to death,
(1382. While then: till then)
And let me take this punishment in peace.
Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good
In displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king?
Ah Buckingham, it was too late.
The lawful heirs were smothered in the Tower.
Sweet Edward and thy brother,
I ne'er slept quiet thinking of your deaths.
But vaunt Buckingham, thou was altogether innocent of their deaths. [1390]
But thou, villain, whom of a child I nursed thee up,
And hast so unjustly betrayed thy Lord,
Let the curse of Buckingham ne'er depart from thee.
Let vengeance, mischiefs, tortures, light on thee and thine.
And after death thou maist more torture feel,
Than when Exeon turns the restless wheel.
And ban thy soul where e'er thou seem to rest.
(1396. Exeon: Ixion. In Greek legend, a treacherous king
who was condemned by Zeus to be bound to a wheel of fire
that revolved throughout eternity. Cf. King Lear IV, vii, 47.)
But come, my my friends, let me away.

HERALD: My Lord, we are sorry. But come, lay hands on
Banister.

Exeunt. [1400]

Scene xiv
Enter King Richard, Sir William Catesby, and others.

KING: The goal is got, and golden crown is won,
And well deservest thou to wear the same,
That ventured hast thy body and thy soul;
But what boots Richard, now the diadem
Or kingdom got, by murder of his friends?
My fearful shadow that still followed me,
Hath summoned me before the severe judge;
My conscience, witness of the blood I spilt,
Accuseth me as guilty of the fact; [1410]
The fact a damnéd judgement craves,
Whereas impartial justice hath condemned.
Methinks the crown which I before did wear,
Enchased with pearl and costly diamonds,
Is turned now into a fatal wreath
Of fiery flames, and ever burning stars;
And raging fiends hath passed their ugly shapes,
In studient lakes, addressed to tend on me.
(1418a. studient: perhaps Stygian, pertaining to the River Styx; infernal, gloomy.
Cf. Troilus and Cressida III, ii, 8.)
(1418b. addressed: poised to act, prepared to.)
If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremity?
Nay, what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt? [1420]
Even repent, crave mercy for thy damnéd fact?
Appeal for mercy to thy righteous God?
Ha, repent? Not I; crave mercy they that list.
My God is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolv'd,
To pace thy soul in vallence with their blood,
(1425. To pace . . . blood: to measure thy soul in valiance (bravery) with their blood.)
Soul for soul, and body for body, yea marry, Richard,
That's good. Catesby!

CATESBY: You called my Lord, I think?

KING: It may be so. But what think'st thou Catesby?

CATESBY: Of what my Lord? [1430]

KING: Why, of all these troubles.

CATESBY: Why, my Lord, I hope to see them happily overcom'd.

KING: How villain, dost thou hope to see me happily overcom'd?

CATESBY: Who you, my Lord?

KING: Aye villain, thou points at me. Thou hopest to see me
overcom'd.

CATESBY: No, my good Lord; your enemies, or else not.

KING: Ha, ha, good Catesby; but what hearest thou of the
Duke of Buckingham?

CATESBY: Why he is dead, my Lord; he was executed at Salisbury
yesterday.

KING: Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall out-
live me, to be my head.

CATESBY: Outlive you, Lord; that's strange. [1440]

KING: No Catesby, if a do, it must be in fames,
(1441. fames: perhaps "flames".)
And since they hope he shall outlive me, to be my head,
He hops without his head, and rests among his fellow rebels.

CATESBY: Marry, no force, my Lord.
(1444 Marry, no force: no matter)

KING: But Catesby, what hearest thou of Henry Earl of Richmond ?

CATESBY: Not a word, my Lord.

KING: No? Hearest thou not he lives in Brittany,
In favour with the Duke?
Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against us,
And persuades him that he is lineally descended from Henry [1450]
The Fourth, and that he hath right to the crown.
Therefore, tell me what thinkst thou of the Earl?

CATESBY: My Lord, I think of the Earl as he doth deserve,
A most famous gentleman.

KING: Villain, dost thou praise my foe, and commend him
to my face?

CATESBY: Nay my Lord. I wish he were as good a friend as he is a
foe, else the due deserts of a traitor.

KING: What's that?

CATESBY: Why my Lord, to lose his head. [1460]

KING: Yea, marry, I would 'twere off quickly, then.
But more to the strengthening of his title,
She goes about to marry him to the Queen's eldest daughter,
Lady Elizabeth.

CATESBY: Indeed, my Lord, that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobility of Brittany.

KING: Why then, there it goes,
The great devil of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischief, shall end in blood.
I think that accursed sorceress, the mother Queen, [1470]
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies,
And brings out perilous birds to wound
Their country's weal.
The Earl is up in arms,
And with him many of the nobility.
He hath aid in France;
He is rescued in Brittany,
And meaneth shortly to arrive in England.
But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from Landois, the Duke's Treasurer, [1480]
Who, if he had been prickt forth for revenge,
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose than to fore;
But the Earl hath not so many biting dogs abroad,
As we have sleeping curs at home here,
Ready for rescue.

CATESBY: But my Lord, I marvel how he should get aid there,
Considering he is no friend to Brittany.

KING: Aye, so maist marvel how the Duke of Brittany, [1490]
Durst wake such a foe as England against him;
But evil fare makes open war.
But who come there, Catseby?
Ha, one of our spurs to revenge:
The Lord Stanley, father-in-law to Lady Margaret,
(1495. Lord Stanley, father in law to Lady Margaret:
Thomas Stanley was actually Margaret's second husband,
and stepfather to Henry Tudor.)
His coming is to us, Catesby,
Wert not that his life might serve,
For apprehension against our foe,
He should have neither judge nor jury,
But guilty death without any more ado. [1500]
Now, Lord Stanley, what news?
Have you received any letters of your late embassage into

Brittany? What answer have you received of your letters?

Enter Lord Stanley, and his son George.

STANLEY: Why my Lord, for that I sent, I have received.

KING: And how doth your son then, is he in health?

STANLEY: For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

KING: Faith tell us, when means he to arrive in England?
And how many of our nobility is with him? [1510]
And what power is with him ?

STANLEY: And please your Grace,
His power is unknown to me,
Nor willingly would not I be privy to such causes.

KING: Oh good words, Lord Stanley, but give
me leave to glean out of your golden field of eloquence, how
brave you plead ignorance, as though you knew not of your
sons departure into Brittany out of England.

STANLEY: Not I, my Lord.

KING: Why, is not his mother thy wife, and dares he pass over [1520]
without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

STANLEY: I desire your majesty but give me leave to speak.

KING: Yea, speak Stanley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

STANLEY: And like your Grace, whereas you mistrust that I knew
of my son's departure out of England into Brittany. God I
take to record it was unknown to me, nor know not yet what
his pretence is. For at his departure, was I one of the Privy Coun-
cil to your brother King Edward the Fourth, and that she was
able to relieve him without my help. I hope her sufficiency is
known to your Grace. Therefore, I humbly crave pardon. [1530]

KING: Well Stanley, I fear it will be proved to the contrary
-- that thou didst furnish him both with money and munition,
which if it be, then look for no favour at my hands, but the due
deserts of a traitor; but let this pass. What's your repair to our
presence?

STANLEY: Only this, my Lord, that I may repair from the Court,
to my house in the country.

KING: Aye, Sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire;
then should your posts pass invisible into Brittany, and you
to depart the realm at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intol- [1540]
lerable foe under me, which I will not. But Stanley, to be brief,
thou shalt not go. But soft, Richard, but that it were better to be
alone than to have noisome company, he shall go, leaving for
his loyalty a sufficient pledge. Come hither, Stanley; thou shalt
go, leaving me here thy son and heir George Stanley for
a pledge, that he may perish for thy fault if need should be. If
thou likest this, go. If not, answer me briefly, and say quickly
no.

STANLEY: I am to advise myself upon a secret cause, and of a
matter that concerns me near. Say that I leave my son unto [1550]
the King, and that I should but aid Earl Richmond, my son
George Stanley dies; but if my faith be kept unto my Prince,
George Stanley lives. Well, I will accept the King's proffer.
And please your Grace, I am content, and will leave my son
to pledge.

KING: Here, come hither, and with thee take this lesson.
Thou art set free for our defence,
Thou shalt upon thy pledge make this promise,
Not only to stay the hindrance of the Earl,
But to prevent his purpose with thy power. [1560]
Thou shalt not seek by any means to aid or rescue him.
This done, of my life thy son doth live.
But otherwise, thy son dies and thou too, if I catch thee;
And it shall go hard, but I will catch thee.

STANLEY: And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.
But I humbly take my leave of your Grace. Farewell George.

KING: How now, what do you give him letters?

STANLEY: No my Lord, I have done;
The second sight is sweet, of such a son.

(Exit Stanley) [1570]

KING: Carry George Stanley to prison.

GEORGE: Alas my Lord, shall I go to prison?

KING: Shall you go to prison, what a question's that?
So pricked the lamb, and wound the dam.
How likest thou this, Catesby?

CATESBY: Oh my Lord, so excellent that you have imprisoned his

son.

KING: Nay, now will we look to the rest,
But I sent the Lord Lovell to the mother Queen,
Concerning my suit to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see, in good time here he is.
How now, Lovell, what news?
What saith the mother Queen to my suit?

Enter Lovell.

LOVELL: My Lord, very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gave consent,
Desiring your majesty to make the nobility privy to it.

KING: God have mercy, Lovell, but what said Lady Elizabeth?

LOVELL: Why my Lord, strange, as women will be at the first;
But through entreaty of her mother, she quickly gave consent.
And the Queen willed me to tell your Grace that she means to
leave Sanctuary, and to come to the Court with all her daughters.

KING: Aye, marry, Lovell, let not that opportunity slip. Look
to it Catesby. Be careful for it, Lovell, for thereby hangs such
a chance, that may enrich us and our heirs for ever. But Sirs, heard
ye nothing of the Scottish nobles that met at Nottingham, to
confer about the marriage of my niece?

CATESBY: Not a word my Lord.

Enter Messenger.

KING: God's wounds, who is that? Search the villain. Has he
any dags about him?

MESSENGER: No, my Lord, I have none.

KING: From whence comes thou?

MESSENGER: From the peers at Nottingham and Scotland and they
greet your Majesty.

LOVELL: Sirrah, is the marriage concluded between the Scottish
Earl and the fair Lady Rosa?

CATESBY: Prithee, tell us. Is it concluded?

PAGE: How says thou, is it concluded?

KING: Nay, will you give me leave to tell you that? Why, you [1610]
villains, will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting
messengers that are sent to me? Away, I say, begone; it is time
to look about. Away, I say. What? Here yet, villains?

MESSENGER: My Lord, I have somewhat to say besides.

KING: Then speak it. What hast thou to say?

MESSENGER: This my Lord: when the peers of England and Scot-
land met at Nottingham together, to confer about the marriage
of your niece, it was straight determined that she should be mar-
ried with the Scottish Earl. And further, my Lord, the Council
commanded me to deliver unto your Grace the treasons of Cap- [1620]
tain Blunt, who had the Earl of Oxford in charge in Hammes Castle.
Now are they both fled, and purposeth to aid the Earl of
Richmond against your Grace. Now, my Lord, I take my leave.

KING: Messenger stay! Hath Blunt betrayed?
Doth Oxford rebel and aid the Earl Richmond?
May this be true? What? Is our prison so weak,
Our friends so fickle, our ports so ill lookt to,
That they may pass and repass the seas at their pleasures?
Then every one conspires, spoils our conflex,
(1629 conflex: conflux - a flowing together; Cf. Troilus I, iii, 7)
Conquers our castles, and arms themselves [1630]
With their own weapons unresisted?
O villains, rebels, fugitives, thieves, how are we betrayed,
When our own swords shall beat us,
And our own subjects seeks the subversion of the state,
The fall of their Prince, and sack of their country -- of his!
Nay, neither must nor shall, for I will
Army with my friends and cut off my enemies,
And beard them to their face that dares me;
And but one, aye, one -- one beyond the seas that troubles me.
Well, his power is weak, and we are strong; [1640]
Therefore I will meet him with such melody
That the singing of a bullet shall send him merrily
To his longest home. Come, follow me.

Scene xv
Enter Earl Richmond, Earl Oxford, P. Landois, and Captain Blunt.

RICHMOND: Welcome, dear friends and loving countrymen,
Welcome, I say, to England's blissful isle,
Whose forwardness I cannot but commend,
That thus do aid us in our enterprise.
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but usurps in my authority; [1650]

For in his tyranny he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltless blood craves daily at God's hands,
Revenge for outrage done to their harmless lives:
Then courage, countrymen, and never be dismayed,
Our quarrel's good, and God will help the right,
For we may know by dangers we have passed,
That God no doubt will give us victory.

OXFORD: If love of gold, or fear of many foes,
Could once have daunted us in our attempts,
Thy foot had never toucht the English shore,
And here Earl Oxford plights his faith to thee,
Never to leave in what we have underta'en,
But follow still with resolution,
Till thou be crowned as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right.
Thy right, brave Richmond, which we will maintain,
Maugre the proudest bird of Richard's brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolved thus,
Let us straight to arms, and God and Saint George for us.

BLUNT: As this brave Earl have said, so say we all,
We will not leave thee till the field be won,
Which if with fortunate success we can perform,
Think then Earl Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour enough for me.
Lan. So saith Landois that honors Richmond so
With love unfeigned for his valor past,
That if your honour lead the way to death,
Peter Landois hath sworn to follow thee.
For if Queen mother do but keep her word,
And what the peers have promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the Fourth,
And by this mariage join in unity
Those famous Houses Lancashire and York,
Then England shall no doubt have cause to say,
Edward's coronation was a joyful day.
And tis is all Landois desires to see.

RICHMOND: Thanks, Landois, and hear Earl Richmond's vows:
If their kind promises take but effect,
That as they have promised I be made King,
I will so deal in governing the state,
Which now lies like a savage sheltered grove,
Where brambles, briars, and thorns, overgrow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crossed so by their contraries,

Making them subject to these outrages,
Would prove such members of the Commonweal,
That England should in them be honoured,
As much as ever was the Roman state, [1700]
When it was govern'd by the consuls' rule.
And I will draw my sword brave countrymen,
And never leave to follow my resolve,
Till I have mowed those brambles, briars and thorns
That hinder those that long to do us good.

OXFORD: Why, we have 'scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
Which was his garrison at Milford Haven.
Shall we dismay, or daunt our friends to come?
Because he took the Duke of Buckingham?
No, worthy friends, and loving countrymen, [1710]
Oxford did never bear so base a mind;
He will not wink at murders secretly put up,
Nor suffer upstarts to enjoy our rights,
Nor live in England under an usurping king,
And this is Oxford's resolution.

RICHMOND: But Blunt, look who's that knocks.

BLUNT: My Lord, 'tis a messenger from the mother Queen,
And the Lady Stanley, your mother, with letters.

RICHMOND: Admit him straight, now shall we hear some news.
Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER: Long live Earl Richmond.
The mother Queen doth greet your honour. [1720]

RICHMOND: Welcome my friend, how fares our mother and the rest?

MESSENGER: In health, my Lord, and glad to hear of your arrival safe.

RICHMOND: My friend, my mother hath written to me of certain
that are coming in our aid, the report of whose names are referred to thee to deliver.

MESSENGER: First, there's the Lord Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury's
son and heir, with a brave band of his own.There is also the Lord Fitz Herbert,
the Earl of Pembroke's son and heir.Of the gentlemen of the Welsh,
there is Sir Rhys ap Thomas, and Sir Thomas ap Richard, and Sir
Owen Williams, brave gentlemen, my Lord. These are the chief.

RICHMOND: Are these the full number of all that come? [1730]

MESSENGER: Only two more, my Lord,
which I have left unnamed.

The one is Sir Thomas Denis, a Western gentleman; and joined with him, one Arnold Butler. A great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

RICHMOND: Doth Arnold Butler come? I can hardly brook his treachery, for he it was that wrought my disgrace with the

OXFORD: Well, my Lord, we are now to strengthen ourselves with friends, and not to reap up old quarrels; say that Arnold Butler did injure you in the time of peace; the mend is twice [1740] made, if he stand with you in the time of wars.

RICHMOND: Well, my friend, take this for thy good news.
And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus, my Lords, you see God still provides for us:
But now my Lords, touching the placing of our battle best,
(1745. battle: army)
And how we may be least endangeréd:
Because I will be foremost in this fight,
To encounter with that bloody murderer,
Myself will lead the forward of our troop,
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second self, [1750]
Shall have the happy leading of the rear,
A place I know which you will well deserve,
And Captain Blunt, Peter Landois and you,
Shall by in quarters, as our battle's scouts,
(1754. by in quarters: bide in quarters)
Provided, thus your bowmen Captain Blunt,
Must scatter here and there to gall their horse,
As also when that our promised friends do come,
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
Till I by cast of a counter march,
Have joined our power with those that come to us, [1760]
Then casting close, as wings on either side,
We will give a new pravado on the foe,
Therefore let us towards Atherstone amain,
Where we this night, God-willing, will encamp,
From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next day,
And nearer London, bid King Richard play.

Exit All

Scene xvi
Enter the Page

PAGE: Where shall I find a place to sigh my fill,
And wail the grief of our sore troubled King? [1770]
For now he hath obtain'd the diadem,
But with such great discomfort to his mind,

That he had better lived a private man; his looks are ghastly,
Hideous to behold, and from the privy center of his heart,
There comes such deep fetcht sighs and fearful cries,
That being with him in his chamber oft,
He moves me weep and sigh for company.
For if he hear one stir he riseth up,
And claps his hand upon his dagger straight,
Ready to stab him, whatsoe'er he be. [1780]
But he must think this is the just revenge,
The heavens have poured upon him for his sins.
Those peers which he unkindly murderéd,
Doth cry for justice at the hands of God,
And he in justice sends continual fear,
For to affright him both at bed and board,
But stay, what noise is this? Who have we here?

(Enter men to go to Richmond)

How now, sirs; whither are you going so fast?

MEN: Why, to Earl Richmond's camp to serve with him, [1790]
For we have left to serve King Richard now.

PAGE: Why comes there any more?

MEN: A number more.

(Exit men)

PAGE: Why, these are the villains my Lord would have put
his life into their hands.
Ah Richard, now do my eyes witness that thy end is at hand;
For thy commons make no more account of thee than of a
private man, yet will I as duty binds, give thee advertisements of
their unjust proceedings. My Master hath lifted out many, and [1800]
yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not only of his crown,
but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is
happened.

Enter Richmond and Oxford.

RICHMOND: Good my Lord depart, and leave me to my self.

OXFORD: I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

RICHMOND: My Lord it may not be, for I have promised my father
that none shall come but my self, therefore good my Lord
depart.

OXFORD: Good my Lord, have a care of yourself. I like not these [1810]
night walks and scouting abroad in the evenings so disguised,
for you must not, now that you are in the usurper's dominions,
and you are the only mark he aims at; and your last night's
absence bred such amazement in our soldiers that they, like
men wanting the power to follow arms, were on a sudden
more liker to fly than to fight. Therefore, good my Lord, if I
may not stand near, let me stand aloof off.

RICHMOND: Content thee, good Oxford, and though I confess myself
bound to thee for thy especial care, yet at this time I pray thee
hold me excused. But farewell, my Lord, here comes my Lord [1820]
and father.

Enter Stanley and another.

STANLEY: Captain, I pray thee bring me word when thou dost
descry the enemy. And so farewell, and leave me for a while.

RICHMOND: How fares my gracious Lord and father?

STANLEY: In good health my son, and the better to see thee thus
forward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circum-
stances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in few
words to deliver much matter. For know this, when I came to
crave leave of the King to depart from the Court, the king very [1830]
furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with
thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by
no means would grant me leave to go, till as pledge of my
loyalty and true dealing with the King, I should leave my young
son, George Stanley. Thus have I left my son in the hands
of a tyrant, only of purpose to come and speak with thee.

RICHMOND: But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I look for your
help in the battle?

STANLEY: Son, I cannot, for as I will not go to the usurper, no
more I will not come to thee. [1840]

RICHMOND: Why then it is bootless for us to stay, for all we pre-
sumed upon, was on your aid.

STANLEY: Why son, George Stanley's death would do you
no pleasure.

RICHMOND: Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to
follow execution.

STANLEY: O son, tyrants expect no time, and George Stanley

being young and a grissell, is the more easy to be made away.
(1848. grissell: a young or delicate person with a mountain.)

RICHMOND: This news goes to my heart, but tis in vain for me
to look for victory, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter [1850]

STANLEY: Why son, see how contrary you are, for I assure
you the chiefest of his company are liker to fly to thee, than
to fight against thee. And for me, think me not so simple but
that I can at my pleasure fly to thee, or being with them, fight
so faintly, that the battle shall be won on thy part with small
encountering. And not this besides, that the King is now come
to Leicester, and means to morrow to bid thee battle in Bosworth.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER: Come my Lord, I do descry the enemy. [1860]

STANLEY: Why then son, farewell, I can stay no longer.

RICHMOND: Yet good father, one word more ere you depart.
What number do you think the king's power to be?

STANLEY: Marry, some twenty thousand. And so farewell.

RICHMOND: And we, hardly five thousand, being beset with many
enemies, hoping upon a few friends; yet dispair not Richmond,
but remember thou fightest in right, to defend thy country
from the tyranny of an usurping tyrant. Therefore, Richmond
go forward; the more dangerous the battle is in attaining, it
proves the more honourable being obtained. Then forward, [1870]
Richmond! God and Saint George for me!
Quisquam regno gaudit, ô fallax bonum.
(1872 Quisquam . . . bonum: A false boon it is,
to anyone who takes delight in ruling. - A quotation of line 6 from L. Seneca's Oedipus.)

Scene xvii
Enter the King [Richard], and the Lord Lovell.

KING: The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoe'er I do,
Methinks their ghosts comes gaping for revenge, [1880]
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge.
My nephew's bloods, "Revenge, revenge," doth cry.

The headless peers come pressing for revenge.
And every one cries, let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge.
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge.
The stars are turned to comets for revenge.
The planets change their courses for revenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge. [1890]
The silly lambs sits bleating for revenge.
The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge.
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge.
And all, yea all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge.
But to conclude, I have deserved revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend,
Being alone, I dread the secret foe:
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein.
My bed is uncouth, rest refrains my head. [1900]
Then such a life I count far worse to be,
Than thousand deaths unto a damnéd death:
How wast death, I said? Who dare attempt my death?
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never dying mind.
But you villains, rebels, traitors as you are,
How came the foe in, pressing so near?
Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe? [1910]
All gone? Quite fled? His loyalty quite laid a bed?
Then vengeance, mischief, horror, with mischance,
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betrayed your Prince by your untruth.
Frantic man, what meanst thou by this mood?
Now he is come more need to beat him back.

LOVELL: Sour is his sweet that favours thy delight, great is his power that threats thy overthrow.

KING: The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to see my friends do fly in flocks from me. [1920]

LOVELL: May it please your Grace to rest your self content, for you have power enough to defend your land.

KING: Dares Richmond set his foot on land with such a small power of straggling fugitives?

LOVELL: May it please your Grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

KING: The cause, buzzard? What cause should I participate to
thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me. Keep silence,
villain, least I by post do send thy soul to hell; not one word
more, if thou dost love thy life. Enter Catesby. [1930]

CATESBY: My Lord.

KING: Yet again, villain? O Catesby, is it thou? What? Comes
the Lord Stanley or no?

CATESBY: My Lord, he answers no.

KING: Why didst not tell him then, I would send his son
George Stanley's head to him?

CATESBY: My Lord, I did so, and he answered he had another son
left to make Lord Stanley.

KING: O villain vile, and breaker of his oath.
The bastard's ghost shall haunt him at the heels, [1940]
And cry revenge for his vile father's wrongs.
Go, Lovell, Catesby! Fetch George Stanley forth;
Him with these hands will I butcher for the dead,
And send his headless body to his sire.

CATESBY: Leave off executions, now the foe is here that
threatens us most cruelly of our lives.

KING: Zounds! Foe me no foes!
The father's fact condemns the son to die.

LOVELL: But guiltless blood will for revengement cry.

KING: Why? Was not he left for father's loyalty? [1950]

LOVELL: Therein his father greatly injured him.

KING: Did not yourselves, in presence, see the bonds sealed and assigned?

LOVELL: What, though my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign?
(1953. What tho. . . doth resign:
"What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?")

KING: The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you
will hinder me. What? Will you have it so?

LOVELL: In doing true justice, else we answer no.

KING: His treacherous father hath neglect his word and done

impartial past by dint of sword; therefore, sirrah, go fetch him.
(1958. done impartial past: abandoned his neutrality.)
Zounds, draw you cuts who shall go. I bid you go, Catesby. Ah
Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand. Why Sirs, why fear [1960]
you thus? Why we are ten to one. If you seek promotion, I am
a King already in possession, better able to perform than he.
Lovell, Catesby, lets join lovingly and devoutly together, and
I will divide my whole kingdom amongst you.

BOTH:. We will my Lord.

KING: We will, my Lord. Ah Catesby, thou lookest like a dog,
And thou Lovell too; but you will run away with them that be gone,
And the devil go with you all.
God, I hope . . . God? What talk I of God,
That have served the devil all this while? [1970]
No, fortune and courage for me,
And join England against me with England,
Join Europe with Europe, come Christendom,
And with Christendom the whole world,
And yet I will never yield but by death only.
By death, no die, part not childishly from thy crown,
But come the devil to claim it, strike him down.
And though that fortune hath decreed,
To set revenge with triumphs on my wretched head,
Yet death, sweet death, my latest friend, [1980]
Hath sworn to make a bargain for my lasting fame,
And this, aye this very day, I hope with this lame hand of mine,
To rake out that hateful heart of Richmond,
And when I have it, to eat it panting hot with salt,
And drink his blood luke warm, Though I be sure 'twill poison me.
Sirs, you that be resolute follow me, The rest go hang your selves.
Exit.

Scene xviii
The battle enters, Richard enters, wounded, with his Page.

KING: A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

PAGE: Ah, fly my Lord, and save your life. [1990]

KING: Fly villain, look I as though I would fly,
No first shall this dull and senseless ball of earth
Receive my body cold and void of sense,
You watery heavens roll on my gloomy day,
And darksome clouds close up my cheerful sound,
Down is thy sun Richard, never to shine again,
The birds whose feathers should adorn my head,
Hovers aloft and dares not come in sight,

Yet faint not man, for this day if fortune will,
Shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, [2000]
If Fates deny, this ground must be my grave,
Yet golden thoughts that reachéd for a Crown,
Daunted before by fortunes cruel spite,
Are come as comforts to my drooping heart,
And bids me keep my crown and die a King.
These are my last, what more I have to say,
I'll make report among the damned souls.

(Exit Page)
Enter Richmond to battle again, and kills Richard.

Scene xix
Enter Report and the Page.

REPORT: How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battle
fought to day? My friend, whate'er thou beest, tellunto me the true report.
Which part hath won the victory, whether the King or no? [2010]

PAGE: Ah no, the King is slain, and he hath lost the day; and Richmond he hath
won the field, and triumphs like a valiant conquerer.

REPORT: But who is slain besides our Lord and sovereign?

PAGE: Slain is the worthy Duke of Norfolk he, and with him Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower. Besides, Lovell, he made also a partner in this tragedy.

REPORT: But where's Sir William Catesby?

PAGE: He is this day beheaded on a stage at Leicester,
Because he took part with my Lord, the King. But stay, Report,
and thou shalt hear me tell the brief discourse, And how the battle fell.
Then know, Report, that Richard came to field mounted [2020]
On horseback, with as high resolve as fierce Achilles
Mongst the sturdy Greeks, whom to encounter worthy Richmond,
Came accompanied with many followers. And then my Lord
displayed his colours straight, And with the charge of trumpet, drum, and fife,
These brave battalions straight encountered.
But in the skirmish, which continued long,
My Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceived,
And presently did sound a fresh alarm.
But worthy Richard that did never fly,
But followed honour to the gates of death, [2030]
Straight spurred his horse to encounter with the Earl,
In which encounter Richmond did prevail;
And taking Richard at advantage then, He threw his horse
and him both to the ground; And there was worthy Richard
wounded, so that after that he ne'er recovered strength.

But to be brief, my Master would not yield, But with his loss
of life he lost the field. Report, farewell.

Enter Earl Richmond, Earl Oxford. Lord Stanley, and their Scene xx
train, with the crown.

RICHMOND: Now, noble peers and worthy countrymen,
Since God hath given us fortune of the day, Let us first give thanks unto his Deity.
And next, with honors fitting your deserts,
I must be grateful to my countrymen; and worthy Oxford,
For thy service shown in hot encountering of the enemy,
Earl Richmond binds himself in lasting bonds
Of faithful love and perfect unity.
Sorry I am for those that I have lost
By our so dangerous encountering with the foe,
But sorrow cannot bring the dead to life;
And therefore are my sorrows spent in vain.
Only to those that live, thus much I say,
I will maintain them with a manuall pay.
(2050. manuall pay: perhaps annual pay.)
And loving father, lastly to your self,
Though not the least in our expected aid,
We give more thanks for your unlooked for aid,
Than we have power on sudden to declare;
But for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that
I in nature love and honor you.

STANLEY: Well spoken, son, and like a man of worth,
Whose resolution in this battle past
Hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies.
And think my son, I glory more to hear
What praise the common people gave of thee,
Than if the peers by general full consent
Had set me down to wear the diadem.
Then live, my son, thus loved of thy friends,
And for thy foes prepare to combat them.

OXFORD: And Oxford vows perpetual love to thee,
Wishing as many honours to Earl Richmond,
As Caesar had in conquering the world.
And I doubt not but if fair fortune follow thee,
To see thee honoured mongst thy countrymen,
As Hector was among the Lords of Troy,
Or Tully mongst the Roman Senators.

RICHMOND: How fares our lovely mother Queen?

Enter Mother Queen and Elizabeth.

QUEEN: In health Earl Richmond, glad to hear the news
That God hath given thee fortune of the day.
But tell me Lords, where is my son
Lord Marquess Dorset, that he is not here?
What? Was he murdered in this tragedy?

RICHMOND: No lovely Queen, your son doth live in France,
For being distressed and driven by force of tempest to that shore;
And many of our men being sick and dead,
We were enforced to ask the King for aid,
As well for men as for munition, which then the King
Did willingly supply, provided, that as hostage for those men,
Lord Marquess Dorset should be pledge with them.
But Madam, now our troubled war is done.
Lord Marquess Dorset shall come home again.

QUEEN: Richmond, gramercies for thy kind good news,
Which is not little comfort to thy friends,
To see how God hath been thy happy guide
In this late conquest of our enemies.
And Richmond, as thou art returned with victory,
So we will keep our words effectually.

RICHMOND: Then Madame, for our happy battle's victory,
First thanks to heaven, next to my forward countrymen.
But Madam, pardon me, though I make bold
To charge you with a promise that you made,
Which was confirmed by diverse of the peers,
Touching the marriage of Elizabeth, And having ended what I promised you,
Madam, I look and hope to have my due.

STANLEY: Then know my son, the peers by full consent,
In that thou hast freed them from a tyrant's yoke,
Have by election chosen thee as King,
First, in regard they account thee virtuous,
Next, for that they hope all foreign broils shall cease,
And thou wilt guide and govern them in peace.
Then sit thou down, my son, and here receive
The crown of England as thy proper own. Sit down.

OXFORD: Henry the Seventh, by the grace of God, King of England,
France, and Lord of Ireland, God save the King.

ALL: Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England.

RICHMOND: Thanks loving friends and my kind countrymen;
And here I vow in presence of you all,
To root abuses from this commonwealth,
Which now flows faster than the furious tide

That overflows beyond the banks of Nile.
And loving father, and my other friends,
Whose ready forwardness hath made me fortunate,
Richmond will still in honourable love
Count himself to be at your dispose;
Nor do I wish to enjoy a longer life than
I shall live to think upon your love.
But what saith fair Elizabeth to us?
For now we have welcomed our other friends,
I must bid you welcome, Lady, amongst the rest;
And in my welcome crave to be resolved,
How you resolve touching my proferred love unto you;
Here your mother and the peers agree,
And all is ended, if you condescend.

ELIZABETH: Then know, my Lord, that if my mother please,
I must in duty yield to her command;
For when our aged father left his life,
He willed us honour still our mother's age;
And therefore as my duty doth command,
I do commit myself to her dispose.

QUEEN: Then here, my Lord, receive thy royal spouse,
Virtuous Elizabeth; for both the peers and Commons do agree,
That this fair Princess shall be wife to thee.
And we pray all, that fair Elizabeth may live for aye,
(2139. for aye: forever)
And never yield to death.

RICHMOND: And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords,
That thus have honoured Richmond with a crown;
And if I live, then make account, my Lords,
I will deserve this with more than common love.

STANLEY: And now were but my son George Stanley here,
How happy were our present meeting then.
But he is dead, nor shall I evermore
See my sweet boy whom I do love so dear;
For well I know the usurper in his rage
Hath made a slaughter of my aged joy.

RICHMOND: Take comfort, gentle father, for I hope my brother
George will turn in safe to us.
(2152. turn in safe: return in safety)

STANLEY: Ah no, my son, for he that joys in blood
Will work his fury on the innocent.

Enter two Messengers with George Stanley

STANLEY: But, how now? What noise it this?

MESSENGER: Behold, Lord Stanley we bring thy son, thy son
George Stanley, whom with great danger we have saved from
fury of a tyrant's doom.

STANLEY: And lives George Stanley? Then happy that I am [2160]
to see him freed thus from a tyrant's rage. Welcome my son,
my sweet George, welcome home.

GEORGE: Thanks my good father, and George Stanley
Joys to see you joined in this assembly.
And like a lamb kept by a greedy wolf
Within the encloséd center of the earth,
Expecting death without delivery,
Even from this danger is George Stanley come,
To be a guest to Richmond and the rest;
For when the bloody butcher heard your honour did refuse [2170]
To come to him, he like a savage tiger then enraged,
Commanded straight I should be murdered,
And sent these two to execute the deed,
But they, that knew how innocent I was,
Did post him off with many long delays,
Alleging reasons to allay his rage.
But 'twas in vain, for he like to a starved lioness,
Still called for blood, saying that I should die.
But to be brief, when both the battles joined,
These two and others, shifted me away. [2180]

RICHMOND: Now seeing that each thing turns to our content,
I will it be proclaimed presently, that trait'rous Richard
Be by our command, drawn through the streets of Leicester.
Stark naked on a collier's horse let him be laid,
For as of others' pains he had no regard,
So let him have a traitor's due reward.
Now for our marriage and our nuptial rites,
Our pleasure is they be solemnized
In our Abbey of Westminster, according to the ancient custom due,
The two and twentieth day of August next. [2190]
Set forwards then, my Lords, towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state.

MESSENGER: Thus, Gentles may you here behold,
The joining of these Houses both in one,
By this brave Prince Henry the Seventh,
Who was for wit compared to Solomon.
His government was virtuous in every way,
And God did wondrously increase his store.

He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord
That did encounter him upon black health. [2200]
(2200. black health: presumably "black heath")
He died when he had reigned full three and twenty years eight months,
and some odd days, and lies buried in Westmister. He died and left
behind a son.

MESSENGER: A son he left, a Harry of that name,
A worthy, valiant, and victorious Prince;
For on the fifth year of his happy reign, he entered France,
And to the Frenchmen's costs, he won Turwin and Turney.
(2207. Turwin, Turney: Thérouanne, Tournai. Cities captured by Henry VIII in 1513.)
The Emperor served this King for common pay,
(2208. The Emperor was Maximilian I, whom Henry VIII paid a daily allowance
to join him in an attack on France in 1513.)
And as a mercenary prince did follow him.
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he, [2210]
(2210] Morles: Morlaix, a town in Brittany near Brest. In July, 1522
an English fleet entered its harbor, and several thousand soldiers "
captured, pillaged, and burned the town.)
Still did keep the Frenchmen at a bay.
And lastly, in this King's decreasing age he conquered Bullen,
(2212. Bullen; Boulogne, which Henry VIII captured during his 1544 expedition to France.)
And after when he was turned home he died, when he had reigned
full thirty-eight years, nine months and some odd days, and was
buried in Windsor. He died and left three famous sprigs behind him.
Edward the Sixth, he did restore the Gospel to his light, and finished that his father left undone. A wise young Prince, given
greatly to his book. He brought the English service first in use,
and died when he had reigned six years, five months, and some
odd days, and lieth buried in Westminster. [2220]

ELIZABETH: Next after him a Mary did succeed, which married
Philip, King of Spain. She reigned five years, four months,
and some odd days, and is buried in Westminster. When she
was dead, her sister did succeed.

QUEEN: Worthy Elizabeth, a mirror in her age, by whose
wise life and civil government, her country was defended from
the cruelty of famine, fire and sword, war's fearful messengers.
This is that Queen, as writers truly say,
That God had marked down to live for aye.
Then happy England mongst thy neighbor isles, [2230]
For peace and plenty still attends on thee;
And all the favourable Planets smiles
To see thee live, in such prosperity.
She is that lamp that keeps fair England's light,
And through her faith her country lives in peace.
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,

And been the means that civil wars did cease.
Then England, kneel upon thy hairy knee,
And thank that God that still provides for thee.
The Turk admires to hear her government, [2240]
And babies in Jewry, sound her princely name,
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
After her rule was rumored forth by fame.
The Turk hath sworn never to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princess of this blesséd land.
'Twere vain to tell the care this Queen hath had,
In helping those that were oppressed by war,
And how her Majesty hath still been glad,
When she hath heard of peace, proclaim'd from far.
Geneva, France, and Flanders hath set down, [2250]
The good she hath done, since she came to the crown.
For which, if e'er her life be ta'en away,
God grant her soul may live in heaven for aye.
For if her Grace's days be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

F I N I S.

Go back to the first half of True Tragedy……
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King Leir

The anonymous King Leir in modern spelling.
Transcribed by Barboura Flues.
Edited for the web by Robert Brazil.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
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The True Chronicle history of King Leir,
and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella:

As it hath bene diuers and sundry times lately acted.

London, Printed by Simon Stafford for Iohn Wright,
and are to bee sold at his shop at Christes Church dore,
next Newgate-market, 1605.

The only surviving quarto of this play, printed in 1605, runs 72 pages in the original. The play is anonymous.
The date of composition of KING LEIR is unknown; the style indicates a much earlier date than 1605. A play of King Lear, very possibly a revival or an earlier play, was performed in 1594 by the Queen's and Lord Sussex' Men

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
Leir, King of Britain.
Skalliger, a nobleman, follower of King Leir.
Perillus, a nobleman, follower of King Leir.
Gonorill, daughter of King Leir, later wife of the King of Cornwall.
Cordella, daughter of King Leir, later wife of the King of Gallia.
Ragan, daughter of King Leir, later wife of the King of Cambria.
King of Gaul
Mumford, follower of the King of Gallia.
Ambassador, from Gaul.
King of Cornwall.
Servant, of the King of Cornwall.
King of Cambria.
Servant, of the King of Cambria.

Two Mariners.
Captain of the Watch.
Two Watchmen.
Two Captains.

Noblemen, Messengers, Messenger [Murderer], Citizens

GLOSSARY For King Leir below text
Scene 1
Enter King Leir and Nobles.

LEIR: Thus to our grief the obsequies performed
Of our (too late) deceased and dearest Queen,
Whose soul I hope, possessed of heavenly joys,
Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the Cherubins;
Let us request your grave advice, my Lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially employed,
As nature bindeth to advance their states,
In royal marriage with some princely mates:
For wanting now their mother's good advice, ... [1.10]
Under whose government they have received
A perfect pattern of a virtuous life:
Lest as it were a ship without a stern,
Or silly sheep without a Pastor's care;
Although ourselves do dearly tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affairs:
For fathers best do know to govern sons;

But daughters' steps the mothers counsel turns.
A son we want for to succeed our Crown,
And course of time hath canceled the date ... [1.20]
Of further issue from our withered loins:
One foot already hangeth in the grave,
And age hath made deep furrows in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fain resign these earthly cares,
And think upon the welfare of my soul:
Which by no better means may be effected,
Than by resigning up the Crown from me,
In equal dowry to my daughters three.

SKALLIGER: A worthy care, my Liege, which well declares, ... [1.30]
The zeal you bare unto our quondam Queen:
And since your Grace hath licensed me to speak,
I censure thus; Your Majesty knowing well,
What several Suitors your princely daughters have,
To make them each a Jointure more or less,
As is their worth, to them that love profess.

LEIR: No more, nor less, but even all alike,
My zeal is fixed, all fashioned in one mold:
Wherefore unpartial shall my censure be,
Both old and young shall have alike for me. ... [1.40]

NOBLE: My gracious Lord, I heartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heir indubitate,
Which might have set upon your royal throne,
When fates should loose the prison of your life,
By whose succession all this doubt might cease;
And as by you, by him we might have peace.
But after-wishes ever come too late,
And nothing can revoke the course of fate:
Wherefore, my Liege, my censure deems it best,
To match them with some of your neighbor Kings, ... [1.50]
Bord'ring within the bounds of Albion,
By whose united friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all foreign hate.

LEIR: Herein, my Lords, your wishes sort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do sort with heavenly powers:
For at this instant two near neighboring Kings
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, motion love
To my two daughters, Gonorill and Ragan.
My youngest daughter, fair Cordella, vows
No liking to a Monarch, unless love allows. ... [1.60]
She is solicited by divers Peers;
But none of them her partial fancy hears.

Yet, if my policy may her beguile,
I'll match her to some King within this Isle,
And so establish such a perfect peace,
As fortune's force shall ne're prevail to cease.

PERILLUS: Of us & ours, your gracious care, my Lord,
Deserves an everlasting memory,
To be enrolled in Chronicles of fame,
By never-dying perpetuity: ... [1.70]
Yet to become so provident a Prince,
Lose not the title of a loving father:
Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streams, being stopped, above the banks do swell.

LEIR: I am resolved, and even now my mind
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loves me best:
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This granted, when they jointly shall contend,
Each to exceed the other in their love: ... [1.80]
Then at the vantage will I take Cordella,
Even as she doth protest she loves me best,
I'll say, Then, daughter, grant me one request,
To show thou lovest me as thy sisters do,
Accept a husband, whom myself will woo.
This said, she cannot well deny my suit,
Although (poor soul) her senses will be mute:
Then will I triumph in my policy,
And match her with a King of Brittany.

SKALLIGER: I'll to them before, and bewray your secrecy. ... [1.90]

LEIR: Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselves do first repent,
When heavenly powers do frustrate their intent. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2
[Enter Gonorill and Ragan.]

GONORILL: I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
To see that proud pert Peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of us, her elders,
As if we were no better than herself!
We cannot have a quaint device so soon,
Or new-made fashion, of our choice invention;
But if she like it, she will have the same,
Or study newer to exceed us both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise, ... [2.10]

That all the Court hath work enough to do,
To talk how she exceedeth me and you.

RAGAN: What should I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:
Some desperate medicine must be soon applied,
To dim the glory of her mounting fame;
Else ere't be long, she'll have both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working days.
Do you not see what several choice of Suitors
She daily hath, and of the best degree? ... [2.20]
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And have a husband when as we have none:
Why then, by right, to her we must give place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.

GONORILL: By my virginity, rather than she shall have
A husband before me,
I'll marry one or other in his shirt:
And yet I have made half a grant already
Of my good will unto the King of Cornwall.

RAGAN: Swear not so deeply (sister) here cometh my L. Skalliger: ... [2.30]
Something his hasty coming doth import.
[Enter Skalliger.]

SKALLIGER: Sweet Princesses, I am glad I met you here so luckily,
Having good news which doth concern you both,
And craveth speedy expedition.

RAGAN: For Gods sake tell us what it is, my Lord,
I am with child until you utter it.

SKALLIGER: Madam, to save your longing, this it is:
Your father in great secrecy today,
Told me, he means to marry you out of hand,
Unto the noble Prince of Cambria; ... [2.40]
You, Madam, to the King of Cornwall's Grace:
Your younger sister he would fain bestow
Upon the rich King of Hibernia:
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yield, why then, between you three,
He will divide his kingdom for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceal, I will disclose.

GONORILL: What e're thou speakst to us, kind Skalliger, ... [2.50]
Think that thou speakst it only to thyself.

SKALLIGER: He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do bear most love to him,
And on your loves he so extremely dotes,
As never any did, I think, before.
He presently doth mean to send for you,
To be resolved of this tormenting doubt:
And look, whose answer pleaseth him the best,
They shall have most unto their marriages.

RAGAN: O that I had some pleasing Mermaid's voice, ... [2.60]
For to enchant his senseless senses with!

SKALLIGER: For he supposeth that Cordella will
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)
Promise to do what ever he desires:
Then will he straight enjoin her for his sake,
The Hibernian King in marriage for to take.
This is the sum of all I have to say;
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,
Not doubting but your wisdoms will forsee,
What course will best unto your good agree. ... [2.70]

GONORILL: Thanks gentle Skalliger, thy kindness undeserved,
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. [Exit Skalliger.]

RAGAN: Now have we fit occasion offered us,
To be revenged upon her unperceived.

GONORILL: Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her,
Shall be accounted piety in us:
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're so flattered in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me with a beggar, I will yield: ... [2.80]
For why, I know whatever I will say,
He means to match me with the Cornwall King.

RAGAN: I'll say the like: for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old man's mind,
Who dotes, as if he were a child again,
I shall enjoy the noble Cambrian Prince:
Only, to feed his humor, will suffice,
To say, I am content with anyone
Whom he'll appoint me; this will please him more,
Than e're Apollo's music pleased Jove. ... [1.90]

GONORILL: I smile to think, in what a woeful plight
Cordella will be, when we answer thus:

For she will rather die, than give consent
To join in marriage with the Irish King:
So will our father think, she loveth him not,
Because she will not grant to his desire,
Which we will aggravate in such bitter terms,
That he will soon convert his love to hate:
For he, you know, is always in extremes.

RAGAN: Not all the world could lay a better plot, ... [2.100]
I long till it be put in practice.

Scene 3
[Enter Leir and Perillus.]

LEIR: Perillus, go seek my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.

PERILLUS: I will, my gracious Lord. [Exit.]

LEIR: Oh, what a combat feels my panting heart,
'Twixt children's love, and care of Common weal!
How dear my daughters are unto my soul,
None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts & secret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the dear regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come:
When they securely sleep on beds of down, ... [3.10]
These aged eyes do watch for their behalf:
While they like wantons sport in youthful toys,
This throbbing heart is pierced with dire annoys.
As doth the Sun exceed the smallest Star,
So much the father's love exceeds the child's.
Yet my complaints are causeless: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what: and yet I fear some ill.
[Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.]
Well, here my daughters come: I have found out ... [3.20]
A present means to rid me of this doubt.

GONORILL: Our royal Lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenor of your will,
Why you so hastily have sent for us?

LEIR: Dear Gonorill, kind Ragan, sweet Cordella,
Ye flourishing branches of a Kingly stock,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish green,
Whose blossoms now are nipped with Winters frost,
And pale grim death doth wait upon my steps,
And summons me unto his next Assizes. ... [3.30]

Therefore, dear daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove most kind,
Which loves me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yield unto their father's hest.

GONORILL: I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters' love to him:
Yet for my part, to show my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed, ... [3.40]
I prize my love to you at such a rate,
I think my life inferior to my love.
Should you enjoin me for to tie a millstone
About my neck, and leap into the Sea,
At your command I willingly would do it:
Yea, for to do you good, I would ascend
The highest Turret in all Brittany,
And from the top leap headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassal in the spacious world, ... [3.50]
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In brief, command what ever you desire,
And if I fail, no favor I require.

LEIR: O, how thy words revive my dying soul!

CORDELLA: O, how I do abhor this flattery!

LEIR: But what saith Ragan to her father's will?

RAGAN: O, that my simple utterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burns in zeal of duty to your grace,
And never can be quenched but by desire ... [3.60]
To show the same in outward forwardness.
Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me;
I'd make her soon confess she never loved
Her father half so well as I do you.
Aye then, my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeal aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one mean suffice,
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble Suitors to my love, ... [3.70]
No worse than Kings, and happily I love one:
Yet, would you have me make my choice anew,
I'd bridle fancy, and be ruled by you.

LEIR: Did never Philomel sing so sweet a note.

CORDELLA: Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.

LEIR: Speak now, Cordella, make my joys at full,
And drop down Nectar from thy honey lips.

CORDELLA: I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But look what love the child doth owe the father, ... [3.80]
The same to you I bear, my gracious Lord.

GONORILL: Here is an answer answerless indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brook it.

RAGAN: Dost thou not blush, proud Peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?

LEIR: Why how now, Minion, are you grown so proud?
Doth our dear love make you thus peremptory?
What, is your love become so small to us,
As that you scorn to tell us what it is?
Do you love us, as every child doth love ... [3.90]
Their father? True indeed, as some
Who by disobedience short their fathers' days,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make means to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents live or die;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girl,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is less, than love we owe to you. ... [3.100]

CORDELLA: Dear father, do not so mistake my words,
Nor my plain meaning be misconstrued;
My tongue was never used to flattery.

GONORILL: You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall show, I flatter not with you.
I love my father better than thou canst.

CORDELLA: The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth:
But it should seem your neighbors dwell far off.

RAGAN: Nay, here is one, that will confirm as much
As she hath said, both for myself and her. ... [3.110]
I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

CORDELLA: Dear father --

LEIR: Peace, bastard Imp, no issue of King Leir,
I will not hear thee speak one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Look for no help henceforth from me nor mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyself:
My Kingdom will I equally divide
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dower, ... [3.120]
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not have the hope,
To have a child's part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse myself,
And set up these upon my princely throne.

GONORILL: I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

RAGAN: Plain dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheen,
You need no dowry, to make you be a Queen.
[Exeunt Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.]

CORDELLA: Now whither, poor forsaken, shall I go,
When mine own sisters triumph in my woe? ... [3.130]
But unto him which doth protect the just,
In him will poor Cordella put her trust.
These hands shall labor, for to get my spending;
And so I'll live until my days have ending.

PERILLUS: Oh, how I grieve, to see my Lord thus fond,
To dote so much upon vain flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not have given place,
Nor poor Cordella suffer such disgrace. [Exit.] ... [3.140]

Scene 4
[Enter the Gallian King with Mumford, and three Nobles more.]

KING: Dissuade me not, my Lords, I am resolved
This next fair wind to sail for Brittany,
In some disguise, to see if flying fame
Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praise
Of these three Nymphs, the daughters of King Leir.
If present view do answer present praise,
And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,
And Venus stand auspicious to my vows,
And Fortune favor what I take in hand;
I will return seized of as rich a prize ... [4.10]

As Jason, when he won the golden fleece.

MUMFORD: Heavens grant you may; the match were full of honor,
And well beseeming the young Gallian King.
I would your Grace would favor me so much,
As make me partner of your Pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant British Dames,
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, I'll say,
Our Dames in France are more fair than they.

KING: Lord Mumford, you have saved me a labor, ... [4.20]
In off'ring that which I did mean to ask:
And I must willingly accept your company.
Yet first I will enjoin you to observe
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

MUMFORD: So that you do not tie mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glances of fair Dames:
So that you do not tie my tongue from speaking,
My lips from kissing when occasion serves,
My hands from conges, and my knees to bow
To gallant Girls; which were a task more hard, ... [4.30]
Than flesh and blood is able to endure:
Command what else you please, I rest content.

KING: To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leave,
Were but a mean to make thee seek it more:
And therefore speak, look, kiss, salute for me;
In these myself am like to second thee.
Now here thy task. I charge thee from the time
That first we set sail for the British shore,
To use no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou cast, ... [4.40]
Make use of me as thy companion:
For we will go disguised in Palmers' weeds,
That no man shall mistrust us what we are.

MUMFORD: If that be all, I'll fit your turn, I warrant you. I am some kin to the Blunts, and I think, the bluntest of all my kindred; therefore if I be too blunt with you, thank yourself for praying me to be so.

KING: Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short.
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the government to you ... [4.50]
My trusty Lords and faithful Counselors.
Time cutteth off the rest I have to say:
The wind blows fair, and I must needs away.

NOBLES: Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect. [Exeunt.]

Scene 5
[Enter the King of Cornwall and his men booted and spurred,
a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.]

CORNWALL: But how far distant are we from the Court?

SERVANT: Some twenty miles, my Lord, or thereabouts.

CORNWALL: It seemeth to me twenty thousand miles:
Yet hope I to be there within this hour.

SERVANT: Then are you like to ride alone for me.
[To himself.] I think, my Lord is weary of his life.

CORNWALL: Sweet Gonorill, I long to see thy face,
Which has so kindly gratified my love.
[Enter the King of Cambria booted and spurred,
and his man with a wand and a letter.]

CAMBRIA: Get a fresh horse: for by my soul I swear,
[He looks on the letter.]
I am past patience, longer to forbear ... [5.10]
The wished sight of my beloved mistress,
Dear Ragan, stay and comfort of my life.

SERVANT: Now what in Gods name doth my Lord intend?
[To himself.] He thinks he ne're shall come at journey's end.
I would he had old Daedalus' waxen wings,
That he might fly, so I might stay behind:
For e're we get to Troynovant, I see
He quite will tire himself, his horse and me.
[Cornwall & Cambria look one upon another,
and start to see each other there.]

CORNWALL: Brother of Cambria, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect. ... [5.20]

CAMBRIA: Brother of Cornwall, met in happy time:
I thought as much to have met with the Soldan of Persia,
As to have met you in this place, my Lord,
No doubt, it is about some great affairs,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

CORNWALL: To say the truth, my Lord, it is no less,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance

Hath blown you hither thus upon the sudden.

CAMBRIA: My Lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brook delays: ... [5.30]
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

CORNWALL: In faith, content, and therefore to be brief,
For I am sure my haste's as great as yours:
I am sent for, to come unto King Leir,
Who by these present letters promiseth
His eldest daughter, lovely Gonorill,
To me in marriage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of half his Regiment.
The Lady's love I long ago possessed:
But until now I never had the father's. ... [5.40]

CAMBRIA: You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange news, and henceforth we must brothers call;
Witness these lines: his honorable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his Crown,
His princely daughter Ragan will bestow
On me in marriage, with half his Seigniories,
Whom I would gladly have accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are such.

CORNWALL: If I have one half, and you have the other,
Then between us we must needs have the whole. ... [5.50]

CAMBRIA: The hole! how mean you that? Zblood, I hope,
We shall have two holes between us.

CORNWALL: Why, the whole Kingdom.

CAMBRIA: Aye, that's very true.

CORNWALL: What then is left for his third daughter's dowry,
Lovely Cordella, whom the world admires?

CAMBRIA: Tis very strange, I know not what to think,
Unless they mean to make a Nun of her.

CORNWALL: 'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid
Within the compass of a Cloister's wall: ... [5.60]
But howsoe're, if Leir's words prove true,
It will be good, my Lord, for me and you.

CAMBRIA: Then let us haste, all danger to prevent,
For fear delays do alter his intent. [Exeunt.]

Scene 6
[Enter Gonorill and Ragan.]

GONORILL: Sister, when did you see Cordella last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good enough
To speak to her, because (sir-reverence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?

RAGAN: Since time my father warned her from his presence,
I never saw her, that I can remember.
God give her joy of her surpassing beauty;
I think her dowry will be small enough.

GONORILL: I have incensed my father so against her,
As he will never be reclaimed again. ... [6.10]

RAGAN: I was not much behind to do the like.

GONORILL: Faith, sister, what moves you to bear her such good will?

RAGAN: In truth, I think, the same that moveth you;
Because she doth surpass us both in beauty.

GONORILL: Beshrew your fingers, how right you can guess:
I told you true, it cuts me to the heart.

RAGAN: But we will keep her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting up too high.

GONORILL: Whoever hath her, shall have a rich marriage of her.

RAGAN: She were right fit to make a Parson's wife: ... [6.20]
For they, men say, do love fair women well,
And many times do marry them with nothing.

GONORILL: With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any such?

RAGAN: I mean, no money.

GONORILL: I cry you mercy, I mistook you much:
And she is far too stately for the Church;
She'll lay her husbands Benefice on her back,
Even in one gown, if she may have her will.

RAGAN: In faith, poor soul, I pity her a little.
Would she were less fair, or more fortunate. ... [6.30]
Well, I think long until I see my Morgan,
The gallant Prince of Cambria, here arrive.

GONORILL: And so do I, until the Cornwall King
Present himself, to consumate my joys.
Peace, here cometh my father.
[Enter Lear, Perillus and others.]

LEIR: Cease, good my Lords, and sue not to reverse
Our censure, which is now irrevocable.
We have dispatched letters of contract
Unto the Kings of Cambria and of Cornwall;
Our hand and seal will justify no less: ... [6.40]
Then do not so dishonor me, my Lords,
As to make shipwreck of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the Pelican,
That kills itself, to save her young ones' lives:
And yet as jealous as the princely Eagle,
That kills her young ones, if they do but dazzle
Upon the radiant splendor of the Sun.
Within this two days I expect their coming.
[Enter Kings of Cornwall and Cambria.]
But in good time, they are arrived already.
This haste of yours, my Lords, doth testify ... [6.50]
The fervent love your bear unto my daughters:
And think yourselves as welcome to King Leir,
As ever Priam's children were to him.

CORNWALL: My gracious Lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste:
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seen your Majesty.

CAMBRIA: No other scuse of absence can I frame,
Than what my brother hath informed your Grace:
For our undeserved welcome, we do vow, ... [6.60]
Perpetually to rest at your command.

CORNWALL: But you, sweet Love, illustrious Gonorill,
The Regent, and the Sovereign of my soul,
Is Cornwall welcome to your Excellency?

GONORILL: As welcome as Leander was to Hero,
Or brave Aeneas to the Carthage Queen:
So and more welcome is your Grace to me.

CAMBRIA: O, may my fortune prove no worse than his,
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much,
Dear Ragan, say, if welcome unto thee, ... [6.70]
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

RAGAN: As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,

As sleep is welcome to the Traveler,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moistened showers unto the parched ground,
Or anything more welcomer than this,
So and more welcome lovely Morgan is.

LEIR: What resteth then, but that we consumate
The celebration of these nuptial Rites?
My Kingdom I do equally divide. ... [6.80]
Princes, draw lots, and take your chance as falls.
[Then they draw lots.]
These I resign as freely unto you,
As erst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossess myself,
And make you two my true-adopted heirs:
Myself will sojourn with my son of Cornwall,
And take me to my prayers and my beads.
I know, my daughter Ragan will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my days with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once; ... [6.90]
They are the kindest Girls in Christendom,

PERILLUS: I have been silent all this while, my Lord,
To see if any worthier than myself,
Would once have spoke in poor Cordella's cause:
But love or fear ties silence to their tongues.
Oh, hear me speak for her, my gracious Lord,
Whose deeds have not deserved this ruthless doom,
As thus to disinherit her of all.

LEIR: Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorn ... [6.100]
To tell her father how she loveth him.
Who ever speaketh hereof to me again,
I will esteem him for my mortal foe.
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,
The happy Nuptials of these lovely pairs.
[Exit omnes. Manet Perillus.]

PERILLUS: Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The near approach of their own misery?
Poor Lady, I extremely pity her:
And whilst I live, each drop of my heart-blood
Will I strain forth, to do her any good. [Exit.] ... [6.110]

Scene 7
[Enter the Gallian King, and Mumford, disguised like Pilgrims.]

MUMFORD: My Lord, how do you brook this British air?

KING: My Lord? I told you of this foolish humor,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

MUMFORD: Pardon me for once, my Lord; I did forget.

KING: My Lord again? then let's have nothing else,
And so be tane for spies, and then tis well.

MUMFORD: Swounds, I could bite my tongue in two for anger:
For God's sake name yourself some proper name.

KING: Call me Tresillus: I'll call thee Denapoll.

MUMFORD: Might I be made the Monarch of the world, ... [7.10]
I could not hit upon these names, I swear.

KING: Then call me Will, I'll call thee Jack.

MUMFORD: Well, be it so, for I have well deserved to be called Jack.

KING: Stand close, for here a British Lady cometh:
[Enter Cordella.]
A fairer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

CORDELLA: This is a day of joy unto my sisters,
Wherein they both are married unto Kings,
And I, by birth, as worthy as themselves,
Am turned into the world, to seek my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle Queen of Chance, ... [7.20]
That maketh me a pattern of her power?
Ah, poor weak maid, whose imbecility
Is far unable to endure these brunts.
Oh, father Leir, how dost thou wrong thy child,
Who always was obedient to thy will!
But why accuse I fortune and my father?
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:
And I do willingly embrace the rod.

KING: It is no Goddess; for she doth complain
On fortune, and th' unkindness of her father. ... [7.30]

CORDELLA: These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.

MUMFORD: Now if I had a Kingdom in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaid's smock and petticoats,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.

CORDELLA: I will betake me to my thread and Needle,
And earn my living with my fingers' ends.

MUMFORD: O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custom,
By sweet S. Denis, here I sadly swear,
For all the shirts and night-gear that I wear. ... [7.40]

CORDELLA: I will profess and vow a maiden's life.

MUMFORD: Then I protest thou shalt not have my custom.

KING: I can forbear no longer for to speak:
For if I do, I think my heart will break.

MUMFORD: Sblood, Will, I hope you are not in love with my Sempster.

KING: I am in such a labyrinth of love,
As that I know not which way to get out.

MUMFORD: You'll ne're get out, unless you first get in.

KING: I prithee, Jack, cross not my passions.

MUMFORD: Prithy Will, to her, and try her patience. ... [7.50]

KING Thou fairest creature, whatsoere thou art,
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who have o'erheard thy woes,
To show the cause of these thy sad laments.

CORDELLA: Ah Pilgrims, what avails to show the cause.
When there's no means to find a remedy?

KING: To utter grief, doth ease a heart o'ercharged.

CORDELLA: To touch a sore, doth aggravate the pain.

KING: The silly mouse, by virtue of her teeth,
Released the princely Lion from the net. ... [7.60]

CORDELLA: Kind Palmer, which so much desir'st to hear
The tragic tale of my unhappy youth:
Know this in brief, I am the hapless daughter
Of Leir, sometimes King of Britainy.

KING: Why, who debars his honorable age,
From being still the King of Britainy?

CORDELLA: None, but himself hath dispossessed himself,

And given all his Kingdom to the Kings
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, with my sisters.

KING: Hath he given nothing to your lovely self? ... [7.70]

CORDELLA: He loved me not, & therefore gave me nothing,
Only because I could not flatter him:
And in this day of triumph to my sisters,
Doth Fortune triumph in my overthrow.

KING: Sweet Lady, say there should come a King,
As good as either of your sisters' husbands,
To crave your love, would you accept of him?

CORDELLA: Oh, do not mock with those in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,
To spoil mine honor, and debase my state, ... [7.80]
That she hath any interest in my mind:
For if the greatest Monarch on the earth,
Should sue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could love, and heart could like,
Better than any that I ever saw,
His great estate no more should move my mind,
Than mountains move by blast of every wind.

KING: Think not, sweet Nymph, tis holy Palmers' guise,
To grieved souls fresh torments to devise:
Therefore in witness of my true intent, ... [7.90]
Let heaven and earth bear record of my words:
There is a young and lusty Gallian King,
So like to me, as I am to myself,
That earnestly doth crave to have thy love,
And join with thee in Hymen's sacred bonds.

CORDELLA: The like to thee did ne're these eyes behold;
Oh live to add new torments to my grief:
Why didst thou thus entrap me unawares?
Ah Palmer, my estate doth not befit
A kingly marriage, as the case now stands. ... [7.100]
Whilom when as I lived in honor's height,
A Prince perhaps might postulate my love:
Now misery, dishonor and disgrace,
Hath lit on me, and quite reversed the case.
Thy King will hold thee wise, if thou surcease
The suit, whereas no dowry will ensue.
Then be advised, Palmer, what to do:
Cease for thy King, seek for thyself to woo.

KING: Your birth's too high for any, but a King.

CORDELLA: My mind is low enough to love a Palmer, ... [7.110]
Rather than any King upon the earth.

KING: O, but you can never endure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.

CORDELLA: O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
I'll hold thy Palmer's staff within my hand,
And think it is the Scepter of a Queen,
Sometime I'll set thy Bonnet on my head,
And think I wear a rich imperial Crown,
Sometime I'll help thee in thy holy prayers,
And think I am with thee in Paradise. ... [7.120]
Thus I'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And never will my lovely choice repent:
For having thee, I shall have all content.

KING: 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspense,
Since that my soul hath vowed she shall be mine.
Ah, dear Cordella, cordial to my heart,
I am no Palmer, as I seem to be,
But hither come in this unknown disguise,
To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the King of Gallia, gentle maid, ... [7.130]
(Although thus slenderly accompanied)
And yet thy vassall by imperious Love,
And sworn to serve thee everlastingly.

CORDELLA: Whate're you be, of high or low descent,
All's one to me, I do request but this:
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will have you whatsoe're you be:
Yet well I know, you come of royal race,
I see such sparks of honor in your face.

MUMFORD: Have Palmers' weeds such power to win fair Ladies? ... [7.140]
Faith, then I hope the next that falls is mine:
Upon condition I no worse might speed,
I would forever wear a Palmer's weed.
I like an honest and plain-dealing wench,
That swears (without exception) I will have you.
These foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no,
except they first go ask their mothers' leave, by this hand, I
hate them ten times worse than poison.

KING: What resteth then our happiness to procure?

MUMFORD: Faith, go to Church, to make the matter sure. ... [7.150]

KING: It shall be so, because the world shall say,
King Leir's three daughters were wedded in one day:
The celebration of this happy chance,
We will defer, until we come to France.

MUMFORD: I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
Well, for her sake, I know what I know:
I'll never marry whilest I live,
Except I have one of these British Ladies.
My humor is alienated from the maids of France. [Exeunt.]

Scene 8
[Enter Perillus solus.]

PERILLUS: The King hath dispossessed himself of all,
Those to advance which scarce will give him thanks:
His youngest daughter he hath turned away,
And no man knows what is become of her.
He sojourns now in Cornwall with the eldest,
Who flattered him, until she did obtain
That at his hands, which now she doth possess:
And now she sees he hath no more to give,
It grieves her heart to see her father live.
Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age, ... [8.10]
When children thus against their parents rage?
But he, the mirror of mild patience,
Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:
Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
To call him fool and dotard to his face,
And sets her Parasites of purpose oft,
In scoffing-wise to offer him disgrace.
Oh iron age! O times! O monstrous, vild,
When parents are condemned of the child!
His pension she hath half-restrained from him, ... [8.20]
And will, e're long, the other half, I fear:
For she thinks nothing is bestowed in vain,
But that which doth her father's life maintain.
Trust not alliance; but trust strangers rather,
Since daughters prove disloyal to the father.
Well, I will counsel him the best I can:
Would I were able to redress his wrong.
Yet what I can, unto my utmost power,
He shall be sure of to the latest hour. [Exit.]

Scene 9
[Enter Gonorill and Skalliger.]

GONORILL: I prithy, Skalliger, tell me that thou thinkst:

Could any woman of our dignity
Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,
As I do daily from my doting father?
Doth't not suffice that I him keep of alms,
Who is not able for to keep himself?
But as it he were our better, he should think
To check and snap me up at every word.
I cannot make me a new-fashioned gown,
And set it forth with more than common cost; ... [9.10]
But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is sure to give a senseless check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace myself, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old fool, is captious by and by,
And saith, the cost would well suffice for twice.
Judge then, I pray, what reason is't, that I
Should stand alone charged with his vain expense,
And that my sister Ragan should go free,
To whom he gave as much, as unto me? ... [9.20]
I prithee, Skalliger, tell me, if thou know,
By any means to rid me of this woe.

SKALLIGER: Your many favors still bestowed on me,
Bind me in duty to advise your Grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him so forget himself:
Therefore abridge it half, and you shall see,
That having less, he will more thankful be:
For why, abundance maketh us forget ... [9.30]
The fountains whence the benefits do spring.

GONORILL: Well, Skalliger, for thy kind advice herein,
I will not be ungrateful, if I live:
I have restrained half his portion already,
And I will presently restrain the other,
That having no means to relieve himself,
He may go seek elsewhere for better help. [Exit.]

SKALLIGER: Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sex:
The heavens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villain, that to curry favor, ... [9.40]
Have given the daughter counsel 'gainst the father.
But us the world doth this experience give,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot live. [Exit.]

Scene 10
[Enter King of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus & Nobles.]

CORNWALL: Father, what aileth you to be so sad?
Me thinks, you frolic not as you were wont.

LEIR: The nearer we do grow unto our graves,
The less we do delight in worldly joys.

CORNWALL: But if a man can frame himself to mirth,
It is a mean for to prolong his life.

LEIR: Then welcome sorrow, Leir's only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled days had end.

CORNWALL: Comfort yourself, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad. [Enter Gonorill.] ... [10.10]

LEIR: But more doth grieve, I fear, to see me live.

CORNWALL: My Gonorill, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensive dumps.
In faith, I fear that all things go not well.

GONORILL: What do you fear, that I have angered him?
Hath he complained of me to my Lord?
I'll provide him a piece of bread and cheese;
For in a time he'll practice nothing else,
Than carry tales from one unto another.
Tis all his practice for to kindle strife, ... [10.20]
'Twixt you, my Lord, and me your loving wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

CORNWALL: Sweet, be not angry in a partial cause,
He ne're complained of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weigh a woman's words.

LEIR: Alas, not I: poor soul, she breeds young bones,
And that is it makes her to touchy, sure.

GONORILL: What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike. ... [10.30]
O vild old wretch! who ever heard the like,
That seeketh thus his own child to defame?

CORNWALL: I cannot stay to hear this discord sound. [Exit.]

GONORILL: For anyone that loves your company,
You may go pack, and seek some other place,
To sow the seed of discord and disgrace. [Exit.]

LEIR: Thus, say or do the best that ere I can,
Tis wrested straight into another sense.
This punishment my heavy sins deserve,
And more than this ten thousand thousand times: ... [10.40]
Else aged Leir them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath been kind.
Why do I over-live myself, to see
The course of nature quite reversed in me?
Ah, gentle Death, if ever any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfect zeal:
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,
And end my sorrows with thy fatal dart. [He weeps.]

PERILLUS: Ah, do not so disconsolate yourself,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting tears. ... [10.50]

LEIR: What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthless state of old Leir?

PERILLUS: One, who doth bear as great a share of grief,
As it were my dearest father's case.

LEIR: Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou advised,
For to consort with miserable men:
Go learn to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get favor 'mongst the mighty, and so climb:
For now I am so poor and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompense thy love. ... [10.60]

PERILLUS: What's got by flattery, doth not long endure;
And men in favor live not most secure.
My conscience tells me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefulst excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my Lord hath been to me and mine.

LEIR: Did I e'er raise thee higher than the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before?

PERILLUS: I ne're did seek it; but by your good Grace,
I still enjoyed my own with quietness. ... [10.70]

LEIR: Did I e'er give thee living, to increase
The due revenues which thy father left?

PERILLUS: I had enough, my Lord, and having that,
What should you need to give me any more?

LEIR: Oh, did I ever dispossess myself,

And give thee half my Kingdom in good will?

PERILLUS: Alas, my Lord, there were no reason, why
You should have such a thought, to give it me.

LEIR: Nay, if thou talk of reason, then be mute:
For with good reason I can thee confute. ... [10.80]
If they, which first by nature's sacred law,
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;
If they to whom I always have been kind,
And bountiful beyond comparison;
If they, for whom I have undone myself,
And brought my age unto this extreme want,
Do now reject, condemn, despise, abhor me,
What reason moveth thee to sorrow for me?

PERILLUS: Where reason fails, let tears confirm my love,
And speak how much your passions do me move. ... [10.90]
Ah, good my Lord, condemn not all for one:
You have two daughters left to whom I know
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

LEIR: Oh, how thy words add sorrow to my soul,
To think of my unkindness to Cordella!
Whom causeless I did dispossess of all,
Upon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters:
And for her sake, I think this heavy doom
Is fall'n on me, and not without desert:
Yet unto Ragan was I always kind, ... [10.100]
And gave to her the half of all I had:
It may be, if I should to her repair,
She would be kinder, and entreat me fair.

PERILLUS: No doubt she would, & practice ere't be long,
By force of Arms for to redress your wrong.

LEIR: Well, since thou dost advise me for to go,
I am resolved to try the worst of woe. [Exeunt.]

Scene 11
[Enter Ragan solus.]

RAGAN: How may I bless the hour of my nativity,
Which bodeth unto me such happy Stars!
How may I think kind fortune, that vouchsafes
To all my actions, such desired event!
I rule the King of Cambria as I please:
The States are all obedient to my will;
And look whatere I say, it shall be so;

Not any one, that dareth answer no.
My eldest sister lives in royal state,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree: ... [11.10]
Yet hath she such a cooling card withal,
As that her honey savoreth much of gall.
My father with her is quarter-master still,
And many times restrains her of her will:
But if he were with me, and served me so,
I'd send him packing somewhere else to go.
I'd entertain him with such slender cost,
That he should quickly wish to change his host. [Exit.]

Scene 12
[Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.]

CORNWALL: Ah, Gonorill, what dire unhappy chance
Hath sequestered thy father from our presence,
That no report can yet be heard of him?
Some great unkindness hath been offered him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
Else all the world shall never me persuade,
He would forsake us without notice made.

GONORILL: Alas, my Lord, whom doth it touch so near,
Or who hath interest in this grief, but I,
Whom sorrow hath brought to her longest home, ... [12.10]
But that I know his qualities so well?
I know, he is but stolen upon my sister
At unawares, to see her how she fares,
And spend a little time with her, to note
How all things go, and how she likes her choice:
And when occasion serves, he'll steal from her,
And unawares return to us again.
Therefore, my Lord, be frolic, and resolve
To see my father here again e're long.

CORNWALL: I hope so too; but yet to be more sure, ... [12.20]
I'll send a Post immediately to know
Whether he be arrived there or no. [Exit.]

GONORILL: But I will intercept the Messenger,
And temper him before he doth depart,
With sweet persuasions, and with sound rewards,
That his report shall ratify my speech,
And make my Lord cease further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my sister's Court,
As sure my mind presageth that he is,
He happily may, by traveling unknown ways, ... [12.30]
Fall sick, and as a common passenger,

Be dead and buried: would God it were so well;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knows where he is.
But say he be in Cambria with the King,
And there exclaim against me, as he will:
I know he is as welcome to my sister,
As water is unto a broken ship.
Well, after him I'll send such thunderclaps
Of slander, scandal, and invented tales, ... [12.40]
That all the blame shall be removed from me,
And unperceived rebound upon himself.
Thus with one nail another I'll expel,
And make the world judge, that I used him well.
[Enter the Messenger that should go to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.]
My honest, friend, whither away so fast?

MESS: To Cambria, Madam, with letters from the king.

GONORILL: To whom?

MESS: Unto your father, if he be there.

GONORILL: Let me see them. [She opens them.]

MESS: Madam, I hope your Grace will stand ... [12.50]
Between me and my neck-verse, if I be
Called in question, for opening the Kings letters.

GONORILL: 'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

MESS: Aye, but you need not care: and so must I,
A hansom man, be quickly trust up,
And when a man's hanged, all the world cannot save him.

GONORILL: He that hang thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree.
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

MESS: I am o'erjoyed, I surfeit of sweet words: ... [12.60]
Kind Queen, had I a hundred lives, I would
Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

GONORILL: Aye, but thou wouldst keep one life still,
And that's as many as thou art like to have.

MESS: That one life is not too dear for my good Queene;
this sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these
hands, arms, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else
whatsoever, are at your dispose; use me, trust me, command

me: if I fail in anything, tie me to a dung-cart, and make a
Scavenger's horse of me, and whip me, so long as I have any ... [12.70]
skin on my back.

GONORILL: In token of further employment, take that.
[Flings him a purse.]

MESS: A strong Bond, a firm Obligation, good in law,
good in law: if I keep not the condition, let my neck be the
forfeiture of my negligence.

GONORILL: I like thee well, thou hast a good tongue.

MESS: And as bad a tongue if it be set on it, as any Oyster-
wife at Billingsgate hath: why, I have made many of my
neighbors forsake their homes with railing upon them, and
go dwell elsewhere: and so by my means houses have been good ... [12.80]
cheap in our parish: My tongue being well whetted with choler,
is more sharp than a Razor of Palerno.

GONORILL: O, thou art a fit man for my purpose.

MESS: Commend me not, sweet Queen, before you try me.
As my deserts are, so do think of me.

GONORILL: Well said, then this is thy trial: Instead of carrying
the King's letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my
sister, which contain matter quite contrary to the other:
there shall she be given to understand, that my father hath
detracted her, given out slanderous speeches against her; and ... [12.90]
that he hath most intolerably abused me, set my Lord and
me at variance, and made mutinies amongst the commons.
These things (although it be not so)
Yet thou must affirm them to be true,
With oaths and protestations as will serve,
To drive my sister out of love with him,
And cause my will accomplished to be.
This do, thou winst my favor forever,
And makest a highway of preferment to thee
And all my friends. ... [12.100]

MESS: It sufficeth, conceit, it is already done:
I will so tongue-whip him, that I will
Leave him as bare of credit, as a Poulter
Leaves a Cony, when she pulls off his skin.

GONORILL: Yet there is a further matter.

MESS: I thirst to hear it.

GONORILL: If my sister thinketh convenient, as my letters
importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

MESS: Few words are best in so small a matter:
These are but trifles. By this book I will. [Kisses the paper.] ... [12.110]

GONORILL: About it presently, I long till it be done.

MESS: I fly, I fly. [Exeunt.]

Scene 13
[Enter Cordella solus.]

CORDELLA: I have been over-negligent today,
In going to the Temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In raising me out of my mean estate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts,
My kingly husband, mirror of his time,
For zeal, for justice, kindness, and for care ... [13.10]
To God, his subjects, me, and Common weal,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may have,
Save only this which I shall ne're obtain,
My father's love, oh this I ne're shall gain.
I would abstain from any nutriment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Barefoot I would on pilgrimage set forth
Unto the furthest quarters of the earth, ... [13.20]
And all my lifetime would I sackcloth wear,
And mourning-wise pour dust upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would please,
That his gray hairs might go to heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein justly I have deserved blame.
Oh sisters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong.
Yet God forgive both him, and you and me,
Even as I do in perfect charity. ... [13.30]
I will to Church, and pray unto my Savior,
That ere I die, I may obtain his favor.

Scene 14
[Enter Leir and Perillus faintly.]

PERILLUS: Rest on me, my Lord, and stay yourself,
The way seems tedious to your aged limbs.

LEIR: Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyself,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

PERILLUS: Ah, good my Lord, it ill befits, that I
Should lean upon the person of a King.

LEIR: But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these uncouth paths, and tireful ways,
And never ease thy fainting limbs a whit. ... [14.10]
Thou hast left all, aye, all to come with me,
And I, for all, have nought to guerdon thee.

PERILLUS: Cease, good my Lord, to aggravate my woes,
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

LEIR: Cease, good Perillus, for to call me Lord,
And think me but the shadow of myself.

PERILLUS: That honorable title will I give,
Unto my Lord, so long as I do live.
Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place ... [14.20]
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And lo, in happy time the Cambrian Prince
Is here arrived, to gratify our coming.
[Enter the Prince of Cambria, Ragan and Nobles:
look upon them, and whisper together.]

LEIR: Were I best speak, or sit me down and die?
I am ashamed to tell this heavy tale.

PERILLUS: Then let me tell it, if you please, my Lord:
Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

CAMBRIA: What two old men are those that seem so sad?
Me thinks, I should remember well their looks.

RAGAN: No, I mistake not, sure it is my father: ... [14.30]
I must dissemble kindness now of force.
[She runeth to him, and kneels down, saying:]
Father, I bid you welcome, full of grief,
To see your Grace used thus unworthily,
And ill-befitting for your reverend age,
To come on foot a journey so endurable.

Oh, what disaster chance hath been the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and lean?
He cannot speak for weeping: for God's love, come.
Let us refresh him with some needful things,
And at more leisure we may better know, ... [14.40]
Whence springs the ground of this unlooked-for woe.

CAMBRIA: Come, father, e're we any further talk,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk. [Exit, manet Ragan.]

RAGAN: Come he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abused:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complain himself,
When as himself is in the greatest fault.
I'll not be partial in my sister's cause, ... [14.50]
Nor yet believe his doting vain reports:
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Upon a spleen is stolen thence away:
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to have harbor,
And to be moaned and made on like a child:
But ere't be long, his coming he shall curse,
And truly say, he came from bad to worse:
Yet will I make fair weather, to procure
Convenient means, and then I'll strike it sure. [Exit.]

Scene 15
[Enter Messenger solus.]

MESS: Now happily I am arrived here,
Before the stately Palace of the Cambrian King:
If Leir be here, safe-seated, and in rest,
To rouse him from it I will do my best. [Enter Ragan.]
Now bags of gold, your virtue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of heaven preserve your Majesty,
And send your Highness everlasting reign.

RAGAN: Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy message?

MESS: Kind greetings from the Cornwall Queen: ... [15.10]
The residue these letters will declare.
[She opens the letters.]

RAGAN: How fares our royal sister?

MESS: I did leave her at my parting, in good health.
[She reads the letter, frowns and stamps.]

See how her color comes and goes again,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash:
See how she knits her brow, and bites her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumb show of disdain,
Mixed with revenge, and violent extremes.
Here will be more work and more crowns for me.

RAGAN: Alas, poor soul, and hath he used her thus? ... [15.20]
And is he now come hither, with intent
To set divorce betwixt my Lord and me?
Doth he give out, that he doth hear report,
That I do rule my husband as I list,
And therefore means to alter so the case,
That I shall know my Lord to be my head?
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For this presumption, dotard that he is.
In Cornwall he hath made such mutinies, ... [15.30]
First, setting of the King against the Queen;
Then stirring up the Commons 'gainst the King;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had been called in question for his fact.
So upon that occasion thence he fled,
And comes thus slyly stealing unto us:
And now already since his coming-hither,
My Lord and he are grown in such a league,
That I can have no conference with his Grace:
I fear, he doth already intimate ... [15.40]
Some forged cavilations 'gainst my state:
Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slanderous rumors once abroad dispersed,
It is too late for them to be reversed.
Friend, as the tenor of these letters shows,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.

MESS: She never yet committed trust to me.
But that (I hope) she found me always faithful:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to employ my help. ... [15.50]

RAGAN: Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,
And give a stab or two, if need require?

MESS: I have a heart compact of Adamant,
Which never knew what melting pity meant.
I weigh no more the murd'ring of a man,
Than I respect the cracking of a Flea,
When I do catch her biting on my skin.
If you will have your husband or your father,

Or both of them sent to another world,
Do but command me do't, it shall be done. ... [15.60]

RAGAN: It is enough, we make no doubt of thee:
Meet us to morrow here, at nine a clock:
Mean while, farewell, and drink that for my sake. [Exit.]

MESS: Aye, this is it will make me do the deed:
Oh, had I every day such customers,
This were the gainfulest trade in Christendom!
A purse of gold giv'n for a paltry stab!
Why, here's a wench that longs to have a stab.
Well, I could give it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Scene 16
[Enter the Gallian King, and Cordella.]

KING: When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,
And smiling joy triumph upon thy brow?
When will this Scene of sadness have an end,
And pleasant acts ensue, to move delight?
When will my lovely Queen cease to lament,
And take some comfort to her grieved thoughts?
If of thyself thou deignest to have no care
Yet pity me, whom thy grief makes despair.

CORDELLA: O, grieve not you, my Lord, you have no cause:
Let not my passions move your mind a whit: ... [16.10]
For I am bound by nature, to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stock be dried with disdain,
Withered and sere the branch must needs remain.

KING: But thou art now graft in another stock;
I am the stock, and thou the lovely branch:
And from my root continual sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhuman beasts, ... [16.20]
Think they are dead, since all their kindness dies,
And bury them, where black oblivion lies.
Think not thou art the daughter of old Leir,
Who did unkindly disinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble Gallian Queen,
And wife to him that dearly loveth thee:
Embrace the joys that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow pack and hide herself in hell.

CORDELLA: Not that I miss my country or my kin,

My old acquaintance or my ancient friends, ... [16.30]
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more dear to me,
Than Country, kind, and all the things else can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious Lord, in this:
For what can stop the course of nature's power?
As easy is it for four-footed beasts,
To stay themselves upon the liquid air,
And mount aloft into the element,
And overstrip the feathered Fowls in flight:
As easy is it for the slimy Fish, ... [16.40]
To live and thrive without the help of water:
As easy is it for the Blackamoor,
To wash the tawny color from his skin,
Which all oppose against the course of nature,
As I am able to forget my father.

KING: Mirror of virtue, Phoenix of our age!
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,
Be of good comfort; for I will dispatch
Ambassadors immediately for Britain,
Unto the King of Cornwall's Court, whereas ... [16.50]
Your father keepeth now his residence,
And in the kindest manner him entreat,
That setting former grievances apart,
He will be pleased to come and visit us.
If no entreaty will suffice the turn,
I'll offer him the the half of all my Crown:
If that moves not, we'll furnish out a Fleet,
And sail to Cornwall for to visit him;
And there you shall be firmly reconciled
In perfect love, as erst you were before. ... [16.60]

CORDELLA: Where tongue cannot sufficient thanks afford,
The King of heaven remunerate my Lord.
KING: Only be blithe, and frolic (sweet) with me:
This and much more I'll do to comfort thee.

Continue reading the second half of King Leir

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Glossary for King Leir
by B. Flues 2005
(FS means found in Shakespeare.)

(NFS means not found in Shakespeare)
adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings, according to need. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; many others.
adventure (v): risk, dare. FS (R&J, MV); (anon.) Leir.
affright (v): terrify. FS (17); Watson Hekatompathia; Lyly Love's Met; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Menaphon (1st OED citation); (anon.) Woodstock, Leir, Penelope, Leicester's Gh; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive.
appall (v): (1) weaken. FS (2-1H6, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Locrine. "Unappalled" in Brooke Romeus. (2) appall (n or v): shock, dismay. FS (6-T&C, Ham, Mac, V&A, TNK (v); Mac (n)); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Tears; Chapman (v) Iliad, Batrachom. (3) frighten. FS (T&C); (anon.) Leir.
apparance (n): preparation; in Leir it seems to mean "investigation/evidence". NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. Very rare.
aslope (a, adv): slanting, sloping, athwart. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir, Warning Fair Women
aventure [at all] (adv): in any case; at random. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Bedingfield Cardanus; (anon.) Leir.Per OED a legal term: 1672 Manley Interpr., Aventure..is a Mischance, causing the death of a Man, without Felony; as when he is suddenly drowned or burnt, falling into the Water or Fire.
balsamum (n): aromatic resin yielding a balm. FS (1-Errors); Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir.
beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31, Q2); Gascoigne Supposes; Lodge Wounds; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Bombie; Greene James IV, Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Leir; Nashe Summers; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Maiden's Tragedy; Munday More; Chapman d'Olive. Common.
bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Leir, Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.
bill (n): weapon, long pole with axe and pike on one end. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others. bill [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five-to seven-feet long). FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion; (anon.) Leir.
Billingsgate ward, Pudding lane end: between Eastcheap and the river. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Arden; Pasquil Countercuff.
bob (n): malicious jest, jibe. FS (AsYou, 3d OED citation); Lyly Campaspe, Pap (OED missed citations); (anon.) Leir.
breed young bones: are pregnant. See See Connections, note on "bone/breed/belly".
brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock, Leir, Ironside, Penelope; Lyly Love's Met; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; Sidney Astrophel; Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super; Marprelate Prot; Munday Huntington.
buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Lyly Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Leir, Ironside . Common.
Cambria: Wales.
censure (n): (1) opinion, judgment. FS (1H6, 2H6, Ham, Oth, Corio, WT); (anon.) Leir. (2) punishment. FS (AsYou, Oth, Cymb, Lear, Corio, H8); (anon.) Leir. (v) judge.

colors (n): that which serves to conceal or cloak the truth, pretext. FSk (2H4, MWW, JC, Cymb); (anon.) Leir.
complements (n): accomplishments, refinements. FS (LLL); Spenser M. Hubberd; (anon.) Leir.
conge (n): bow, curtsey. FS (H8); (anon.) Leir; Munday Huntington; Marston Malcontent.
cony (n): [rabbit] after Greene .. Cony Catching (1591), came to mean dupe, victim of a "cony-catcher". FS (4-3H6, AsYou, Corio, V&A); Gascoigne Supposes; (anon.) Leir, Dodypoll.
cooling card (n): drawback, anything that "cools" a person's passion or enthusiasm; possibly ruins one's chances of winning a game.FS (1-1H6); Lyly Euphues; (anon.) Leir; Giles Gooscap.
contumelious (a) (1) humiliating. (2) insolent, spiteful. FS (3-2H6,1H6, Timon); (anon.) Leir, Ironside; Harvey Pierce's Super. contumeliously (adv). 1H6.
crack/crake (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Leir, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More; Marston Fawn.
craft (n): guile, cunning, plot. FS (Ham, 12th); (anon.) Leir.
Daedalus: who built the Cretan Labyrinth. Father of Icarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir.
dart (n): spear, javelin. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.
disconsolate (v): deprive of consolation. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. Only OED citations: 1530 Palsgr; 1601 R. Yarington Two Lament. Traj; 1642 Sir T. Stafford in Lismore Papers.
divorce (n): (1) disunion, discord. FS (V&A, Timon); (anon.) Leir. (2) disavowal, breakdown. FS (H5, WT).
dump (v, n): muse. mood. NFS. Watson Hek; Greene Orl Fur, Never Too Late, Fr Bacon, Pandosto; (anon.) Leir.
ensign (n): (1) standard. FS (Edw3, V&A); Cardano Cardanus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Campaspe; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe T1, T2, Edw2; Kyd Cornelia; Sidney Antony; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Pasqual Apology, Leir; Munday Huntington. Common.
Eson/Jason: half-brother of King Pelias of Thessaly, father of Jason. His youth was restored by Medea. FS (MV); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir.
falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Leir, Arden, Ironside.
fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Leir, Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.
ferret (v): stalk, harass, worry. FS (H5); (anon.) Leir.
flat (1) (a): direct, outright, straightforward. FS (Ado, MM); Greene Ups Court; (anon.) Leir.
flush (a): plentifully supplied with money. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. OED first citation: 1603 Dekker Batch. Banq. viii. G ij a, Some dames..are more flush in crownes then her good man.
flying fame (n): rumor. See Connections.
foppet (n): A petty fop; in quot. applied to a woman. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir (only OED citation).
frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho; (anon.) Leir. Common.
frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.
hardly (adv): reluctantly. FS (A&C); (anon.) Leir.
heartless (a): without courage. FS (R&J); (anon.) Leir.
heavy (n): sleepy. FS (2H6); Tindale Bible (Matt.); Turberv. Trag. T; (anon.) Leir.
Hibernia: Ireland.
indubitate (a): undoubted. FS (1-LLL); (anon.) Leir.
in his shirt (a): in one's night attire; without one's outer garments, coat and waistcoat. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Kyd Sol&Per, Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir.

gear/geere (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir; Munday Huntington.
grutch (v): grouch, complain. NFS. Cf. Turberville Trag.; Sundry Flowers (poem, E/N); Spenser FQ; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; poem Fruit of Reconciliation.
guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Woman/Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Leic Gh.
halberd (n): battle axe, mounted on a long pole. FS (2-3H6, Errors); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir; Munday More.
henbane, hebona, hebenon, hebon (n): names given by Shakespeare and Marlowe to some substance having a poisonous juice, identified the word with ebon, henbane, and Ger. eibe, eibenbaum the yew.FS (Ham); Marlowe Jew/Malta; (anon.) Leir.
imp (n): child of. FS (2-2H4, H5); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive.
innovation (n): commotion. FS (Oth); (anon.) Leir.
jointure (n): The holding of property to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood. FS (5); (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody
latter day (n): (1) end of life. (2) end of a sequence, the world. NFS. Cf. Surrey Aeneid. (anon.) Leir.
law of arms (n): fighting within the monarch's residence was punishable by death. FS (4-1H6, H5, Lear); (anon.) Leir.
list (v): choose. FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lodge Wounds; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Leir, Willobie.
lowering (a): gloomy. FS (Edw3); Golding Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Leir
mate (n): (1) lackey, servant. FS (1H6, 2H4); Gascoigne Supposes; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, James IV, Selimus; (anon.) Ironside, Leir; Nashe Almond; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Willobie.
minion (n & a): lackey, wanton. FS (many); Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Selimus; (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody. Common. Here the word "hussy" instead of wanton seems appropriate.
miscarry (v): (1) come to harm. FS (12th); (anon.) Leir. (2) die. FS (2H6)
misconvey (v): give a false impression of one's meaning. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. 1st OED definition 1839. "Misconveying", meaning "mismanagement", found once in 1540 (Henry VIII).
mithridate (n): composition of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious disease; any medicine to which similar powers were ascribed. NFS. Lyly Sapho; Cf. (anon.) Leir, Arden; Chettle Kind Harts; Dekker Gull's Hornbook.
moiety (n): half of two equal parts. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody.
neck-verse/neckeverse (n): Latin verse shown to defendant in a capital case; claiming benefit of clergy because of ability to read would save him from hanging. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir. OED cites 1st use with the verb "put to" (similar to "put the question").
out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Leir, Yorkshire Tr.
owe (v): own.FS (MND); (anon.) Leir; Chapman Iliad.
pack/packing (n): intrigue, conspiracy. FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Leir.
pack/be packing (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Robinson Delights; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Leir, Willobie.

palmer (n): pilgrim who from the Holy Land, carrying a palm-branch or leaf; also itinerant monk under a vow of poverty; equivalent of pilgrim. FS (R&J, Rich2); Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) Leir.
parlous/parlose (a): (1) dangerous,alarming. FS (MND). (2) clever, tricky, cunning. FS (Rich3); (anon.) Leir.
peat (n): (1) pet, spoiled girl. FS (1-Shrew); Rich Farewell; (anon.) Leir; Drayton Man in Moon. (2) applied to an animal. NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Praise P.
perillus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: stone which causes mistrust and jealousy. Cf. Lyly Sapho. The anonymous author of Edmund Ironside used Perillus correctly, to refer to an Athenian who fell victim to his own device: a brazen bull in which condemned men were roasted to death. Cf. (anon.) Edmund Ironside. Name of character in the old King Leir.
phoenix (n): (1) mythical bird, of gorgeous plumage, fabled to be the only one of its kind, and to live five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, after which it burnt itself to ashes on a funeral pile of aromatic twigs ignited by the sun and fanned by its own wings, but only to emerge from its ashes with renewed youth, to live through another cycle of years. FS (3H6, AsYou, Temp, H8, Sonnet 19, Lov Comp, Ph & Turt); Lodge Wounds. (2) rare person or thing, likened to the bird. FS (1H6, AWEW, Timon); Greene Selimus; (anon.) Leir.
pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Leir; many others.
poniard (n): short stabbing weapon, dagger. FS (5-3H5, Ado, AWEW, Titus, Ham); Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Massacre, Edw II; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Leir; Nashe Unf Trav; Dekker Hornbook; Marston Malcontent; .
post (n): messenger. FS (Ado); (anon.) Leir.
post (v): travel speedily, gallop. FS (1H4, Ham); Greene Pandosto, Selimus; (anon.) Leir.
postulate (v): demand, claim. Cf. (anon.) Leir (1st OED citation).
poulter/polter (n): poulterer, chicken-seller. FS (1H4); Gascoigne Supposes. Not in OED. Here the meaning is obviously extended to a seller of rabbit meat.
power (n): (1) army; host, large number. FS (Rich2); Marlowe Massacre; (anon.) Leir, Locrine.
precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh.
pretend/protend (v): portend, signify. NFS. Cf. Greene Menaphon; (anon.) Leir; Willobie.
prick (n): highest point, acme. FS (Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Udall Eras; (anon.) Leir.
rathe (a): (1) early. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; E. B. in Eng. Helicon. (2) prompt. NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Dan Bartholomew Wks. rather (adv): earlier. FS (Oth); Golding Ovid.
regiment (n): rule, government, regime. NFS. Cf. Marlowe T1; (anon.) Selimus, Leir. Very common 1550-1680.
repine (v): (1) murmur against, resist, grudge. FS (1H6, T&C); Hall Chron; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir; Spenser FQ.
restrain (v): withhold, keep back from. FS (MM, Corio); (anon.) Lear.
sheen(a, n): (1) bright. FS (2-MND, Ham); Golding Ovid (anon.) Leir. (2) beautiful. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Greene Menaphon; Spenser FQ. OED contemp citation: 1586 ? Montgomerie Banks of Helicon.
seely/sielie (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Ovid Golding; many others.
sequestered (a): Legal: cut off from someone. FS (AsYou); (anon.) Leir
shag-haired/shaghayred (a): having shaggy hair. FS (2H6, 3d OED citation); (anon.) Leir. See also "shacky ... and "shag", ff. shacky/shack-hair/shakheard (a): shaggy. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid (only OED citation); but see "shag-haired", above. shag (a): shaggy; having shaggy hair. FS (V&A); Munday More.

shift (n): trick. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington. Common. shift (v): manage. FS (4-2H4, MWW, Cymb, Temp); (anon.) Leir, Fam Vic.
sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Leir, Weakest; Pasquil Return.
Skalliger: from scalader, climber?
skill (v): (1) matter, care. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leir; Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.
slenderly (adv): lightly, insufficiently. FS (1-Lear); Golding Ovid; Greene Cony; (anon.) Leir, Weakest; Munday John a Kent.
slops/side slops (n): loose, baggy breeches/trousers, esp. those worn by sailors. FS (Ado). Cf. Peele Wives; (anon.) Leir.
sort (v): (1) agree. FS (3H6); (anon.) Leir. (2) fit. FS (3H6).
speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+,); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common.
stand on hands (v): be concerned. NFS. Cf. Calvin on Ps; Anon. Leir.
surreverence (adv): with respect to (contemptuously). Cf. Warner, Alb. England (1586, 1st OED citation); Nashe Summers; (anon. Leir). Used in different sense in Nashe Strange News and Lenten Stuff.
tenor/tenure (n): substance, drift, underlying meaning, principles. FS (H5, Ado, AsYou, MM); (anon.) Leir.
timeless (adv, a): out of its proper time. FS (Rich2, Luc); Marlowe T2; (anon.) Leir. (a) OED 1st citation (1560) Tragedy of Rich2.
Troynovant: new Troy, Great Britain. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir, Locrine, Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.
weeds (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others.
wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith (song); Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Alphonsus, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Jew/Malta; (anon.) Leir, Marprelate, Locrine, Mucedorus, Weakest, Ironside, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh; (disp.) Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super, Poem 1598 (Slumb'ring); Greene's Groat; many others.
with child (a): eager, longing, yearning (to do a thing). NFS. Cf. Udall Eras (1st OED citation); Spenser FQ (2d OED citation); (anon.) Leir.

King Leir

The anonymous King Leir in modern spelling.
Transcribed by Barboura Flues.
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Cordella from Holinshed's Chronicles

The True Chronicle history of King Leir,
and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella:

As it hath bene diuers and sundry times lately acted.

London, Printed by Simon Stafford for Iohn Wright,
and are to bee sold at his shop at Christes Church dore,
next Newgate-market, 1605.

GLOSSARY For King Leir below text
Scene 17
[Enter Messenger solus.]
MESS: It is a world to see now I am flush,
How many friends I purchase everywhere!
How many seeks to creep into my favor,
And kiss their hands, and bend their knees to me!
No more, here comes the Queen, now shall I know her mind,
And hope for to derive more crowns from her. [Enter Ragan.]

RAGAN: My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,

And art before me here, me thinks, today.

MESS: I am a poor man, and it like your Grace;
But yet I always love to keep my word. ... [17.10]

RAGAN: Well, keep thy word with me, & thou shalt see,
That of a poor man I will make thee rich.

MESS: I long to hear it, it might have been dispatched,
If you had told me of it yesternight.

RAGAN: It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot utter it in words.

MESS: It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside myself, with longing for to hear it.
Were it to meet the Devil in his den,
And try a bout with him for a scratched face, ... [17.20]
I'd undertake it, if you would but bid me.

RAGAN: Ah, good my friend, that I should have thee do,
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speak;
Yet it must needs be done.

MESS: I'll speak it for thee, Queen: shall I kill thy father?
I know tis that, and if it be so, say.

RAGAN: Aye.

MESS: Why, that's enough.

RAGAN: And yet that is not all.

MESS: What else? ... [17.30]

RAGAN: Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

MESS: Here are two hands, for each of them is one.

RAGAN: And for each hand here is a recompense.
[Gives him two purses.]

MESS: Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle,
I could tear ten in pieces with my teeth,
So in my mouth you'd put a purse of gold,
But in what manner must it be effected?

RAGAN: Tomorrow morning ere the break of day,
I by a while will send them to the thicket,

That is about some two miles from the Court, ... [17.40]
And promise them to meet them there myself,
Because I must have private conference,
About some news I have received from Cornwall.
This is enough, I know, they will not fail,
And then be ready for to play thy part:
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Show him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his own indictment first, ... [17.50]
And then proceed to execution:
But see thou faint not; for they will speak fair.

MESS: Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of Mercury, which charmed the hundred eyes
Of watchful Argos, and enforced him sleep:
Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts, [To the purse.]
As quite shall take away the sound of his. [Exit.]

RAGAN: About it then, and when thou hast dispatched,
I'll find a means to send thee after him. [Exit.]
Scene 18
[Enter Cornwall and Gonorill.]

CORNWALL: I wonder that the Messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatched for Cambria so long since:
If that his answer do not please us well,
And he do show good reason for delay,
I'll teach him how to dally with his King,
And to detain us in such long suspense.

GONORILL: My Lord, I think the reason may be this:
My father means to come along with him;
And thereafter tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend upon him on the way. ... [18.10]

CORNWALL: It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgment. [Enter Servant.]

SERVANT: And't like your Grace, there is an Ambassador
Arrived from Gallia, and craves admittance to your Majesty.

CORNWALL: From Gallia? what should his message
Hither import? is not your father happily
Gone thither? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall have audience. [Enter Ambassador.]
What news from Gallia? speak Ambassador.

AMB: The noble King and Queen of Gallia first salutes, ... [18.20]
By me, their honorable father, my Lord Leir:
Next, they commend them kindly to your Graces.
As those whose welfare they entirely wish.
Letters I have to deliver to my Lord Leir,
And presents too, if I might speak with him.

GONORILL: If you might speak with him? why, do you think,
We are afraid that you should speak with him?

AMB: Pardon me, Madam; for I think not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

CORNWALL: Indeed, my friend, upon some urgent cause, ... [18.30]
He is at this time absent from the Court:
But if a day or two you here repose,
Tis very likely you shall have him here,
Or else have certain notice where he is.

GONORILL: Are not we worthy to receive your message?

AMB: I had in charge to do it to himself.

GONORILL: [To herself.] It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.
How doth my sister brook the air of France?

AMB: Exceeding well, and never sick one hour,
Since first she set her foot upon the shore. ... [18.40]

GONORILL: I am the more sorry.

AMB: I hope, not so, Madam.

GONORILL: Didst thou not say, that she was ever sick,
Since the first hour that she arrived there?

AMB: No, Madam, I said quite contrary.

GONORILL: Then I mistook thee.

CORNWALL: Then she is merry, if she have her health.

AMB: Oh no, her grief exceeds, until the time,
That she be reconciled unto her father.

GONORILL: God continue it. ... [18.50]

AMB: What, madam?

GONORILL: Why, her health.

AMB: Amen to that: but God release her grief,
And send her father in a better mind,
Than to continue always so unkind.

CORNWALL: I'll be a mediator in her cause,
And seek all means to expiate his wrath.

AMB: Madam, I hope your Grace will do the like.

GONORILL: Should I be a mean to exasperate his wrath
Against my sister, whom I love so dear? no, no. ... [18.60]

AMB: To expiate or mitigate his wrath:
For he hath misconveyed without a cause.

GONORILL: O, Aye, what else?

AMB: Tis pity it should be so, would it were otherwise.

GONORILL: It were great pity it should be otherwise.

AMB: Then how, Madam?

GONORILL: Then that they should be reconciled again.

AMB: It shows you bear an honorable mind.

GONORILL: It shows thy understanding to be blind,
[Speaks to herself.]
And that thou hadst need of an Interpreter: ... [18.70]
Well, I will know thy message er't be long,
And find a mean to cross it, if I can.

CORNWALL: Come in, my friend, and frolic in our Court,
Till certain notice of my father come. [Exeunt.]

Scene 19
[Enter Leir and Perillus.]

PERILLUS: My Lord, you are up today before your hour,
Tis news to you to be abroad so rathe.

LEIR: Tis news indeed, I am so extreme heavy,
That I can scarcely keep my eyelids open.

PERILLUS: And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner than we use to do.

LEIR: Hither my daughter means to come disguised:
I'll sit me down, and read until she come.
[Pull out a book and sit down.]

PERILLUS: She'll not be long, I warrant you, my Lord:
But say, a couple of these they call good fellows, ... [19.10]
Should step out of a hedge, and set upon us,
We were in good case for to answer them.

LEIR: 'Twere not for us to stand upon our hands.

PERILLUS: I fear, we scant should stand upon our legs.
But how should we do to defend ourselves?

LEIR: Even pray to God, to bless us from their hands:
For fervent prayer much ill hap withstands.

PERILLUS: I'll sit and pray with you for company;
Yet was I ne're so heavy in my life.
[They fall both asleep. Enter the Messenger or murderer
with two daggers in his hands.]

MESS: Were it not a mad jest, if two or three of my ... [19.20]
profession should meet me, and lay me down in a ditch, and
play rob thief with me, & perforce take my gold away
from me, whilest I act this stratagem, and by this means
the gray-beards should escape? Faith, when I were at liberty
again, I would make no more to do, but go to the next tree,
and there hang myself. [See them and start.]
But stay, me thinks, my youths are here already,
And with pure zeal have prayed themselves asleep.
I think, they know to what intent they came,
And are provided for another world. [He takes their books away.] ... [19.30]
Now could I stab them bravely, while they sleep,
And in a manner put them to no pain;
And doing so, I showed them mighty friendship:
For fear of death is worse than death itself.
But that my sweet Queen willed me for to show
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Mass, they begin to stir: I'll stand aside;
So shall I come upon them unawares. [They wake and rise.]

LEIR: I marvel, that my daughter stays so long.

PERILLUS: I fear, we did mistake the place, my Lord. ... [19.40]

LEIR: God grant we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,

As much amazeth me to think thereof.

PERILLUS: Fear not, my Lord, dreams are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the brain.

MESS: Persuade him so; but I'll make him and you.
Confess, that dreams do often prove too true.

PERILLUS: I pray, my Lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go near to guess what it pretends.

MESS: Leave that to me, I will expound the dream. ... [19.50]

LEIR: Me thought, my daughters Gonorill & Ragan,
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Each brandishing a Falchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a limb off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poniard,
Wherewith they stabbed me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead:
But then my youngest daughter, fair Cordella,
Came with a box of Balsam in her hand,
And poured it into my bleeding wounds, ... [19.60]
By whose good means I was recovered well,
In perfect health, as erst I was before:
And with the fear of this I did awake,
And yet for fear my feeble joints do quake.

MESS: I'll make you quake for something presently.
Stand, Stand. [They reel.]

LEIR: We do, my friend, although with much ado.

MESS: Deliver, deliver.

PERILLUS: Deliver us, good Lord, from such as he.

MESS: You should have prayed before, while it was time, ... [19.70]
And then perhaps, you might have scaped my hands:
But you, like faithful watchmen, fell asleep,
The whilst I came and took your Halberds from you.
[Show their Books.]
And now you want your weapons of defense,
How have you any hope to be delivered?
This comes, because you have no better stay,
But fall asleep, when you should watch and pray.

LEIR: My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

MESS: Sblood, how the old slave claws me by the elbow!
He thinks, belike, to scape by scaping thus. ... [19.80]

PERILLUS: And it may be, are in some need of money.

MESS: That to be false, behold my evidence. [Shows his purses.]

LEIR: If that I have will do thee any good,
I give it thee, even with a right good will. [Take it.]

PERILLUS: Here, take mine too, & wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.
[Take his, and weigh them both in his hands.]

MESS: I'll none of them, they are too light for me.
[Puts them in his pocket.]

LEIR: Why then farewell: and if thou have occasion,
In anything, to use me to the Queen,
'Tis like enough that I can pleasure thee. ... [19.90]
[They proffer to go.]

MESS: Do you hear, do you hear, sir?
If I had occasion to use you to the Queen,
Would you do one thing for me that I should ask?

LEIR: Aye, anything that lies within my power.
Here is my hand upon it, so farewell. [Proffer to go.]

MESS: Hear you sir, hear you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this gear,
You will recant from all that you have said. ... [19.100]

PERILLUS: Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.

MESS: I know he is, and therefore mean to try him:
You are his friend too, I must try you both.

AMB: Prithy do, prithy do. [Proffer to go out.]

MESS: Stay gray-beards then, and prove men of your words:
The Queen hath tied me by a solemn oath,
Here in this place to see you both dispatched:
Now for the safeguard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill yourselves: ... [19.110]
So shall you save me labor for to do it,

And prove yourselves true old men of your words.
And here I vow in sight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I live again.

LEIR: Affright us not with terror, good my friend,
Nor strike such fear into our aged hearts.
Play not the Cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a prey:
But if thou art marked for the man of death
To me and to my Damien, tell me plain, ... [19.120]
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make ourselves fit for the world to come.

MESS: I am the last of any mortal race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To give a final period to your days,
Which are so wicked, and have lived so long,
That your own children seek to short your life.

LEIR: Camst thou from France, of purpose to do this?

MESS: From France? zoons, do I look like a Frenchman? ... [19.130]
Sure I have not mine own face on; somebody hath changed
faces with me, and I know not of it: But I am sure, my apparel
is all English. Sirra, what meanest thou to ask that question?
I could spoil the fashion of this face for anger. A French face!

LEIR: Because my daughter, whom I have offended,
And at whose hands I have deserved as ill,
As ever any father did of child,
Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me,
But unto God, who my injustice see.
If it be so, that she doth seek revenge, ... [19.140]
As with good reason she may justly do,
I will most willingly resign my life,
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
I never will entreat thee to forgive,
Because I am unworthy for to live.
Therefore speak soon, & I will soon make speed:
Whether Cordella willed thee do this deed?

MESS: As I am a perfect gentleman, thou speakst French to me:
I never heard Cordella's name before,
Nor never was in France in all my life: ... [19.150]
I never knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst prove so unkind a churl:
But thy own tongue declares that thou hast been
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous sin.

LEIR: Ah no, my friend, thou art deceived much:
For her except, whom I confess I wronged,
Through doting frenzy, and o'er-jealous love.
There lives not any under heaven's bright eye,
That can convict me of impiety.
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the mark: ... [19.160]
For I am in true peace with all the world.

MESS: You are the fitter for the King of heaven:
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspense,
Know thou, the Queens of Cambria and Cornwall,
Thy own two daughters, Gonorill and Ragan,
Appointed me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then persuade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy own issue hold thee in such hate,
That they have hired me t'abridge thy fate, ... [19.170]
Oh, fie upon such vile dissembling breath,
That would deceive, even at the point of death.

PERILLUS: Am I awake, or it is but a dream?

MESS: Fear nothing, man, thou art but in a dream,
And thou shalt never wake until doomsday,
By then, I hope, thou wilt have slept enough.

LEIR: Yet, gentle friend, grant one thing ere I die.

MESS: I'll grant you anything, except your lives.

LEIR: Oh, but assure me by some certain token,
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed: ... [19.180]
If I were once resolved of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.

MESS: That to be true, in sight of heaven I swear.

LEIR: Swear not by heaven, for fear of punishment:
The heavens are guiltless of such heinous acts.

MESS: I swear by earth, the mother of us all.

LEIR: Swear not by earth; for she abhors to bear
Such bastards, as are murderers of her sons.

MESS: Why then, by hell, and all the devils I swear.

LEIR: Swear not by hell; for that stands gaping wide, ... [19.190]

To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.
[Thunder and lightning.]

MESS: I would that word were in his belly again,
It hath frightened me even to the very heart:
This old man is some strong Magician:
His words have turned my mind from this exploit.
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell be witness;
But let this paper witness for them all. [Shows Gonorill's letter.]
Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?
Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?
I will not crack my credit with two Queens, ... [19.200]
To whom I have already passed my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heaven's hate, earth's scorn, and pains of hell.
[They bless themselves.]

PERILLUS: Oh just Jehova, whose almighty power
Doth govern all things in this spacious world,
How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts
To be committed without just revenge?
O viperous generation and accurst,
To seek his blood, whose blood did make them first!

LEIR: Ah, my true friend in all extremity, ... [19.210]
Let us submit us to the will of God:
Things past all sense, let us not seek to know;
It is God's will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,
Even from the very bottom of my heart.

MESS: But I am not prepared for to strike.

LEIR: Farewell, Perillus, even the truest friend,
That ever lived in adversity:
The latest kindness I'll request of thee, ... [19.220]
Is that thou go unto my daughter Cordella,
And carry her her father's latest blessing:
Withal desire her, that she will forgive me;
For I have wronged her without any cause.
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,
And die, I hope, in perfect charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I have lived too long.

MESS: Aye, but you are unwise, to send an errand
By him that never meaneth to deliver it:
Why, he must go along with you to heaven: ... [19.230]
It were not good you should go all alone.

LEIR: No doubt, he shall, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender up his due to death:
But that time shall not come, till God permit.

MESS: Nay, presently, to bear you company.
I have a Passport for him in my pocket,
Already sealed, and he must needs ride Post.
[Show a bag of money.]

LEIR: The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

MESS: Aye, but the Queen commands it must be so, ... [19.240]
And I am paid for him, as well as you.

PERILLUS: I, who have born you company in life,
Most willingly will bear a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

MESS: Mary, but it doth, sir, by your leave; your good days
are past: though it be no matter for you, tis a matter for me,
proper men are not so rife.

PERILLUS: Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Upon the high anointed of the Lord: ... [19.250]
O, be advised ere thou dost begin:
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.

LEIR: Friend, thy commission is to deal with me,
And I am he that hath deserved all:
The plot was laid to take away my life:
And here it is, I do entreat thee take it:
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:
I brought him forth, whereas he had not been,
But for good will to bear me company. ... [19.260]
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and die,
Who is the cause of it, but only I?

MESS: Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

LEIR: O no, tis I. O, had I now to give thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To save his life, I would bestow it on thee:
But I have nothing but these tears and prayers,

And the submission of a bended knee. [Kneel.] ... [19.270]
O, if all this to mercy move thy mind,
Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.

MESS: I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet me
thinks the strength of their persuasions stirs me a little.

PERILLUS: My friend, if fear of the almighty power
Have power to move thee, we have said enough:
But if thy mind be movable with gold,
We have not presently to give it thee:
Yet to thyself thou mayst do greater good,
To keep thy hands still undefiled from blood: ... [19.280]
For do but well consider with thyself,
When thou hast finished this outrageous act,
What horror still will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this again, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the Butcher of their father,
When it is done, for fear it should be known,
Would make a means to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chains
Of everlasting torments to endure,
Even in the hottest hole of grisly hell, ... [19.290]
Such pains, as never mortal tongue can tell.
[It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the Dagger next to Perillus.]

LEIR: O, heavens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.
[He lets fall the other dagger.]

PERILLUS: Oh, happy sight! he means to save my Lord.
The King of heaven continue this good mind.

LEIR: Why stayst thou to do execution?

MESS: I am as willful as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do entreat me.

PERILLUS: Ah, now I see thou hast some spark of grace.

MESS: Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me: ... [19.300]
The parlosest old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, I'll not meddle with you:
Here I found you, and here I'll leave you:
If any ask you why the case so stands?
Say that your tongues were better than your hands.
[Exit Messenger.]

PERILLUS: Farewell. If ever we together meet,

It shall go hard, but I will thee regreet.
Courage, my Lord, the worst is overpast;
Let us give thanks to God, and high us hence.

LEIR: Thou are deceived; for I am past the best, ... [19.310]
And know not whither for to go from hence:
Death had been better welcome unto me,
Than longer life to add more misery.

PERILLUS: It were not good to return from whence we came,
Unto your daughter Ragan back again.
Now let us go to France, unto Cordella,
Your youngest daughter, doubtless she will succor you.

LEIR: Oh, how can I persuade myself of that,
Since the other two are quite devoid of love;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts, ... [19.320]
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing else?

PERILLUS: No worldly gifts, but grace from God on high,
Doth nourish virtue and true charity.
Remember well what words Cordella spake,
What time you asked her, how she loved your Grace.
She said, her love unto you was as much,
As ought a child to bear unto her father.

LEIR: But she did find, my love was not to her,
As should a father bear unto a child.

PERILLUS: That makes not her love to be any less, ... [19.330]
If she do love you as a child should do:
You have tried two, try one more for my sake.
I'll ne're entreat you further trial make.
Remember well the dream you had of late,
And think what comfort it foretells to us.

LEIR: Come, truest friend, that ever man possessed,
O know thou counsel'st all things for the best:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my desert. [Exeunt.]

Scene 20
[Enter Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.]

AMB: There is of late news come unto the Court,
That old Lord Leir remains in Cambria:
I'll hie me thither presently, to impart
My letters and my message unto him.
I never was less welcome to a place

In all my life time, than I have been hither,
Especially unto the stately Queen,
Who would not cast one gracious look on me,
But still with low'ring and suspicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I spake, ... [20.10]
And fain she would have undermined me,
To know what my Ambassage did import:
But she is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) she'll hav't in all things else.
Well, I will post away for Cambria:
Within these few days I hope to be there. [Exit.]

Scene 21
[Enter the King and Queen of Gallia, & Mumford.]

KING: By this, our father understands our mind,
And our kind greetings sent to him of late:
Therefore my mind presageth ere't be long,
We shall receive from Britain happy news.

CORDELLA: I fear, my sister will dissuade his mind;
For she to me hath always been unkind.

KING: Fear not, my love, since that we know the worst,
The last means helps, if that we miss the first:
If he'll not come to Gallia unto us,
Then we will sail to Britain unto him. ... [21.10]

MUMFORD: Well, if I once see Britain again,
I have sworn, I'll ne're come home without my wench,
And I'll not be forsworn,
I'll rather never come home while I live.

CORDELLA: Are you sure, Mumford, she is a maid still?

MUMFORD: Nay, I'll not swear she is a maid, but she goes for one:
I'll take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

CORDELLA: Aye, that's well put in.

MUMFORD: Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Been as well put in, as ere I put in my days, ... [21.20]
I would have made her follow me to France.

CORDELLA: Nay, you'd have been so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were I as she,
I would have been so loving, as I'd stay behind you:
Yet I must confess, you are a very proper man,

And able to make a wench do more than she would do.

MUMFORD: Well, I have a pair of slops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

KING: Nay, we see you have a handsome hose.

CORDELLA: Aye, and of the newest fashion. ... [21.30]

MUMFORD: More bobs, more: put them in still,
They'll serve instead of bombast; yet put not in too many,
lest the seams crack, and they fly out amongst you again:
you must not think to outface me so easily in my mistress' quarrel,
who if I see once again, ten team of horses shall
not draw me away, till I have full and whole possession.

KING: Aye, but one team and a cart will serve the turn.

CORDELLA: Not only for him, but also for his wench.

MUMFORD: Well, you are two to one, I'll give you over:
And since I see you so pleasantly disposed, ... [21.40]
Which indeed is but seldom seen, I'll claim
A promise of you, which you shall not deny me:
For promise is debt, & by this hand you promised it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
Or I'll sue you upon an action of unkindness.

KING: Prithy, Lord Mumford, what promise did I make thee?

MUMFORD: Faith, nothing but this,
That the next fair weather, which is very now,
You would go in progress down to the seaside,
Which is very near. ... [21.50]

KING: Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,
And be a mediator to my Queen.
Prithy, my Love, let this match go forward,
My mind foretells, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

CORDELLA: Entreaty needs not, where you may command,
So you be pleased, I am right well content:
Yet, as the Sea I much desire to see,
So am I most unwilling to be seen.

KING: We'll go disguised, all unknown to any.

CORDELLA: Howsoever you make one, I'll make another. ... [21.60]

MUMFORD: And I the third: oh, I am overjoyed!
See what love is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtain!
But what disguises shall we have, my Lord?

KING: Faith thus: my Queen and I will be disguised,
Like a plain country couple, and you shall be Roger
Our man, and wait upon us: or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wait on you.

MUMFORD: 'Twere more than time; this device is excellent.
Come let us about it. [Exeunt.] ... [21.70]
Scene 22
[Enter Cambria and Ragan with Nobles.]

CAMBRIA: What strange mischance or unexpected hap
Hath thus deprived us of our father's presence?
Can no man tell us what's become of him,
With whom we did converse not two days since?
My Lords, let everywhere light-horse be sent,
To scour about through all our Regiment.
Dispatch a Post immediately to Cornwall,'
To see if any news be of him there;
Myself will make a strict inquiry here,
And all about our Cities near at hand, ... [22.10]
Till certain news of his abode be brought.

RAGAN: All sorrow is but counterfeit to mine,
Whose lips are almost sealed up with grief:
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seem
To weep the loss, which tears cannot redeem.
O, ne're was heard so strange a misadventure,
A thing so far beyond the reach of sense,
Since no man's reason in the cause can enter.
What hath removed my father thus from hence?
O, I do fear some charm or invocation ... [22.20]
Of wicked spirits, or infernal fiends,
Stirred by Cordella, moves this innovation,
And brings my father timeless to his end.
But might I know, that the detested Witch
Were certain cause of this uncertain ill,
Myself to France would go in some disguise,
And with these nails scratch out her hateful eyes:
For since I am deprived of my father,
I loath my life, and with my death the rather.

CAMBRIA: The heavens are just, and hate impiety, ... [22.30]
And will (no doubt) reveal such heinous crimes:
Censure not any, till you know the right:

Let him be Judge, that bringeth truth to light.

RAGAN: O, but my grief, like to a swelling tide,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my tongue so much,
To conceal them, whom I hold in suspect.

CAMBRIA: This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand Frances shall not harbor her.
[Enter the Gallian Ambassador.]

AMB: All happiness unto the Cambrian King. ... [22.40]

CAMBRIA: Welcome, my friend, from whence is thy Ambassage?

AMB: I came from Gallia, unto Cornwall sent,
With letters to your honorable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repair.

RAGAN: Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?

AMB: My letters, Madam, will import the same,
Which my Commission is for to deliver.

RAGAN: In his absence you may trust us with your letters.

AMB: I must perform my charge in such a manner, ... [22.50]
As I have strict commandment from the King.

RAGAN: There is good packing twixt your King and you:
You need not hither come to ask for him,
You know where he is better than ourselves.

AMB: Madam, I hope, not far off.

RAGAN: Hath the young murd'ress, your outrageous Queen,
No means to color her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltless father's days,
(Because he gave her nothing of a dower)
But by the color of a feigned Ambassage, ... [22.60]
To send him letters hither to our Court?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keep their scrolls unto themselves:
They cannot blind us with such slight excuse,
To smother up so monstrous vild abuse.
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of Arms,
To offer violence to a Messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thyself,

As should enforce thee to reveal the truth.

AMB: Madam, your threats no whit appall my mind, ... [22.70]
I know my conscience guiltless of this act;
My King and Queen, I dare be sworn, are free
From any thought of such impiety:
And therefore, Madam, you have done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sisters love,
Who in mere duty tender him as much,
As ever you respected him for dower.
The King your husband will not say as much.

CAMBRIA: I suspend my judgment for a time,
Till more apparance give us further light: ... [22.80]
Yet to be plain, your coming doth enforce
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do resemble, to be brief,
Him that first robs, and then cries, Stop the thief.

AMB: Pray God some near you have not done the like.

RAGAN: Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to us.
[She strikes him.]
For law of Arms shall not protect thy tongue.

AMB: Ne're was I offered such discourtesy;
God and my King, I trust, ere it be long,
Will find a mean to remedy this wrong. [Exit Amb.] ... [22.90]

RAGAN: How shall I live, to suffer this disgrace,
At every base and vulgar peasants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperial state,
To be thus used, and no man to take my part. [She weeps.]

CAMBRIA: What should I do? infringe the law of Arms,
Were to my everlasting obloquy:
But I will take revenge upon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude us thus.

RAGAN: Nay, if you put up with this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father is thus made away, ... [22.100]
She'll come & claim a third part of your Crown,
As due unto her by inheritance.

CAMBRIA: But I will prove her title to be nought
But shame, and the reward of Parricide,
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am Cambria's King,

Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.
Come, first let's learn what news is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits. [Exeunt.] ... [22.110]

Scene 23
[Enter Leir, Perillus, and two Mariners, in sea-gowns and sea-caps.]

PERILLUS: My honest friends, we are ashamed to show
The great extremity of our present state,
In that at this time we are brought so low,
That we want money for to pay our passage.
The truth is so, we met with some good fellows,
A little before we came aboard your ship,
Which stripped us quite of all the coin we had,
And left us not a penny in our purses:
Yet wanting money, we will use the mean,
To see you satisfied to the uttermost. [Look on Lear.] ... [23.10]

1 MAR: Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing well,
I should be fine in it. [Look on Perillus.]

2 MAR: Here's a good cloak, I marvel how I should look in it.

LEIR: Faith, had we others to supply their room,
Though ne'er so mean, you willingly should have them.

1 MAR: Do you hear, sir? you look like an honest man;
I'll not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strong motley
gabardine, cost me xiiii. good shillings at Billingsgate; give
me your gown for it, & your cap for mine, & I'll forgive
your passage. ... [23.20]

LEIR: With all my heart, and xx. thanks. [Leir & he changeth.]

2 MAR: Do you hear, sir? you shall have a better match
than he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheeps
russet sea-gown, will bide more stress, I warrant you,
than two of his, yet for you seem to be an honest gentleman,
I am content to change it for your cloak, and ask you
nothing for your passage more. [Pull off Perillus cloak.]

PERILLUS: My own I willingly would change with thee,
And think myself indebted to thy kindness:
But would my friend might keep his garment still. ... [23.30]
My friend, I'll give thee this new doublet, if thou wilt
Restore his gown unto him him back again.

1 MAR: Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eat powdered
beef and mustard more, nor drink Can of good liquor whilst

I live. My friend, you have small reason to seek to hinder me
of my bargain: but the best is, a bargain's a bargain.

LEIR: Kind friend, it is much better as it is; [Leir to Perillus.]
For by this means we may escape unknown,
Til time and opportunity do fit.

2 MAR: Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together, ... [23.40]
They'll repent them of their bargain anon,
'Twere best for us to go while we are well.

1 MAR: God be with you, sir, for your passage back again,
I'll use you as unreasonable as another.

LEIR: I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
With us, when we come back again. [Exeunt Mariners.]
Were ever men in this extremity,
In a strange country, and devoid of friends,
And not a penny for to help ourselves?
Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of us? ... [23.50]

PERILLUS: Be of good cheer, my Lord, I have a doublet,
Will yield us money enough to serve our turns,
Until we come unto your daughter's Court:
And then, I hope, we shall find friends enough.

LEIR: Ah, kind Perillus, that is it I fear,
And makes me faint, or ever I come there.
Can kindness spring out of ingratitude?
Or love be reaped, where hatred hath been sown?
Can Henbane join in league with Mithridate?
Or Sugar grow in Wormwood's bitter stalk? ... [23.60]
It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindness here.
I have thrown Wormwood on the sugared youth,
And like to Henbane poisoned the Fount,
Whence flowed the Mithridate of a child's good will:
I, like an envious thorn, have pricked the heart,
And turned sweet Grapes, to sour unrelished Sloes:
The causeless ire of my respectless breast,
Hath soured the sweet milk of dame Nature's paps:
My bitter words have galled her honey thoughts, ... [23.70]
And weeds of rancor choked the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?

PERILLUS: Fear not, my Lord, the perfect good indeed,
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new fresh vessel still retains the taste

Of that which first is poured into the same:
And therefore, though you name yourself the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane & the wormwood;
Yet she'll continue in her former state, ... [23.80]
The honey milk, Grape, Sugar, Mithridate.

LEIR: Thou pleasing Orator unto me in woe,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speeches:
O join with me, and think of nought but crosses,
And then we'll one lament another's losses.

PERILLUS: Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better than for to despair:
Then hazard death, which may convert to life;
Banish despair, which brings a thousand deaths.

LEIR: Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yield, ... [23.90]
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yieldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yield the like unto thy body,
Which is full weak, I know, and ill-apaid
For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

PERILLUS: Alack, my Lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.

LEIR: Come, let us go, and see what God will send;
When all means fail, he is the surest friend. [Exeunt.]

Scene 24
[Enter the Gallian King and Queen, and Mumford,
with a basket, disguised like Country folk.]

KING: This tedious journey all on foot, sweet Love,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender joints,
Which ne're were used to these toilsome walks.

CORDELLA: I never in my life took more delight
In any journey, than I do in this:
It did me good, when as we happed to light
Amongst the merry crew of country folk,
To see what industry and pains they took,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.
Lord, how they labor to bestir themselves, ... [24.10]
And in their quirks to go beyond the Moon,
And so take on them with such antic fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits!
Come away, Roger, with your basket.

MUMFORD: Soft, Dame, here comes a couple of old youths,
I must needs make myself fat with jesting at them.
[Enter Leir & Perillus very faintly.]

CORDELLA: Nay, prithy do not, they do seem to be
Men much o'ergone with grief and misery.
Let's stand aside, and hearken what they say.

LEIR: Ah, my Perillus, now I see we both ... [24.20]
Shall end our days in this unfruitful soil.
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort us, until we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our luckless steps
Unto a place where any comfort dwells.
Sweet rest betide unto our happy souls;
For here I see our bodies must have end.

PERILLUS: Ah, my dear Lord, how doth my heart lament, ... [24.30]
To see you brought to this extremity!
O, if you love me, as you do profess,
Or ever thought well of me in my life, [He strips up his arms.]
Feed on this flesh, whose veins are not so dry,
But there is virtue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
I'll smile for joy, to see you suck my blood.

LEIR: I am no Cannibal, that I should delight
To slake my hungry jaws with human flesh:
I am no devil, or ten times worse than so, ... [24.40]
To suck the blood of such a peerless friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life
So dearly, as I do thy loyal love.
Ah, Britain, I shall never see thee more,
That hast unkindly banished thy King:
And yet thou dost not make me to complain,
But they which were more near to me than thou.

CORDELLA: What do I hear? this lamentable voice,
Me thinks, ere now I often times have heard.

LEIR: Ah, Gonorill, was half my Kingdom's gift ... [24.50]
The cause that thou didst seek to have my life?
Ah, cruel Ragan, did I give thee all,
And all could not suffice without my blood?
Ah, poor Cordella, did I give thee nought,
Nor never shall be able for to give?
O, let me warn all ages that ensueth,

How they trust flattery, and reject the trueth.
Well, unkind Girls, I here forgive you both,
Yet the just heavens will hardly do the like;
And only crave forgiveness at the end ... [24.60]
Of good Cordella, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whose Majesty I have offended,
By my transgression many thousand ways:
Of her, dear heart, whom I for no occasion
Turned out of all, through flatterers persuasion:
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst never come unto this place of woe.

CORDELLA: Alack, that ever I should live to see
My noble father in this misery.

KING: Sweet Love, reveal not what thou art as yet, ... [24.70]
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

CORDELLA: O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,
How near they are to death for want of food?

PERILLUS: Lord, which didst help thy servants at their need,
Or now or never send us help with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my Lord: be of good cheer:
For I see comfort coming very near.
O my Lord, a banquet, and men and women!

LEIR: O, let kind pity mollify their hearts, ... [24.80]
That they may help us in our great extremes.

PERILLUS: God save your, friends; & if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Even for his sake that saved us all from death,
Vouchsafe to save us from the gripe of famine.
[She bringeth him to the table.]

CORDELLA: Here father, sit and eat, here, sit & drink:
And would it were far better for your sakes.
[Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.]

PERILLUS: I'll give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,
And needeth present comfort. [Leir drinks.]

MUMFORD: I warrant, he ne're stays to say grace: ... [24.90]
O, there's no sauce to a good stomach.

PERILLUS: The blessed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

LEIR: The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folk,
By whose humanity we are preserved.
[They eat hungerly, Leir drinks.]

CORDELLA: And may that draught be unto him, as was
That which old Aeson drank, which did renew
His withered age, and made him young again.
And may that meat be unto him, as was
That which Elias ate, in strength whereof
He walked forty days, and never fainted. ... [24.100]
Shall I conceal me longer from my father?
Or shall I manifest myself to him?

KING: Forbear a while, until his strength return,
Lest being overjoyed with seeing thee,
His poor weak senses should forsake their office,
And so our cause of joy be turned to sorrow.

PERILLUS: What cheer, my Lord? how do you feel yourself?

LEIR: Methinks, I never saw such savory meat:
It is as pleasant as the blessed Manna,
That rained from heaven amongst the Israelites: ... [24.110]
It hath recalled my spirits home again,
And made me fresh, as erst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindness?

PERILLUS: In faith, I know not how sufficiently;
But the best mean that I can think on, is this:
I'll offer them my doublet in requital;
For we have nothing else to spare.

LEIR: Nay, stay, Perillus, for they shall have mine.

PERILLUS: Pardon, my Lord, I swear they shall have mine.
[Perillus proffers his doublet: they will not take it.]

LEIR: Ah, who would think such kindness should remain ... [24.120]
Among such strange and unacquainted men:
And that such hate should harbor in the breast
Of those, which have occasion to be best?

CORDELLA: Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grief,
I'll sorrow with thee, if not add relief.

LEIR: Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so,
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

CORDELLA: Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?

LEIR: No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,
By showing myself too much unnatural: ... [24.130]
So have I lost the title of a father,
And may be called a stranger to her rather.

CORDELLA: Your title's good still: for tis always known,
A man may do as him list with his own.
But have you but one daughter then in all?

LEIR: Yes, I have more by two, than would I had.

CORDELLA: O, say not so, but rather see the end:
They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:
But how have they offended you so much?

LEIR: If from the first, I should relate the cause, ... [24.140]
'Twould make a heart of Adamant to weep;
And thou, poor soul, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weep already, ere I do begin.

CORDELLA: For God's love tell it, and when you have done,
I'll tell the reason why I weep so soon.

LEIR: Then know this first, I am a Britain born,
And had three daughters by one loving wife:
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matched could be: ... [24.150]
On these I doted with a jealous love,
And thought to try which of them loved me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me?
The first and second flattered me with words,
And vowed they loved me better than their lives:
The youngest said, she loved me as a child
Might do: her answer I esteemed most vild,
And presently in an outrageous mood,
I turned her from me to go sink or swim:
And all I had, even to the very clothes, ... [24.160]
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And she that best deserved the greatest share,
I gave her nothing, but disgrace and care.
Now mark the sequel: When I had done thus,
I sojourned in my eldest daughter's house,
Where for a time I was entreated well,
And lived in state sufficing my content:
But every day her kindness did grow cold,
Which I with patience put up well enough,
And seemed not to see the things I saw: ... [24.170]

But at the last she grew so far incensed
With moody fury, and with causeless hate,
That in most vild and contumelious terms,
She bade me pack, and harbor somewhere else.
Then was I fain for refuge to repair
Unto my other daughter for relief,
Who gave me pleasing and most courteous words;
But in her actions showed herself so sore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayed me in a morning out betime, ... [24.180]
To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,
Pointing that there she would come talk with me:
There she had set a shag-haired murd'ring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then judge yourself, although my tale be brief,
If ever may had greater cause of grief.

KING: Nor never like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

LEIR: And now I am constrained to seek relief
Of her, to whom I have been so unkind; ... [24.190]
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confess she pays me but my due:
But if she show a loving daughter's part,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

CORDELLA: No doubt she will, I dare be sworn she will.

LEIR: How know you that, not knowing what she is?

CORDELLA: Myself a father have a great way hence,
Used me as ill as ever you did her;
Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
I'd creep along, to meet him on my knee. ... [24.200]

LEIR: O, no men's children are unkind but mine.

CORDELLA: Condemn not all, because of other's crime:
But look, dear father, look behold and see
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee. [She kneels.]

LEIR: O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,
And ask forgiveness for my former faults. [He kneels.]

CORDELLA: O, if you wish, I should enjoy my breath,
Dear father rise, or I receive my death. [He riseth.]

LEIR: Then I will rise to satisfy your mind,

But kneel again, til pardon be resigned. [He kneels.] ... [24.210]

CORDELLA: I pardon you: the word beseems not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee.
You gave me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had never been.

LEIR: But you gave life to me and to my friend,
Whose days had else had an untimely end.

CORDELLA: You brought me up, when as I was but young,
And far unable for to help myself.

LEIR: I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far unable for to help thyself. ... [24.220]

CORDELLA: God, world and nature say I do you wrong,
That can endure to see you kneel so long.

PERILLUS: Let me break off this loving controversy,
Which doth rejoice my very soul to see.
Good father, rise, she is your loving daughter, [He riseth.]
And honors you with as respective duty,
As if you were the Monarch of the world.

CORDELLA: But I will never rise from off my knee, [She kneels.]
Until I have your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way ... [24.230]
From my first birth unto this present day.

LEIR: The blessing, which the God of Abraham gave
Unto the tribe of Juda, light on thee,
And multiply thy days, that thou mayst see
Thy children's children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are just none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgive below. [She riseth.]

CORDELLA: Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leap
Within my breast, for joy of this good hap:
And now (dear father) welcome to our Court, ... [24.240]
And welcome (kind Perillus) unto me,
Mirror of virtue and true honesty.

LEIR: O, he hath been the kindest friend to me,
That ever man had in adversity.

PERILLUS: My tongue doth fail, to say what heart doth think,
I am so ravished with exceeding joy.

KING: All you have spoke: now let me speak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude: [He kneels.]
If ere my heart do harbor any joy,
Or true content repose within my breast, ... [24.250]
Till I have rooted out this viperous sect,
And repossessed my father of his crown,
Let me be counted for the perjurdst man,
That ever spake word since the world began. [Rise.]

MUMFORD: Let me pray too, that never prayed before; [Mumford kneels.]
If ere I resalute the British earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do presume I shall)
And do return from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompense. [Rise.]

KING: Come, let's to arms for to redress this wrong: ... [24.260]
Till I am there, me thinks, the time seems long. [Exeunt.]

Scene 25
[Enter Ragan sola.]

RAGAN: I feel a hell of conscience in my breast,
Tormenting me with horror for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For fear the world should find my dealing out.
The slave whom I appointed for the act,
I ne're set eye upon the peasant since:
O, could I get him for to make him sure,
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
But if the old men, with persuasive words,
Have saved their lives, and made him to relent; ... [25.10]
Then are they fled unto the Court of France,
And like a Trumpet manifest my shame.
A shame on these white-livered slaves, say I,
That with fair words so soon are overcome.
O God, that I had been but made a man;
Or that my strength were equal with my will!
These foolish men are nothing but mere pity,
And melt as butter doth against the Sun.
Why should they have preeminence over us,
Since we are creatures of more brave resolve? ... [25.20]
I swear, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartless men in Christendom.
A pox upon them, when they are afraid
To give a stab, or slit a paltry Windpipe,
Which are so easy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the slave would serve me so,
Myself would have been executioner:
Tis now undone, and if that it be known,

I'll make as good shift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it stands, ... [25.30]
'Twere best for him to keep him from my hands. [Exit.]

Scene 26
[Sound Drums & Trumpets: Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford and the army.]

KING: Thus have we brought our army to the sea,
Whereas our ships are ready to receive us:
The wind stands fair, and we in four hours sail
May easily arrive on British shore,
Where unexpected we may them surprise,
And gain a glorious victory with ease.
Wherefore, my loving Countrymen, resolve,
Since truth and justice fighteth on our sides,
That we shall march with conquest where we go.
Myself will be as forward as the first, ... [26.10]
And step-by-step march with the hardiest wight:
And not the meanest soldier in our Camp
Shall be in danger, but I'll second him.
To you, my Lord, we give the whole command
Of all the army, next unto ourself,
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valor in this needful case,
Encouraging the rest to do the like,
By your approved magnanimity.

MUMFORD: My Liege, tis needless to spur a willing horse, ... [26.20]
That's apt enough to run himself to death:
For here I swear by that sweet Saint's bright eye,
Which are the stars, which guide me to good hap,
Either to see my old Lord crowned anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

LEIR: Thanks, good Lord Mumford, tis more of your good will,
Than any merit or desert in me.

MUMFORD: And now to you, my worthy Countrymen,
Ye valiant race of Genovestan Gauls,
Surnamed Red-shanks, for your chivalry, ... [26.30]
Because you fight up to the shanks in blood;
Show yourselves now to be right Gauls indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as Gall.
Gall them, brave Shot, with your Artillery:
Gall them, brave Halberds, with your sharp-point Bills,
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of yourselves and Gaul.

KING: Then what should more persuasion need to those,
That rather wish to deal, than hear of blows? ... [26.40]
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In four hours' sail, I hope we shall be there.

MUMFORD: And in five hours more, I make no doubt,
But we shall bring our wished desires about. [Exeunt.]

Scene 27
[Enter a Captain of the watch, and two watchmen.]

CAPTAIN: My honest friends, it is your turn tonight,
To watch in this place, near about the Beacon,
And vigilantly have regard,
If any fleet of ships pass hitherward:
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The Beacon presently, and raise the town. [Exit.]

1 WATCH: Aye, aye, aye, fear nothing; we know our charge, I warrant: I have been a watchman about this Beacon this xxx. year, and yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

2 WATCH: Faith neighbor, and you'll follow my vice, ... [27.10] instead of watching the Beacon, we'll go to goodman Gennings, & watch a pot of Ale and a rasher of Bacon: and if we do not drink ourselves drunk, then so; I warrant, the Beacon will see us when we come out again.

1 WATCH: Aye, but how if somebody excuse us to the Captain?

2 WATCH: Tis no matter, I'll prove by good reason that we watch the Beacon: ass for example.

1 WATCH: I hope you do not call me ass by craft, neighbor.

2 WATCH: No, no, but for example: Say here stands the pot of ale, that's the Beacon.

1 WATCH: ~~~ Aye, Aye, tis a very good Beacon. ... [27.20]

2 WATCH: Well, say here stands your nose, that's the fire.

1 WATCH: Indeed I must confess, tis somewhat red.

2 WATCH: I see come marching in a dish, half a score pieces of salt Bacon.

1 WATCH: ~~~ I understand your meaning, that's as much to say, half a score ships.

2 WATCH: ~~~ True, you conster
right; presently, like a faithful watchman, I fire the
Beacon, and call up the town.

1 WATCH: Aye, that's as much as to say, you set your nose to
the pot, and drink up the drink.

2 WATCH: ~~~ You are in the right;
come, let's go fire the Beacon. [Exeunt.] ... [27.30]

Scene 28
[Enter the King of Gallia with a still march, Mumford & soldiers.]

KING: Now march our ensigns on the British earth,
And we are near approaching to the town:
Then look about you, valiant Countrymen,
And we shall finish this exploit with ease.
Th'inhabitants of this mistrustful place,
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure:
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Devoid of sense, new-waked from a dream,
That know not what our coming doth pretend,
Till they do feel our meaning on their skins: ... [28.10]
Therefore assail: God and our right for us. [Exeunt.]

Scene 29
[Alarum, with men and women half naked:
Enter two Captains without doublets, with swords.]

1 CAP: Where are these villains that were set to watch,
And fire the Beacon, if occasion served,
That thus have suffered us to be surprised,
And never given notice to the town?
We are betrayed, and quite devoid of hope,
By any means to fortify ourselves.

2 CAP: Tis ten to one the peasants are o'ercome with
drink and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1 CAP: A whirlwind carry them quick to a whirlpool,
That there the slaves may drink their bellies full. ... [29.10]

2 CAP: This tis, to have the Beacon so near the Ale-house.
[Enter the watchmen drunk, with each a pot.]

1 CAP: Out on ye, villains, whither run you now?

1 WATCH: To fire the town, and call up the Beacon.

2 WATCH: No, no, sir, to fire the Beacon. [He drinks.]

2 CAP: What, with a pot of ale, you drunken Rogues?

1 CAP: You'll fire the Beacon, when the town is lost:
I'll teach you how to tend your office better. [Draw to stab them.]
[Enter Mumford, Captains run away.]

MUMFORD: Yield, yield, yield. [He kicks down their pots.]

1 WATCH: Reel? no, we do not reel:
You may lack a pot of Ale ere you dye. ... [29.20]

MUMFORD: But in mean space, I answer, you want none.
Well, there's no dealing with you, y'are tall men, & well-weaponed,
I would there were no worse than you in the town. [Exit.]

2 WATCH: A speaks like an honest man; my cholers past already.
Come, neighbor, let's go.

1 WATCH: Nay, first let's see and we can stand. [Exeunt.]
[Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some half naked.]

Scene 30
[Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and soldiers, with the chief of the town bound.]

KING: Fear not, my friends, you shall receive no hurt,
If you'll subscribe unto your lawful King,
And quite revoke your fealty from Cambria,
And from aspiring Cornwall too, whose wives
Have practiced treason 'gainst their father's life.
We come in justice of your wronged King,
And do intend no harm at all to you,
So you submit unto your lawful King.

LEIR: Kind Countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,
I am constrained to use extremities. ... [30.10]

NOBLE: Long have you here been looked-for, good my Lord,
And wished-for by a general consent:
And had we known your Highness had arrived,
We had not made resistance to your Grace:
And now, my gracious Lord, you need not doubt,
But all the Country will yield presently,
Which since your absence have him greatly taxed,
For to maintain their over-swelling pride.
We'll presently send word to all our friends;

When they have notice, they will come apace. ... [30.20]

LEIR: Thanks, loving subjects; and thanks, worthy son,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my Lord,
Who willingly adventured have your blood,
(Without desert) to do me so much good.

MUMFORD: O, say no so:
I have been much beholding to your Grace:
I must confess, I have been in some skirmishes,
But I was never in the like to this:
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now encountered with naked women. ... [30.30]

CORDELLA: We that are feeble, and want use of Arms,
Will pray to God, to shield you from all harms.

LEIR: The while your hands do manage ceaseless toil,
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may have the foil.

PERILLUS: We'll fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,
That victory may prosecute the right.

KING: Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And add fresh vigor to my willing limbs: [Drum.]
But hark, I hear the adverse Drum approach.
God and our right, Saint Denis, and Saint George. ... [30.40]
[Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.]

CORNWALL: Presumptuous King of Gauls, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our British shore?
And more than that, to take our towns perforce,
And draw our subjects' hearts from their true King?
Be sure to buy it at as dear a price,
As ere you bought presumption in your lives.

KING: O'er-daring Cornwall, know, we came in right,
And just revengement of the wronged King,
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Have sought to murder and deprive of life: ... [30.50]
But God protected him from all their spite,
And we are come in justice of his right.

CAMBRIA: Nor he nor thou have any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slanders to our noble virtuous Queenes,
We'll in the battle thrust them down thy throat,
Except for fear of our revenging hands,
Thou fly to sea, as not secure on lands.

MUMFORD: Welshman, I'll so ferret you ere night for that word,
That you shall have no mind to crake so well this twelve-month. ... [30.60]

GONORILL: They lie, that say, we sought our father's death.

RAGAN: Tis merely forged for a color's sake,
To set a gloss on your invasion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to die,
Should be ashamed to broach so foul a lie.

CORDELLA: Fie, shameless sister, so devoid of grace,
To call our father liar to his face.

GONORILL: Peace (Puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt prove stark naught:
Anon, when as I have you in my fingers, ... [30.70]
I'll make you wish yourself in Purgatory.

PERILLUS: Nay, peace thou monster, shame unto thy sex:
Thou fiend in likeness of a human creature.

RAGAN: I never heard a fouler-spoken man.

LEIR: Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight than is a Toad.
Knowest thou these letters? [She snatches them & tears them.]

RAGAN: Think you to outface me with your paltry scrolls?
You come to drive my husband from his right,
Under the color of a forged letter. ... [30.80]

LEIR: Who ever heard the like impiety?

PERILLUS: You are our debtor of more patience:
We were more patient when we stayed for you,
Within the thicket two long hours and more.

RAGAN: What hours? what thicket?

PERILLUS: There, where you sent your servant with your letters,
Sealed with your hand, to send us both to heaven,
Where, as I think, you never mean to come.

RAGAN: Alas, you are grown a child again with age,
Or else your senses dote for want of sleep. ... [30.90]

PERILLUS: Indeed you made us rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleep where you bade us stay,

But never wake more till the latter day.

GONORILL: Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.

MUMFORD: Faith, and if you reason till to morrow,
You get no other answer at their hands.
Tis pity two such good faces
Should have so little grace between them.
Well let us see if their husbands with their hands,
Can do as much, as they do with their tongues. ... [30.100]

CAMBRIA: Aye, with their swords they'll make your tongue unsay
What they have said, or else they'll cut them out.

KING: To't, gallants, to't, let's not stand brawling thus.
[Exeunt both armies.]

Scene 31
[Sound alarum: excursions.
Mumford must chase Cambria away: then cease. Enter Cornwall.]

CORNWALL: The day is lost, our friends do all revolt,
And join against us with the adverse part:
There is no means of safety but by flight,
And therefore I'll to Cornwall with my Queen. [Exit.]
[Enter Cambria.]

CAMBRIA: I think, there is a devil in the Camp hath
haunted me today: he hath so tired me, that in a manner
I can fight no more. [Enter Mumford.]
Zounds, here he comes, I'll take me to my home.
[Mumford follows him to the door, and returns.]

MUMFORD: Farewell (Welshman) give thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble pair of legs: ... [31.10]
Thou art more in debt to them than to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once again today,
I'll cut them off, and set them to a better heart. [Exit.]

Scene 32
[Alarums and excursions, then sound victory.
Enter Leir, Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.]

KING: Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,
And you again possessed of your right.

LEIR: First to the heavens, next, thanks to you, my son,
By whose good means I repossess the same:
Which if it please you to accept yourself,

With all my heart I will resign to you:
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
First, have you raised, at your own charge, a power
Of valiant Soldiers; (this comes all from you)
Next have you ventured your own person's scathe. ... [32.10]
And lastly, (worthy Gallia never stained)
My kingly title I by thee have gained.

KING: Thank heavens, not me, my zeal to you is such.
Command my utmost, I will never grutch.

CORDELLA: He that with all kind love entreats his Queen,
Will not be to her father unkind seen.

LEIR: Ah, my Cordella, now I call to mind,
The modest answer, which I took unkind:
But now I see, I am no whit beguiled,
Thou lovedst me dearly, and as ought a child. ... [32.20]
And thou (Perillus) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the best I can, I'll do:
Yet all I can, aye, were it ne're so much,
Were not sufficient, thy true love is such.
Thanks (worthy, Mumford) to thee last of all,
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small;
No, thou hast Lion-like laid on today,
Chasing the Cornwall King and Cambria;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?
To save their lives, the fugitives did play. ... [32.30]
Come, son and daughter, who did me advance,
Repose with me awhile, and then for France.
[Sound drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.]

Finis

Go back to the first half of King Leir
Sources of King Lear - Geoffrey of Monmouth (Book II)
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Glossary for King Leir
by B. Flues 2005
(FS means found in Shakespeare.)
(NFS means not found in Shakespeare)
adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings, according to need. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; many others.
adventure (v): risk, dare. FS (R&J, MV); (anon.) Leir.
affright (v): terrify. FS (17); Watson Hekatompathia; Lyly Love's Met; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Menaphon (1st OED citation); (anon.) Woodstock, Leir, Penelope, Leicester's Gh; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive.

appall (v): (1) weaken. FS (2-1H6, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Locrine. "Unappalled" in Brooke Romeus. (2) appall (n or v): shock, dismay. FS (6-T&C, Ham, Mac, V&A, TNK (v); Mac (n)); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Tears; Chapman (v) Iliad, Batrachom. (3) frighten. FS (T&C); (anon.) Leir.
apparance (n): preparation; in Leir it seems to mean "investigation/evidence". NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. Very rare.
aslope (a, adv): slanting, sloping, athwart. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir, Warning Fair Women
aventure [at all] (adv): in any case; at random. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Bedingfield Cardanus; (anon.) Leir.Per OED a legal term: 1672 Manley Interpr., Aventure..is a Mischance, causing the death of a Man, without Felony; as when he is suddenly drowned or burnt, falling into the Water or Fire.
balsamum (n): aromatic resin yielding a balm. FS (1-Errors); Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir.
beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31, Q2); Gascoigne Supposes; Lodge Wounds; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Bombie; Greene James IV, Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Leir; Nashe Summers; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Maiden's Tragedy; Munday More; Chapman d'Olive. Common.
bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Leir, Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.
bill (n): weapon, long pole with axe and pike on one end. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others. bill [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five-to seven-feet long). FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion; (anon.) Leir.
Billingsgate ward, Pudding lane end: between Eastcheap and the river. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Arden; Pasquil Countercuff.
bob (n): malicious jest, jibe. FS (AsYou, 3d OED citation); Lyly Campaspe, Pap (OED missed citations); (anon.) Leir.
breed young bones: are pregnant. See See Connections, note on "bone/breed/belly".
brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock, Leir, Ironside, Penelope; Lyly Love's Met; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; Sidney Astrophel; Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super; Marprelate Prot; Munday Huntington.
buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Lyly Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Leir, Ironside . Common.
Cambria: Wales.
censure (n): (1) opinion, judgment. FS (1H6, 2H6, Ham, Oth, Corio, WT); (anon.) Leir. (2) punishment. FS (AsYou, Oth, Cymb, Lear, Corio, H8); (anon.) Leir. (v) judge.
colors (n): that which serves to conceal or cloak the truth, pretext. FSk (2H4, MWW, JC, Cymb); (anon.) Leir.
complements (n): accomplishments, refinements. FS (LLL); Spenser M. Hubberd; (anon.) Leir.
conge (n): bow, curtsey. FS (H8); (anon.) Leir; Munday Huntington; Marston Malcontent.
cony (n): [rabbit] after Greene .. Cony Catching (1591), came to mean dupe, victim of a "cony-catcher". FS (4-3H6, AsYou, Corio, V&A); Gascoigne Supposes; (anon.) Leir, Dodypoll.
cooling card (n): drawback, anything that "cools" a person's passion or enthusiasm; possibly ruins one's chances of winning a game.FS (1-1H6); Lyly Euphues; (anon.) Leir; Giles Gooscap.

contumelious (a) (1) humiliating. (2) insolent, spiteful. FS (3-2H6,1H6, Timon); (anon.) Leir, Ironside; Harvey Pierce's Super. contumeliously (adv). 1H6.
crack/crake (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Leir, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More; Marston Fawn.
craft (n): guile, cunning, plot. FS (Ham, 12th); (anon.) Leir.
Daedalus: who built the Cretan Labyrinth. Father of Icarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir.
dart (n): spear, javelin. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.
disconsolate (v): deprive of consolation. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. Only OED citations: 1530 Palsgr; 1601 R. Yarington Two Lament. Traj; 1642 Sir T. Stafford in Lismore Papers.
divorce (n): (1) disunion, discord. FS (V&A, Timon); (anon.) Leir. (2) disavowal, breakdown. FS (H5, WT).
dump (v, n): muse. mood. NFS. Watson Hek; Greene Orl Fur, Never Too Late, Fr Bacon, Pandosto; (anon.) Leir.
ensign (n): (1) standard. FS (Edw3, V&A); Cardano Cardanus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Campaspe; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe T1, T2, Edw2; Kyd Cornelia; Sidney Antony; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Pasqual Apology, Leir; Munday Huntington. Common.
Eson/Jason: half-brother of King Pelias of Thessaly, father of Jason. His youth was restored by Medea. FS (MV); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir.
falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Leir, Arden, Ironside.
fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Leir, Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.
ferret (v): stalk, harass, worry. FS (H5); (anon.) Leir.
flat (1) (a): direct, outright, straightforward. FS (Ado, MM); Greene Ups Court; (anon.) Leir.
flush (a): plentifully supplied with money. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. OED first citation: 1603 Dekker Batch. Banq. viii. G ij a, Some dames..are more flush in crownes then her good man.
flying fame (n): rumor. See Connections.
foppet (n): A petty fop; in quot. applied to a woman. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir (only OED citation).
frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho; (anon.) Leir. Common.
frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.
hardly (adv): reluctantly. FS (A&C); (anon.) Leir.
heartless (a): without courage. FS (R&J); (anon.) Leir.
heavy (n): sleepy. FS (2H6); Tindale Bible (Matt.); Turberv. Trag. T; (anon.) Leir.
Hibernia: Ireland.
indubitate (a): undoubted. FS (1-LLL); (anon.) Leir.
in his shirt (a): in one's night attire; without one's outer garments, coat and waistcoat. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Kyd Sol&Per, Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir.
gear/geere (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir; Munday Huntington.
grutch (v): grouch, complain. NFS. Cf. Turberville Trag.; Sundry Flowers (poem, E/N); Spenser FQ; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; poem Fruit of Reconciliation.
guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Woman/Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Leic Gh.

halberd (n): battle axe, mounted on a long pole. FS (2-3H6, Errors); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir; Munday More.
henbane, hebona, hebenon, hebon (n): names given by Shakespeare and Marlowe to some substance having a poisonous juice, identified the word with ebon, henbane, and Ger. eibe, eibenbaum the yew.FS (Ham); Marlowe Jew/Malta; (anon.) Leir.
imp (n): child of. FS (2-2H4, H5); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive.
innovation (n): commotion. FS (Oth); (anon.) Leir.
jointure (n): The holding of property to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood. FS (5); (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody
latter day (n): (1) end of life. (2) end of a sequence, the world. NFS. Cf. Surrey Aeneid. (anon.) Leir.
law of arms (n): fighting within the monarch's residence was punishable by death. FS (4-1H6, H5, Lear); (anon.) Leir.
list (v): choose. FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lodge Wounds; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Leir, Willobie.
lowering (a): gloomy. FS (Edw3); Golding Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Leir
mate (n): (1) lackey, servant. FS (1H6, 2H4); Gascoigne Supposes; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, James IV, Selimus; (anon.) Ironside, Leir; Nashe Almond; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Willobie.
minion (n & a): lackey, wanton. FS (many); Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Selimus; (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody. Common. Here the word "hussy" instead of wanton seems appropriate.
miscarry (v): (1) come to harm. FS (12th); (anon.) Leir. (2) die. FS (2H6)
misconvey (v): give a false impression of one's meaning. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir. 1st OED definition 1839. "Misconveying", meaning "mismanagement", found once in 1540 (Henry VIII).
mithridate (n): composition of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious disease; any medicine to which similar powers were ascribed. NFS. Lyly Sapho; Cf. (anon.) Leir, Arden; Chettle Kind Harts; Dekker Gull's Hornbook.
moiety (n): half of two equal parts. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody.
neck-verse/neckeverse (n): Latin verse shown to defendant in a capital case; claiming benefit of clergy because of ability to read would save him from hanging. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir. OED cites 1st use with the verb "put to" (similar to "put the question").
out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Leir, Yorkshire Tr.
owe (v): own.FS (MND); (anon.) Leir; Chapman Iliad.
pack/packing (n): intrigue, conspiracy. FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Leir.
pack/be packing (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Robinson Delights; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Leir, Willobie.
palmer (n): pilgrim who from the Holy Land, carrying a palm-branch or leaf; also itinerant monk under a vow of poverty; equivalent of pilgrim. FS (R&J, Rich2); Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) Leir.
parlous/parlose (a): (1) dangerous,alarming. FS (MND). (2) clever, tricky, cunning. FS (Rich3); (anon.) Leir.
peat (n): (1) pet, spoiled girl. FS (1-Shrew); Rich Farewell; (anon.) Leir; Drayton Man in Moon. (2) applied to an animal. NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Praise P.
perillus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: stone which causes mistrust and jealousy. Cf. Lyly Sapho. The anonymous author of Edmund Ironside used Perillus correctly, to refer to an

Athenian who fell victim to his own device: a brazen bull in which condemned men were roasted to death. Cf. (anon.) Edmund Ironside. Name of character in the old King Leir.
phoenix (n): (1) mythical bird, of gorgeous plumage, fabled to be the only one of its kind, and to live five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, after which it burnt itself to ashes on a funeral pile of aromatic twigs ignited by the sun and fanned by its own wings, but only to emerge from its ashes with renewed youth, to live through another cycle of years. FS (3H6, AsYou, Temp, H8, Sonnet 19, Lov Comp, Ph & Turt); Lodge Wounds. (2) rare person or thing, likened to the bird. FS (1H6, AWEW, Timon); Greene Selimus; (anon.) Leir.
pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Leir; many others.
poniard (n): short stabbing weapon, dagger. FS (5-3H5, Ado, AWEW, Titus, Ham); Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Massacre, Edw II; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Leir; Nashe Unf Trav; Dekker Hornbook; Marston Malcontent; .
post (n): messenger. FS (Ado); (anon.) Leir.
post (v): travel speedily, gallop. FS (1H4, Ham); Greene Pandosto, Selimus; (anon.) Leir.
postulate (v): demand, claim. Cf. (anon.) Leir (1st OED citation).
poulter/polter (n): poulterer, chicken-seller. FS (1H4); Gascoigne Supposes. Not in OED. Here the meaning is obviously extended to a seller of rabbit meat.
power (n): (1) army; host, large number. FS (Rich2); Marlowe Massacre; (anon.) Leir, Locrine.
precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh.
pretend/protend (v): portend, signify. NFS. Cf. Greene Menaphon; (anon.) Leir; Willobie.
prick (n): highest point, acme. FS (Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Udall Eras; (anon.) Leir.
rathe (a): (1) early. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; E. B. in Eng. Helicon. (2) prompt. NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Dan Bartholomew Wks. rather (adv): earlier. FS (Oth); Golding Ovid.
regiment (n): rule, government, regime. NFS. Cf. Marlowe T1; (anon.) Selimus, Leir. Very common 1550-1680.
repine (v): (1) murmur against, resist, grudge. FS (1H6, T&C); Hall Chron; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir; Spenser FQ.
restrain (v): withhold, keep back from. FS (MM, Corio); (anon.) Lear.
sheen(a, n): (1) bright. FS (2-MND, Ham); Golding Ovid (anon.) Leir. (2) beautiful. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Greene Menaphon; Spenser FQ. OED contemp citation: 1586 ? Montgomerie Banks of Helicon.
seely/sielie (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Ovid Golding; many others.
sequestered (a): Legal: cut off from someone. FS (AsYou); (anon.) Leir
shag-haired/shaghayred (a): having shaggy hair. FS (2H6, 3d OED citation); (anon.) Leir. See also "shacky ... and "shag", ff. shacky/shack-hair/shakheard (a): shaggy. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid (only OED citation); but see "shag-haired", above. shag (a): shaggy; having shaggy hair. FS (V&A); Munday More.
shift (n): trick. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Leir; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington. Common. shift (v): manage. FS (4-2H4, MWW, Cymb, Temp); (anon.) Leir, Fam Vic.
sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Leir, Weakest; Pasquil Return.
Skalliger: from scalader, climber?
skill (v): (1) matter, care. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leir; Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

slenderly (adv): lightly, insufficiently. FS (1-Lear); Golding Ovid; Greene Cony; (anon.) Leir, Weakest; Munday John a Kent.
slops/side slops (n): loose, baggy breeches/trousers, esp. those worn by sailors. FS (Ado). Cf. Peele Wives; (anon.) Leir.
sort (v): (1) agree. FS (3H6); (anon.) Leir. (2) fit. FS (3H6).
speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+,); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common.
stand on hands (v): be concerned. NFS. Cf. Calvin on Ps; Anon. Leir.
surreverence (adv): with respect to (contemptuously). Cf. Warner, Alb. England (1586, 1st OED citation); Nashe Summers; (anon. Leir). Used in different sense in Nashe Strange News and Lenten Stuff.
tenor/tenure (n): substance, drift, underlying meaning, principles. FS (H5, Ado, AsYou, MM); (anon.) Leir.
timeless (adv, a): out of its proper time. FS (Rich2, Luc); Marlowe T2; (anon.) Leir. (a) OED 1st citation (1560) Tragedy of Rich2.
Troynovant: new Troy, Great Britain. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Leir, Locrine, Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.
weeds (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others.
wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith (song); Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Alphonsus, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Jew/Malta; (anon.) Leir, Marprelate, Locrine, Mucedorus, Weakest, Ironside, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh; (disp.) Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super, Poem 1598 (Slumb'ring); Greene's Groat; many others.
with child (a): eager, longing, yearning (to do a thing). NFS. Cf. Udall Eras (1st OED citation); Spenser FQ (2d OED citation); (anon.) Leir.

King Leir – Sources

Transcribed by Barboura Flues. Edited for the web by Robert Brazil.

From Geoffrey of Monmouth (Book II)

A major source of both King Leir and Shakespeare's King Lear
Transcript by Barboura Flues (modern spelling)

When Bladud was thus given over to the destinies, his son Lear was next raised to the kingdom, and ruled the country after manly fashion for three-score years. He it was that builded the city on the river Soar, that in the British is called Kaerleir, but in the Saxon, Leicester. Male issue was denied unto him, his only children being three daughters named Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, whom all he did love with marvelous affection, her most of all the youngest born, to wit, Cordelia. And when that he began to be upon the verge of eld, He thought to divide his kingdom amongst them, and to marry them unto such husbands as were worthy to have them along with their share of the kingdom. But that he might know which of them was most worthy of the largest share, he went unto them to make inquiry of each as to which of them did most love himself. When, accordingly, he asked of Goneril how much she loved him, she first called all the

gods of heaven to witness that her father was dearer to her heart than the very soul that dwelt within her body. Unto whom saith her father: "For this, that thou hast set mine old age before thine own life, thee, my dearest daughter, will I marry unto whatsoever youth shall be thy choice, together with the third part of Britain." Next, Regan, that was second, fain to take ensample of her sister and to wheedle her father into doing her an equal kindness, made answer with a solemn oath that she could no otherwise express her thought than by saying that she loved him better than all the world beside. The credulous father thereupon promised to marry her with the same dignity as her elder sister, with another third part of the kingdom for her share. But the last, Cordelia, when she saw how her father had been cajoled by the flatteries of her sisters who had already spoken and desiring to make trial of him otherwise, went on to make answer unto him thus: "Father mine, is there a daughter anywhere that presumeth to love her father more than a father? None such, I trow, there is that durst confess as much, save she were trying to hide the truth in words of jest. For myself, I have ever loved thee as a father, nor never from that love will I be turned aside. Albeit that thou are bent on wringing more from me, yet hearken to the true measure of my love. Ask of me no more, but let this be mine answer: So much as thou hast, so much art thou worth, and so much do I love thee." Thereupon forthwith, her father, thinking that she had thus spoken out of the abundance of her heart, waxed mightily indignant, nor did he tarry to make known what his answer would be. "For that thou hast so despised thy father's old age that thou hast disdained to love me, even as well as these, thy sisters love me, I also will disdain thee, nor never in my realm shalt thou have share with thy sisters. Howbeit, sith that thou art my daughter, I say not but that I will marry thee upon terms of some kind, unto some stranger that is of other land than mine, if so be that fortune shall offer such an one; only be sure of this, that never will I trouble me to marry thee with such honour as thy sisters, inasmuch as, whereas up to this time I have loved thee better than the others, it now seemeth that thou lovest me less than they."

Straightway thereupon, by counsel of the nobles of the realm, he giveth the twain sisters unto two Dukes, of Cornwall, to wit, and Scotland, together with one moiety only of the island so long as he should live, but after his death he willed that they should have the whole of the kingdom of Britain. Now it fell out about this time that Aganippus, King of the Franks, hearing report of Cordelia's beauty, forthwith dispatched his envoys to the King, beseeching him that Cordelia might be entrusted to their charge as his bride whom he would marry with due rite of the wedding torch. But her father, still persisting in his wrath, made answer that right willingly would he give her, but that needs must it be without land or fee, seeing that he had shared is kingdom along with all his gold and silver betwixt Cordelia's sisters Goneril and Regan. When this word was brought unto Aganippus, for that he was on fire with love of the damsel, he sent again unto King Lear saying that enow had he of gold and silver and other possessions, for that one-third part of Gaul was his, and that he was fain to marry the damsel only that he might have sons by her to inherit his land. So at last the bargain was struck, and Cordelia was sent to Gaul to be married unto Aganippus.

Some long time after, when Lear began to wax more sluggish by reason of age, the foresaid Dukes, with whom and his two daughters he had divided Britain, rebelled against him and took away from him the realm and the kingly power which up to that time he had held right manfully and gloriously. Howbeit, concord was restored, and one of his sons-in-law, Maglaunus, Duke of Scotland, agreed to maintain him with forty knights, so that he should not be without some semblance of state. But after that he had sojourned with his son-in-law two years, his daughter Goneril began to wax indignant at the number of his knights, who flung gibes at her servants for that their rations were not more plentiful. Whereupon, after speaking to her husband, she

ordered her father to be content with a service of twenty knights and to dismiss the others that he had. The King, taking dudgeon, left Maglaunus, and betook him to Henvin, Duke of Cornwall, unto whom he had married his other daughter, Regan. Here, at first, he was received with honour, but a year had not passed before discord again arose betwixt those of the King's household and those of the Duke's, inasmuch as that Regan, waxing indignant, ordered her father to dismiss all his company save five knights only to do him service. Her father, beyond measure aggrieved thereat, returned once more to his eldest daughter, thinking to move her to pity and to persuade her to maintain himself and his retinue. Howbeit, she had never renounced her first indignation, but swore by all the gods of Heaven that never should he take up his abode with her save he contented himself with the service of a single knight and were quit of all the rest. Moreover, she upbraided the old man for that, having nothing of his own to give away, he should be minded to go about with such a retinue; so that finding she would not give way to his wishes one single tittle, he at last obeyed and remained content with one knight only, leaving the rest to go their way. But when the remembrance of his former dignity came back unto him, bearing witness to the misery of the state to which he was now reduced, he began to bethink him of going to his youngest daughter overseas. Howbeit, he sore misdoubted that she would do nought for him, seeing that he had held her, as I have said, in such scanty honour in the matter of her marriage. Nonetheless, disdaining any longer to endure so mean a life, he betook him across the Channel into Gaul. But when he found that two other princes were making the passage at the same time, and that he himself had been assigned but the third pace, he brake forth into tears and sobbing, and cried aloud: "Ye destinies that do pursue your wonted way marked out by irrevocable decree, wherefore was it your will ever to uplift me to happiness so fleeting? For a keener grief it is to call to mind that lost happiness than to suffer the presence of the unhappiness that cometh after. For the memory of the days when in the midst of hundreds of thousands of warriors I went to batter down the walls of cities and to lay waste the provinces of mine enemies is more grievous unto me than the calamity that hath overtaken me in the meanness of mine estate, which hath incited them that but now were groveling under my feet to desert my feebleness. O angry fortune! will the day ever come wherein I may requite the evil turn that hath thus driven forth the length of my days and my poverty? O Cordelia, my daughter, how true were the words wherein thou didst make answer unto me, when I did ask of thee how much thou didst love me! For thou saidst, 'So much as thou hast, so much art thou worth, and so much do I love thee.' So long, therefore, as I had that which was mine own to give, so long seemed I of worth unto them that were the lovers, not of myself but of my gifts. They loved me at times, but better loved they the presents I made unto them. Now that the presents are no longer forthcoming, they too have gone their ways. But with what face, O thou dearest of my children, shall I dare appear before thee, I who, wroth with thee for these thy words, was minded to marry thee less honorably than thy sisters, who, after all the kindnesses I have conferred upon them, have allowed me to become an outcast and a beggar?"

Landing at last, his mind filled with these reflections and others of a like kind, he came to Karitia, where his daughter lived, and waiting without the city, sent a messenger to tell her into what indigence he had fallen, and to beseech his daughter's compassion inasmuch as he had neither food nor clothing. On hearing the tidings, Cordelia was much moved and wept bitterly. When she made inquiry how many armed men he had with him, the messengers told her that he had none save a single knight, who was waiting with him without the city. She commanded also that he should have a retinue of forty knights well appointed and armed, and that then he should duly announce his arrival to Aganippus and herself. The messenger accordingly forthwith attended King Lear into another city, and hid him there in secret until that he had fully accomplished all that Cordelia had borne him on hand to do.

As soon therefore, as he was meetly arrayed in kingly apparel and invested with the ensigns of royalty, and a train of retainers, he sent word unto Aganippus and his daughter that he had been driven out of the realm of Britain by his sons-in-law, and had come unto them in order that by their assistance he might be able to recover his kingdom. They accordingly, with the great counselors and nobles, came forth to receive him with all honour, and placed in his hands the power over the whole of Gaul until such time as they had restored him unto his former dignity.

In the meanwhile, Aganippus sent envoys throughout the whole of Gaul to summon every knight baring arms therein to spare no pains in coming to help him to recover the kingdom of Britain for his father-in-law, King Lear. When they had all made them ready, Lear led the assembled host together with Aganippus and his daughter into Britain, fought a battle with his sons-in-law, and won the victory, again bringing them all under his own dominion. In the third year thereafter he died, and Aganippus died also, and Cordelia, now mistress of the helm of state in Britain, buried her father in a certain underground chamber which she had bidden be made under the river Soar at Leicester. This underground chamber was founded in honour of the two-faced Janus, and there, when the yearly celebration of the day came round, did all the workmen of the city set hand unto such work as they were about to be busied upon throughout the year.

Now, when Cordelia had governed the kingdom in peace for five years, two sons of her sisters began to harass her, Margan, to wit, and Cunedag, that had been born unto the Dukes Maglaunus and Henvin, both of them youths of notable likelihood and prowess, Margan being son of Maglaunus and Cunedag of Henvin. These, after the deaths of their fathers, had succeeded them in their dukedoms, and now took it in high dudgeon that Britain should be subject to the rule of a woman. They therefore assembled their hosts and rebelled against the Queen, nor were they minded to put an end to their outrages until after laying waste a number of provinces, they had defeated her in several battles, and had at last taken her and put her in prison, wherein, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her kingdom, she slew herself. Forthwith the youths divided the island between them, whereof that part which stretcheth from the Humber towards Caithness fell to Margan's share, and the other, on the other side of the river, that vergeth toward the West, was allotted to Cunedag. After the space of two years, certain of them that rejoiced in making disturbance in the realm, joined them with Margan and began to tempt him to walk in crooked paths, saying that foul shame it was he, the eldest born, should not have dominion over the whole island; so that, what with this and other grievances, they at last egged him on to march with an army into Cunedag's territories, and thus began to heap fuel on the fire they had kindled. On the war breaking out, Cunedag with all his host marched out to meet him, and in the battle that was fought inflicted no small slaughter, driving Margan in flight before him, and afterwards following his flight from province to province, until at last he overtook and slew him in a village of Wales, which after that Margan was slain there hath been called by his name, Margan to wit, ever since by the country folk even unto this day. Cunedag, accordingly, having won the victory, possessed himself of the monarchy of the whole island and governed the same gloriously for three and thirty years.

(At that time Isaiah and Hosea prophesied, and Rome was founded the eleventh of the *Kalends of May by the twin-brethren, Romulus and Remus.)

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King Leir - APPENDICES - Part A

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Major Sources of Leir:

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Language in King Leir

Connections

[MARKED indicates marked passage in Oxford's Geneva Bible.
No Match indicates no marking in Oxford's Geneva Bible.]

Legal Terms

Legal term: ABRIDGE.

Golding Ovid (I.132-34): ... immediately the old / And ancient Spring did Jove abridge, and made therof anon, / Four seasons: Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn off and on:
(III.436): And strangeness of the kind of death that did abridge his age.
Five more uses.
Anon. Leir (9.28) SKALL: Therefore abbridge it half, and you shall see,
(19.170) MESS: That they have hired me t'abbridge thy fate,
Shakes TGV (III.1) PROTEUS: Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
MV (I.1) BASSANIO: Nor do I now make moan to be abridged / From such a noble rate; ...
JC (III.1) BRUTUS: So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged / His time of fearing death.
Used also in Watson Hekatompathia, Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sol&Per, Marlowe Tamb 1, Edward II (twice), Anon. Woodstock (twice), Locrine, Leicester's Gh (twice), Nashe Pierce Penniless, Lyly Woman in the Moon, Chapman D'Olive.
Cf. law text: Brooke's Abridgement.

Legal term: ALIENATION.
Anon. Leir (7.159) MUMFORD: My humor is alienated from the maids of France.
Leic Gh. (865-66): By license, too, of alienation, / By raising rents, and by oppression,

Legal terms: BOND ... Obligation; GOOD in Law; Keep CONDITION; FORFEITURE ... Negligence.
Anon. Leir (12.73-75) MESS: A strong Bond, a firm Obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keep not the condition, let my neck be the forfeiture of my negligence.
Ironside (V.2.47-50) CANUTUS: The ground I stand on, Edmund, is mine own, fallen to me not successively indeed, but by forfeiture as copyhold,
Nobody (1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men, / Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
Shakes MV (III.2) SALERIO: But none can drive him from the envious plea / Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Legal term: CASE stands.
Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubful case shall stand
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ...,
Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
(341) SHEPHERDS' SONG: Because, as stood the case,
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Anon. Pasquil Apology (para. 5): The case so standing, I trust I am worthy to be held excused,
(para. 38): ... the case standing as it doth, ...
Marprelate (Tract 4): mark how the case stands between these wretches, and those whom they call puritans.
Leir (7.99-100) CORDELLA: Ah Palmer, my estate doth not befit / A kingly marriage, as the case now stands.
(19.304-05): MESS: If any ask you why the case so stands? / Say that your tongues were better than your hands.
Willobie (LCCIII.4): Ah woe is me, the case so stands,/ That senseless papers plead my woe,
Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case,
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...

Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

Legal terms: Show CAUSE ... Find REMEDY.
Lyly Sapho (III.4.47-51) SAPHO: Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?
PHAO: Yes Madam, the causes are contrary, for it is only a dryness in your brains that keepeth you from rest; but --
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.30-31) LORENZO: And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. / Some cause there is that lets you not be loved:
Anon. Rich3 (1610) RIVERS: Then show just cause, why you exclaim so rashly in this sort,
Leir (7.45) CORDELLA: Ah Pilgrims, what avails to show the cause. / When there's no means to find a remedy?
Chettle Kind Hart: but the remedy riseth from the knowledge of the cause: If any can (in natural sense) give ease, they must be artists that are able to search the cause, resist the disease, by providing remedies.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1.204-205) COUNTESS: Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.
K. EDWARD: How near then shall I be to remedy?
Hamlet (IV.4) HAM: Will not debate the question of this straw: / This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace, / That inward breaks, and shows no cause without / Why the man dies. (Not in Folio or Q1. Q2, lines 2987-90: substantially the same.)
T&C (II.3) AJAX: let him show us the cause.

Legal terms: CLAIM ... Promise ... Debt; SUE ... Action.
Anon. Mucedorus (V.2.66-67) KING: ... Segasto claims my promise made to fore,
Weakest (XVIII.237) VILLIERS: I by her promise claim her for my wife.
Leir (21.41-45): MUMFORD: ... i'll claim / A promise of you, which you shall not deny me: / For promise is debt, & by this hand you promised it me. / Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me, / Or ile sue you upon an action of unkindness.
Shakes TGV (IV.4) PROTEUS: I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Rich III (III.1) BUCKINGHAM: I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands,
Edw3 (V.1.14) 1 CITIZEN: We claim the promise that your Highness made,

Legal term: Upon CONDITION.
Golding Ovid Met (XIV.165): Yet did he grant me also that, upon condicion I
Lyly Campaspe (II.1.27) DIOGENES: Upon condition.
Gallatea (I.1.40) TYTERUS: upon condition consented to ease their miseries.
Greene Orl Fur (I.1.333) MARSILIUS: Upon conditions I will pardon thee, --
Lodge Rosalind: And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalind were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee.
Anon. Leir (7.142) MUMFORD: Upon condition I no worse might speed,
Locrine (III.4.40] MARGERY: Upon that condition I let thee alone.
Marprelate Tract 1, Tract 5.
Weakest (xv.123-25) SIR NICHOLAS: I am content, give Bunch the Church-door key, / Upon condition thou wilt say / Even-song to the Parish this afternoone,
Shakes: Four uses of the phrase (including Edw3).
Oxford Memorandum August 1595: ... that the Lord of Buckhurst shall have the suit upon easier conditions than myself ...

Legal term: CONFUTE.
0. Gosson Abuse: ... and confute the allegations of our adversaries,
1. Marlowe T1 (IV.4.75) TAMB: I will confute those blind Geographers ...
Anon. Leir (10.80) LEIR: For with good reason I can thee confute.
Ironside (V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Martin's Protestation: 3 uses, Tracts: 22 uses.
Harvey Pierce: Not because my confuters' swords or my enemies' daggers carry any credit with the wise, or because my letters fear any discredit with the honest, or because I cannot abide to be confuted, that daily confute myself and condemn every mine own default with rigor, ... Simple men may write against other or plead for themselves, but they cannot confute cuttingly, ... he ["the author of renowned victory"] and Nashe will confute the world. ... Yet better a confuter of Letters than a confounder of manners, ... I have touched the booted Shakerley a little, that is always riding, and never rideth; always confuting, and never confuteth
2d letter: ... and desire to confute their impudency not with words, but with deeds. ... The very time confuteth vanity,
Nashe Summers (503) SOL: If Envy unconfuted may accuse, / Then Innocence must ...
Penniless: The Danes ..., that are to be confuted with nothing but Tankards or quart-pots, ... / Small learning would serve to confute so manifest a scandal, ...
Note: Harvey's extreme over-use of this word.

Legal terms: COUNTERFEIT ... Sorrow.
0. Anon. Leir (22.12) RAGAN: All sorrow is but counterfeit to mine,
Disp. Groat: The fox made a Friday face, counterfeiting sorrow,
Munday Huntington (III.55) ROBIN: I tell thee love, my grief is counterfeit.
0. Legal term: Have my CUSTOM.
1. Anon. Leir (7.38): O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custom,
2. Nashe Peniless: thou shalt at thy return have more of my custom:

Legal term: DEBAR.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1744) EUBULUS: And painted speech, that glozeth for gain, from gifts is quite debarred.
Anon. Leir (7.66) KING: Why, who debars his honorable age, / From being still the King of Brittany?
Weakest (XIV.20-21) DYANA: Without impeachment of our honest fame, / Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.
Willobie ((XLI.5): Then leave to sew, since that you see Your hap debars your hope from me.
Shakes Sonnet 28: How can I then return in happy plight, / That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?

Legal term: DEEDS ... make report.
Golding Ovid Met (II.705): Straight to the Goddess of this deed a just report I make.
Anon. Leir (3.79) CORDELIA: I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
Shakes Corio (I.9) COMINIUS: If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, / Thou'ldst not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Legal term: ENROLL.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause, / To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Greene Ciceronis: living as chaste as she was enrolled for a vestal,

Marlowe Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MORT: And in the Chronicle enroll his name / For purging of the realm of such a plague.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: ... His oath enrolled in the parliament;
MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor / Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of / his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE: ... ... I plead our ancient liberties / recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,
Leir (1.69) PERILLUS: To be enrolled in Chronicles of fame,
Willobie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled, / Within this place, since my return,
Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enroll'd.
Leic Gh. (2086-87): ... when the Muses did enrol Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,

Legal term: LAW OF ARMS.
Marlowe T1 (II.4.22) MYCETES: Thou breakst the law of Arms unless thou kneel,
Edw2 (III.2.121) SPENCER: A bloody part, flatly against law of arms.
(III.4.18) Edward: Poor Pierce, and headed him against law of arms?
Greene Card: If the law of arms (quoth he) did not both safely protect thee & ...
Orlando (I.1.181-82) MAND: And, French man, wer't not gainst the law of arms,
(I.1.221) MARSILIUS: My choler over-slip the Law of Arms,
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.168) HIER: Enforced by nature and by law of arms
(I.3.47) ALEXANDRO: That were a breach to common law of arms.
Anon. Famous Vic (841) KING: To a king: the law of arms allows no less.
(1044) KING: The law of Arms allow no less.
Leir (22.66-7) RAGAN: And were it not, it is 'gainst law of Arms, / To offer violence to a Messenger,
(22.87) RAGAN: For law of Arms shall not protect thy tongue.
(22.95) CAMBRIA: What should I do? infringe the law of Arms,
Cromwell (III.2.23) BEDFORD: Treacherous France, that, gainst the law of arms,
Shakes: Appears in 1 Henry VI (twice), H5, Lear (Goneril), Edw3.

Legal terms: MEDIATOR ... Motion.
Anon. Gift to the Countess of Oxford, 1581 (trans.) Chrysostoms Homilies on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians (The Argument) Ver. 3: That is to say, this blessing was not by the hand of Moses, but by Christ Jesus: so that we surpass them not only in the quality of the blessings, but in the Mediator also.
Leir (21.51-52) KING: Faith, in this motion I will join with thee, / And be a mediator to my Queen.

Legal term: MOTION/MOVE love.
Marlowe Dido (III.2.69-70) JUNO: Hark to a motion of eternal league, / Which I will make in quittance of thy love:
Massacre (I.7-8) CHARLES: And that the native sparks of princely love, / That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
Anon. Leir (1.56-58) LEIR: For at this instant two near neighboring Kings / Of Cornwall and of Cambria, motion love / To my two daughters, Gonorill and Ragan.
Willobie (XII.3): T'was not thy beauty that did move / This fond effect, but blinded love.
(XXXIII.3): Let no man know what I did move, / Let no man know, that I did love.
Penelope (XII.3): Those love-sick motions to amend.
Lyly Love's Met (I.2) CELIA: ... although into her heart never entered any motion of love,
(II.1) NISA: Into my heart, madam, there did never enter any motion of love.

(II.1) CUPID: For what is love, divine love, but the quintessence of chastity, and affections binding by heavenly motions ...
(V.1) CUPID: Diana hath felt some motions of love;
Shakes AsYou (IV.3): Whiles you chid me, I did love; / How then might your prayers move! / He that brings this love to thee ' Little knows this love in me:
A&C (III.4) ANTONY: for our faults / Can never be so equal, that your love / Can equally move with them.
Sonnet 149: Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not, ... / What merit do I in myself respect, / That is so proud thy service to despise, / When all my best doth worship thy defect, / Commanded by the motion of thine eyes? / But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind; / Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

Legal term: OATH ... Protestation.
Lodge Wounds (I.1.212-13) SCILLA: Whose oaths hath pierced and searched the deepest vast, / Aye, and whose protestations reign on earth,
Anon. Woodstock (I.3.11) LANCASTER: by oaths and loyal protestations ...
Leir (12.93-95) GONORILL: These things (although it be not so) / Yet thou must affirm them to be true, / With oaths and protestations as will serve,
Arden (V.5.15) ALICE: What cannot oaths and protestations do / When men have opportunity to woo?
Shakes LLL (I.1) 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.
H5 (V.2) KING: But, before God, / Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my / eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; / only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, / nor never break for urging.
Note: "Protestation" a favored Shakespeare word.

Legal term: PARDON ... Resign.
Anon. Leir (24.210) LEIR: Then I will rise to satisfy your mind, / But kneel again, til pardon be resigned.
0. Shakes Tempest (V.1.) ALONSO: Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat / Thou pardon me my wrongs.

Legal term: PERJURED.
Golding Ovid (III.810): Like perjured Caitiffs, by the Sea and all the Gods thereof,
(VI.686): But to th' intent, O perjured wretch, no mischief may remain
Lyly Once in Endymion, Woman in Moon; none in Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Bombie
Greene Pandosto used twice, Selimus once, James IV once.
Marlowe Dido used twice, T2 used twice, Massacre used once.
Kyd Sp Tr used twice; Sol&Per used four times.
Anon. Leir (24.253-54) KING: Let me be counted for the perjurdst man, That ever spake word since the world began.
Mucedorus used once, Arden used three times, Weakest used twice.
Note: A favored Shakespeare word (30 uses).

Legal term: PROSECUTE ... Act/other inanimate noun.
Golding Ovid Met (IX.330-31): ... Cruelly he prosecutes the hate / Upon the offspring, which he bare against the father late.

Oxford letter (7-13-76, to Lord Birghley): and that you mean afterward to prosecute the cause with further hope.
Greene James IV (I.Epi.32) BOHAN: Now mark my talk and prosecute my jig.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.4.39) LORENZO: I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.116-17) WOODSTOCK: Good Lord Mayor, I do beseech ye prosecute / With your best care a means for all our safeties.
Leir (17.48): RAGAN: But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Ironside (V.2.228-29) CANUTUS: that thus I crave thee stay, but that I want / the use of breath to prosecute the fight.
Marprelate Tract 1: What, should I prosecute the condemnation of this man,
Willobie (LXIII.title) H. W. prosecuteth his suit.
Drayton ... Oldcastle (III.1.144-45) COBHAM: And what good may redound unto the land / By prosecuting of this enterprise.
(V.9.21-22) BISHOP: Well, our affairs do call us back to London, / So that we cannot prosecute the cause,

Legal terms: Call in QUESTION; NECK-VERSE.
Gosson Abuse: Though he be called in question of his life, he hath shifts enough ...
Vaux Devices (92.6): Until such time to pleaseth the judge, the truth in question call:
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.15) CLYTUS: You mistake me Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander you imagine I call Philip into question;
Marlowe Jew of Malta (IV.1) PILIA-BORZA. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,
Edw 2 (I.4.152) QUEEN: But thou must call mine honor thus in question?
(II.4.55) QUEEN: Mine honor will be call'd in question;
Greene Card (para. 134): when the string is broken, it is hard to hit the white, and when a man's credit is called in question, persuasions can little prevail.
Harvey 3d letter: I can easily defy the proudest that dareth call my credit in question, ... Or seeing some matters of fame are called in question,
Anon. Leir (12.50-52) MESS: Madam, I hope your Grace will stand / Between me and my neck-verse, if I be / Called in question, for opening the King's letters.
(15.34) RAGAN: He had bin call'd in question for his fact.
Martin's Protestation: wherein either life, goods or good name is called in question,
Tracts: let not our places be called in question,
Shakes 12th (I.4) VIOLA: that / you call in question the continuance of his love:
T&C (III.2) PANDARUS: ... if she call your activity in question. ... / wherein either life, goods, or good name is called in question,
(IV.4) TROILUS: I do not call your faith in question / So mainly as my merit: ...
JC (IV.3) BRUTUS: And call in question our necessities.
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.151-52) : D'OLIVE: and yet newly / Called into question; ...
Bible: Allusion to neck verse opens the 51st Psalm (No Match).

Legal term: RATIFY love.
Anon. Leir (3.69) RAGAN: To ratify my love before your eyes:
Shakes MV (III.2) BASSANIO: 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 people's eyes, / Hearing applause and universal shout, / Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt / Whether these pearls of praise be his or no; / So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so; / As doubtful whether what I see be true, / Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Legal term: REDRESS wrong.
Brooke Romeus (270): Ne can he claim of her his right, ne crave redress of wrong.
Gascoigne Supposes (iii.) DAMON: appointed to minister justice for the redress of wrongs:
(III.) PHILAGANO: no higher powers whom I may complain unto for redress of these wrongs?
D. S. Devices (22.8): The Rulers may redress each wrong:
Marlowe Dido (IV.2.22) IARBUS: Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.4) HEIR: For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
Greene G a G (II.3.153-56) KENDAL: Why, George, I rise not against King Edward, / but for the poor that is oppressed by wrong; and if King / Edward will redress the same,
Anon. Leir (8.27) PERILLUS: Would I were able to redress his wrong.
(10.106) PERILLUS: By force of Arms for to redress your wrong.
(24.260) KING: Come, let's to arms for to redress this wrong:
Weakest (x.4) SHAMONT: But by pursuit, seek to redress your wrongs,
(xv) LODOWICK: That Lodwick shall receive redress of wrongs?
Arden (III.1.47) FRANKLIN: Looking for ways for redress of wrong;
Penelope (I.6): His wit doth Orphans wrong redress,
Lyly Bombie (V.3) HACKNEY: Nay soft, take us with you; and seek redress for our wrongs,

Legal terms: Seek RELIEF; DUES ... Pay; SWORN .. Dare.
Oxford poem (Revenge of Wrong.3): But some device shall pay Despite his due;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1730) CARI: I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (IV.1.374) CHORUS: And look how fast, to death man pays his due,
(V.I.20) CREON: May pay the due that to the dead pertains,
Greene Card: the debt being due he shall by constraint of law and his own confession ... be forced to make restitution. ... you are like either to pay your due unto death or still to linger in distress.
Anon. Leir (24.189) LEIR: And now I am constrained to seek relief / Of her, to whom I have been so unkind; / Whose censure, if it do award me death, / I must confess she pays me but my due: / But if she show a loving daughter's part, / It comes of God and her, not my desert.
CORDELLA: No doubt she will, I dare be sworn she will.
(22.72) AMB: My King and Queen, I dare be sworn, are free
Locrine (IV.2.9) LOCRINE: now cursed Humber hast thou paid thy due,
0. Willobie (XLIV.4): Yet sew and seek for no relief.
1. Shakes LLL (V.2) BIRON: Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
2H4 (IV.5) PRINCE: Thy due from me / Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood, / Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, / Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: / My due from thee is this imperial crown, ...
0. Drayton ... Oldcastle (I.2.98) KING: Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good knight,

Legal term: RESTRAIN ... Pension/other benefit
Golding Ovid Met (XIII.461) ... Or if from me this armor you restrain,
Anon. Leir (8.20) PERILLUS: His pension he hath half restrained from him,
Shakes Three uses of "pension", including King Lear.

Legal term: SEQUESTER.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.9.2) BEL-IMP: Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?
Anon. Leir (12.2) CORNWALL: Hath sequestered thy father from our presence,

Shakes AsYou (II.1) 1 LORD: To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, ... Did come to languish,
Titus (II.3) BASSANIUS: Why are you sequester'd from all your train, ...
Oth (III.4) OTH: ... this hand of yours requires / A sequester from liberty, ...
Golding Calvin on Psalms, ded. to Oxford.

Legal term: SUIT ... Deny.
Greene GaG (V.1.110) EDWARD: He will not deny King Edward such a suit.
Shakes 1H6 (V.3) SUFFOLK: How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, / Before thou make a trial of her love?
3H6 (III.2) KING EDW: Her suit is now to repossess those lands; / Which we in justice cannot well deny,
GLOUCESTER: Your highness shall do well to grant her suit; / It were dishonor to deny it her
H8 (V.3) KING: I have a suit which you must not deny me;
Anon. Leir (1.86) LEIR: This said, she cannot well deny my suit,
Willobie (XXVII.5): Let not my suit be flat denied, / And what you want, shall be supplied.

Legal term: SURCEASE ... SUIT.
Thos. Cromwell (1538): The king's pleasure is that..you do Surceese and cause the party to surcease frome any further suit.
Anon. Leir (7.105-106) CORDELLA: Thy King will hold thee wise, if thou surcease / The suit,
Penelope (VI.2): Surcease your cases to complain, / Your losses leave so much to moan;
Leic Gh. (1802): The heavens compelled me to surcease my suit,

Legal term: TRY the worst of woe.
Lodge Wounds (II.1.125) GRANIUS: Why, Scilla, I am armed the worst to try.
Greene Selimus (15.57-58): Bajazet: The worst that can befall me is but death, / 'Tis that would end my woeful misery.
Anon. Leir (10.107) LEIR: I am resolv'd to try the worst of woe.

Legal term: Prove ... TITLE; Reward Parricide ... Example ... Penance; Prosecute ... Revenge.
Pickering Horestes (420-431): HORESTES: Who offendeth the love of God, and eke man's love with willing heart / Must by [that] love have punishment as duty due for his dessert. / For me therefor to punish here, as law of gods and man doth will, / Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost say, my mother kill.
NATURE: The cruel beasts that range in fields, whose jaws to blood are wet, / Do not consent their mothers' paunch in cruel wise to eat: / The tiger fierce doth not desire the ruin of his kind; / And shall Dame Nature now in thee such tyranny once find / As not the cruel beasts vouchsafe to do in aney case? / Leave now, I say, Horestes mine, and to my words give place, / Lest that of men this fact of thine may judged for to be / Ne law, in sooth, ne justice eke, but cruel tyranny.
Greene Orl Fur (IV.1.33) MANDRICARD: To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,
(attrib) Selimus (II.1.127-34) SELIMUS: And yet I think, think other what they will, / That parricide, when death hath given them rest, / Shall have as good a part as have the best; / And that's just nothing: for as I suppose / In Death's void kingdom reigns eternal Night, / Secure of evil and secure of foes, / Where nothing doth the wicked man affright, / No more than him that dies in doing right.
See also 26.3-13.

Anon. Leir (22.103-108) CAMBRIA: But I will prove her title to be nought / But shame, and the reward of Parricide, / And make her an example to the world, / For after-ages to admire her penance. / This will I do, as I am Cambrian King, / Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.
Ironside (I.1.38-39) CANTERBURY: I would with lance approve his title naught and plead your coronation with my sword.
(V.2.198-99) EDMUND: and in single fight / approve my title lawful, good and right.
Disp. Greene's Groat: and as ye would deal with so many parricides, cast them into the fire; ...
Shakes Lear (II.1) EDMUND Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; / But that I told him, the revenging gods / 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
(V.3) REGAN: [to Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
A&C (V.2) CLEOPATRA: Now to that name my courage prove my title!
Titus (IV.1) MARCUS: That we will prosecute by good advice / Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
Bible 1 Tim 1.9 refers to parricides, "murtherers of fathers and mothers" (No Match).

Legal terms: WITNESS ... intent; RECORD ... Bear.
Golding Abraham (Pro.44) Anon shall bear me record in your sight.
Brooke Romeus (2028-29): And eke my blood unto the earth bear record how that I / Have kept my faith unbroke,
Marlowe Jew of Malta (II.1) BARABAS: Thou know'st, and heaven can witness it is true, / That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.86) ALBINIUS: Bear record now with what unwilling mind ...
Anon.Woodstock (V.1) WOODSTOCK: If I must die, bear record, righteous heaven, how I have nightly waked for England's good,
Leir (7.90-91) KING: Therefore in witness of my true intent, / Let heaven and earth bear record of my words:
Shakes A&C (IV.9) ENOBARBUS: Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, / When men revolted shall upon record / Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did / Before thy face repent!

Unmatched Legal Terms
Anon. Leir (1.41-42) NOBLE: My gracious Lord, I heartily do wish, / That God had lent you an heir indubitate (undoubted),
Anon. Leir (1.48) 1 NOBLE: And nothing can revoke the course of fate:
Anon. Leir (3.29-30) LEIR: And pale grim death doth wait upon my steps, / And summons me unto his next Assizes.
Anon. Leir (4.23-24) KING: Yet first I will enjoin you to observe / Some few conditions which I shall propose.
Anon. Leir (6.36-37) LEIR: Cease, good my Lords, and sue not to reverse / Our censure, which is now irrevocable.
0. Anon. Leir (6.38) LEIR: We have dispatched letters of contract
Anon. Leir (7.41): CORDELLA: I will profess and vow a maiden's life.
Anon. Leir (7.104) CORDELLA: Hath light on me, and quite reversed the case.
Anon. Leir (7.145) MUMFORD: That swears (without exception) I will have you.
Anon. Leir (10.22-23) GONORILL: But I will take an order, if I can, / To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.
Anon. Leir (12.26) GONORILL: That his report shall ratify my speech,
Anon. Leir (17.50-51): RAGAN: There let him read his own indictment first,
Anon. Leir (18.12) CORNWALL: The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgment.
(22.80-81) CAMBRIA: I suspend my judgment for a time, ...

Anon. Leir (18.61-62) AMB: AMB: To expiate or mitigate his wrath: / For he hath misconveyed without a cause.
Anon. Leir (19.5) PERILLUS: And so am I, but I impute the cause
Anon. Leir (19.198-99) MESS: Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute? / Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?
Anon. Leir (22.33-34) CAMBRIA: Censure not any, till you know the right: Let him be Judge, that bringeth truth to light.

Proverbs
Proverb: CAST beyond the moon (go to extravagant lengths).
Heywood Proverbs, #191: He casteth beyond the moon: great diversity, / Between far casting and wise casting, may be. ... He casteth beyond the moon, what need that be done? / We have casting enough, a this side the moon.
Lyly Euphues: Pardon me, Euphues, it in love I cast beyond the moon, which bringeth us women to endless moan. ...
But I will not cast beyond the moon, for that in all things I know there must be a moon.
Bombie (II.2.6-7) STELLIO: Without doubt Riscio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon.
Lodge Rosalind: you rove beyond the Moon; and cast your looks upon my Mistress,
Greene Card of Fancy (para. 79): Why dost thou cast beyond the moon and fear before thou art in danger to fall,
Pandosto (para 5): began to cast beyond the Moon
Harvey 4th letter: Some are cunning, & can imaginatively cast beyond the moon,
Anon. Leir (24.10) CORDELLA: Lord, how they labor to bestir themselves, / And in their quirks to go beyond the Moon, / And so take on them with such antic fits,
Munday John a Kent (I.1.36): SIR GRIFFIN: To see how Powys casts beyond the Moon,
Shakes Titus (IV.3.75): My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon, ...
See Tilley, Elizabethan Proverb Lore, #75.

Proverb: DELAYS are dangerous.
Golding Ovid Met. (VI.597): Delay was deadly.
(XI.432): Delay breeds loss.
Watson Hek (LIX.comment): alleging what hurt may grow through her longer delay.
Greene Alphonsus (II.2.197) FAUSTA: Delay is dangerous and procureth harm.
(IV.1.49) BELINUS: For mickle danger hapneth through delay.
James IV (V.6.49) QUEEN: But danger hates delay:
Card (para 4): and hastened his son in this his new course lest delay might breed danger
(47): but at last perceiving delay bred danger,
(125): lest too long delay should breed too great danger,
(195): let not delay breed danger but strike on the stith while the iron is hot;
(197): you shall find that delay breeds danger, & that procrastination in perils is but the mother of mishap.
(232): Thersandro, (quoth he) it is vain with long talk to pass away the time when delay breeds danger,
Pandosto (para. 10): Egistus fearing that delay might breed danger,
(79): she therefore told him that delay bred danger;
(81): who tarried not long, for fear delay might breed danger,
(115): who willing to obey their King and relieve their young Prince, made no delays, for fear of danger,

Anon. Muce (III.3.1) AMADINE: God grant my long delay procures no harm
Ironside (II.3.124) CANUTUS: the more you delay the time, the worse you speed.
Leir (5.63-64) CAMBRIA: Then let us haste, all danger to prevent, / For fear delays do alter his intent.
Willobie (XXXI.5): That bids you, Do but dally not, / Do so sweet heart, and do not stay, / For dangers grow from sound delay.
Lyly MB (IV.1) Bombie LIVIA: A good question, for that one delay in wedding brings an hundred dangers in the church.
Shakes 1H6 (III.2) REIGNIER: Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Chapman D'Ol (III.1.110) VANDOME: Consider love's delay breeds desperation,
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #145.

Proverb: The DEVIL hath power to assume a pleasing shape.
Anon. Leir (30.73) PERILLUS: Thou fiend in likeness of a human creature.
Dr. Dodypoll also relies on this doctrine in their depictions of an Enchanter who assumes a pleasing shape to win a lovely woman.
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.55) ORL: And so, farewell, thou devil in shape of man.
Nashe Penniless: Why quoth he, although in their proper essence they are creatures incorporal, yet they can take on the inducements of any living body whatsoever, & transform themselves into all kind of shapes, whereby they may more easily deceive our shallow wits and senses.
Shakes MND (III.1) SALANIO: Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my / prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.
John (III.1) CONSTANCE: O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here / In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
MWW (V.1) FALSTAFF: ... he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle.
Ham (II.2) HAMLET: The spirit that I have seen / May be the devil: and the devil hath power / To assume a pleasing shape.
Peele Wives (856-59) GHOST: But he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to / each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, / this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the / cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer.
Bible 2 Cor 11.14: Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of light.
1 Sam 28.14: To his imagination, albeit it was Satan, who to blind his eyes took upon him the form of Samuel, as he can do of an Angel of light. (No Match)
Note: This belief, a fixture of both Protestant and Catholic doctrine, was a major factor in the witchcraft trials of Europe and the United States.

Proverb: All men must DIE.
Bedingfield Cardanus (II: p. 55a): With the same reason shalt thou be comforted, if thy son be an infant and thine only son (I omit to tell what he may hereafter be) but now he hath hit the mark for which he was born. For is there any other end whereto we were born than death? as the body for the soul, and as sleeping for watching, so was life given unto us for death,
(III. p. 102a) But we are most assured not only to sleep, but also die: and as long to live we cannot, so how far we are from death is to us unknown.
Marshall Devices (39.title) Though Fortune have set thee in high, / Remember yet that thou shalt die.
Anon. Devices (42.47): Like one I live, and so must die, whom Fortune hath forgot.
Loyd Devices (103.53): We live to die, he died to live, we want, and he possessed,

(103.55): Being born to live, he lived to die, and died to God so plain,
(103.90) What lives in time, in time shall die, and yield to Parcas' web.
Edwards Dam&Pith (886-87) DAMON: Weep no more, Stephano; this is but destiny. / Had this not happ'd, yet I know I am born to die;
Gasc Jocasta (III.2.24) MENECEUS: Yet being born (as all men are) to die,
Pettie Palace: carrying this in your remembrance that we ar born to die, and that even in our swathe-clouts death ay ask his due.
Lyly Gallathea (I.1) GALL: Suffer me therefore to die, for which I was born, or let me curse / that I was born, sith I may not die for it.
Anon. Leir (3.25-30) LEIR: Dear Gonorill, kind Ragan, sweet Cordella, / Ye flourishing branches of a Kingly stock, / Sprung from a tree that once did flourish green, / Whose blossoms now are nipped with Winter's frost, / And pale grim death doth wait upon my steps, / And summons me unto his next Assizes.
(19.232-34) LEIR: No doubt, he shall, when by the course of nature, / He must surrender up his due to death: / But that time shall not come, till God permit.
Willobie (LXXIIII.3): When mortal men shall never die,
Shakes Edw3 (IV.4.159-60) PRINCE EDW: Since for to live is but to seek to die, / And dying but beginning of new life.
2H4 (III.2): SHADOW: ... death, / as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall / die.
Ham (I.2.72) QUEEN: Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die, / Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
See also R&J, JC, Mac, MM, Cymb.
Bible Ps. 89.47 What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death (No Match).
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #152; Erasmus Adagio.

Proverb: The EAGLE kills her young when they stare at the sun.
Watson Hek (XCIX): The haughty AEgle Bird, of Birds the best, / Before the feathers of her younglings grow, / She lifts them one by one from out their nest, / To view the Sun, thereby her own to know; / Those that behold it not with open eye, / She lets them fall, not able yet to fly.
Kyd Sol&Per (III.1.84-88) ERASTUS: As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive / That any of their brood but close their sight / When they should gaze against the glorious sun, / They straightway seize upon him with their talents, / That on the earth it may untimely die
Lodge Rosalind: a true-born bird, since as the one is known by beholding the Sun: so was he by regarding excellent beauty. (Note: an inversion of the proverb.)
But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soar with the Eagle against so bright a Sun,
Anon. Leir (6.45-47) LEIR: And yet as jealous as the princely Eagle, That kills her young ones, if they do but dazzle Upon the radiant splendor of the Sun.
Fletcher/Shakes TNK (II.2.34-36) ARCITE: and, like young eagles, teach 'em / Boldly to gaze against bright arms and say, / 'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.'
Note: Invoking the common saying that the eagle stares at the sun, Watson's sonnet contradicts the other examples of this proverb.
Cf. Aristotle Lib. 9 Hist. animal; Pliny Nat. Hist. Lib. 10. cap. 1.
Pliny: Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos suos percutiens, Subinde cogit adversos intueri Solis radios: et si conniventum humectantemque animadvertit, praecipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atque degenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra steterit, educat.
Now as touching the Haliartos, or the Osprey, she only before that her little ones be feathered, will beat and strike them with her wings, and thereby force them to look full against the Sun beams. Now if she see any one of them to wink, or their eyes to water at the rays of the Sun, she turns it with the head forward out of the nest, as a bastard, and not right; nor none of hers:

but bringeth up and cherisheth that whose eye will abide the light of the Sun as she looketh directly upon him.

Proverb: To HOP against the hill.
Spraeta tamen Sundry Flowers. Absent Dame (6): Although I know my labor lost, to hop against the Hill.
Pettie Palace: To hop against the hill, and strike against the stream, hath ever been counted extreme folly.
Greene Card (para 64): To hop against the hill is extreme fondness, to strive against the stream mere folly;
Anon. Leir (20.13) AMB: But she is like to hop without her hope,
See Tilley, Elizabethan Proverb Lore, #349.
Proverb: Spur a willing HORSE.
Greene Ciceronis: Cicero, willing to put a spur to a free horse ...
Lodge Rosalind: The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horse;
Anon. Leir (26.20) MUMFORD: My liege, tis needless to spur a willing horse,
Shakes Rich2 (IV.1) FITZWATER: How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

Proverb: With one NAIL, expel another.
Heywood Proverbs, #112: One nail driveth out another, with strokes so stout: / That the hammer head which driveth them, weareth quite out.
Brooke Romeus (207): And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
Bedingfield Cardanus (102a): [margin: One misery removeth another.] It cometh to pass in these as it doth in griefs of the body, one Calamity driveth another away.
Lyly Euphues: One love expelleth another ... The fire that burneth taketh away the heat of the burn. ... Driving out the remembrance of his old love with the recording of the new.
Shakes TGV (II.4) PROTEUS: Even as one heat another heat expels, / Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
JC (III.1.171): As fire drives out fire, so pity pity.
Corio (IV.7.54): One fire drives out one fire; one nail, another nail.
Anon. Leir (12.32) GONORILL: Thus with one nail another I'll expel,
Harvey Pierces Super: that must drive out one nail with another
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #410. Probable origin Erasmus Adagio: One nail is driven out by aother nail.
Proverb: Fit to make a PARSON'S wife.
Heywood Proverbs, #238 (Of the parsons leman. / She is as tender as a parsom's leman, / Parsons' lemans are tough enough now and then.
Anon. Leir (6.20) RAGAN: She were right fit to make a Parson's wife:

Proverb: The PELICAN kills itself to save its young.
Anon. Leir (6.43-44) LEIR: I am as kind as is the Pelican, / That kills itself, to save her young ones' lives:
Shakes Edw3 (III.5) PRINCE: A pelican, my Lord, / Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak, / That so her nest of young ones might be fed / With drops of blood that issue from her heart: / The motto Sic et vos, "And so should you."
Ham (IV.5) LAERTES: To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms; / And like the kind life-rendering pelican, / Repast them with my blood.

Lear (III.4) LEAR: Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature / To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. / Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers / Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? / Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot / Those pelican daughters.

Proverbs: PHOENIX ... legend and Eliz. literary derivatives.
Pliny abstract: ... But the Phoenix of Arabia passeth all others. Howbeit, I cannot tell what to make of him: and first of all, whether it be a tale or no, that there is never but one of them in the whole world, and the same not commonly seen. By report he is as big as an Eagle: for color, as yellow & bright as fold; (namely, all about the neck;) the rest of the body a deep red-purple: the tail azure blue, intermingled with feathers among, of rose cornation color: and the head bravely adorned with a crest and pennache [tuft or plume] finely wrought; having a tuft and plume thereupon, right fair and goodly to be seen. Manilius, the noble Roman Senator, ... was the first man of the long Robe [fellowship], who wrote of this bird at large, & most exquisitely. He reporteth, that never man was known to see him feeding: that in Arabia he is held a sacred bird, dedicated unto the Sun: that he liveth 660 years: and when he groweth old, and begins to decay, he builds himself a nest with the twigs and branches of the Canel or Cinamon, and Frankincense trees: and when he hath filled it with all sort of sweet Aromatical spices, yeeldeth up his life thereupon. He saith moreover, that of his bones & marrow there breedeth at first as it were a little worm: which afterwards proveth to be a pretty bird. And the first thing that this young new Phoenix doth, is to perform the obsequies of the former Phoenix late deceased: to translate and carry away his whole next into the city of the Sun [Baalbek] near Panchaea, and to bestow it full devoutly there upon the altar. The same Manilius affirmeth, that the revolution of the great year so much spoken of, agreeth just with the life of this bird: in which year the stars return again to their first points, and give signification of times and seasos, as at the beginning: and withal, that this year should begin at high noon, that very day when the Sun entreth the sige Aries. ... (Cf. Eliz. Zoo, p. 138.)
OED Abstract: A mythical bird, of gorgeous plumage, fabled to be the only one of its kind, and to live five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, after which it burnt itself to ashes on a funeral pile of aromatic twigs ignited by the sun and fanned by its own wings, but only to emerge from its ashes with renewed youth, to live through another cycle of years. (Abstract from the OED.)
Gosson Abuse: as the Phoenix in Arabia, without a fellow.
Golding Ovid Met (XV.432-448): One bird there is that doth renew itself and as it were / Beget itself continually. The Syrians name it there / A Phoenix. Neither corn nor herbs this Phoenix liveth by, / But by the juice of frankincense and gum of Amomy. / And when that of his life well full five hundred years are past, / Upon a Holmtree or upon a Date tree at the last / He makes him with his talons and his hardened bill a nest. / Which when that he with Casia sweet and Nardus soft hath dressed, / And strewed it with cynamon and Myrrha of the best, / He rucketh down upon the same, and in the spices dies. / Soon after, of the father's corce men say there doth arise / Another little Phoenix which as many years must live / As did his father. He (as soon as age doth strength him give / To bear the burden) from the tree the weighty nest doth lift, / And godly his cradle thence and father's hearse doth shift. / And flying through the subtle air he gets to Phebus' town, / And there before the temple door doth lay his burden down.
Bedingfield Cardanus: Because he maketh no mention either of the Phoenix the Crow, the Raven or the Stag: nor affirmeth them to be of longest life.
Watson Hek (XI): O Golden bird and Phoenix of our age,
(XVII.comment): The Author not yet having forgotten the song of his mistress, maketh her in this passion a second Phoenix, though not of Arabia, and yet no less acceptable to Apollo, than is that bird of Arabia.

(XVII): She Phoenix is, though not of Araby; / And yet the plumes about her neck are bright, / And Sol himself in her hath chief delight.
XXXIIII: No Bird but one is sacred to the sun.
(XLIIII): The Phoenix so revives amidst the air / By virtue of that Sun which all men view:
Golding Ded. of Psalms to Lord Oxford: I assure your Lordship I write not these things as though I suspected you to be digressed from that soundness and sincerity wherein you were continually trained and traded under that vigilant Ulysses of our commonwealth, sometime your Lordship's careful Chiron or Phoenix, and now your faithful Patroclus,
Vaux Devices (91.29-30): In time at Phenix ends her care and carks, / I make the fire, and burn myself with sparks.
Oxford Tournament speech: The world can hold but one phoenix, one Alexander, one sun-tree;
Munday Zelauto: Oh Sir, never can my tongue give half a quarter of the praise, that is due to that rare Arabian Phoenix. Were Mars himself alive: he would stand aghast at her Heavenly behavior.
Lyly Euphues: For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she guildeth; and as there is but one Camilla to be heard of, so is there but one Caesar that she will like of.
Campaspe (Blackfriar's Pro): Feathers appear not on the Phoenix under seven months
Gallathea (V.2.) HAEBE: And who so cutteth the incense tree in Arabia before it fall, comitteth sacrilege.
Sapho (V.1.13-14) VENUS: This arrow is feathered with the Phoenix' wing and headed with the Eagle's bill:
Endymion (III.4.145): But friends to be found, are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one.
Woman/Moon (III.2.159) IPHICLES: [will me] To fetch the feathers of the Arabian bird,
Lodge Wounds (285-290) SCILLA: Oh Flaccus, if th'Arabian Phoenix strive / By nature's warning to renew her kind, / When soaring nigh the glorious eye of heaven / She from her cinders doth revive her sex, / Why should not Scilla learn by her to die, / That erst have been the Phoenix of this land?
Rosalind: that with the Phoenix knew the term of his life was now expired, ... Love's burning brand is couched in my breast, / Making a Phœnix of my faintful heart: ... Of all chaste birds the Phœnix doth excel, ... the most fairest of all fairs, the Phoenix of all that sex, ... mids these pains, all Phœnix-like I thrive, / Since love that yields me death, may life revive.
Greene Card (para 25): as the bird halcyones delighteth to view the feathers of the phoenix,
Selimus (20.10-14) SELIMUS: Thus after he has five long ages lived, / The sacred phoenix of Arabia / Loadeth his wings with precious perfumes / And on the altar of the golden sun / Offers himself a grateful sacrifice.
Ciceronis: yet Lentulus, to content her, plays like the phoenix, burns in his own perfumes, ...
Nashe Penniless: and if one ask them what it is? they make answer, a plume of the Phoenix, whereof there is but one in all the whole world.
Astrophel: Dear Astrophel, that in the ashes of thy Love / livest again like the Phoenix;
Absurdity: coveting with the phoenix to approach so nigh to the sun that they are scorched with his beams and confounded with his brightness.
Unf Trav: Her high exalted sunbeams have set the Phoenix nest of my breast on fire,
Summers (1688-90) CHRISTMAS: I must rig ships to Samos / for Peacocks, to Paphos for Pigeons, to Austria for Oysters, to Phasis for Pheasants, / to Arabia for Phoenixes,
Anon. Leir (16.46): KING: Mirror of virtue, Phoenix of our age!
Willobie (I.31): This rare-seen bird, this Phoenix sage
Prison Pent: Rest then (my heart) and keep thine old delight, / Which like the Phoenix waxeth young each day:

Leic Gh. (1198-1202: The bear was ready evermore to watch, ... / That the sole bird that hath the flaming crest / Should in Arabia build no stately nest,
Shakes 1H6 (IV.7) LUCY: I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd / A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
3H6 (I.4) YORK: ... as the phoenix, may bring forth / A bird that will revenge upon you all:
Sonnet 19: And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
AsYou (IV.3) ROS: She calls me proud, and that she could not love me, / Were man as rare as phoenix.
Cymb (I.6) IACHIMO: If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, / She is alone the Arabian bird,
Tempest (III.3) SEBASTIAN: ... 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.
Timon (II.1): SENATOR: Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, / Which flashes now a phoenix.
A&C (III.2) AGRIPPA: O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
H8 (V.5) CRANMER Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when / The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, / Her ashes new create another heir, / As great in admiration as herself;
See also The Phoenix and the Turtle, creating an autonomous phoenix.
Fletcher & Shakes TNK (I.3.69-71) EMILIA: commit it / To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like, / They died in perfume.
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #271.

Proverb: PROMISE is a debt.
Hill Devices (14.1-2): In my accompt, the promise that is vowed, / Among the good, is holden such a debt:
Munday Zelauto: Indeed sir, promise is due debt we say, ... / A promise may always be claimed for a due debt,
Lyly Euphues: Yet knowing promise to be debt, I will pay it ...
Anon. Leir (21.43) MUMFORD: For promise is debt, & by this hand you promised it me.
Harvey 2d letter: Promise is debt, and I had rather perform, than promise anything but a mind desirous to pleasure friends, to reconcile foes, to displease few, to displeasure none.
Pierce's Super: Some promises are desperate debts, and many threatenings empty clouds, or rather armies fighting in the air, terrible visions.
Oxford letter (7-1600, to Sir Rbt Cecil): ..., or when her Majesty may have an easier opportunity to discharge the debt of so many hopes, as her promises have given me cause to embrace,
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #507.

Proverb: SINK or swim.
Greene Card (para 25): alate swimming in rest and now sinking in care,
(165): Shall he swim in wealth and I sink in want?
Anon. Leir (24.159) LEIR: I turned her from me to go sink or swim:
Shakes 1H4 (I.3) HOTSPUR: If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Proverb: TRY your friend before you trust him.
Brooke Romeus (1265): In doubtful hap ay best, a trusty friend is tried,
(2289): Even from the trusty nurse, whose secretness was tried,
Heywood Devices: (12.10-12): Be friend to all, familiar but to few: / Too light of credit, see thou never be, / For trial oft in trust, doth treason show.
Kindlemarch Devices (18.40): So trusty friends, by tried friends are found.
D. S. Devices (26.Title): Try before you trust.
Hill Devices (68, 90.Title): Try and then trust

Vaux Devices (90.title): Try before you trust
Whetstone Devices (110.17): Like well thy friend, but try him are thou love,
(110.57): Try are thou trust, thy faith lest falsehood 'quite,
Lyly Euphues: Trial maketh trust ... Trial shall prove trust ... Thou has tried me, therefore trust me. ... Friends are tried before they are to be trusted. ... Trust them that thou hast tried ... Upon trial you confess you would trust.
Lodge Rosalind: so try and then trust, let time be touchstone of friendship,
Fain would I trust, but yet I dare not try.
Greene Card of Fancy (para 5): Be a friend to all & a foe to none, and yet trust not without trial,
(8): and from henceforth try ere thou trust.
(18): , the trust you repose in my truth without sufficient trial,
(204) or to make trial of thy troth when thy words can have no trust?
(232): If it please thee to trust me without trial,
Anon. Tr Trag Rich3 (316) SHORE'S WIFE: For I think I shall be driven to try my friends one day.
Leir (19.101): PERILLUS: Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
Willobie (I.3): This have I tried; This dare I trust,
(XX.3): To force me try, or make me trust
(LII.2): Which though untried, yet we must trust,
(Res.5): To force my mind, to try a trustless trade.
Aesop Fable of the Dog and the Hare: No one can be a friend if you know not whether to trust or distrust him.
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #651.

Proverb: Better to have than WISH.
Heywood Proverbs, #272: Better to have than wish, nay ye may so crave, / That better to wish ten times than once to have. ... Otherwise: Better to have than wish, not alway cousin, / What if ye rashly wished stripes now a dozen. ... Otherwise: Better to have than wish. better have as we have, / Than to have at wish all that wishers would crave.
My Luck is Loss Devices (45.36): What boots to wish and never to obtain.
Greene Pandosto: Happy are such, Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not fear, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have been.
Anon. Leir (13.13-16-) CORDELLA: I cannot wish the thing that I do want; / I cannot want the thing but I may have, / Save only this which I shall ne're obtain, / My father's love, oh this I ne're shall gain.
Aesop Fable: If men had all they wished, they would be often ruined.

Proverb: Happy the WOOING that's not long doing.
Anon. Devices (78.21-22): Thrice happy is that wooing, / That is not long a doing,
Munday Zelauto: for he that speedeth at the first: wooeth well, ...
Anon. Fam Vic (1375-78) HENRY 5: I cannot do as these Countries do, / That spend half their time in wooing. / Tush wench, I am none such, / But wilt thou go over to England?
Leir (7.155) MUMFORD: I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
Lodge Rosalind: if all maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad pass; for there would be great store of wooing and little wedding, ... I see well where Love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves, where both the parties are willing.
Shakes T&C (I.2) CRESSIDA: Women are angels, wooing: / Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.

Proverb: A WORD spoken is past recalling. When the WORD is out, it belongs to another.
Edwards Dam&Pith (842-43) DION: I would dispatch this Damon fain; / But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that I may not call back my word again.
Lyly Euphues: ... whatever is babbled out, cannot again be recalled.
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.94-95) ALPHONSUS: Woman, away! My word is gone and past; / Now, if I would, I cannot call it back;
Anon. Woodstock (I.3.155-56) KING: Our word, good Uncle, is already passed, / Which cannot with our honor be recalled:
Arden (I.1.192-93) ALICE: What were thy words and mine? Did we not both / Decree to murder Arden in the night?
Leir (19.192-93) MESS: I would that word were in his belly again, / It hath frightened me even to the very heart:
(19.200-203) MESS: I will not crack my credit with two Queens, / To whom I have already passed my word. / Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell, / I get heaven's hate, earth's scorn, and pains of hell.
Shakes Ham (III.2.97-99) KING: I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these / words are not mine. -- HAM: No, nor mine.
Edw3 (II.1.433) WARWICK: Why now, thou speak'st as I would have thee speak, / And mark how I unsay my words again.
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, 711, 712; Horace Epistolae
Erasmus Familiar Colloquies: But words when they are once out, cannot be called in again.

Proverb: He is wise who speaks few WORDS.
Heywood Devices (96.3): Spend no more words than shall seem fit,
Whetstone Devices (110.21): Shun many words, a sentence short and sweet, / For lavish speech, is cause of much unrest:
Lyly Euphues: A long discourse argueth folly.
Love's Met (III.1) CELIA: To be amorous and not lovely is like a pleasant fool: full of words and no deserts.
Marlowe T1 (II.4.25) TAMB: I would entreat you to speak but three wise words.
Nashe Penniless: Yet wondered he left out thy memory. / But therefore guessed I he suppressed thy name, / Because few words might not co[m]prise thy fame.
Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will, / And wit to make the baddest matter good.
(1000) SUMMER: It is wine's custom to be full of words. / I pray thee, Bacchus, give us vicissitudinem loquendi.
Anon. Leir (12.109-110) LEIR: Few words are best in so small a matter: / These are but trifles.
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.212-214): MUG: I talk like a fool, but, alas, thou art wise and silent! ROD: Excellent! And the more wise, the more silent.
Marston Fawn (I.2.183): Wise heads use but few words.
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #716A.

Proverb: WORDS are but wind.
Pickering Horestes (146) VICE: Tut, tut, Rusticus, these words be but wind.
Hill Devices (68.5): But now I see, that words are nought but wind,
Gascoigne Supposes (II.8) SIENNESE: since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass like wind, I take them well in worth:
Jocasta (V.5.110] CREON: Thou doest but waste thy words amid the wind.
Lyly Euphues: ... that the painted words were but wind, that feigned sighs were but sleights.

Woman/Moon (II.1.234) STESIAS: Her hardest words are but a gentle wind;
Pettie Palace: ... he shall find their words to be but wind, their faith forgery, ...
Greene Card (para 59): She that is won with a word will be lost with a wind;
Anon. Leir (3.40) GONORILL: Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed,
Ironside (III.1.29-30) CANTERBURY: Stay, York, and hear me speak. Thy puffy words, / thy windy threats, thy railing curses,
Arden (I.1.436-37) ALICE: ... oaths are words, and words is wind, / And wind is mutable.
Shakes Errors (III.1) DROMO/EPHESUS: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Ado (V.2) BEATRICE: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Lucrece (190): And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.
Pass Pilg (XXI): Words are easy, like the wind;
Nashe Summers (1489) SUMMER: Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;
Munday Zelauto (p. 178): ... this is but a trifle, and your words are now to be esteemed as wind,
John a Kent (I.1.4) SIR GRIFFIN: Wind-breathed words are vainer than the wind;
Huntington (III.17) ROBIN: For the rough storm thy windy words hath raised
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.244-46) D'Olive: whether by answering a fool I should myself seem / no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but / wind) might betray the cause;
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #713.

Biblical/Religious References

BLESSING ... Abraham ... Juda.
Anon. Leir (24.232 ff.) LEIR: The blessing, which the God of Abraham gave / Unto the tribe of Juda, light on thee, / And multiply thy days, that thou mayst see / Thy childrens' children prosper after thee. / Thy faults, which are just none that I do know, / God pardon on high, and I forgive below.
Shake H8 (V.4.51-52): His honor and the greatness of his name / Shall be, and make new nations.
Bible Genesis 12.2-3; 14.19; 17.4-6; 17.16; 18.18; 22.17-18 (No Match).

BURY ... Oblivion.
Oxford Bedingfield letter (1573): through which infirmity you are desirous to bury and insevil your works in the grave of oblivion:
Nashe Penniless: First, for the subject of them (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts (that have line long buried in rusty brass, and worm-eaten books) are revived, and they themselves raised from the Grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged Honors in open presence:
Anon. Ironside (II.3.38-39) CANUTUS: ... whereas the memory of present death / is quickly buried in oblivion,
(V.1.110-111) EDMUND: Bury unkindness in oblivion / and ne'er remember our suspicion.
Leir (16.22) KING: And bury them, where black oblivion lies.
Shakes AWEW (V.3) KING: The nature of his great offence is dead, / And deeper than oblivion we do bury / The incensing relics of it:
Bible: Matt. 6.19 Lay not up treasures for yourselves upon the earth, where the moth & canker corrupt, & where thieves dig through, and steal. (MARKED)

CHERUBINS ... Heaven.

Marlowe Tamb 2 (II.4.26-30) Tamb: The Cherubins and holy Seraphins / That sing and play before the king of kings, / Use all their voices and their instruments / To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.8.17-20) HIER: To heaven: aye, there sits my Horatio, / Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins / Dancing about his newly-healed wounds, / Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes:
Anon. Leir (1.2-4): LEIR: Of our (too late) deceased and dearest Queen, Whose soul I hope, possessed of heavenly joys, Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the Cherubins;
Bible 1 Sam 4.4 The people sent to Shiloh, & brought from thence the Ark of the covenant of the Lord of hosts, who dwelleth between the Cherubims: ...; 2 Sam. 6.2, 22.11 (No Match).

CONDEMN ... Crime (spare the innocent).
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.1.224-27) CREON: Can heavens condemn but him alone to die?
TYRESIAS: We ought believe the cause is good and just.

CREON: Unjust is he condemns the innocent. / Great folly to accuse the gods.
D.S. Devices (29l.2): Instead of wrong, condemn not right, no hidden wrath to wreak:
Harvey Pierce: It is vanity to control that true honor hath practised, and folly to condemn that right wisdom hath allowed.
Anon. Leir (24.202) CORDELLA: Condemn not all, because of other's crime:
Pasquil Apology (Para. 18): Are Christ and the Apostle to be condemned for heretics, because the one stood up in the Synagogue on the Sabbath day to read, the other chargeth Timothy to give attendance to reading till he come?
Bible Genesis 18.26 And the Lord answered, If I shall find in Sodom fifty fighteous within the city, then will I spre all the place for their sakes. Note: God declareth that his judgments were done in great mercy, forasmuch as all were so corrupt, that not only fifty, but ten righteous men could not be found there and also that the wicked are spared for the righteous sake (MARKED).

DEATH ... Long life ... Misery.
Vaux Devices (16.30-36) The days be long, that hang upon desert, / The life is irk of joys that be delayed: / The time is short, for to requite the smart, / That doth proceed of promise long unpaid, / That to the last of this my fainting breath, / I wish exchange of life, for happy death.
Marshall (39.37-38): If thou have led thy life aright, / Death is the end of misery:
Watson Hek (LXIX.Comment): In the residue he entreateth a better aspect of the Planets, to the end that either his life may be inclined to a more happy course, or his death be hastened, to end all his misery at once.
Greene Selimus (15.31-32) BAJAZET: How shall he live, that full of misery / Calleth for death, which will not let him die?
(15.57-58): Bajazet: The worst that can befall me is but death, / 'Tis that would end my woeful misery.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.5.47) REVENGE: For here though death hath end their misery,
Anon. Woodstock (III.2) WOODSTOCK: I would my death might end the misery my fear presageth to my wretched country.
Leir (19.312-13) LEIR: Death had been better welcome unto me, / Than longer life to add more misery.
Marlowe Edw2 (V.3.2-3) MATREVIS: Men are ordain'd to live in misery; / Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.
Bible Job 3.20-26 Wherefore it the light given to him that is in misery and life unto them that hav heavy hearts? Which long for death, & if it come not, they would even search it more than

treasures: Which joy for gladness and rejoice, when they can find the grave. Why is the light given to the man whose way is hid, & whom God hath hedged in? For the thing I feared is come upon me, and the thing I was afraid of, is come unto me. I had no peace, neither had I quietness, neither had I rest, yet trouble is come (No Match).

DEATH ... Lord receive me; Die ... in charity.
Golding Ovid Met (XIII.1031-34): I scared therewith dopped underneath the water, and the knight / Simethus turning straight his back, did give himself to flight, / And cried: Help me Galate, help parents I you pray, / And in your kingdom me receive who perish must straightway.
(XIV.974-76): Whom if the fatal sisters three / Will of their gracious goodness grant me leave but once to see, / I shall account me into heaven received for to be.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1497) EUB: The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above!
Greene Selimus (22.83-84) CORCUT: Selim, farewell. Thou God of Christians, / Receive my dying soul into thy hands.
Marlowe Edw2 (V.5.108) EDWARD: Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.
Faustus GOOD ANGEL: The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.
Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.127) PERSEDA; O Christ, receive my soul.
Anon. Woodstock (III.3.93) GRASIER: Jesu, receive my soul, I am departed!
Leir (19.225-26) LEIR: Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee, / And die, I hope, in perfect charity.
Bible Hosea 14.2 Take unto you words, and turn to the Lord, and say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. (Marginal note C: Declaring that this is the true sacrifice, that the faithful can offer, even thanks & praise.) (MARKED). See also Mark 16.19 (death of Jesus); Acts 7.59 (death of Steven); Romans 16.2; 2 Cor. 6.17. The origin may be more pastoral than Biblical.

DOOMSDAY ... Day of Judgment.
Anon. Leir (19.174-75) MESS: Fear nothing, man, thou art but in a dream, / And thou shalt never wake until doomsday,
Willobie (LXX.IIII.3): When Fish as haggard Hawks shall fly, /When Seas shall flame, and Sun shall freeze,
(LXXIIII.4): When Thames shall leave his channel dry, / When Sheep shall feed amidst the Sea. / When stones aloft, as Birds shall fly. / And night be changed into Day,
Nashe Penniless: Westminster, Westminster, much maidenhead hast thou to answer for / at the day of judgment, thou hadst a Sanctuary in thee once, / but few Saints left in thee now. ...
Shakes A number of references, notably in Hamlet I.117 and 120, 1H6, Rich2, Corio, Mac.
Bible Doomsday references: Joel 2.31; Matthew 24.29; Acts 2.20 (No Match).
Day of Judgment (Shaheen) Rev. 20.12-13 And I saw the dead, both great & small stand before God: and their books were opened, & another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged of those things, which were written in the books, according to their works. (20.13) And the sea gave up her dead, which were in her, and death and hel delivered up the dead, which were in them: & they were judged every man according to their works. (20.12-13 MARKED)

END, See also The end.
Greene Orl Fur (V.2.136): MARSILIUS: To hear and see this unexpected end:
Shakes H5 (IV.1)) Williams: ... we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?
Shrew (V.1) PETRUCHIO: Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of / this controversy. ... KATH: Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

As You (I.1) LE BEAU: ... and, if it please / your ladyships, you may see the end ...
Anon. True Trag (1184-85) SHORE'S WIFE: And all such usurping kings, as thy Lord is, may come / to a shameful end, which no doubt I may live yet to see.
Leir (24.137-38) CORDELLA: O, say not so, but rather see the end: / They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:
Willobie (XXXIII.6): To see the end, my mind will crave,
(XXXVIII.4): And stay until you see the end / Of these effects, that fancy move?
(XL.9): They daily came to see the end,
(LXVIII.3): Now must I find the way to wail while life doth last, / Yet hope I soon to see, the end of doleful days;
Cromwell (V.5.107) CROMWELL: Come on, my child, and see the end of all, ...
Drayton et al Oldcastle (V.2) SIR JOHN: Stand close, Doll, we'll see the end.
Bible Wisd. of Solomon 4.17 For they shall see the end of the wise, but they understand not what God hath devised for him, and wherefore the Lord hath preserved him in safety. (No Match, NEAR 4.20). Matt.26.58 And Peter followed him afar off unto the high Priest's hall, and went in, and sat with the servants to see the end (No Match).

EVERLASTING ... Fire, Pain.
Kyd Sp Tr: Note below the fusion of classical (pagan) and Biblical images.
(IV.4.67) REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell, / Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell. ...
(227-29) GHOST: Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron, / And there live, dying still in endless flames, / Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.
Marlowe Tamb2 (II.3.25-27) ORCANES: The Devil's there in chains of quenchless flame, / Shall lead his soul through Orcus burning gulf: / From pain to pain, whose change shall never end:
Edw2 (V.1.44) EDWARD: Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Shakes Titus (III.1.242): Be my heart an ever-burning hell!; (also III.1.273.74)
(V.1.148): ... To live and burn in everlasting fire, ...
Macbeth (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
AWEW (IV.5.47-51): and they'll be fore the flowery way that leads to / the broad gate and the great fire.
Anon. Leir (19.288-91) PERILLUS: Oh, then art thou forever tied in chains / Of everlasting torments to endure, / Even in the hottest hole of grizzly hell, / Such pains, as never mortal tongue can tell.
Willobie (IX.6): ... Is this the love, you bear to me, / To damn my soul in lasting pain?
Lyly Love's Met. (III.2) ERISICTHON: I have turned all my goods into my guts, / where I feel a continual fire which nothing can quench.
(IV.1) RAMIS: These ever-burning lamps are signs of my never-to-be-quenched flames.
Drayton ... Oldcastle (I.2.45) SUFFOLK: A fire that must be quenched. Well, say no more,
Bible Matt. 25.41 Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire ... (MARKED); Matt. 25.46 And these shall go into everlasting pain, and the righteous into life eternal (No Match, NEAR/ Adjacent 25.45). Rev. 19.20 ... These both were alive cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone (No Match); Rev. 21.8 ... shall have their part in the lake, which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. (MARKED)

Better EYE/tooth out than always Ache (Proverbial).
Heywood Proverb, #17: Better eye out, than alway ache: / In rage of ache, true as I spake: / But in mean ache, meanly to moan, / Better an aching eye than none.

Lyly Euphues: the best charm for a tooth is to pull it out and the best remedy for love to wear it out.
Midas (III.2) LICIO: If your tooth be hollow, it must be stopped or pulled out; and stop it the barber will not, without the beard.
Anon. Leir (22.27) RAGAN: And with these nails scratch out her hateful eyes:
Shakes Errors (IV.4.104) ANTIPHOLUS: With these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes.
Macbeth (II.2.56) MAC: What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
MM (IV.3) ISABELLA: O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Lear (III.7) GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.
GLOUC: Because I would not see thy cruel nails / Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister / In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
Bible Matt. 5.29 Wherefore if thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: ..., 18.9; Mark 9.47. Galatians 4.15 ... I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me. (All No Match.)
Commandments: Honor thy FATHER.
Golding Ovid Met (X.347): To hate one's father is a crime as heinous as may be,
Anon. True Trag (362-3) RICHARD: and since it becometh / A son to maintain the honor of his deceased father, / Why should not I hazard his dignity by my brother's sons?
Leir (19.326-27) PERILUS: She said, her love unto you was as much, / As ought a child to bear unto her father.
(30.4-6) KING: And from aspiring Cornwall too, whose wives / Have practised treason 'gainst their father's life. / We come in justice of your wronged King,
(30.47-52) KING: O'er-daring Cornwall, know, we came in right, / And just revengement of the wronged King, / Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are, / Have sought to murder and deprive of life: / But God protected him from all their spite, / And we are come in justice of his right.
(32.15) CORDELLA: He that with all kind love entreats his Queen, / Will not be to her father unkind seen.
0. (32.209) LEIR: Thou lovedst me dearly, and as ought a child.
1. Bible Ex. 20.12; Deut. 5.16; Micah 7.16 (near 7.18); Malachi 1.6; Matthew 15.4, 19.19 (No Match, NEAR 19.21); Mark 7.10, 10.19 (No Match, NEAR 10.21); Luke 18.20; Eph. 6.2
2. Note: See also "Parricide".

GOD ... Angry Rod.
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.481-82): For why men's stomachs waxing hard as steel against their God, / Provoked him from day to day to strike them with his rod.
Abraham (128-32) SONG: And thou O Lord whom we do know to be the true and living God, / Come from thy place, that we may one day see / the vengeance of thy rod / Upon thy foes,
(333-34) SONG: The king through God's sharp rod, / Did yield to him his wife straight-way,
Shakes Rich3 (V.3.112): irons of wrath
Rich2 (5.1.32-32): kiss the rod (of correction)
1H4 (3.2.10-11): For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heaven, / To punish my misreadings.
MND (III.2.410): I'll whip thee with a rod. Corio (II.43.91-92).
Anon. Leir (7.27-28) CORDELLA: No, no, it is the pleasure of my God: / And I do willingly embrace the rod.
Willobie (V.6): God's heavy judgments tried since, / And felt the weight of angry rod;
Bible 1 Kings 12.11 you have been a rod to her friends (No Match, NEAR/adjacent) Rev.12.5, 19.15 (12.15); Ps. 2.9 rod/iron; Ps. 89.32/rod/punish; Job 21.9/rod/God; Lam/rod/indignation; Also Prov. 22.15/rod/correction, 29.15/rod/reproof.

GOD ... Sees/directs everything ... Sparrow.
Pickering Horestes (183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will / All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,
Brooke Romeus (2187-88): Then go (quoth he) my child, I pray that God on high / Direct thy foot, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye [guide]:
(2872-73): That no respect of hours, ought justly to be had, / But at all times men have the choice of doing good or bad;
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.84) MENECEUS: But God it seeth that every secret seeth
(III.2.164): Who thinks that Jove the maker of us all, / And he that tempers all in heaven on high, The sun, the moon, the stars celestial, / So that no leaf without his leaue can fall, / Hath not in him omnipotence also / To guide and govern all things here below?
Supposes (II.8) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)
Greene James IV (II.I.28-29) IDA: God with a beck can change each worldly thing, / The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.
(III.3.68) SIR BARTRAM: God will conduct your steps and shield the right.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.12): ULF: Surely, my lord, you are highly favored / of God, who sees each human action, ...
Leir (3.7) LEIR: None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts & secret deeds.
(19.138-43) LEIR: Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me, / But unto God, who my injustice see. / If it be so, that she doth seek revenge, As with good reason she may justly do, / I will most willingly resign my life, / A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
Cromwell (I.3) FRISKIBALL: For God doth know what to myself may fall.
Leic Gh. (204-06) For though he may delude the people's sight, / It is in vain before God to dissemble, / Whose power the devils know, and knowing, tremble.
Shakes AsYou (2.3.43-44) ADAM: He that doth the ravens feed, / Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, ...
Hamlet (V.2.168-69) HAM: Not a whit, we defy Augury; there's a special / Providence in the fall of a sparrow. (Q2, lines 3518-19, substantially the same; Q1, lines 2058-59: there's a predestinate providence / in the fall of a sparrow:)
Bible Matt. 10.29 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? Luke 12.6: Are not five sparrows bought for two fardings, (No Match).

GOD ... Shield.
Golding Ovid Met (VII.51): God shield I so should do.
Abraham (302-04) SONG: O happy is the wight / That grounds himself aright / On God, and maketh him his shield:
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.628) CHORUS: God shield.
Lyly Campaspe (III.2.47-48) PSYLLUS: The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, / whose words melt wits like wax.
(III.4.91) APELLES: God shield you should have cause to be as cunning as Apelles.
Gallathea (II.3) PETER: god shield me from blowing gold to nothing,
Midas (III.3) SOPHRONIA: The gods shield him from all harms.
Marlowe Massacre (XXII.39) NAVARRE: God shield your grace from such a sudden death:
Shakes R&J (IV.1) PARIS: God shield I should disturb devotion!
MND (III.1) BOTTOM: God shield us! -- a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing...
AWEW (I.3) COUNTESS: ... God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

Greene James IV (I.3.15) EUSTACE: A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
(III.3.68) SIR BARTRAM: God will conduct your steps and shield the right.
Anon. Woodstock (III.2) WOODSTOCK: we are beset (heaven shield) with many storms.
Leir (30.31-32) CORDELLA: We that are feeble, and want use of Arms, / Will pray to God, to shield you from all harms.
Willobie (III.3 I): have by grace a native shield,
(IX.1): God shield me from your cursed crew
Penelope (XVIII.1-2): Ulysses dear, the Gods thee shield, / And send thee home well to return,
(XXXIV.4): (Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)
Chapman D'Olive (III.2.30) D'OL: above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing!
(III.2.42-43) D'OL: heaven shield me from any / more followers!
Bible Ps. 84.9, 11; Prov. 30.5 Every word of God is pure; he is a shield to those that trust in him (No Match).

GOD'S WILL ... Submit.
Kindlemarch Devices (98.5-6): My fainting soul suppressed sore, with careful clog of sin, / In humble sort submits itself, thy mercy for to win:
Anon. Leir (19.211-13) LEIR: Let us submit us to the will of God: / Things past all sense, let us not seek to know; / It is God's will, and therefore must be so.
Bible Romans 10.3 For they, being ignorant of the righteousness of God, & going about to stablish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God. Ephesians 5.21 Submitting yourselves one another in the fear of God. James IV.7 Submit yourselves to God: resist the devil, and he will flee from you. (No Match).

HEAVENS ... Just ... Impiety ... Heinous crimes.
Brooke Romeus (392): And eke for such an heinous crime, have men not Theseus blamed?
(959): At holiest times, men say most heinous crimes are done;
0. Golding Ovid Met (Pref.160): Judge if that even in heinous crimes thy fancy do not flatter.
1. (X.208): Of youth (quoth Phoebus) and I see thy wound my heinous crime.
(X.335)A heinous crime as this is, I am glad for Thracia, I
(X.347): To hate one's father is a crime as heinous as may be,
(X.355): Of parents, from this heinous crime my vicious mind withdraw,
(X.543): Did fetch a light: by which he saw his own most heinous crime,
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.348-49) BAILO: Yet must we hope for help of heavenly powers, / Sith they be just, their mercy is at hand,
(X.210): Of youth (quoth Phoebus) and I see thy wound my heynous cryme.
(V.5.32-34) OED: And last of all defiled my mother's bed, / By whom I have this wicked offspring got: / And to this heinous crime and filthy fact / The heavens have from high enforced me,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.57) ISABELLA: The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:
Sol&Per (II.1.122-29) PER: If heavens were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue / For this thy perjured false disloyalty; / If heavens were just, men should have open breasts, / That we therein might read their guileful thoughts. / If heavens were just, that power that forceth love / Would never couple wolves and lambs together. Yes, heavens are just, but thou art so corrupt / That in thee all their influence doth change,
Marlowe Jew of Malta FERNEZE: Wonder not at it, sir; the heavens are just;
Massacre (I.43-45) NAVARRE: But he that sits and rules above the clouds, / Doth hear and see the prayers of the just: / And will revenge the blood of innocents,
Greene James IV (II.1.140) ATEUKIN: Tis impious for to kill our native King.
(V.2.17-18) ATEUKIN: I know the heavens / Are just and will revenge; ...

Anon. Woodstock (V.3) LORD'S MEN: just heaven protect us and defend the right.
(V.3) LANCASTER: to quit themselves of all such heinous crimes alleged against them,
Leir (22.30-31) CAMBRIA: The heavens are just, and hate impiety, / And will (no doubt) reveal such heinous crimes:
Weakest (XVI.126-27) EPERNOUNE: The traitrous Duke of Anjou, by just heavens, / Now at your mercy stands,
Cromwell (II.3.64) BANISTER: How just is God to right the innocent.
(IV.2) FRISKIBALL: A just reward for one so impious.
Marprelate: Then vengeance must (for God is just) fall to Mar-Martin's hire.
Leic Gh. (827-28): My crimes, I grant, were great and manifold, / Yet not so heinous as some make report;
(2082): The heavens in canceling our days were just;
Yorkshire (II.4) WIFE: And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree
Shakes 3H6 (III.3) Q MARG: Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
(V.1) CLARENCE: Why, trow'st thou, Warwick, / That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural, / To bend the fatal instruments of war / Against his brother and his lawful king? / Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath: / To keep that oath were more impiety / Than Jephthah's,
Rich2 (III.1) GREEN: My comfort is that heaven will take our souls / And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
(III.4) LEAR: That thou mayst shake the superflux to them, / And show the heavens more just.
Sonnet 19: But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
Edw3 (III.5.5-6) K. EDWARD: Just-dooming heaven, whose secret providence / To our gross judgment is inscrutable,
Drayton ... Oldcastle (V.8) LEE: Just judgment of that power, whose gracious eye, / Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Bible Deut. 32.4 Perfect is the work of the mighty God: for all his ways are judgment. God is true, and without wickedness: just, & righteous is he (MARKED). Isaiah 45.21 Tell ye, and bring them, & let them take counsel together, who hath delcared this from the beginning & hath told it of old? Have not I the Lord? & there is none other God beside me, a just God, & a Savior: there is none beside me (MARKED). Rev. 15.3 And they sung the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great & marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty: just and true are thy ways, King of Saints (No Match).

I AM that I am.
Brooke Romeus (2886): To make me other then I am, how so I seem to be.
Oxford Letter (10-30-84, to Lord Burghley): I am that I am ...
Poem: I am not as I seem to be, Nor when I smile I am not glad;
Lyly MB (II.3) SILENA: Though you be as old as you are, I am as young as I am;
(IV.2) SILENA: Because I did, and I am here because I am.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: I am not Warwick as thou think'st I am,
Sonnet (122): I am that I am
12th-(III.1.141) Viola: I am not what I am.
Oth (I.1.65) Iago: I am not what I am.
Lear (I.2) Edmund: I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest / star in the firmament twinked on my bastardizing.
Anon. Leir (24.213-14) CORD: You gave me life, you were the cause that I / Am what I am, who else had never been.
Dodypoll (III.5.40) LUCILIA: I know not what I am nor where I am,
Nashe Summers (124): SUMMER: Summer I was, I am not as I was;

Bible: Ex. 3.14. 1 Cor. 15.10 But by the grace of God, I am that I am. (Ch. MARKED)
Note: Although this has the characteristics of a proverb, its Biblical origin seems very likely.

MANNA from Heaven.
Anon. Leir (24.108-110) LEIR: Me thinks, I never saw such savory meat: / It is as pleasant as the blessed Manna, / That rained from heaven amongst the Israelites:
Shakes MV (V.1) LORENZO: Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way / Of starved people.
Bible Exodus 16.4 Then said the Lord unto Mosesw, Behold, I will cause bread to raine from heaven to you, ... (No Match) Ps. 78.24 And had rained down [MANNA] upon them for to eat, and had given them of the wheat of heaven. (No Match)
John 6.31 Our fathers did eat Manna in the desert; as it is written:, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. John 6.58 This is the bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. He that eateth of this bread, shall live forever. (Ch. MARKED)

MERCY ... spare.
Anon. Leir (19.271-72) LEIR: O, if all this to mercy move thy mind, / Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.
Bible Neh 13.22; Jer 13.14, 21.7; others. Certainly base on Biblical precepts: no identification with any particular verse or verses.
Body/Soul is in PRISON; Death a release.
Brooke Romeus (2548-50): That lo, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart, / Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce, / And that he might fly after hers, would leave the massy corpse.
Bedingfield Cardanus (II. p. 27b): But if thou compare death to long travail and that the soul being let loose from prison of the body seeth all things and walketh everywhere. Then what can be considered more happy. For the soul being burdened with the body, is neither free, nor rightly knoweth anything, but being overladen with cares, doth behold, only the figuree of things, and as it were through a web or cloth, guesseth a sight, and certainly knoweth nothing, but being free, doth not only cast of all hindrance, but also beholdeth all things without interruption, whiche being true, who is he that willingly would eschew death?
(III: pp. 94b-95a): Alas good friend, what is that life other than an imprisonment of mind, much worse than that of the body & would God this quiet might chance to me, which so many worthy men have desired.
Lyly Campaspe (I.2.29-30) MANES: ... that my body was immortal because it was in prison.
(I.2.35) MANES: And the body is the prison of the soul?
(I.2.37-38) MANES: Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison.
Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.1.1-2) GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul / Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Anon. Leir (I.44-46) NOBLE: When fates should loose the prison of your life, / By whose succession all this doubt might cease; / And as by you, by him we might have peace.
Shakes 1H6 (II.5) PLANT: And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul! / In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage / And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
3H6 (II.1) EDW: Now my soul's palace is become a prison: / Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body / Might in the ground be closed up in rest! / For never henceforth shall I joy again, / Never, O never shall I see more joy!
Rich2 (V.5) RICH: I have been studying how I may compare / This prison where I live unto the world: / And for because the world is populous / And here is not a creature but myself, / I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out. / My brain I'll 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 humors like the people of this world, / For no thought is contented. The better sort, / As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd / With scruples and do set the word itself / Against the word: / As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again, / 'It is as hard to come as for a camel / To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.' . Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot / Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails / May tear a passage through the flinty ribs / Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls, / And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
John (III.4) K PHILLIP: Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul; / Holding the eternal spirit against her will, / In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
Titus (III.2) TITUS: Who, when my heart, all mad with misery, / Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, / Then thus I thump it down.
Lucrece (247): Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast / A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed: / That blow did that it from the deep unrest / Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Hamlet (II.2.269071) 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. (Not in Q1, Q2.)
Plato Fable of the Cave: "And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: Behold! human beings living in a underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets." Note: This is but a small excerpt. See the entire passage in Plato. "The Fable of the Cave" was highly influential throughout Renaissance literature, and its thought permeates Cardanus. But see also the Biblical passage below.
Bible Isiah 42.7 That thou mayst open the eyes of the blind, & bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness, out of the prison-house (No Match).

Anointed King: REGICIDE/FRATRICIDE.
Shakes 3H6, Rich2, Rich3 Theme of play
Rich2 (1.2.38-41): His deputy anointed in his sight, ... / ... for I may never lift / An angry arm against his minister.
2H4 4 (Ind. 32): Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
Lear (III.8.56-58) I would not see thy cruel nails / Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister / In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
Macbeth (II.3.72): Most sacriligious murder hath broke ope; / The Lord's anointed temple.
WT (I.2.358): If I could find examples / Of thousands that had struck anointed kings / And flourished after, I'd do it.
Hamlet (III.3.40-42, 47-50) KING: Oh my offense is rank, it smells to heaven, / It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, / A Brother's murder. ... what if this cursed hand / Were thicker then itself with Brother's blood, ... (Q2, lines 2125-27, 32-33). (Q1, lines 1414-18) KING: O that this wet that falls upon my face / Would wash the crime clear from my conscience! / When I look up to heaven, I see my trespass, / The earth doth still cry out upon my fact, / Pray me the murder of a brother and a king,
Anon. Woodstock (I.2.38-41): His deputy ... / Hath caus'd his death, that which if wrongfully / Let heaven revenge me for I may never lift / An angry arm against His minister.

Leir (19.249-52) PERILLUS: Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand / Upon the high anointed of the Lord: / O, be advised ere thou dost begin: Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.
Bible Gen 4.10-11 Again he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brothers glood cryeth unto me from the ground. When thou shalt til the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength: a vagabond and a runagate shalt thou be in the earth (No Match).
Q1 invokes the Biblical prohibition against the killing of an anointed king. Cf. Rich2, 3H6, Rich3, Lear, Macbeth, Winter's Tale, Woodstock, (anon. Leir). See 1 Sam 24.11 Behold, this day thine eyes have seen, that the Lord had delivered thee this day into mine hand in the cave, and some bade me kill thee, but I had compassion on thee, and said, I will not lay mine hand on my master: for he is the Lord's anointed (MARKED). See also 1 Sam 25.9-11 (MARKED), 26.9; 2 Sam 1.14 (MARKED).
1 Sam. 24.11 Behold, this day thine eyes have seen, that the Lord had delivered thee this day into mine hand in the cave, and some made me kill thee, but I had compassion on thee, and said, I will not lay mine hand on my master: for he is the Lord's anointed. (MARKED, part/all underlined, red ink)
1 Sam. 26.11 The Lord keep me from laying mine hand upon the Lord's anointed: but, I pray thee, take now the spear that is at his head, and the pot of water, and let us go hence. (MARKED.)
Note: Hunter and Milward write about the paradox of God's chosen instrument against the sacred king, faced with the sin of regicide, which is itself prohibited. So that rebellion against and murder of an incompetent king (such as Richard II, Hery VI), may be at once both the will of God and an act that goes against God's commandment: the instrument of God is at the same condemned by his disobedience against God. At such times the kingdom itself will fall into disrepair until the time of redemption by a transcendent figure such as the Biblical David, King Henry V of England, and possibly Henry VII. In life Richard is petty and sometimes vicious, and Henry VI saintly but incompetent: in death each reaches a somewhat Christlike martyrdom. Note also that in Marlowe's Edward II, dealing also with the deposition and murder of God's deputy, the religious element that infuses the overthrow and murder of the sacred king is missing: Edward is moving and to be pitied, but his death does not stir the cosmos.
Religious Aphorisms: RICHES ... Virtue.
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.46-47) TIMOCLEA: Fortune, thou didst never / yet deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune.
Midas (I.1) MELLACRITES: Querenda pecuna primum est, virtus post nummos: / first seek money; virtue comes later (Horace) ... The first stair of virtue is money. ... Such virtue is there in gold, that being bred in the barrenest ground / and trodden under foot, it mounteth on princes' heads.
(I.2) LICIO: How happy shall we be if he would but stroke our heads, / that we might have golden hairs. But let us all in, lest he lose the / virtue of the gift before we taste the benefit.
Anon. Leir (15.5-6) MESS: Now bags of gold, your virtue is (no doubt) / To make me in my message bold and stout.
Shakes John (II.1): ... 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.
Rich2 (V.5) turns the camel ... needle's eye phrase into an ironic discussion of scruples.
Disp. Greene's Groat (85-86): been brought up in the university, and therefore / accounts that in riches is no virtue.
Bible Matt. 19.24 It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God; Mark 10.25 (No Match, NEAR: Matthew 19.21, Mark near 10.21); Luke 18.25 (No Match).

SAP ... Root.
Note: As Shakespeare so often compares the wise king to an attentive shepherd, here he is often compared to the prudent gardener. It is notable that in Edmund Ironside, as in the following examples from Richard III, Richard II and King Lear, treason and/or betrayal result from inappropriate husbandry.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.41-47) CAN: A traitor may be likened to a tree, / which being shred and topped when it is green, / doth for one twig which from the same was cut / yield twenty arms, yea twenty arms for one, / but being hacked and mangled with an axe, / the root dies and piecemeal rots away. / Even so with traitors. Cut me off their heads,
0. Leir (16.17) KING: And from my root continual sap shall flow,
Shakes Rich3 (II.2) Q ELIZ: To make an act of tragic violence: / Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. / Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd? / Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
Rich2 (III.4) GARD: They are; and Bolingbroke / Hath seized the wasteful king. / O, what pity is it / That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land / As we this garden! We at time of year / Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees, / Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood, / With too much riches it confound itself: / Had he done so to great and growing men, / They might have lived to bear and he to taste / Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches / We lop away, that bearing boughs may live: / Had he done so, himself had borne the crown, / Which waste of idle hours hath qui te thrown down.
Lear (IV.2) ALB: ... She that herself will sliver and disbranch / From her material sap, perforce must wither / And come to deadly use.
Lucrece (167): ... Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine, / His leaves will wither and his sap decay; / So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.
Bible John 15.4-6 The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ... He is cast forth as a branch, and withereth (No Match).

SHEEP ... Lost/Strayed ... Taint/Sin.
Anon. Leir (I.13-14) LEIR: Lest as it were a ship without a stern, / Or silly sheep without a Pastor's care;
Mucedorus (IV.2.21) MOUSE: ... to look out a shepherd & a stray king's daughter: ...
Ironside (I.3.28-29) EDMUND: One sheep that was lost I more rejoice to find than twenty other which I never missed. (This passage seems to derive from the Apostles' parable.
(IV.1.24-25) EDM/letter from Edricus: I come again like to a strayed sheep / tainted, God wot, with naught but ignorance. (This passage conforms well to Jeremiah.)
Shakes TGV (I.1) PRO: Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, / An if the shepherd be a while away.
MV (IV.1) ANTONIO: I am a tainted wether of the flock, ...
Bible Jer.50.6 My people hath been as lost sheep: their shepherds have caused them to go astray, and have turned them away to the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, and forgotten their resting place. 50.7 All that found them, have devoured them, and their enemies said, We offend not because they have sinned against the Lord, the habitation of justice, ... (50.7 MARKED). References to lost sheep, but lacking the consciousness of sin and taint are found in other passages, some Messianic: Pss.119.176, Matt.10.6, Matt.15.24, Matt.18.11, Luke.15.6 (All No Match).

SOUL ... Welfare.
Anon. Leir (1.26) LEIR: And think upon the welfare of my soul:

Bible Job 30.15-16 Fear is turned upon me: and they pursue my sul as the wind, and mine health passeth away as a cloud. Therefore my soul is now poured out upon me, and the days of affliction have taken hold on me (No Match).

STRANGERS ... Kind/kindness.
Anon. Leir (24.120) LEIR: Ah, who would think such kindness should remain / Among such strange and unacquainted men: / And that such hate should harbor in the breast / Of those, which have occasion to be best?
Shakes Timon (III.5.100-10: Is this the balsom that the usuring Senate / Pours into captains' wounds?
Bible Luke 10.33-37 Then a certain Samaritan, as he journed, came near unto him, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, ... And went to him, & bound up his wounds, and poured in oil and wine, and put him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and made provision for him. ... Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise. (No Match.)

TONGUE ... Whet ... Filed/Smooth.
Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.31) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4.105) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Selimus (3.4) SELIMUS: And feigned plaints his subtle tongue doth file / T'entrap the silly wand'ring traveler
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Anon. Leir (12.81-82) MESS: My tongue being well whetted with choler, / is more sharp than a Razor of Palerno.
Willobie (I.10): A filed tongue which none mislikes.
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised / if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips (MARKED).

TONGUE ... Sword.
Anon. Leir (30.101) CAMBRIA: I, with their swords they'l make your tongue unsay ...
Dodypoll (IV.4.45-46): O thou ordained to bear swords in thy tongue, / Dead thou hast struck me and I live no more.
Shakes H5 (III.2): ... For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue / and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks / words, and keeps whole weapons....
Cymbeline (III.4) PISANIO: ... 'tis slander, / Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue / Outvenoms all the worms of Nile...
Bible Ps. 57.4 ... I lie among the children of men, that are set on fire: whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword; Pss. 64.3 Which have whet their tongue like a sword, and short for their arrows bitter words (No Match). Prov. 12.18 ... that speaketh words

like the prickings of a sword: but the tongue of wise men is health (No Match). Hosea 7.16 ... their prices shall fall by the sword, for the rage of their tongues (No Match, NEAR Marked 7.13).

VIRTUE/VIRTUOUS ... life ... Pattern.
Gosson Abuse: The right use of ancient Poetry was to have the ... virtuous lives of predecessors set down in numbers, and song to the Instrument at solemn feasts, that the sound of the one might draw the hearers from kissing the cup too often; the sense of the other put them in mind of things past, and chalk out the way to do the like.
Kindlemarch Devices (13.5-6): Fly Fortune's sly deceits, let Virtue be thy guide, / If that you do intend in happy state to bide.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.127-28A): PAINTER: I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.
Lodge Rosalind: be careful that thy life be virtuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honors;
Anon. Leir (1.12) LEIR: A perfect pattern of a virtuous life:
Pasquil Apology (Para. 39): The Disciple is not above his Master, &c. Which lesson our Savior giveth his disciples, to encourage them to bear the persecution, hatred, nips, taunting, and evil speeches of the wicked, according to the pattern he had given them,
Bible 1 Tim. 1.16 Notwithstanding, for this cause was I received to mercy, that Jesus Christ should first show on me all long suffering unto the example of them, which shall in time to come believe in him unto eternal life. (No Match).

WALK forty days.
Anon. Leir (24.100) CORDELLA: He walked forty days, and never fainted.
Bible 1 Kings 19.8 Then he arose, and did eat and drinke, and walked in the strength of that meat fourtie daies & fourtie nights, unto Horeb, the mount of God. (No Match.)

WORMWOOD .
Lyly Sapho (Court Pro.): who fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on wormwood
Shakes LLL (V.2) ROSALINE: Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron, ... / To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
Edw3 (III.3) K. EDWARD: If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
Lucrece (128): Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste: / Thy violent vanities can never last.
R&J has two nonapplicable uses.
Hamlet (III.2.180) HAM: [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood. (Q2. line 1895): That's wormwood. (Not in Q1.)
Anon. Leir (23.59-60) LEIR: Can Henbane join in league with Methridate?
(23.63-35) LEIR: I have thrown Wormwood on the sugared youth, / And like to Henbane poisoned the Fount, / Whence flowed the Methridate of a child's good will: . Or Sugar grow in Wormwood's bitter stalk?
(23.79) PERILLUS: The weed, the gall, the henbane & the wormwood;
Willobie (XXXVII.3-6, Note): Strange pleasure seems sweet at the beginning, but their end is as bitter wormwood. Prover. 5.3,4. Prov. 6.27.
Bible Prov. 5. 3-4 (3) For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is more soft than oil. (4) But the end of her is bitter as wormwood, & sharp as a two-edged sword. (No Match)

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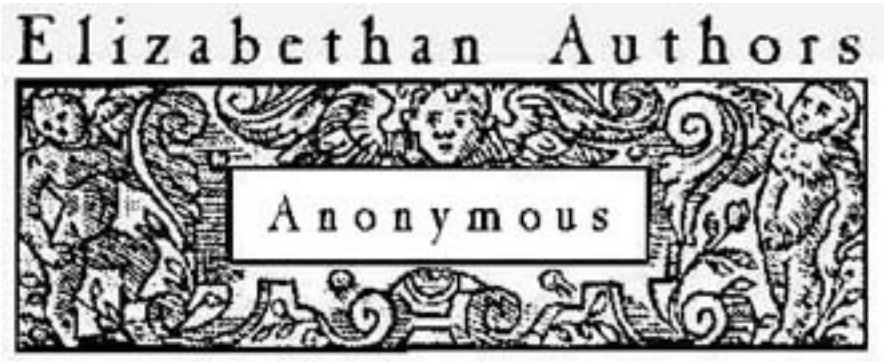

The Plays of George Chapman
Monsieur D'Olive

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Alternate word choices indicated in [brackets].
Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE
Published 1606

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Commentary on Monsieur D'Olive

CHARACTERS
Monsieur D'Olive.
Philip, the Duke.
St. Anne, Count.
Vaumont, Count.
Vandome.
Roderigue.
Mugeron.
Two pages
Pacque.
Dicque.
Cornelius, a Surgeon.
Fripper, a petty Broker.

[Jacqueline] the Duchess.
Hieronime, lady in waiting, cousin of Vandome.
Marcellina, Countess.
Eurione, her sister.
Licette, maid to Marcellina.
Servants, pages, sailors.

Act 1

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

Scene I.1 [Before the House of Vaumont.]
[Vandome, with servants and sailors laden.
Vaumont, another way walking.]

VANDOME: Convey your carriage to my brother-in-law's,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne, to whom and to my sister
Commend my humble service; tell them both
Of my arrival, and intent t'attend them.
When in the way I have performed fit duties
To Count Vaumont, and his most honored Countess.

SERVANT: We will, sir. This way, follow, honest sailors.
[Exeunt Servants, with sailors.]

VANDOME: Our first observance after any absence
Must be presented ever to our mistress,
As at our parting she should still be last. ... [I.1.10]
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said
That love is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worse object than my matchless mistress
Were worthy to employ us to that likeness.
And be the only ring our powers should beat.
Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behavior to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine ... [I.1.20]
Is the the soul that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts
Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre.
With which she keeps time to the several musics
Placed in the sacred consort of her beauties:
Love's complete armory is managed in her
To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting ... [I.1.30]
Any attaint might disproportion her,

Or make her graces less than circular.
Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness
As from immodesty, in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness;
In use of places, hours, and companies,
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the center to observe them;
Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull, ... [I.1.40]
In all her courses ever at the full.
These three years I have traveled, and so long
Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautify the enamored light.
This is her house. What! The gates shut and clear
Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont
To hold the usual concourse of a Court,
And see, methinks, through the encurtained windows
(In this high time of day) I see light tapers.
This is exceeding strange! Behold the Earl, ... [I.1.50]
Walking in as strange sort before the door.
I'll know this wonder, sure. My honored lord!

VAUMONT: Keep off, sir, and beware whom you embrace!

VANDOME: Why flies your lordship back?

VAUMONT: ~~~ You should be sure
To know a man your friend before you embraced him.

VANDOME: I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
Than of your lordship's friendship.

VAUMONT: ~~~ No man's knowledge
Can make him sure of anything without him,
Or not within his power to keep or order.

VANDOME: I comprehend not this; and wonder much ... [I.1.60]
To see my most loved lord so much estranged.

VAUMONT: The truth is, I have done your known deserts
More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honor, which still makes it worse.

VANDOME: If this be all, my lord, the discontent
You seem to entertain is merely causeless;
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever
Your misconduct could make you lay on me. ... [I.1.70]

And therefore, good my lord, discover it,
That we may take the spleen and corsie from it.

VAUMONT: Then hear a strange report and reason why
I did you this repented injury.
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship
Your chosen mistress, and she not disposed
(As other ladies are) to entertain
Peculiar terms with common acts of kindness;
But (knowing in her more than women's judgment
That she should nothing wrong her husband's right, ... [I.1.80]
To use a friend, only for virtue chosen,
With all the rights of friendship) took such care
After the solemn parting to your travel,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That I grew jealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindness, utterly forgetting
I should have weighed so rare a woman's words
As duties of a free and friendly justice,
Not as the headstrong and incontinent vapors
Of other ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust; ... [I.1.90]
Wherein I injured both your innocencies,
Which I approve, not out of flexible dotage
By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartial equity, made apparent
Both by mine own well-weighed comparison
Of all her other manifest perfections
With this one only doubtful levity,
And likewise by her violent apprehension
Of her deep wrong and yours, for she hath vowed
Never to let the common pandress light ... [I.1.100]
(Or any doom as vulgar) censure her
In any action she leaves subject to them,
Never to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her presence, nourish in it
(Unless with sleep) nor stir out of her chamber;
And so hath muffled and mewed up her beauties
In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transformed by her to night,
With all sun banished from her smothered graces;
And thus my dear and most unmatched wife ... [I.1.110]
That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In every judgment, every company,
I, by false jealousy, have no less than lost,
Murthered her living, and entombed her quick.

VANDOME: Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord;
Your wrong to me or her was no fit ground
To bear so weighty and resolved a vow

From her incensed and abused virtues.

VAUMONT: There could not be a more important cause
To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light, ... [I.1.120]
To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,
And frown on continence with her oblique glances:
As nothing equals right to virtue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.

VANDOME: Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties and the applause
Give to the worth of her society,
To let a voluntary vow obscure them? ... [I.1.130]

VAUMONT: See all her windows and her doors made fast,
And in her chamber lights for night enflamed;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

VANDOME: This news is strange; heaven grant I be encountered
With better tidings of my other friends!
Let me be bold, my lord, t'inquire the state
Of my dear sister, in whose self and me
Together the whole hope of our family,
Survives with her dear and princely husband,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne.

VAUMONT: ~~~ Unhappy that I am, ... [I.1.140]
I would to heaven your most welcome steps
Had brought you first upon some other friend,
To be the sad relator of the changes
Chanced [in] your three years' most lamented absence.
Your worthy sister, worthier far of heaven
Than this unworthy hell of passionate earth,
Is taken up amongst her fellow stars.

VANDOME: Unhappy man that ever I returned,
And perished not ere these news pierced mine ears!

VAUMONT: Nay, be not you, that teach men comfort, grieved; ... [I.1.150]
I know hour judgment will set willing shoulders
To the known burthens of necessity,
And teach your willful brother patience,
Who strives with Death, and from his caves of rest
Retains his wife's dead corpse amongst the living;
For with the rich sweets of restoring balms
He keeps her looks as fresh as if she lived,
And in his chamber (as in life attired)

She in a chair sits leaning on her arm,
As if she only slept; and at her feet ... [I.1.160]
He, like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
All his life's comfort; and that, she being dead
(Who was his greatest part) he must consume
As in an apoplexy struck with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Duchess comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters
From the kind King of France, who is allied
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Up to another world where she expects him, ... [I.1.170]
He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,
Solemn and tragical, and so resolves
In those sad accents to exhale his soul.

VANDOME: Oh, what a second ruthless sea of woes
Wracks me within my haven and on the shore!
What shall I do? Mourn, mourn, with them that mourn.
And make my greater woes their less expel;
This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears,
And in this next even, which is my mistress' morning,
I'll greet her, wond'ring at her willful humors, ... [I.1.180]
And with rebukes, breaking out of my love
And duty to her honor, make her see
How much her too much curious virtue wrongs her.

VAUMONT: Said like the man the world hath ever held you!
Welcome as new lives to us; our good now
Shall wholly be ascribed and trust to you.
[Exeunt. Enter Roderique and Mugeron.]

MUGERON: See, see, the virtuous Countess hath bidden our day
good night; her stars are now visible. When was any lady
seen to be so constant in her vow, and able to forbear the
society of men so sincerely? ... [I.1.190]

RODERIGUE: Never in this world, at least exceeding seldom.
What shame it is for men to see women so far surpass them;
for when was any man known (out of judgment) to perform
so staid an abstinence from the society of women?

MUGERON: Never in this world!

RODERIGUE: What an excellent creature an honest woman is!
I warrant you the Countess and her virgin sister spend all
their times in contemplation, watching to see the sacred
spectacles of the night, when other ladies lie drowned in sleep
or sensuality. Is't not so, thinkst? ... [I.1.200]

MUGERON: No question!

RODERIGUE: Come, come, let's forget we are courtiers, and talk like honest men, tell truth, and shame all travelers and tradesmen. Thou believ'st all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and suffer'st in soul, I know, for the honorable lady.

MUGERON: Can any heart of adamant not yield in compassion to see spotless innocency suffer such bitter penance?

RODERIGUE: A very fit stock to graff on! Tush, man, think what she is, think where she lives, think on the villainous ... [I.1.210] cunning of these times! Indeed, did we live now in old Saturn's time, when women had no other art than what Nature taught 'em (and yet there needs little art, I wis, to teach a woman to dissemble); when luxury was unborn, at least untaught the art to steal from a forbidden tree; when coaches, when periwigs and painting, when masks and masking, in a word, when court and courting was unknown, an easy mist might then, perhaps, have wrought upon my sense, as it does not on the poor Countess and thine.

MUGERON: O World! ... [I.1.220]

RODERIGUE: O Flesh!

MUGERON: O Devil!

RODERIGUE: I tell thee, Mugeron, the Flesh is grown so great with the Devil, as there's but a little honesty left i'th' World. That that is, is in lawyers, they engross all. 'Sfoot, what gave the first fire to the Count's jealousy?

MUGERON: What but his misconstruction of her honorable affection to Vandome?

RODERIGUE: Honorable affection: First she's an ill huswife of her honor, that puts it upon construction. But the ... [I.1.230] presumption was violent against her: no speech but of Vandome, no thought but of his memory, no mirth but in his company, besides the free intercourse of letters, favors, and other entertainments, too too manifest signs that her heart went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

MUGERON: Why, was she not his mistress?

RODERIGUE: Ay, ay, a Court term for I wot what! 'Slight,

Vandome, the stallion of the Court, her devoted servant and,
forsooth, loves her honorably! Tush, he's a fool that believes
it! For my part I love to offend in the better part still, and ... [I.1.240]
that is, to judge charitably. But now, forsooth, to redeem
her honor she must by a laborious and violent kind of purgation
rub off the skin to wash out the spot; turn her chamber
to a cell, the sun into a taper, and (as if she lived in another
world among the Antipodes) make our night her day, and our
day her night, that under this curtain she may lay his jealousy
asleep, while she turns poor Argus to Actaeon, and makes his
sheets common to her servant Vandome.

MUGERON: Vandome? Why, he was met i'th' street but
even now, newly arrived after three years' travel. ... [I.1.250]

RODERIGUE: Newly arrived? He has been arrived this
twelve-month, and has ever since lien close in his mistress'
cunning darkness at her service.

MUGERON: Fie o' the Devil! Who will not Envy slander?
Oh, the miserable condition of her sex, born to live under all
constructions. If she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton;
if she be kind, she's too willing; if coy, too willful; if she
be modest, she's a clown; if she be honest, she's a fool;
[Enter D'Olive.] and so he is. [pointing to D'Olive.]

RODERIGUE: What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit ... [I.1.260]
and good words!

D'OLIVE: Morrow, wits, morrow, good wits! My little parcel
of wit, I have rods in piss for you. How dost, Jack? May
I call you Sir Jack yet?

MUGERON: You may, sir; Sir's as commendable an addition
as Jack, for ought I know.

D'OLIVE: I know it, Jack, and as common too.

RODERIGUE: Go to, you may cover; we have taken notice of
your embroidered beaver.

D'OLIVE: Look you, by heaven, th'art one of the maddest bitter ... [I.1.270]
slaves in Europe; I do but wonder how I made shift to love
thee all this while.

RODERIGUE: Go to, what might such a parcel-gilt cover be worth?

MUGERON: Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'OLIVE: Good, i'faith, but bitter! Oh, you mad slaves, I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you. I must take pleasure in you; and, i'faith, tell me, how is't? Live, I see, you do, but how, but how, wits?

RODERIGUE: 'Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

D'OLIVE: By your wits? ... [I.1.280]

MUGERON: Nay, not turned poets neither.

D'OLIVE: Good, sooth! But, indeed, to say truth, time was when the sons of the Muses had the privilege to live only by their wits; but times are altered, monopolies are now called in, and wit's become a free trade for all sorts to live by: lawyers live by wit, and they live worshipfully; soldiers live by wit, and they live honorably; panders live by wit, and they live honestly. In a word, there are few trades but live by wit; only bawds and midwives live by women's labors, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth, ... [I.1.290] pages and parasites by making legs, painters and players by making mouths and faces. Ha, does't well, wits?

RODERIGUE: Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests as country gentlemen follow fashions, when they be worn threadbare.

D'OLIVE: Well, well, let's leave these wit skirmishes, and say, when shall we meet?

MUGERON: How think you, are we not met now?

D'OLIVE: Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may take free use of ourselves, that is, drink sack, and talk ... [I.1.300] satire, and let our wits run the wild-goose chase over Court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse: critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i'th' day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honor, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed. And how, wits, do ye follow the Court still?

RODERIGUE: Close at heels, sir; and, I can tell you, you have ... [I.1.310] much to answer for your stars that you do not so too.

D'OLIVE: As why, wits, as why?

RODERIGUE: Why, sir, the Court's as 'twere the stage; and
they that have a good suit of parts and qualities, ought to
press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit.

D'OLIVE: Tush! Let the Court follow me; he that soars
too near the sun, melts his wings many times. As I am, I
possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit;
as for wealth and honor let 'em go, I'll not lose my
learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman. ... [I.1.320]

MUGERON: Admirable D'Olive!

D'OLIVE: And what! You stand gazing at this comet
here, and admire it, I dare say.

RODERIGUE: And do not you?

D'OLIVE: Not I! I admire nothing but wit.

RODERIGUE: But I wonder how she entertains time in that
solitary cell; does she not take tobacco, think you?

D'OLIVE: She does, she does; others make it their physic,
she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn,
first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them ... [I.1.330]
both.

MUGERON: How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece, the
Countess' sister? There were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive,
to admire and marry too.

D'OLIVE: Not for me!

RODERIGUE: No? What exceptions lies against the choice?

D'OLIVE: Tush! Tell me not of choice; if I stood affected
that way, I would choose my wife as men do Valentines,
blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not
to be deceived in choosing: for take this of me, there's ... [I.1.340]
ten times more deceit in women than in horseflesh; and I
say still that a pretty well-paced chambermaid is the only
fashion; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence
to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh;
there's no more but so.

MUGERON: Indeed, that's the saving'st way.

D'OLIVE: Oh me! What a hell 'tis for a man to be tied
to the continual charge of a coach with the appurtenances,

horse, men, and so forth; and then to have a man's house
pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, ... [I.1.350]
waiting-maids, etc! I careful to please my wife, she careless
to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable
if she be wise, imperious as an empress, all she does must
be law, all she says gospel. Oh, what a penance 'tis to
endure her! I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal,
and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my
horsekeeper! Fie on't! The very thought of marriage
were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

RODERIGUE: Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt
cony's-wool we shall have you change your copy ere a ... [I.1.360]
twelve-month's day.

MUGERON: We must have you dubbed o'the' order, there's no
remedy! You that have unmarried done such honorable
service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honor
due to't in marriage.

RODERIGUE: That he may do, and never marry.

D'OLIVE: As how, wits, i'faith, as how?

RODERIGUE: For if he can prove his father was free o'th' order,
and that he was his father's son, then by the laudable custom
of the city, he may be a cuckold by his father's copy, ... [I.1.370]
and never serve for't.

D'OLIVE: Ever good, i'faith!

MUGERON: Nay, how can he plead that, when tis as well
known his father died a bachelor?

D'OLIVE: Bitter, in verity, bitter! But good still in its kind.

RODERIGUE: Go to, we must have you follow the lanthorn of
your forefathers.

MUGERON: His forefathers? 'Sbody, had he more fathers
than one?

D'OLIVE: Why, this is right; here's wit canvassed out on's ... [I.1.380]
coat into's jacket; the string sounds ever well that rubs not
too much o'th' frets; I must love your wits, I must take
pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits; you know my
lodging; make an errant thither now and then, and save
your ordinary; do, wits, do!

MUGERON: We shall be troublesome t'ye.

D'OLIVE: O God, sir, you wrong me to think I can be troubled
with wit; I love a good wit as I love myself; if you need
a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your
sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times. I ... [I.1.390]
carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your
call. Farewell, wits; farewell, good wits.! [Exit.]

RODERIGUE: Farewell, the true map of a gull! By heaven, he
shall to th' Court! 'Tis the perfect model of an impudent
upstart, the compound of a poet and a lawyer; he shall
sure to th' Court.

MUGERON: Nay, for God's sake. let's have no fools at Court.

RODERIGUE: He shall to't, that's certain; the Duke had a
purpose to despatch some one or other to the French King,
to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the ... [I.1.400]
melancholy Earl of Saint Anne, her husband, hath kept so
long unburied, as meaning one grave should entomb himself
and her together.

MUGERON: A very worthy subject for an ambassage, as
D'Olive is for an ambassador agent, and 'tis as suitable to
his brain as his parcel-gift beaver to his fools' head.

RODERIGUE: Well, it shall go hard, but he shall be employed.
Oh, 'tis a most accomplished ass, the mongrel of a gull and
a villain, the very essence of his soul is pure villainy; the
substance of his brain, foolery; one that believes nothing ... [I.1.410]
from the stars upward. A pagan in belief, an epicure beyond
belief; prodigious in lust, prodigal in wasteful expense, in
necessary most penurious; his wit is to admire and imitate,
his grace is to censure and detract. He shall to th' Court,
i'faith, he shall thither! I will shape such employment
for him as that he himself shall have no less contentment
in making mirth to the whole Court than the Duke and the
whole Court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence.
A knave, if he be rich, is fit to make an officer; as a fool, if
he be a knave, is fit to make an intelligencer. [Exeunt.] ... [I.1.420]

Continue to Monsieur D'Olive Act 2

Monsieur D'Olive Glossary & Appendices

Commentary on Monsieur D'Olive

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MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

A

Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her Maiesties children at the Blacke-Friers.

By George Chapman.

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for *William Holmes*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstans* Church-yard in Fleete-Streete. 1606.

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The Plays of George Chapman
Monsieur D'Olive

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Alternate word choices indicated in [brackets].
Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 2

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

Scene II.1 [A Room in the House of Vaumont.]
[Enter Dicque, Licette, with tapers.]
DICQUE: What an order is this! Eleven o'clock at night
is our lady's morning and her hour to rise at, as in the morning
it is other ladies' hour. These tapers are our suns, with
which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee, Licette,
what makes the virgin lady, my lady's sister, break wind
so continually, and sigh so tempestuously? I believe she's
in love.

LICETTE: With whom, can you tell?

DICQUE: Not very well, but certes, that's her disease; a
man may cast her water in her face. The truth is, 'tis no ... [II.1.10]
matter what she is, for there is little goodness in her; I
could never yet finger one cardecu of her bounty. And,
indeed, all bounty nowadays is dead amongst ladies. This
same Bonitas is quite put down amongst 'em. But see,
now we shall discover the heaviness of this virgin lady;
I'll eavesdrop, and, if it be possible, hear who is her lover,;
for when this same amorous spirit possesses these young
people, they have no other subject to talk of.
[They retire. Enter Marcellina and Eurione]

EURIONE: Oh, sister, would that matchless Earl ever have
wronged his wife with jealousy? ... [II.1.20]

MARCELLINA: Never!

EURIONE: Good Lord, what difference is in men! But such
a man as this was never seen, to love his wife even after
death so dearly, to live with her in death! To leave the
world and all his pleasures, all his friends and honors, as
all were nothing, now his wife is gone! Is't not strange?

MARCELLINA: Exceeding strange!

EURIONE: But sister, should not the noble man be chronicled
if he had right; I pray you, sister, should he not?

MARCELLINA: Yes, yes, he should! ... [II.1.30]

EURIONE: But did you ever hear of such a noble gentleman?
Did you, sister?

MARCELLINA: I tell you no.

EURIONE: And do not you delight to hear him spoken of,
and praised, and honored? Do you not, madam?

MARCELLINA: What should I say? I do.

EURIONE: Why, very well; and should not every woman
that loves the sovereign honor of her sex, delight to hear
him praised as well as we? Good madam, answer heartily.

MARCELLINA: Yet again? Who ever heard one talk so? ... [II.1.40]

EURIONE: Talk so? Why should not every lady talk so?
You think, belike, I love the noble man,
Heaven is my judge if I -- indeed, his love
And honor to his wife so after death
Would make a fairy love him, yet not love,
But think the better of him, and sometimes
Talk of his love or so; but you know, madam,
I called her sister, and if I love him,
It is but as my brother, I protest.

VANDOME: [Within.] Let me come in. ... [II.1.50]
: [Within.] ~~~ Sir, you must not enter.

MARCELLINA: What rude disordered noise is that within?

LICETTE: I know not, madam.
: ~~~ How now? [Enter a Servant.]

[SERVANT]: ~~~~~~ Where's my lady?

MARCELLINA: What haste with you?

[SERVANT]: ~~~ Madam, there's one at door
That asks to speak with you, admits no answer,
But will enforce his passage to your honor.

MARCELLINA: What insolent guest is that?
: ~~~ Who should he be
That is so ignorant of our worth and custom?
[Enter another Servant.]

[2 SERVANT]: Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on us,
And will come in, he says.
: ~~~ This is strange rudeness.
What is his name? Do you not know the man?

[2 SERVANT]: ~~~ No, madam, 'tis too dark.
: ~~~~~~ Then take a light. ... [II.1.60]
See if you know him; if not, raise the streets.
[Exit Licette, walks with a candle.]

EURIONE: And keep the door safe. What night-walker'[s] this,
That hath not light enough to see his rudeness?
[Enter Licette, in haste.]

LICETTE: Oh, madam, 'tis the noble gentleman,
Monsieur Vandome, your servant.
: ~~~ Is it he?
Is he returned?
: ~~~ Haste, commend me to him;
Tell him I may not nor will not see him,
For I have vowed the contrary to all.

LICETTE: Madam, we told him so a hundred times,
Yet he will enter. ... [II.1.70]

[Voices within]: Hold, hold! Keep him back, there!

MARCELLINA: What rudeness, what strange insolence is this?
[Enter Vandome]

VANDOME: What hour is this? What fashion? What sad life?
What superstition of unholy vow?

What place is this? Oh, shall it e'er be said
Such perfect judgment should be drowned in humor?
Such beauty consecrate to bats and owls?
Here lies the weapon that enforced my passage.
[Throwing down the sword.]
Sought in my love, sought in regard of you,
For whom I will endure a thousand deaths ... [II.1.80]
Rather than suffer you to perish thus
And be the fable of the scornful world;
If I offend you, lady, kill me now.

MARCELLINA: What shall I say? Alas, my worthy servant!
I would to God I had not lived to be
A fable to the world, a shame to thee.

VANDOME: Dear mistress, hear me, and forbear these humors.

MARCELLINA: Forbear your vain dissuasion.
: ~~~ Shall your judgment --

MARCELLINA: I will not hear a word.
: ~~~ Strange will in women!
[Exit Marcellina, with Licette, Dicque, and Servants.]
What says my honorable virgin sister? ... [II.1.90]
How is it you can brook this bat-like life,
And sit as one without life?
: ~~~ Would I were!
If any man would kill me, I'd forgive him.

VANDOME: Oh true fit of a maiden melancholy!
Whence comes it, lovely sister?
: ~~~ In my mind
Yourself hath small occasion to be merry,
That are arrived on such a hapless shore,
As bears the dead weight of so dear a sister;
For whose decease, being my dear sister vowed,
I shall forever lead this desolate life. ... [II.1.100]

VANDOME: Now heaven forbid; women in love with women!
Love's fire shines with too mutual a refraction,
And both ways weakens his cold beams too much
To pierce so deeply; 'tis not for her, I know,
That you are thus impassioned.

EURIONE: For her, I would be sworn, and for her husband.

VANDOME: Ay, marry, sir, a quick man may do much
In these kind of impressions.
: ~~~ See how idly

You understand me! These same travelers,
That can live anywhere, make jests of anything, ... [II.1.110]
And cast so far from home for nothing else
But to learn how they may cast off their friends!
She had a husband does not cast her off so;
Oh, tis a rare, a noble gentleman!

[VANDOME]: Well, well, there is some other humor stirring
In your young blood than a dead woman's love.

EURIONE: No, I'll be sworn!
: ~~~ Why, is it possible
That you, whose frolic breast was ever filled
With all the spirits of a mirthful lady,
Should be with such a sorrow so transformed? ... [II.1.120]
Your most sweet hand in touch of instruments
Turned to pick straws, and fumble upon rushes?
Your heavenly voice turned into heavy sighs,
And your rare wit, too, in a manner tainted?
This cannot be; I know some other cause
Fashions this strange effect, and that myself
Am born to find it out and be your cure
In any wound it forceth whatsoever;
But if you will not tell me, at your peril! [He offers to go.]

EURIONE: Brother! ... [II.1.130
: ~~~ Did you call?

EURIONE: No, 'tis no matter
: ~~~ So then! [Going.]
: ~~~~~~ Do you hear?
Assured you are my kind and honored brother,
I'll tell you all.
: ~~~ Oh, will you do so then?

EURIONE: You will be secret?
: ~~~ Secret? Is't a secret?

EURIONE: No, 'tis a trifle that torments one thus!
Did ever man ask such a question
When he had brought a woman to this pass?

VANDOME: What, 'tis no treason, is it?
: ~~~ Treason, quoth he?

VANDOME: Well, if it be, I will engage my quarters
With a fair lady's ever: tell the secret. ... [II.1.140]

EURIONE: Attending oftentimes the Duke and Duchess,

To visit the most passionate Earl your brother,
That noble gentleman --
: ~~~ Well said, put in that!

EURIONE: Put it in? Why? I'faith, y'are such a man,
I'll tell no further; you are changed indeed.
A traveler, quoth you?
: ~~~ Why, what means this?
Come, lady, forth! I would not lose the thanks,
The credit, and the honor I shall have
For that most happy good I know in fate
I am to furnish thy desires withal, ... [II.1.150]
For all this house in gold.
: ~~~ Thank you, good brother!
Attending (as I say) the Duke and Duchess
To the sad Earl --
: ~~~ That noble gentleman?

EURIONE: Why, ay! Is he not?
: ~~~ Beshrew my heart, else!
'The Earl,' quoth you, 'he cast not off his wife!'

EURIONE: Nay, look you now!
: ~~~ Why, does he, pray?
: ~~~~~~ Why, no!

VANDOME: Forth, then, I pray; you lovers are so captious.

EURIONE: When I observed his constancy in love,
His honor of his dear wife's memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death, ... [II.1.160]
I grew in love, even with his very mind.

VANDOME: Oh, with his mind?
: ~~~ Ay, by my soul, no more!

VANDOME: A good mind certainly is a good thing;
And a good thing you know --
: ~~~ That is the chief;
The body without that, alas, is nothing;
And this his mind cast such a fire into me,
That it hath half consumed me, since it loved
His wife so dearly, that was dear to me.
And ever I am saying to myself,
'How more than happy should that woman be, ... [II.1.170]
That had her honored place in his true love!'
But as for me, I know I have no reason
To hope for such an honor at his hands.

VANDOME: What, at the Earl's hands? I think so, indeed.
Heaven, I beseech thee, was your love so simple
T'inflame itself with him? Why, he's a husband
For any princess, any queen or empress;
The ladies of this land would tear him piecemeal
(As did the drunken froes the Thracian harper)
To marry but a limb, a look of him. ... [II.1.180]
Heaven's my sweet comfort, set your thoughts on him?

EURIONE: Oh cruel man, dissembling traveler!
Even now you took upon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfy my longings,
And whatsoever 'twere, you would procure it.
Oh, you were born to do me good, you know;
You would not lose the credit and the honor
You should have by my satisfaction
For all this house in gold; the very Fates
And you were all one in your power to help me. ... [II.1.190]
And now to come and wonder at my folly,
Mock me, and make my love impossible!
Wretch that I was, I did not keep it in!

VANDOME: Alas, poor sister! When a grief is grown
Full home and to the deepest, then it breaks,
And joy, sun-like, out of a black cloud shineth.
But couldst thou think, i'faith, I was in earnest
To esteem any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties? Any name
Too good to subscribe to Eurione? ... [II.1.200]
Here is my hand; if ever I were thought
A gentleman, or would be still esteemed so,
I will so virtuously solicit for thee,
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustain no doubt I shall dissolve
His settled melancholy, be it ne'er so grounded
On rational love and grave philosophy;
I know my sight will cheer him at the heart,
In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
Will fire his heavy spirits. And all this ... [II.1.210]
May work that change in him that nothing else
Hath hope to joy in; and so farewell, sister,
Some few days hence I'll tell thee how I speed.

EURIONE: Thanks, honored brother; but you shall not go
Before you dine with your best-loved mistress.
Come in, sweet brother.
: ~~~ In to dinner now?
Midnight would blush at that; farewell, farewell!

EURIONE: Dear brother, do but drink or taste a banquet;
I'faith, I have most excellent conserves;
You shall come in, in earnest; stay a little; ... [II.1.220]
Or will you drink some cordial stilled waters
After your travel? Pray thee, worthy brother,
Upon my love you shall stay! Sweet, now enter.

VANDOME: Not for the world! Commend my humble service,
And use all means to bring abroad my mistress.

EURIONE: I will, in sadness; farewell, happy brother! [Exeunt.]

Scene II.2 [A Room at the Court.]
[Enter [Duke] Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime, and Mugeron.
Jacqueline and Hieronime sit down to work.]

DUKE: Come, Mugeron, where is this worthy statesman,
That you and Roderigue would persuade
To be our worthy agent into France.
The color we shall lay on it t'inter
the body of the long-deceased Countess,
The French King's niece, whom her kind husband keeps
With such great cost and care from burial,
Will show as probable as can be thought.
Think you he can be gotten to perform it?

MUGERON: Fear not, my lord; the wizard is as forward ... [II.2.10]
To usurp greatness, as all greatness is
To abuse virtue, or as riches honor.
You cannot load the ass with too much honor.
He shall be yours, my lord; Roderigue and I
Will give him to your Highness for your foot-cloth.

DUKE: How happens it he lived concealed so long?

MUGERON: It is is humor, sir; for he says still,
His jocund mind loves pleasure above honor,
His swing of liberty, above his life.
It is not safe (says he) to build his nest ... [II.2.20]
So near the eagle; his mind is his kingdom,
His chamber is a court of all good wits;
And many such rare sparks of resolution
He blesseth his most loved self withal,
As presently your Excellence shall hear.
But this is one thing I had half forgotten,
With which your Highness needs must be prepared:
I have discoursed with him about the office
Of an ambassador, and he stands on this,
That when he once hath kissed your Highness' hand ... [II.2.30]

And taken his dispatch, he then presents
Your Highness' person, hath your place and power,
Must put his hat on, use you as you him;
That you may see before he goes how well
He can assume your presence and your greatness.

DUKE: And will he practice his new state before us?

MUGERON: Ay, and upon you too, and kiss your Duchess,
As you use at your parting.
: ~~~ Out upon him!
She will not let him kiss her.
: ~~~ He will kiss her
To do your person right.
: ~~~ It will be excellent; ... [II.2.40]
She shall not know this till her offer it.

MUGERON: See, see, he comes!
[Enter Roderigue, Monsieur D'Olive, and Pacque.]
: ~~~ Here is the gentleman
Your Highness doth desire to do you honor
In the presenting of your princely person,
And going Lord Ambassador to th' French King.

DUKE: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election?

AMBO: This is the man, my lord.
: ~~~ We understand, sir,
We have been wronged by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts, ... [II.2.50]
Wherein your country claims a deeper int'rest
Than your mere private self; what makes wise Nature
Fashion in men these excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible --

D'OLIVE: It pleaseth your good Excellence to say so.

DUKE: But that she aims therein at public good;
And you in duty thereto, of yourself,
Ought to have made us tender of your parts,
And not entomb them, tyrant-like, alive.

RODERIGUE: We for our parts, my lord, are not in fault, ... [II.2.60]
For we have sp[u]rned him forward evermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play upon in stately music.

MUGERON: And if he had been ought else but an ass,

Your Grace ere this time long had made him great:
Did not we tell you this?

D'OLIVE: ~~~ Oftentimes:
But, sure, my honored lord, the times before
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious self; for then 'twas policy ... [II.2.70]
To keep all wits of hope still under hatches,
Far from the Court, lest their exceeding parts
Should overshine those that were then in place;
And 'twas our happiness that we might live so;
For in that freely-choosed obscurity
We found our safety, which men most of note
Many times lost; and I, alas, for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell;
For your learned Excellence, I know, knows well
Qui bene latuit, bene vicit, still. ... [II.2.80]

DUKE: 'Twas much you could contain yourself, that had
So great means to have lived in greater place.

D'OLIVE: Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a pent-house
To shade me from the sun, and three or four tiles
To shroud me from the rain, and thought myself
As private as I had King G[yges'] ring
And could have gone invisible, yet saw all
That passed our State's rough sea, both near and far;
There saw I our great galliasses tossed
Upon the wallowing waves, up with one billow, ... [II.2.90]
And then down with another; our great men
Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
And then a mouse, or like those changeable creatures
That live in the bordello, now in satin,
Tomorrow next in stammel;
When I sat all this while in my poor cell,
Secure of lightning or the sudden thunder,
Conversed with the poor Muses, gave a scholar
Forty o[r] fifty crowns a year to teach me, ... [II.2.100]
And prate to me about the predicables,
When, indeed, my thoughts flew a higher pitch
Than genus and species; as by this taste
I hope your Highness happily perceives,
And shall hereafter more at large approve
If any worthy opportunity
Make but her foretop subject to my hold;
And so I leave your Grace to the tuition
Of Him that made you. [Going.]

: ~~~ Soft, good sir, I pray!
What says your Excellence to this gentleman? ... [II.2.110]
Have I not made my word good to your Highness?

DUKE: Well, sir, however envious policy
Hath robbed my predecessors of your service,
You must not scape my hands, that have designed
Present employment for you; and 'tis this:
'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
For his deceased wife, with whose dead sight
He feeds his passion, keeping her from right
Of Christian burial, to make his eyes ... [II.2.120]
Do penance by their everlasting tears
For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.

D'OLIVE: Well spoke, i'faith! Your Grace must give me leave
To praise your wit, for, faith, 'tis rarely spoken!

DUKE: The better for your good commendation.
But, sir, your embassy to the French King
Shall be to this effect; thus you shall say --

D'OLIVE: Not so! Your Excellence shall pardon me;
I will not have my tale put in my mouth.
If you'll deliver me your mind in gross, ... [II.2.130]
Why, so; I shall express it as I can.
I warrant you, 'twill be sufficient.

DUKE: 'Tis very good; then sir, my will in gross
Is that in pity of the sad Countess' case,
The King would ask the body of his niece
To give it funeral fitting her high blood,
Which (as yourself requires and reason wills)
I leave to be enforced and amplified
With all the ornaments of art and nature,
Which flows, I see, in your sharp intellect.

D'OLIVE: Alas, you cannot see't in this short time, ... [II.2.140]
But there be some not far hence, that have seen
And heard me too, ere now: I could have wished
Your Highness' presence in a private conventicle
At what time the high point of state was handled.

DUKE: What was the point?

D'OLIVE: It was my hap to make a number there
Myself (as every other gentleman)
Being interested in that grave affair,

Where I delivered my opinion: how well -- ... [II.2.150]

[DUKE]: What was the matter, pray?

D'OLIVE: ~~~ The matter, sir,
Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Called into question; and 'twas this in brief:
We sat, as I remember, all in rout.
All sorts of men together:
A squire and a carpenter, a lawyer and a sawyer,
A merchant and a broker, a justice and a peasant,
And so forth, without all difference.

DUKE: But what was the matter?

D'OLIVE: 'Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled; ... [II.2.160]
And I am fearful I shall shame myself,
The subject is so threadbare.
: ~~~ 'Tis no matter,
Be as it will; go to the point, I pray.

D'OLIVE: Then thus it is: the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in brief
Whether in an aristocracy,
Or in an democratical estate,
Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part --

RODERIGUE: ~~~ Pray thee to the point! ... [II.2.170]

D'OLIVE: First to the point then,
Upstart a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,
That had borne office in the congregation,
A little fellow, and yet great in spirit;
I never shall forget him, for he was
A most hot-livered enemy to tobacco,
His face was like the ten of diamonds,
Pointed each where with pushes; and his nose
Was like the ace of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him and tobacco first ... [II.2.180]
At such hot enmity); for that nose of his
(According to the Puritanic cut,)
Having a narrow bridge, and this tobacco,
Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopped
His narrow passage, fled back as it came
And went away in pet.
: ~~~ Just cause of quarrel!

DUKE: But, pray thee, briefly say what said the weaver?

D'OLIVE: The weaver, sir, much like a virginal jack
Start nimbly up; the color of his beard
I scarce remember; but purblind he was ... [II.2.190]
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear
Shorter than t'other for a difference.

DUKE: A man of very open note, it seems.

D'OLIVE: He was so, sir, and hotly he inveighed
Against tobacco (with a most strong breath,
For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savory),
Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed,
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant ... [II.2.200]
Out of the Word; invented, sure, by Satan
In these our latter days to cast a mist
Before men's eyes that they might not behold
The grossness of old superstition,
Which is, as 'twere, derived into the Church
From the foul sink of Romish popery,
And that it was a judgment on our land
That the substantial commodities
And mighty blessings of this realm of France,
Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like, ... [II.2.210]
Which had brought so much wealth into the land,
Should now be changed into the smoke of vanity,
The smoke of superstition: for his own part
He held a garlic clove, being sanctified,
Did edify more the body of a man
Than a whole ton of this profane tobacco,
Being ta'en without thanksgiving; in a word
He said it was a rag of popery,
And none that were truly regenerate would
Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof; ... [II.2.220]
And speaking of your Grace behind your back,
He charged and conjured you to see the use
Of vain tobacco banished from the land,
For fear lest, for the great abuse thereof,
Our candle were put out; and therewithal
Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tuned his noise
To the old strain, as if he were preparing
For a new exercise; but I myself
(Angry to hear this generous tobacco, ... [II.2.230]
The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,
So ignorantly polluted) stood me up,

Took some tobacco for a compliment,
Brake phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears,
And licked my lips, as if I begged attention,
And so, directing me to your sweet Grace,
Thus I replied: --

MUGERON: ~~~ Room for a speech there! Silence!

D'OLIVE: I am amused; or I am in a quandary, gentlemen,
(for in good faith I remember not well whether of them
was my words) -- ... [II.2.240]

DUKE: 'Tis no matter; either of them will serve the
turn.

D'OLIVE: Whether I should (as the poet says) eloquar an
siliam; whether by answering a fool I should myself seem
no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but
wind) might betray the cause; to the maintenance whereof
all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent) owe
all their patrimonies, and if need be, their dearest blood and
their sweetest breath. -- I would not be tedious to your
Highness. ... [II.2.250]

DUKE: You are not, sir; proceed!

D'OLIVE: Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof
(as of fift element) the world cannot want, is that little
shop of Nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged,
where you may see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe
out an exhalation, which, ent'ring in at the mouth, walks
through the regions of a man's brain, drives out all ill vapors
but itself, draws down all bad humors by the mouth, which
in time might breed a scab over the whole body, if already
they have not; a plant of singular use; for, on the one side, ... [II.2.260]
Nature being an enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and on
the other, there being so many empty brains in the world
as there are, how shall Nature's course be continued? How
shall these empty brains be filled but with air, Nature's
immediate instrument to that purpose? If with air, what
so proper as your fume? What fume so healthful as your
perfume? What perfume so sovereign as tobacco? Besides
the excellent edge it gives a man's wit (as they can
best judge that have been present at a feast of tobacco,
where commonly all good wits are consorted) what variety ... [II.2.270]
of discourse it begets, what sparks of wit it yields, it is a
world to hear! As likewise to the courage of a man; for
if it be true that Johannes [Savonarola] writes, that he that
drinks verjuice pisseth vinegar, then it must needs follow

to be as true, that he that eats smoke farts fire. For garlic
I will not say, because it is a plant of our own country, but
it may cure the diseases of the country; but for the diseases
of the Court, they are out of the element of garlic to
medicine. To conclude, as there is no enemy to tobacco
but garlic, so there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head; ... [II.2.280]
and so I conclude.

DUKE: Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein,
I must confess I knew you not indeed,
When I made offer to instruct your brain
For the ambassage, and will trust you now,
If 'twere to send you forth to the Great Turk
With an ambassage.
D'OLIVE: ~~~ But, sir, in conclusion,
'Twas ordered for my speech, that since tobacco
Had so long been in use, it should thenceforth
Be brought to lawful use; but limited thus: ... [II.2.290]
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,
Or that he that had some gentlemanly humor,
The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum
Fitting a gentleman.
: ~~~ Your Grace has made choice
Of a most simple Lord Ambassador!

DUKE: Well, sir, you need not look for a commission,
My hand shall well dispatch you for this business;
Take now the place and state of an ambassador,
Present our person and perform our charge; ... [II.2.300]
And so farewell, good Lord Ambassador!

D'OLIVE: Farewell, good Duke, and Jacqueline to thee! [Kisses her.]

DUCHESS: How now, you fool? Out, you presumptuous gull!

D'OLIVE: How now, you baggage? 'Sfoot, are you so coy
To the Duke's person, to his second self?
Are you too good, dame, to enlarge yourself
Unto your proper object? 'Slight, 'twere a good deed --

DUCHESS: What means your Grace to suffer me abused thus?

DUKE: Sweet love, be pleased; you do not know this lord.
Give me thy hand, my lord.
D'OLIVE: ~~~ And give me thine. ... [II.2.310]

DUKE: Farewell again!

D'OLIVE: ~~~ Farewell again to thee!

DUKE: Now go thy ways for an ambassador.
[Exit Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime.]

D'OLIVE: Now go thy ways for a duke.

RODERIGUE: ~~~ Most excellent lord!

RODERIGUE: Why, this was well performed and like a duke,
Whose person you most naturally present.

D'OLIVE: I told you I would do't; now I'll begin
To make the world take notice I am noble;
The first thing I will do, I'll swear to pay
No debts, upon my honor.

MUGERON: A good cheap proof of your nobility. ... [II.2.320]

D'OLIVE: But if I knew where I might pawn mine honor
For some odd thousand crowns, it shall be laid;
I'll pay't again when I have done withal.
Then 'twill be expected I shall be of some religion,
I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to do;
I'll think upon't betwixt this and the day.

RODERIGUE: Well said, my lord! This lordship of yours will
work a mighty alteration in you; do you not feel it begins
to work already? ... [II.2.330]

D'OLIVE: 'Faith, only in this: it makes me think how they
that were my companions before, shall now be my favorites;
they that were my friends before, shall now be my followers;
they that were my servants before, shall now be my knaves;
but they that were my creditors before, shall remain my
creditors still.

MUGERON: Excellent lord! Come, will you show your lordship
in the presence now?

D'OLIVE: Faith, I do not care if I to and make a face or
two there, or a few graceful legs, speak a little Italian, and ... [II.2.340]
away; there's all a presence doth require. [Exeunt.]

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

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The Plays of George Chapman
Monsieur D'Olive

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Alternate word choices indicated in [brackets].
Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 3

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

Scene III.1 [A Room in the House of St. Anne.]
[Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.]
ST. ANNE: You have inclined me more to leave this life
Than I supposed it possible for an angel;
Nor is your judgment to suppress your passion
For so dear loved a sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement
Of your dissuasive arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her much supplies
Her want in my affections; with all which

I feel in these deep griefs, to which I yield
(A kind of false, sluggish, and rotting sweetness ... [III.1.10]
Mixed with an humor where all things in life
Lie drowned in sour, wretched, and horrid thoughts)
The way to cowardly desperation opened;
And whatsoever urgeth souls accursed
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole days and nights bound at his tyrannous feet;
So that my days are not like life or light,
But bitterest death, and a continual night.

VANDOME: The ground of all is unsufficed love, ... [III.1.20]
Which would be best eased with some other object;
The general rule of Naso being autentic,
Quod successore novo vincitur omnis amor:
For the affections of the mind, drawn forth
In many currents, are not so impulsive
In any one; and so the Persian king
Made the great river Ganges run distinctly
In an innumerable sort of channels;
By which means, of a fierce and dangerous flood,
He turned it into many pleasing rivers, ... [III.1.30]
So likewise is an army disarrayed
Made penetrable for the assaulting foe;
So huge fires, being diffused, grow assuaged,
Lastly, as all force, being unite, increaseth,
So being dispersed, it grows less sharp and ceaseth.

ST. ANNE: Alas, I know I cannot love another;
My heart accustomed to love only her,
My eyes accustomed to view only her,
Will tell me whatsoever is not her,
Is foul and hateful.
: ~~~ Yet forbear to keep her ... [III.1.40]
Still in your sight; force not her breathless body
Thus against nature to survive, being dead;
Let it consume, that it may reassume
A form incorruptible; and refrain
The places where you used to joy in her;
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus amatum!
For how can you be ever sound or safe
Wherein so many red steps of your wounds
Gasp in your eyes? With change of place be sure,
Like sick men mending, you shall find recure. [They retire.] ... [III.1.50]
[Enter the Duke, D'Olive, Jacqueline, Hieronime, Mugeron, Roderigue,see the dead Countess that is kept in her attire unburied.]

D'OLIVE: Faith, madam, my company may well be spared

at so mournful a visitation. For, by my soul, to see Pygmalion
dote upon a marble picture, a senseless statue, I should
laugh and spoil the tragedy.

[DUCHESS]: Oh, 'tis an object full of pity, my lord.

D'OLIVE: 'Tis pity, indeed, that any man should love a
woman so constantly.

DUKE: Bitterly turned, my lord! We must still admire
you.

D'OLIVE: Tush, my lord, true manhood can neither mourn ... [III.1.60]
nor admire. It's fit for women -- they can weep at pleasure,
even to admiration.

DUCHESS: But men use to admire rare things, my lord.

D'OLIVE: But this is nothing rare; 'tis a virtue common
for men to love their wives after death. The value of a
good wife (as all good things else) are better known by their
want than by their fruition; for no man loves his wife so
well while she lives, but he loves her ten times better when
she's dead.

RODERIGUE: This is sound philosophy, my lord. ... [III.1.70]

D'OLIVE: Faith, my lord, I speak my thoughts; and for
mine own part, I should so ill endure the loss of a wife
(always provided I loved her), that if I lost her this week,
I'd have another by the beginning o' th' next. And thus
resolved, I leave your Highness to deal with Atropos for
cutting my lady's thread: I am for France; all my care
is for followers to imp out my train. I fear I must come
to your Grace for a press; for I will be followed as becomes
an honorable lord; and that is like an honest squire; for,
with our great lords, followers abroad and hospitality at ... [III.1.80]
home are out of date. The world's now grown thrifty;
he that fills a whole page in folio with his style, thinks it
veriest noble to be manned with one bare page and a pandar;
and yet Pandar, in ancient time, was the name of an honest
courtier. what 'tis now, Viderit utilitas. Come, wits, let's
to my chamber. [Exeunt. Manent Vandome, St. Anne.]

VANDOME: Well now, my lord, remember all the reasons
And arguments I used at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtful passions;
And therewithal admit one further cause, ... [III.1.90]
Drawn from my love, and all the powers I have;

Eurione, vowed sister to my sister,
Whose virtues, beauties, and perfections
Adorn our country, and do nearest match
With her rich graces that your love adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your lordship's graceful word.

ST. ANNE: But is it true? Loves my dear bother now?
It much delights me, for your choice is noble.
Yet need you not urge me to come abroad, ... [III.1.100]
Your own worth will suffice for your wished speed.

VANDOME: I know, my lord, no man alive can win
Her resolved judgment from virginity,
Unless you speak for him, whose word of all dames
Is held most sweet, and worthy to persuade them.

ST. ANNE: The world will think me too fantastical,
To ope so suddenly my vowed obscureness.

VANDOME: My lord, my love is sudden, and requires
A sudden remedy; if I be delayed,
Consider love's delay breeds desperation, ... [III.1.110]
By weighing how strongly love works in yourself.

ST. ANNE: Dear brother, nothing underneath the stars
Makes me so willing to partake the air
And undergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy self and your wished good;
And glad I am that by this means I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new-born image of my wife.
Dear life, take knowledge that thy brother's love
Makes me dispair with my true zeal to thee; ... [III.1.120]
And if for his sake I admit the earth
To hide this treasure of thy precious beauties,
And that thy part surviving be not pleased,
Let it appear to me, ye just assisters
Of all intentions bent to sovereign justice,
And I will follow it into the grave;
Or dying with it, or preserve it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt us. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2 [D'Olive's Chamber.]
[Enter Monsieur D'Olive, Roderique.]

D'OLIVE: But didst note what a presence I came off withal?

RODERIGUE: 'Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence

upon you! There was one lady, a man might see her
heart ready to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'OLIVE: But Monsieur Mustapha there kept state, when
I accosted him; 'slight, the brazen head looked to be
worshipped, I think! No, I'll commit no idolatry for the
proudest image of 'em all, I!

RODERIGUE: Your lordship has the right garb of an excellent
courtier: Respect's a clown, supple-jointed Courtesy's a ... [III.2.10]
very pea-goose; 'tis stiff-hammed Audacity that carries
it; get once within their distance, and you are in their
bosoms instantly.

D'OLIVE: 'Sheart, do they look I should stand aloof, like
a scholar, and make legs at their greatness? No, I'll none
of that; come up close to him, give him a clap o' th' shoulder
shall make him cry 'oh!' again -- it's a tender place to deal
withal -- and say, 'Well encountered, noble Brutus!'

RODERIGUE: That's the only way, indeed, to be familiar.

D'OLIVE: 'Sfoot, I'll make legs to none, unless it be to a ... [III.2.20]
Justice of Peace when he speaks in's chair, or to a constable
when he leans on's staff, that's flat! Softness and modesty
savors of the cart; 'tis boldness, boldness, does the deed
in the Court; and as your chameleon varies all colors o'
th' rainbow, both white and red, so must your true courtier
be able to vary his countenance through all humors --
state, strangeness, scorn, mirth, melancholy, flattery, and
so forth; some colors likewise his face may change upon
occasion, black or blue it may, tawny it may, but red and
white at no hand -- avoid that like a sergeant; keep your ... [III.2.30]
color stiff, unguilty of passion or disgrace, not changing
white at sight of your mercer, nor red at sight of your
surgeon; above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of
blushing! It does ill in a young waiting-woman; but monstrous,
monstrous in an old courtier.

RODERIGUE: Well, all this while your lordship forgets your
ambassage; you have given out you will be gone within
this month, and yet nothing is ready.

D'OLIVE: It's no matter, let the moon keep her course;
and yet, to say truth, 'twere more than time I were gone, ... [III.2.40]
for, by heaven, I am so haunted with followers, every day
new offers of followers; but heaven shield me from any
more followers! How now, what's the news?
[Enter Mugeron and two others.]

MUGERON: My lord, here's two of my special friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action.

D'OLIVE: 'Sfoot, my ears are double-locked against followers; you know my number's full, all places under me are bestowed. I'll out of town this night, that's infallible; I'll no more followers, o' mine honor. ... [III.2.50]

MUGERON: 'Slight, lord, you must entertain them! They have paid me their income, and I have undertaken your lordship shall grace them.

D'OLIVE: Well, my masters, you might have come at a time when your entertainment would have proved better than now it is like; but such as it is, upon the commendation of my steward here --

MUGERON: A pox o' your lordship! Steward?

D'OLIVE: Y'are welcome, in a word; discern and spy out.

AMBO: We humbly thank your lordship. ... [III.2.60]

D'OLIVE: Mugeron, let 'em be entered.

MUGERON: In what rank, my lord; gentlemen or yeomen?

D'OLIVE: Gentlemen: their bearing bewrays no less; it goes not always by apparel. I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colors at your own charges.

AMBO: Thank your good lordship.

D'OLIVE: Thy name first, I pray thee?

CORNELIUS: Cornelius, my lord.

D'OLIVE: What profession?

CORNELIUS: A surgeon, an't please your lordship. ... [III.2.70]

D'OLIVE: I had rather th' hadst been a barber, for I think there will be little bloodshed amongst my followers, unless it be of thy letting; I'll see their nails pared before they go. And yet now I bethink myself, our ambassage is into France, there may be employment for thee; hast thou a tub?

CORNELIUS: I would be loath, my lord, to be dislocated or unfurnished of any of my properties.

D'OLIVE: Thou speak'st like thyself, Cornelius; book him down gentleman.

MUGERON: Very well, sir. ... [III.2.80]

D'OLIVE: Now your profession, I pray?

FRIPPER: Frippery, my lord, or, as some term it, petty brokery.

D'OLIVE: An honest man, I'll warrant thee; I never knew other of thy trade.

FRIPPER: Truly a richer your lordship might have, an honester, I hope not.

D'OLIVE: I believe thee, petty broker; canst burn gold lace?

FRIPPER: I can do anything, my lord, belonging to my ... [III.2.90] trade.

D'OLIVE: Book him down gentleman; he'll do good upon the voyage, I warrant him! Provide thee a nag, petty broker, thou'lt find employment for him, doubt not; keep thyself an honest man, and by our return I do not doubt but to see thee a rich knave; farewell, petty broker! Prepare yourself against the day; this gentleman shall acquaint you with my colors. Farewell, fripper; farewell, petty broker: 'Discern and spy out,' is my motto.

AMBO: God continue your lordship! [Exeunt.] ... [III.2.100]

RODERIGUE: [Aside.] A very reasonable prayer, for, unknown to him, it lies now upon his death bed.

D'OLIVE: And how like you my chamber, good wits?

RODERIGUE: Excellent well, sir!

D'OLIVE: Nay, believe it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my project. Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate; here shall run a wind instrument; here shall hang my bass-viol; here my theorbo; and here will I hang myself.

AMBO: 'Twill do admirable well. ... [III.2.110]

D'OLIVE: But how will I hang myself, good wits? Not in person, but in picture; I will be drawn --

RODERIGUE: What, hanged and drawn too?

D'OLIVE: Good again! I say I will be drawn all in complete satin of some courtly color, like a knight of Cupid's band; on this side shall be ranked chairs and stools and other such complements of a chamber; this corner will be a convenient room for my close-stool; I acquaint you with all my privities, you see.

MUGERON: Ay, sir, we smell, your meaning. ... [III.2.120]

D'OLIVE: Here shall be a perch for my parrot, while I remain unmarried -- I shall have the less miss of my wife; here a hoop for my monkey when I am married -- my wife will have the less miss of me; here will I have the statue of some excellent poet, and I will have his nose go with a vice (as I have seen the experience), and that, as if't had taken cold i'th' head, --

RODERIGUE: For want of a gilt nightcap.

D'OLIVE: Bitter, still! -- shall like a spout run pure wit all day long; and it shall be fed with a pipe brought at my ... [III.2.130] charge from Helicon over the Alps and under the sea by the brain of some great engineer, and I think 'twill do excellent.

MUGERON: No question of that, my lord.

D'OLIVE: Well, now, wits, about your several charges touching my ambassage: Roderigue, is my speech put out to making?

RODERIGUE: It's almost done.

D'OLIVE: 'Tis well, tell him he shall have forty crowns; promise, promise; want for no promising! And well ... [III.2.140] remembered, have I e'er a gentleman usher yet? A strange thing, amongst all my followers not one has wit enough to be a gentleman usher; I must have one, there's no remedy; farewell, have a care of my followers, all but my petty broker, he'll shift for himself.

RODERIGUE: Well, let us alone for your followers.

D'OLIVE: Well said, discern and spy out!

AMBO: We thank your lordship. [Exeunt. Manet D'Olive.]

D'OLIVE: Heaven, I beseech thee, what an abominable
sort of followers have I put upon me! These courtiers ... [III.2.150]
feed on 'em with my countenance; I cannot look into the
city, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me,
either his language, his travel, his intelligence, or something.
Gentlemen send me their younger sons, furnished in
complete, to learn fashions, forsooth; as if the riding of five
hundred miles and spending a thousand crowns would
make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em. Others with
child with the traveling humor; as if an ass for going to
Paris could come home a courser of Naples. Others are
possessed with the humor of gallantry, fancy it to be the ... [III.2.160]
only happiness in this world to be enabled by such a color
to carry a feather in his crest, wear gold lace, gilt spurs,
and so sets his fortunes on't, turns two or three tenements
into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail,
not a house to hide his head in. Three hundred of these
goldfinches I have entertained for my followers; I can go
in no corner, but I meet with some of my whifflers in their
accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come
at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you;
six or seven make a perfect morris-dance; they need no ... [III.2.170]
bells, their spurs serve their turn. I am ashamed to train
'em abroad; they'll say I carry a whole forest of feathers
with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a
writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a
feasting. I am afraid of nothing but I shall be ballated, I and
all my whifflers; but it's no matter, I'll fashion 'em, I'll
show 'em fashions; by heaven I'll give three parts of 'em
the slip, let 'em look for't! And yet, to say truth, I shall
not need, for if I can but linger my journey another month,
I am sure I shall mute half my feathers; I feel 'em begin ... [III.2.180]
to wear thin already; there's not ten crowns in twenty o'
their purses; and, by this light, I was told at Court that
my greasy host of the Porcupine last holiday was got up to
the ears in one of my follower's satin suits; and Vandome
went so far that he swore he saw two of them hanged.
Myself, indeed, passing yesterday by the frippery, spied two
of them hang out at a stall with a gambrel thrust from
shoulder to shoulder, like a sheep that were new-flayed.
'Tis not for nothing that this petty broker follows me; the
vulture smells a prey; not the carcasses, but the cases of ... [III.2.190]
some of my deceased followers; 'slight, I think it were my
wisest course to put ten pounds in stock with him, and turn

petty broker; certainly there's good to be done upon't. If
we be but a day or two out of town, he'll be able to load
every day a fresh horse with satin suits, and send them back
hither; indeed 'tis like to be hot travel, and therefore 'twill
be an ease to my followers to have their clothes at home
afore 'em. They'll on, get off how they can; little know
they what pikes their feathers must pass; before they go,
the sergeants; when they come home, the surgeons; but ... [III.2.200]
choose them, I'll wash my hands on 'em. [Exit.]

FINIS ACTUS TERTI

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The Plays of George Chapman
Monsieur D'Olive

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 4

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

Scene IV.1 [A Room in the House of Vaumont.]
[Vandome solus.]
VANDOME: My sister's exequies are now performed
With such pomp as expressed the excellence

Of her lord's love to her; and fired the envy
Of our great Duke, who would have no man equal
The honor he does t' his adored wife;
And now the Earl (as he hath promised me)
Is in this sad cell of my honored mistress,
Urging my love to fair Eurione;
Which I framed only to bring him abroad,
And (if it might succeed) make his affects, ... [IV.1.10]
With change of objects, change his helpless sorrow
To helpful love. I stood where I observed
Their words and looks, and all that passed betwixt them;
And she hath with such cunning borne herself
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires, her only love
To virtue and her lovers; and, in brief,
Hath figured with such life my dear dead sister,
Enchasing all this with her heightened beauty,
That I believe she hath entangled him, ... [IV.1.20]
And won success to our industrious plot.
If he be touched, I know it grieves his soul,
That, having underta'en to speak for me,
(Imagining my love was as I feigned)
His own love to her should enforce his tongue
To court her for himself, and deceive me.
By this time we have tried his passionate blood;
If he be caught (as heaven vouchsafe he be)
I'll play a little with his fantasy. [Retires.]
[Enter St. Anne.]

ST. ANNE: Am I alone? Is there no eye nor ear ... [IV.1.30]
That doth observe me? Heaven, how have I grasped
My spirits in my heart, that would have burst
To give wished issue to [my] violent love!
Dead wife, excuse me, since I love thee still,
That liv'st in her whom I must love for thee;
For he that is not moved with strongest passion
In viewing her, that man did ne'er know thee;
She's thy surviving image; but woe's me,
Why am I thus transported past myself?

VANDOME: [Aside.] Oh, are your dull uxorious spirits raised? ... [IV.1.40]
One madness doth beget another still.

ST. ANNE: But stay, advise me, soul; why didst thou light me
Over this threshold? Was't to wrong my brother?
To wrong my wife, in wronging of my brother?
I'll die a miserable man, no villain:
Yet in this case of love, who is my brother?
Who is my father? Who is any kin?

I care not; I am nearest to myself;
I will pursue my passion, I will have her.

VANDOME: [Advancing.] Traitor, I here arrest thee in the names ... [IV.1.50]
Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;
Love's traitor, brother's, traitor to thy wife!

ST. ANNE: O brother, stood you so near my dishonor?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changed;
You know the variable thoughts of love,
You know the use of honor, that will ever
Retire into itself; and my just blood
Shall rather flow with honor than with love;
Be you a happy lover, I a friend,
For I will die for love of her and thee. ... [IV.1.60]

VANDOME: My lord and brother, I'll not challenge more
In love and kindness than my love [de]serves;
That you have found one whom your heart can like,
And that one whom we all sought to prefer,
To make you happy in a life renewed,
It is a heaven to me, by how much more
My heart embraced you for my sister's love.
'Tis true I did dissemble love t'Eurione,
To make you happy in her dear affection,
Who more dotes on you than you can on her; ... [IV.1.70]
Enjoy Eurione, she is your own,
The same that ever my dear sister was;
And Heaven bless both your loves as I release
All my feigned love and interest to you.

ST. ANNE: How nobly hath your love deluded me.
How justly have you been unjust to me!
Let me embrace the oracle of my good,
The author and the patron of my life.

VANDOME: Tush, betwixt us, my lord, what need these terms,
As if we knew not one another yet? ... [IV.1.80]
Make speed, my lord, and make your nuptials short,
As they are sudden blest in your desires.

ST. ANNE: Oh, I wish nothing more than lightning haste.

VANDOME: Stay, one word first, my lord; you are a sweet brother
To put in trust, and woo love for another.

ST. ANNE: Pray thee no more of that.
: ~~~ Well then, be gone.
My lord, her brother comes. [Exit St. Anne. Enter Vaumont.]

: ~~~ Most happy friend,
How hath our plot succeeded?
: ~~~ He's our own.
His blood was framed for every shade of virtue
To ravish into true inamorate fire; ... [IV.1.90]
The funeral of my sister must be held
With all solemnity, and then his nuptials
With no less speed and pomp be celebrate.

VAUMONT: What wonders hath your fortunate spirit and virtues
Wrought to our comforts! Could you crown th' enchantments
Of your divine wit with another spell,
Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,
You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.

VANDOME: That's my next labor; come, my lord, yourself
Shall stand unseen, and see by next morn's light ... [IV.1.100]
(Which is her bedtime) how my brain's bold valor
Will rouse her from her vow's severity;
No will, nor power, can withstand policy. [Exit, with Vaumont.]

Scene IV.2 [D'Olive's Chamber.]
[Enter D'Olive, Pacque, Dicque.]

D'OLIVE: Welcome, little wits! Are you he my page Pacque
here makes choice of to be his fellow coach-horse?

DICQUE: I am, my lord.

D'OLIVE: What countryman?

DICQUE: Born i'th' City.

PACQUE: But begot i'th' Court; I can tell your lordship,
he hath had as good court breeding as any imp in a country.
If your lordship please to examine him in any part of the
Court accidence, from a noun to an interjection, I'll undertake
you shall find him sufficient. ... [IV.2.10]

D'OLIVE: Say'st thou so, little wit? Why, then, sir, how
many pronouns be there?

DICQUE: Faith, my lord, there are more, but I have learned
but three sorts; the gourd, the fulham, and the stop-cater-trey;
which are all demonstratives, for here they be.
[Showing a set of dice.] There are relatives too, but they
are nothing without their antecedents.

D'OLIVE: Well said, little wit, i'faith! How many antecedents

are there?

DICQUE: Faith, y lord, their number is uncertain; but ... [IV.2.20]
they that are, are either squires or gentlemen ushers.

D'OLIVE: Very well said! When all is done, the Court is
the only school of good education, especially for pages and
waiting-women; Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of
England called Winchester (famous, I mean, for the goose)
where scholars wear petticoats so long, till their pen and
inkhorns knock against their knees; all these, I say, are but
belfries to the body or school of the Court. He that would
have his son proceed doctor in three days, let him send him
thither; there's the forge to fashion all the parts of them; ... [IV.2.30]
there they shall learn the true use of their good parts indeed.

PACQUE: Well, my lord, you have said well for the Court,
what says your lordship now to us courtiers? Shall we
go the voyage?

D'OLIVE: My little hermaphrodites, I entertain you here
into my chamber, and if need be, nearer; your service you
know. I will not promise mountains, nor assure you
annuities of forty or fifty crowns; in a word, I will promise
nothing, but I will be your good lord, do you not doubt.

DICQUE: We do not, my lord; but are sure you will show ... [IV.2.40]
yourself noble; and as you promise us nothing, so you will
honorably keep promise with us, and give us nothing.

D'OLIVE: Pretty little wit, i'faith! Can he verse?

PACQUE: Ay, and set, too, my lord; he's both a setter and
a verser.

D'OLIVE: Pretty, i'faith! But, I mean, has he a vein natural?

PACQUE: Oh, my lord, it comes from him as easily --

DICQUE: As suits from a courtier without money, or money
from a citizen without security, my lord.

D'OLIVE: Well, I perceive Nature has suited your wits, and ... [IV.2.50]
I'll suit you in guarded coats, answerable to your wits; for
wit's as suitable to guarded coats as wisdom is to welted
gowns. My other followers horse themselves, myself will
horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my
bosom) what's the opinion of the many-headed beast
touching my new addition of honor?

DICQUE: Some think, my lord, it hath given you addition
of pride and outrecuidance.

D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess
it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am semper ... [IV.2.60]
idem.

PACQUE: We believe your lordship.

D'OLIVE: I find no alteration in myself in the world, for I
am sure I am no wiser than I was, when I was no lord, nor
no more bountiful, nor no more honest; only in respect of
my state, I assume a kind of state; to receive suitors now
with the nod of nobility, not (as before) with the cap of
courtesy, the knee of knighthood -- and why knee of knight-
hood, little wit? There's another question for your Court
accidence. ... [IV.2.70]

DICQUE: Because gentlemen, or yeomen, or peasants, or so,
receive knighthood on their knees.

PACQUE: The signification of the knee of knighthood in
heraldry, an't please your lordship, is, that knights are tied
in honor to fight up to the knees in blood for the defense
of fair ladies.

D'OLIVE: Very good; but if it be so, what honor do they
deserve that purchase their knighthood?

DICQUE: Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I
think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't. ... [IV.2.80]

D'OLIVE: You cut me off by the knees, little wit; but I say
(if you will hear me), that if they deserve to be knighted
that purchase their knighthood with fighting up to the knee,
what do they deserve that purchase their knighthood with
fighting above the knee?

PACQUE: Marry, my lord, I say the purchase is good, if the
conveyance will hold water.

D'OLIVE: Why, this is excellent; by heaven, twenty pounds
annuity shall not purchase you from my heels! But forth,
now; what is the opinion of the world touching this new ... [IV.2.90]
honor of mine? Do not fools envy it?

DICQUE: No, my lord, but wise men wonder at it; you
having so buried your wisdom heretofore in taverns and

vaulting-houses, that the world could never discover you
to be capable of honor.

D'OLIVE: As though Achilles could hide himself under a
woman's clothes; was he not discovered at first? This
honor is like a woman, or a crocodile (choose you whether)
it flies them that follow it and follows them that fly it; for
myself, however my worth for the time kept his bed, yet ... [IV.2.100]
did I ever prophesy to myself that it would rise before the
sunset of my days; I did ever dream that this head was
born to bear a breadth, this shoulder to support a state,
this face to look big, this body to bear a presence; these feet
were born to be revelers, and these calves were born to be
courtiers; in a word, I was born noble, and I will die nobly;
neither shall my nobility perish with death; after ages
shall resound the memory thereof, while the sun sets in the
east, or the moon in the west.

PACQUE: Or the Seven Stars in the north. ... [IV.2.110]

D'OLIVE: The siege of Boulogne shall be no more a landmark
for times; Agincourt battle, St. James his field, the loss of
Calais and the winning of Cales, shall grow out of use; men
shall reckon their years, women their marriages, from the
day of our ambassage; as 'I was born, or married, two,
three, or four years before the great ambassage.' Farmers
shall count their leases from this day, gentlemen their
mortgages from this day; St. Denis shall be 'rased out of the
calendar, and the day of our installment entered in red
letters; and as St. Valentine's day is fortunate to choose ... [IV.2.120]
lovers, St. Luke's to choose husbands, so shall this day be
to the choosing of lords. It shall be a critical day, a day
of note; in that day it shall be good to quarrel, but not to
fight; they that marry on that day shall not repent --
marry, the morrow after perhaps they may -- it shall be
wholesome to beat a sergeant on that day; he that eats
garlic on that morning shall be a rank knave till night.

DICQUE: What a day will this be, if it hold!

D'OLIVE: Hold? 'Sfoot, it shall hold, and shall be held
sacred to immortality; let all the chroniclers, ballet-makers, ... [IV.2.130]
and almanac-mongers, do what they dare. [Enter Roderigue.]

RODERIGUE: 'Sfoot, my lord, all's dashed! Your voyage is
overthrown.

D'OLIVE: What ails the frantic, trow?

RODERIGUE: The lady is entombed that was the subject of your ambassage; and your ambassage is berayed.

PACQUE: 'Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead.'

DICQUE: 'Oh, heavy hearse!'

PACQUE: Your lordship's honor must wait upon her.

DICQUE: Oh, scurvy verse! ... [IV.2.140]
Your lordship's welcome home! Pray, let's walk your horse, my lord.

D'OLIVE: A pretty gallery! Why, my little wits, do you believe this to be true?

PACQUE: For my part, my lord, I am of opinion you are gulled.

DICQUE: And I am of opinion that I am partly guilty of the same. [Enter Mugeron, with a Page.]

MUGERON: Where's this lord fool here? 'Slight, you have made a pretty piece of service on't, raised up all the country in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay ... [IV.2.150] there's no employment for them.

D'OLIVE: Good, still!

MUGERON: 'Slight, I ever took thee to be a hammer of the right feather; but I durst have laid my life, no man could ever have crammed such a gudgeon as this down the throat of thee. To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court! I am ashamed of myself that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

D'OLIVE: Good wit, i'faith! I know all this is but a gullery now; but since you have presumed to go thus far with me, ... [IV.2.160] come what can come to the State, sink or swim, I'll be no more a father to it nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one half-step further in the action.

PACQUE: But now your lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'OLIVE: Followers? Let them follow the Court, as I have done: there let them raise their fortunes; if not, they know the way to the petty broker's, there let them shift and hang. [Exit cum suis.]

RODERIGUE: Here we may strike the Plaudite to our play; my ... [IV.2.170]
lord Fool's gone; all our audience will forsake us.

MUGERON: Page, after, and call him again.

RODERIGUE: Let him go; I'll take up some other fool for the
Duke to employ: every ordinary affords fools enow; and
didst nor see a pair of gallants sit not far hence like a couple
of bough-pots to make the room smell?

MUGERON: Yes, they are gone; but what of them?

RODERIGUE: I'll press them to the Court; or if need be, our
muse is not so barren, but she is able to devise one trick or
other to retire D'Olive to Court again. ... [IV.2.180]

MUGERON: Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he
apprehended the favor of a great lady i'th' presence, whose
heart (he said) stood a tiptoe in her eye to look at him.

RODERIGUE: 'Tis well remembered.

MUGERON: Oh, a love-letter from that lady would retrieve
him as sure as death.

RODERIGUE: It would, of mine honor; we'll feign one from
her instantly. Page, fetch pen and ink here. [Exit Page.]

MUGERON: Now do you and your muse engender; my barren
sconce shall prompt something. ... [IV.2.190]

RODERIGUE: Soft, then! The Lady Hieronime, who, I said,
viewed him so in the presence, is the Venus that must
enamor him; we'll go no further for that. But in what
likeness must he come to the Court to her now? As a
lord he may not; in any other shape he will not.

MUGERON: Then let him come in his own shape, like a gull.
[Re-enter Page with pen and ink.]

RODERIGUE: Well, disguised he shall be. That shall be his
mistress' direction; this shall be my Helicon, and from
this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

MUGERON: Come on; how wilt thou begin? ... [IV.2.200]

RODERIGUE: Faith thus: Dearly beloved.

MUGERON: Ware ho, that's profane!

RODERIGUE: Go to, then! Divine D'Olive -- I am sure that's not profane.

MUGERON: Well, forward!

RODERIGUE: I see in the power of thy beauties ---

MUGERON: Break off your period and say, Twas with a sigh.

RODERIGUE: Content; here's a full prick stands for a tear too.

MUGERON: So, now take my brain. ... [IV.2.210]

RODERIGUE: Pour it on.

MUGERON: I talk like a fool, but, alas, thou art wise and silent! --

RODERIGUE: Excellent! And the more wise, the more silent.

MUGERON: That's something common.

RODERIGUE: So should his mistress be.

MUGERON: That's true indeed! Who breaks way next?

RODERIGUE: That will I, sir. But alas! why art thou not noble, that thou mightst match me in blood?

MUGERON: I'll answer that for her. ... [IV.2.220]

RODERIGUE: Come on!

MUGERON: But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.

RODERIGUE: That's not amiss; forth now: Thy wit proves thee to be a lord, thy presence shows it -- O that word presence has cost me dear --

MUGERON: Well said, because she saw him i'th' presence.

RODERIGUE: O do but say thou lov'st me --

MUGERON: Soft, there's too many O's.

RODERIGUE: Not a whit; O's but the next door to P, and ... [IV.2.230]

his mistress may use her O with -- with modesty; or if thou wilt, I'll stop it with another brackish tear.

MUGERON: No, no, let it run on.

RODERIGUE: O do but say thou lov'st me, and yet do not neither, and yet do!

MUGERON: Well said, let that last stand; let him do in any case: now say thus, Do not appear at Court --

RODERIGUE: So!

MUGERON: At least in my company --

RODERIGUE: Well! ... [IV.2.240]

MUGERON: At least before folks --

RODERIGUE: Why so?

MUGERON: For the flame will break forth --

RODERIGUE: Go on, thou dost well.

MUGERON: Where there is fire i'th' hearth --

RODERIGUE: What then?

MUGERON: There will be smoke i' th' chimney.

RODERIGUE: Forth!

MUGERON: Warm, but burn me not; there's reason in all things. ... [IV.2.250]

RODERIGUE: Well said; now do I vie it: Come to my chamber chamber betwixt two and three --

MUGERON: A very good number.

RODERIGUE: But walk not under my window. If thou dost, come disguised: in any case wear not thy tuft taffeta cloak: if thou dost, thou killest me.

MUGERON: Well said, now to the L'envoy.

RODERIGUE: Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am, if I be thine, Hieronime. Now for

a fit pandar to transport it, and have at him! [Exeunt.] ... [IV.2.260]

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

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Act 5

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

Scene V.1 [Before the House of Vaumont.]
[Enter Vaumont and Vandome.]
VANDOME: Come, my good lord, now will I try my brain,
If it can forge another golden chain,
To draw the poor recluse, my honored mistress,
From her dark cell and superstitious vow.
I oft have heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a ling'ring fever from a man

By an imaginous fear; which may be true,
For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
One passion doth expel another still;
And therefore I will use a feigned device ... [V.1.10]
To kindle fury in her frozen breast,
That rage may fire out grief, and so restore her
To her most sociable self again.

VAUMONT: Juno Lucina fer opem,
And ease my laboring house of such a care!

VANDOME: Mark but my midwifery; the day is now
Some three hours old, and now her night begins;
Stand close, my lord; if she and her sad meinie
Be toward sleep, or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarms. Page! Boy! Sister! ... [V.1.20]
All tongue-tied, all asleep? Page! Sister!

VAUMONT: Alas, Vandome, do not disturb their rest
For pity's sake, 'tis young night yet with them.

VANDOME: My lord, your only way to deal with women
And parrots, is to keep them waking still.
Page? Who's above? Are you all dead here?

DICQUE: 'Slight, is hell broke loose? Who's there?
[He looks out with a light.]

VANDOME: ~~~ A friend!

DICQUE: Then know this castle is a house of woe;
Here harbor none but two distressed ladies, ... [V.1.30]
Condemned to darkness, and this is their jail,
And I the giant set to guard the same;
My name is Dildo. [Retrahit se.]

VANDOME: Sirrah, leave your roguery; and hearken to me;
what, page, I say! [Redit cum lumine.]

DICQUE: Tempt not disasters; take thy life, begone!

VAUMONT: An excellent villainy!

VANDOME: Sirrah, I have business of weight to impart to
your lady.

DICQUE: If your business be of weight, let it wait till the ... [V.1.40]
afternoon, for by that time my lady will be delivered of her
first sleep. Begone, for fear of watery meteors.

VANDOME: Go to, sir, leave your villainy, and dispatch this news to your lady.

DICQUE: Is your business from yourself, or from somebody besides?

VANDOME: From nobody besides myself.

DICQUE: Very good; then I'll tell her here's one besides himself has business to her from nobody. [Retrahit se.]

VAUMONT: A perfect young hempstring! ... [V.1.50]

VANDOME: Peace, lest he overhear you! [Redit Dicque.]

DICQUE: You are not the constable, sir, are you?

VANDOME: Will you dispatch, sir? You know me well enough; I am Vandome. [Enter Eurione above.]

EURIONE: What's the matter, who's there?
Brother Vandome!
: ~~~ Sister!

EURIONE: What tempest drives you hither at such an hour?

VANDOME: Why, I hope you are not going to bed; I see you are not yet unready. If ever you will deserve my love, let it be now by calling forth my mistress; I have news for her ... [V.1.60] that touch her nearly.

EURIONE: What is't, good brother?

VANDOME: The worst of ills; would any tongue but mine had been the messenger. [Enter Marcellina above.]

MARCELLINA: What's that, servant?

VANDOME: O mistress, come down with all speed possible, and leave that mournful cell of yours; I'll show you another place worthy of your mourning.

MARCELLINA: Speak, man, my heart is armed with a mourning-habit of such proof, that there is none greater ... [V.1.70] without it to pierce it.

VANDOME: If you please to come down, I'll impart what I know; if not, I'll leave you.

EURIONE: Why stand you so at gaze, sister? Go down to him.
Stay, brother, she comes to you. [Exeunt Marcellina and Eurione.]

VANDOME: 'Twill take, I doubt not; though herself be ice,
There's one with her all fire, and to her spirit
I must apply my counterfeit device:
Stand close, my lord.

VAUMONT: ~~~ I warrant you; proceed. ... [V.1.80]
[He retires. Enter Marcellina and Eurione below.]

VANDOME: Come, silly mistress, where's your worthy lord?
I know you not; but too well I know.

MARCELLINA: Now heaven grant all be well!
: ~~~ How can it be?
While you, poor turtle, sit and mourn at home,
Mewed in your cage, your mate, he flies abroad:
O heavens, who would have thought him such a man?

EURIONE: Why, what man, brother? I believe my speeches
will prove true of him.

VANDOME: To wrong such a beauty, to profane such virtue,
and to prove disloyal! ... [V.I.90]

EURIONE: Disloyal? Nay, ne'er gild him o'er with fine
terms, brother; he is a filthy lord, and ever was, I did ever
say so; I never knew any good o' th' hair. I do but wonder
how you made shift to love him, or what you saw in him
to entertain but so much as a piece of good thought on
him.

MARCELLINA: Good sister, forbear!

EURIONE: Tush, sister, bid me not forbear! A woman may
bear and bear, and be never the better thought-on, neither;
I would you had never seen the eyes of him, for I know he ... [V.1.100]
never loved you in's life.

MARCELLINA: You wrong him, sister; I am sure he loved me,
As I loved him; and happy I had been,
Had I then died, and shunned this hapless life.

EURIONE: Nay, let him die, and all such as he is; he lay
a-caterwauling not long since. Oh, if it had been the will of
heaven, what a dear blessing had the world had in his
riddance!

VANDOME: But had the lecher none to single out
For object of his light lascivious blood ... [V.1.110]
But my poor cousin that attends the Duchess,
Lady Hieronime?
: ~~~ What, that blabber-lipped blouse?

VANDOME: Nay, no blouse, sister, though I must confess
She comes far short of your perfection.

EURIONE: Yes, by my troth, if she were your cousin a thousand times, she's but a sallow, freckled-face piece when she is at the best.

VANDOME: Yet spare my cousin, sister, for my sake;
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And ever held your worth in noblest terms. ... [V.1.120]

EURIONE: Faith, the gentlewoman is a sweet gentlewoman of herself; I must needs give her her due.

VANDOME: But for my lord your husband, honored mistress,
He made your beauties and your virtues too
But foils to grace my cousin's; had you seen
His amorous letters -- but my cousin presently
Will tell you all, for she rejects his suit;
Yet I advised her to make a show she did not,
But point to meet him when you might surprise him,
And this is just the hour. ... [V.1.130]

EURIONE: God's my life, sister, lose not this advantage! It will be a good trump to lay in his way upon any quarrel. Come, you shall go. 'Sbody, will you suffer him to disgrace you in this sort? Dispraise your beauty? And I do not think, too, but he has been as bold with your honor, which above all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

VANDOME: Next to her beauty!

EURIONE: True, next to her beauty; and I do not think, sister, but he deviseth slanders against you, even in that high kind -- ... [V.1.140]

VANDOME: Infinite, infinite!

EURIONE: And I believe I take part with her too; would I knew that, i'faith!

VANDOME: Make your account, your share's as deep as hers;

when you see my cousin she'll tell you all; we'll to her presently.

EURIONE: Has she told you she would tell us?

VANDOME: Assured me, on her oath.

EURIONE: 'Slight, I would but know what he can say! I pray you, brother, tell me! ... [V.1.160]

VANDOME: To what end? 'Twill but stir your patience.

EURIONE: No, I protest! When I know my carriage to be such as no stain can obscure, his slanders shall never move me; yet would I fain to know what he feigns.

VANDOME: It fits not me to play the gossip's part; we'll to my cousin, she'll relate all.

EURIONE: 'Slight, what can he say? Pray let's have a taste on't; onward!

VANDOME: What can he not say, who being drunk with lust, and surfeiting with desire of change, regards not what he ... [V.1.160] says? And briefly I will tell you thus much now: 'Let my melancholy lady,' says he, 'hold on this course till she waste herself, and consume my revenue in tapers, yet this is certain, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow --'

EURIONE: Me? Why me? I bid defiance to his foul throat!

VAUMONT: [Aside.] Hold there, Vandome; now it begins to take.

EURIONE: What can his yellow jealousy surmise against me? If you love me, let me hear it. I protest it shall not move ... [V.1.170] me.

VANDOME: Marry, forsooth, you are the shoeing-horn, he says, to draw on, to draw on, sister.

EURIONE: The shoeing-horn with a vengeance! What's his meaning in that?

VANDOME: Nay, I have done, my cousin shall tell the rest. Come, shall we go?

EURIONE: Go? By heaven you bid me to a banquet!

Sister, resolve yourself, for you shall go; lose no more time,
for you shall abroad on my life; his liquorish chaps are ... [V.1.180]
walking by this time. But for heaven's sweet hope, what
means he by that shoeing-horn? As I live, it shall not
move me.

VANDOME: Tell me but this, did you ever break betwixt my
mistress and your sister here, and a certain lord i'th' Court?

EURIONE: How? Break?

VANDOME: Go to, you understand me! Have not you a
Petrarch in Italian?

EURIONE: Petrarch? Yes, what of that?

VANDOME: Well, he says, you can your good, you may be ... [V.1.190]
waiting-woman to any dame in Europe; that Petrarch
does good offices.

EURIONE: Marry, hang him! Good offices? 'Sfoot, how
understands he that?

VANDOME: As when any lady is in private courtship with
this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertain time.
You understand his meaning?

EURIONE: Sister, if you resolve to go, so it is. For by heaven
your stay shall be no bar to me; I'll go, that's infallible;
it had been as good he had slandered the devil. Shoeing- ... [V.1.200]
horn! Oh, that I were a man, for's sake!

VANDOME: But to abuse your person and your beauty too, a
grace wherein this part of the world is happy -- but I shall
offend too much.

EURIONE: Not me, it shall never move me!

VANDOME: But to say ye had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the
visible marks of a shrew), a dry hand (which is a sign of
a bad liver, as he said you were) being toward a husband,
too; this was intolerable.

VAUMONT: [Aside.] This strikes it up to the head. ... [V.1.210]

VANDOME: Indeed, he said you dressed your head in a pretty
strange fashion; but you would dress your husband's
head in a far stranger; meaning the Count of Saint Anne, I
think.

EURIONE: God's precious! Did he touch mine honor with
him?

VANDOME: Faith, nothing but that he wears black, and says
'tis his mistress' colors. And yet he protests that in his
eye your face shows well enough by candlelight, for the
Count never saw it otherwise, unless 'twere under a mask, ... [V.1.220]
which, indeed, he says, becomes you above all things.

EURIONE: Come, page, go along with me; I'll stay for
nobody. 'Tis at your cousin's chamber, is it not?

VANDOME: Marry, is it; there you shall find him at it.

EURIONE: That's enough; let my sister go waste his
revenue in tapers; 'twill be her own another day.

MARCELLINA: Good sister, servant, if ever there were any
love or respect to me in you both --

EURIONE: Sister, there is no love, nor respect, nor any
conjuration, shall stay me; and yet, by my part in heaven, ... [V.1.230]
I'll not be moved a whit with him. You may retire yourself
to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in tears, your
heart in sighs; I'll away, certain.

VANDOME: But, soft, let's agree first what course we shall
take when we take him.

EURIONE: Marry, even raise the streets on him, and bring
him forth with a flock of boys about him to hoot at him.

VANDOME: No, that were too great a dishonor; I'll put
him out on's pain, presently. [Stringit ensem.]

[DICQUE]: Nay, good sir, spare his life; cut off the offending ... [V.1.240]
part, and save the Count.

MARCELLINA: Is there no remedy? Must I break my vow?
Stay, I'll abroad, though with another aim,
Not to procure, but to prevent his shame.

VANDOME: Go, page, march on; you know my cousin's chamber,
My company may wrong you; I will cross
The nearer way, and set the house afore you;
But, sister, see you be not moved, for God's sake!

EURIONE: Not I, by heaven! Come, sister, be not moved,

But if you spare him, may heaven ne'er spare you! ... [V.1.250]
[Exeunt Marcellina, Eurione and Dicque. Manent Vandome and Vaumont.]

VANDOME: So now the solemn votary is revived.

VAUMONT: Pray heaven, you have not gone a step too far,
And raised more sprites than you can conjure down!

VANDOME: No, my lord, no; th' Herculean labor's past,
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for,
The reconcilement will meet of itself:
Come, let's to Court, and watch the lady's chamber,
Where they are gone with hopeful spleen to see you.

Scene V.2 [A Street before the Court.]
[Enter Roderigue, Mugeron; D'Olive in disguise towards the lady's chamber]

RODERIGUE: See, Mugeron, our counterfeit letter hath taken;
who's yonder, think'st?

MUGERON: 'Tis not D'Olive?

RODERIGUE: If't be not he, I'm sure he's not far off;
Those be his tressels that support the motion.

MUGERON: 'Tis he, by heaven, wrapt in his careless cloak!
See the Duke enters; let him enjoy the benefit of the
enchanted ring, and stand awhile invisible; at our best
opportunity we'll discover him to the Duke.
[Enter Duke, Duchess, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome; to them, whispering Vandome in the ear, and speaks as on the other side.]

DICQUE: [Aside.] Monsieur Vandome, yonder's no lord to be ... [V.2.10]
found; my lady stays at hand and craves your speech.

VANDOME: [Aside.] Tell her she mistook the place, and
conduct her hither. [Exit Dicque.] How will she look when
she finds her expectation mocked now?

VAUMONT: What's that, Vandome?

VANDOME: Your wife and sister are coming hither, hoping to
take you and my cousin together.

VANDOME: Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see
themselves so deluded?

VANDOME: Let me alone, and stand you off, my lord. ... [V.2.20]
[Enter Marcellina and Eurione.]

Madam, y'are welcome to the Court; do you see your lord
yonder? I have made him happy by training you forth;
in a word, all I said was but a train to draw you from your
vow; nay, there's no going back, come forward and keep
your temper. Sister, cloud not your forehead; yonder's
a sun will clear your beauties, I am sure. Now you see
the shoeing-horn is expounded; all was but a shoeing-
horn to draw you hither; now show yourselves women,
and say nothing.
[Duke, to Roderigue and Mugeron.] Let him alone awhile. ... [V.2.30]
~~~ Vandome, who's there?
What whisper you?
: ~~~ Y'ave done? Come forward,
See here, my lord, my honorable mistress
And her fair sister, whom your Highness knows
Could never be importuned from their vows
By prayer, or th' earnest suits of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your fair Duchess
Was dangerously sick, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could win her to,
And brake her long-kept vow with her repair.

DUKE: Madam, you do me an exceeding honor ... [V.2.40]
In showing this true kindness to my Duchess,
Which she with all her kindness will requite.

VANDOME: [To St. Anne.] Now, my good lord, the motion you have made
With such kind importunity by yourself,
And seconded with all persuasions
On my poor part, for marriage of this lady,
Herself now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

EURIONE: Sister, we must forgive him.
. ANNE: ~~~ Matchless lady,
Your beauties and your virtues have achieved ... [V.2.50]
An action that I thought impossible;
For, all the sweet attractions of your sex
In your conditions so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife,
You have revived her to my loving thoughts,
And all the honors I have done to her
Shall be continued, with increase, to you.

MUGERON: Now let's discover our ambassador, my lord.

DUKE: Do so. [Exiturus D'Olive.]

MUGERON: My lord! My lord Ambassador! ... [V.2.60]
~~~

D'OLIVE: My lord Fool, am I not?

MUGERON: Go to, you are he; you cannot cloak your lordship from our knowledge.

RODERIGUE: Come, come; 'Could Achilles hide himself under a woman's clothes?' Greatness will shine through clouds of any disguise.

DUKE: Who's that, Roderigue?

RODERIGUE: Monsieur D'Olive, my lord; stolen hither disguised, with what mind we know not.

MUGERON: Never strive to be gone, sir! My lord, his habit ... [V.2.70] expounds his heart; 'twere good he were searched.

D'OLIVE: Well, rooks, well, I'll be no longer a block to whet your dull wits on. My lord, my lord, you wrong not yourself only, but your whole state, to suffer such ulcers as these to gather head in your Court; never look to have any action sort to your honor when you suffer such earwigs to creep into your ears thus.

DUKE: What's the matter, Roderigue?

RODERIGUE: Alas, my lord, only the lightness of his brain, because his hopes are lost. ... [V.2.80]

MUGERON: For our parts, we have been trusty and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambassage.

D'OLIVE: Trusty? A plague on you both! There's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you; and as for secrecy, there's no more in you than in a professed scrivener.

VANDOME: Why a scrivener, Monsieur D'Olive?

D'OLIVE: Marry, sir, a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poor forty shillings, but he will have it 'known to all men by these presents.'

VANDOME: That's true indeed, but you employed those ... [V.2.90] gentlemen very safely.

D'OLIVE: Employed? Ay, marry, sir, they were the men that first kindled this humor of employment in me; a pox of employment, I say! It has cost me -- but what it

has cost me, it skills not -- they have thrust upon me a crew
of threadbare, unbuttoned fellows to be my followers --
tailors, frippers, brokers, cashiered clerks, pettifoggers, and
I know not who, I! 'Slight, I think, they have swept all
the bowling-alleys i'th' city for them; and a crew of these,
raked like old rags out of dunghills by candlelight, have ... [V.2.100]
they presented to me in very good fashion to be gentlemen
of my train, and sold them hope of raising their fortunes
by me. A plague on that phrase, raising of fortunes; it
has undone more men than ten dicing-houses; raise their
fortunes with a vengeance! And a man will play the fool
and be a lord, or be a fool and play the lord, he shall be
sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their
fortunes. A burning fever light on you, and all such
followers! 'Sfoot, they say followers are but shadows, that
follow their lords no longer than the sun shines on them; ... [V.2.110]
but I find it not so; the sun is set upon my employment,
and yet I cannot shake off my shadows, my followers grow
to my heels like kibes, I cannot stir out of doors for 'em.
And your Grace have an employment for my followers, pray
entertain my company; they'll spend their blood in your
service, for they have little else to spend; you may soon
raise their fortunes.

DUKE: Well, Monsieur D'Olive, your forwardness
In this intended service shall well know
What acceptation it hath won itself ... [V.2.120]
In our kind thoughts; nor let this sudden change
Discourage the designments you have laid
For our State's good; reserve yourself, I pray,
Till fitter times. Meantime will I secure you
From all your followers; follow us to Court,
And good my lords, and you, my honored ladies,
Be all made happy in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend, Monsieur D'Olive.

OMNES: Good Monsieur D'Olive! [Exeunt.]

FINIS ACTUS QUINTI ET ULTIMI

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The Plays of George Chapman
Monsieur D'Olive

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APPENDIX I - Glossary

accidence (n): (1) the part of Grammar which treats of the Accidents or inflections of words: a book of the rudiments of grammar. FS (1-MWW); Nashe Almond for a Parrot, Will Sommers. (2) hap, mishap, chance, fortuitous circumstance. NFS. Cf. Dekker King's Enter. Chapman D'Olive, both meanings may apply.

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Featured in Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avisa, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations favored by Shakespeare.

adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings, according to need. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; others. Common.

affright (v): terrify. FS (17); Watson Hekatompathia; Lyly Love's Met; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Menaphon (1st OED citation); (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Leicester's Gh; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive.

Alcides: Hercules. FS (Shrew, John, Titus); Watson Hek; Chapman D'Olive.

ambassage/embassage (n): message, messenger, mission. FS (7-Rich3, LLL, Rich2, Ado, Edw3, Sonnet 26); Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe T1; Greene Orl Fur; Chapman D'Olive; (anon.) Fam Vic, Dr. Dodypoll, Leic Gh.

Antipodes (n): land or peoples on opposite side of the earth; sometimes Irish. FS (5-3H6, Rich2, MND, MV, Ado); Chapman D'Olive.

Atropos: One of the three fates; Atropos cut the thread of life. FS (2H4); Greene Maiden's Dr; Chapman D'Olive..

baggage (n): worthless or vile fellow or woman, wanton. FS (4-Errors, MWW, Pericles); Chapman D'Olive; (disp.) Maiden's; Middleton Maid, Quarrel, Roaring Girl.

ballated (v): made the subject of songs, ditties?

beray (v): stain, befoul, covered with abuse. FS (Titus). Cf. Golding Ovid;1576 Gascoigne Steele Gl; Chapman D'Olive.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Chapman D'Olive; many others.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Chapman D'Ol; many others.

blouse (n): presumably "blowze".

bone-ache (n): venereal disease; see Connections.

bough-pot (n): vessel to hold boughs; also flower pot. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive

brazen head (n): in several Elizabethan works, a "brazen head" is used as a man-made oracle or source of wisdom. NFS. Cf. Churchyard poem (Cardanus); Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bacon; Chapman D'Olive. Not found in the OED.

canvas (v): punish by tossing in a canvas sheet. FS (1H6, 2H4); Chapman D'Olive.

cardecu (n): old French silver coin, worth 14 of the gold cu, or 15 sous tournois. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

cater trey: the four and the three; hence, apparently, a cant term for dice (or ? falsified dice). NFS. Cf. Lyly Pappe; Chapman D'Olive.

chap/chappe (n): jaw. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive. Heminge's Post. OED contemp citations: 1555 Eden Decades W. Ind; 1575 Turberv. Bk. Venerie

conceipt (v): apprehend, form a conception or notion of. FS (JC); Greene Orl Fur, Menapohon, Vision; Marston Ant.&Mel; Chapman D'Olive.

consort [of music] (n): combination of voices or instruments. FS (1-TGV); Marlowe T1 (1st OED citation); (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive.

conventicles (n): assembly, meeting. FS (2-2H6, Edw3); Udall Erasmus; Greene Never Too Late; Nashe Absurdity, Penniless; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Chapman D'Olive.

corsie (n): cause of grief, grievance. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Chapman D'Olive.

discover (v): reveal. FS (many); (anon.) Ironside; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

foretop (n): (1) crown of the head. NFS. (2) lock of hair that grows on the front of the crown, or is placed similarly on a wig. NFS. Cf. Marston Scourge Villainie; Chapman D'Olive.

frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Greene Fr Bacon, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

frows/froes/frowes (n): women, maenaeds, often Dutch or German, may refer to Bacchantes. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Penelope; Chapman D'Olive.

fulloms, low and high: loaded dice. FS (MWW); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody; Chapman D'Olive.

galliass (n): heavy, low-built vessel, larger than a galley, impelled both by sail and oars, chiefly employed in war. FS (Shrew); Chapman D'Olive.

gambrel (n): hooked stick, possibly for hanging clothes. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (2d OED citation).

Geneva print: ie, he was a Puritan.

gourd: kind of false dice. FS (MWW); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody; Chapman D'Olive.

graff: graft.

gull (n): (1) fool, dupe. FS (Rich3, 12th); Nashe Terrors; Dekker Satiromax; Marston Pasquil. (2) trick. (3) trickster. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

Helicon, Mount: mountain in Boetia sacred to the muses. Often referred to in Elizabethan literature. FS (2H4); Golding Ovid; many others.

hempstring (n): one who deserves the halter (hanging). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Supposes (1st OED citation); Chapman D'Olive.

imp (n): child of. FS (2-2H4, H5); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive.

imp out (v): (1) fill in, enlarge. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (2d OED citation). (2) in falconry, engraft a wing with feathers, strengthen or improve the flight of. FS (Rich2); Lyly Euphues (1st OED citation).

horse [hobby horse] (n): prostitute, loose woman. FS (6-LLL, Ado, WT, Ham, Oth); Greene Cony; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Summers; Jonson Revels; Chapman D'Olive.

intelligencer (n): spy, agent. FS (2-Rich3, 2H4); (anon.) Woodstock; Nashe Penniless, Almond, Saffron; Harvey 3d Letter, Pierce's Super.

iwis/ywus (adv): surely. FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie Nobody/Somebody, Penelope; Nashe Almond; (disp.) Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Cromwell; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

jack (n): on a harpsichord/virginal, bits of wood which rose as the keys were pressed down. FS (Sonnet 128); Chapman D'Olive.

kibe (n): chapped or ulcerated chilblain or sore, esp. one on the heel. FS (4-MWW, Ham, Lear, Temp); Chapman D'Olive.

lanthorn (n): lantern. FS (2H4); Chapman D'Olive.

light (v): deliver, set down. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

meinie/meynie (n): (1) family, household. NFS. Golding Abraham; Chapman D'Olive.

mew (n): shut up, confine, conceal. FS (R&J); Spenser FQ; Chapman D'Olive.

outrecuidance (n): Excessive self-esteem; arrogance; conceit, presumption. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

pitch (n): highest point in a falcon's flight. FS (2-1H6, Titus); Marlowe T2; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Saffron; Munday More; Chapman D'Ol.

predicable (n, a): That which may be predicted. NFS. Cf. Florio Predicable (a); Chapman D'Olive (OED missed this first use as a noun).

quacksalver (n): an ignorant person who professes a knowledge of medicine or of wonderful remedies. NFS. Cf. Gosson Sch Abuse; Daniel, Queen's Arcadia; Jonson Volpone.

ring: possible ref. to female genitalia/double meaning; in Shakespeare often with "precious". FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman D'Olive.

rout (n): company, crowd. FS (10); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Marlowe T2, Edw2; Lyly Whip; Greene Maiden's Dream; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh; Chapman D'Olive.

sconce (n): (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let; Chapman D'Olive.

setter (n): See "verser", below.

skill (v): (1) matter, care. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leir; Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive.

sooths (n): truths, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Chapman D'Olive; ,many others.

sort (v): (1) agree. FS (3H6); (anon.) Leir. (2) fit. FS (3H6). (3) result, come about. NFS. Cf. Marlowe Edw2; Chapman D'Olive.

stammel (n): red woolen cloth. NFS. Cf. Greene Fr Bac; Chapman D'Olive; Chapman, Marston, Jonson Eastward Ho.

swing (n): period of time. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (OED missed 2d citation).

theorbo (n): large kind of lute with a double neck and two sets of tuning-pegs, the lower holding the melody strings and the upper the bass strings; much in vogue in the 17th century. NFS. Cf. Chapman All Fools (1st OED citation), D'Olive,

Thracian harper: Orpheus, a musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head, which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine; Chapman D'Olive.

train (n, v): (1) trap. FS (5-1H5, Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; Chapman D'Olive. (2) train (n): plan. FS (many); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

tressels/trestles (n): legs. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive; Jonson Alchemist.

vaulting-house (n): brothel. NFS. Cf. Lodge Wits Miserie (1st OED citation); Chapman D'Olive.

verjuice (n): acid juice of green or unripe grapes, crab-apples, or other sour fruit, expressed and formed into a liquor; formerly much used in cooking, as a condiment, or for medicinal purposes. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

verser (n): One of a gang of cozeners or swindlers. NFS. Cf. Greene Disc. Cosenage; Chapman D'Olive; Nashe Strange News. 1550 Dice-Play (Percy Soc.) 38 He lightly hath in his company a man of more worship than himself, that hath the countenance of a possessioner of land, and he is called the verser. 1591 Greene Discov. Cosenage 1 There bee requisite effectually to act the Art of Conny-catching, three seuerall parties: The Setter, the Verser, and the Barnackle. Ibid. 3 Imagine the Connie is in the Tauerne, then sits down the Verser, and saith to the Setter, what sirha, wilt thou giue mee a quart of wine, or shall I giue thee one? [etc.]. 1606 Chapman Mons. D'Ol. (IV.2.43-45)D'Ol: Can he verse? Pac: I, and sett too, my Lord; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

vise/vice (n): cock, tap; device for shutting off or regulating the flow of liquid. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

whiffler (n): (1) attendants armed with a javelin, battle-axe, sword, or staff, and wearing a chain, employed to keep the way clear for a procession or public spectacle. WS (H5). (2) tobacco smoker. NFS. Cf. Middleton & Rowley Fair Quarrel. (3) trifler, insignificant fellow. Meanings (1) and (3) seem to apply equally to this play.

Length: 17,293 words

Background and Dating

Parrott considers several factors in placing the composition of the Monsieur D'Olive during the early years of the reign of James I. First is a comment on the creation of knights by James I (I. 1.263-67), which had become virtually purchasable.

(IV.2.79080) DICQUE: Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I
think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't.

Second, the speech on tobacco, discussed in Appendix IV, reflects public discussions about smoking that took place during the years 1602-04.

Third, the theatres were closed from May 1603 to April 1604, because the plague. Parrott further relates (pp. 773-74): "In the autumn and winter of that year three great lords accepted posts as ambassadors, Lenox to France, Hertford to the Archduke in the Low Countries, and Northampton to Spain. The town was all agog over the extraordinary preparations that were being made for these embassies." The Lord Admiral (Northampton) was believed to have taken on a retinue of five hundred, and his extravagant preparations became the subject of common jest. Parrott quotes Winwood's memorials. " Stone the jester ... was well whipped at Bridewell for a blasphemous speech that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my Lord Admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and gives his Lordship the praise of a very pitiful Lord." It was not until March, 1605, that the Lord Admiral finally set off for Spain.

Parrott therefore fixes the composition of the play to the autumn and winter of 1605, theorizing that Chapman filled out his story of the lovesick St. Anne with a subplot involving the hilarious misadventures of the insouciant Monsieur D'Olive, a man who accepts life's gifts and buffets with an equal mixture of buffoonery and grace. Inspired by the actions of a far different man, Monsieur D'Olive stands as a unique, joyously comic creation.

Suggested Reading

Parrott, Thomas Marc, ed. The Plays and Poems of George Chapman: The Comedies.London: George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1914.

Robertson, J. M. Shakespeare and Chapman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

APPENDIX II: Connections

(MARKED means marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)
(No Match means not marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

Right my wrongs
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.588) POLY: Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.
Anon. Woodstock (I.3.276) WOODSTOCK: Come, brother York, we soon shall right all wrong,
Iron (I.1.99) COUNTRYMEN: Where is the king, that he may right our wrong?
Penelope (XXVI.2): Who would a widow stay so long, / And nature of her right thus wrong?
Shakes Titus (II.3) TAMORA: Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
(III.1) TITUS: And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
(V.2.4) TAMORA: To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Note: Titus first use (per Sams).
Disp. Cromwell (II.3.37) MRS BANISTER: If God did ever right a woman's wrong,

Note also several plays on words:
Disp. Greene's Groatsworth (160-161): ... the threadbare brother here
who, willing to do no wrong, hath lost his child's right:
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.62-63) VAUMONT: The truth is, I have done your known deserts
More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
(I.1.80) VAUMONT: That she should nothing wrong her husband's right,
(I.1.125-26) VANDOME: Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.

Everlasting night
Peele Wives (555) SACRA: And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.Ind.27) DEATH: I will not down to everlasting night
(V.1.110) SOLIMAN: To send them down to everlasting night,
Arden (III.2.9) SHAKEBAG: And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.107-09) VAUMONT: In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transformed by her to night, / With all sun banished from her smothered graces;
Bible Many references, esp. Jude 1 being close. Also verses in Rev.

Conceit ... Deep
Lyly Gallathea (III.1) RAMIA: who ... cannot understand these deep conceits:
Woman/Moon (I.1.95) NATURE: Thou art endowed with Saturn's deep conceit,
Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.81): ALPHONSO: Well sir, this drew me into deep conceit,
Willobie (I.10): With deep conceits, and passing wit,
Shakes Pass Pilgrim (8): ...Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such ...
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.115) VANDOME: Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord;

Honest women
Gascoigne Supposes (IV.2) CRAPINE: Honest woman, you gossip,
thou rotten whore, hearest thou not old witch?
Lyly Sapho, Midas, MB, Woman/Moon
Shakes 2H4 (III.3) HAL: ... Charge an honest / woman with picking thy pocket! ...
Merchant (III.1) SAL: ... as they say, if my gossip / Report be an honest woman of her word.
(III.5) LAUNCE: It is much that the Moor should be more than reason:
but if she be less than an honest woman, she is / indeed more than I took her for.
MWW (III.3) CAIUS: By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.
(IV.2) FORD: ... Mistress Ford the honest / woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that
hath the jealous fool to her husband! ...-
MM (II.1) ELBOW: Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,--
Pericles (IV.2) MARINA: An honest woman, or not a woman.
(IV.6) MARINA: But amongst honest women.
A&C (V.2) Clown: Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of
them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, / but something given to lie; ...
Greene Fr. Bac. (I.1.120-22) PRINCE: Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why our country Margaret is so coy, / And stands so much upon her honest points
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.39) ESTRILD: But Ladies must regard their honest name.
Willobie (to all the Constant Ladies) assail the Chastity of honest women
(To the gentle ... reader) ... accompted very honest women in some cities now that love ...

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.106) RODERIGUE: What an excellent creature an honest woman is!
(I.1.257-58) MUGERON: if she / be modest, she's a clown; if she be honest, she's a fool;
(I.1.351-52) D'OLIVE: I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable
Bible Ecclus 40. 18-19 (No Match, NEAR/between 40.12-14 and 40.24). (18) To labor and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life: but he that findeth a treasure, is above them both. (19) Children, and the building of the city make a perpetual name: but an honest woman is counted above them both.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks
Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colours pale thy face ?
Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting,
whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.
(III.4) VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.
PHAO: I think a painted truth.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 64):"Nay therefore," (quoth Dorastus) maids must love, because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colors."
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,
Willobie (XLII.10): Esteem not this a painted bait,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LVIII.4): Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.
Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...
Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.
Also see Hamlet (II.1.142.46)
Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!
Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.
Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believst all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferst in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.
Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16 (No Match).

Heart ... Tongue
Golding Ovid Met. (XI.654): In hart was shee: in toong was shee: ...
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.105) POLY: His tongue should never with his heart agree.
Lodge Wounds (I.1.230) SCILLA: Graybeard, if so thy heart and tongue agree,
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.4-5) CAMPASPE: Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break.
(IV.2.25-26) CAMPASPE: If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is,
(IV.2.31) CAMPASPE: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Love's Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: ... the face of a virgin but the heart of a fiend,
whose sweet tongue sheddeth more drops of blood than it uttereth syllables.
MB (II.1.105) POLY: and like with her heart / before she consent with her tongue.
(V.4) CELIA: as though our hearts were tied to their tongues
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.175): HIER: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.
(IV.1.473) HIER: First take my tongue and afterwards my heart. [He bites out his tongue.]
Shakes 24 examples, including:
2H6 (III.1): But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

LLL (V.2): A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Edw3 (III.2) K. EDWARD: Thus from the heart's aboundant speaks the tongue:
MM (I.4): tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so:
Coriolanus (III.2): Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
JC (II.4): Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
Anon. Weakest (V.18-19) UGO: Of whence are you? Speak quickly, least my sword
Prevent your tongues by searching of your hearts.
Willobie (XXXIV.1): My heart is strong, though tongue be weak, ...
(XLII.6) My pen doth write, my heart hath swore, My tongue such speech shall use no more.
(LXIII.1) My tongue, my hand, my ready heart, / That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
Chapman D'Olive [I.1.234-35] RODERIGUE: ... too too manifest signs that her heart
went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

Difference ... man
Chapman D'Olive (II.1.22) EURIONE: Good Lord, what difference is in men!
Shakes TNK (II.1.55) J's DAUGHT: It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men!

Quick ... Dead
Golding Ovid Met (IX.486-87): ... And alyve a Prophet shall go seeke
His owne quicke ghoste among the dead, the earth him swallowing in.
(X.557): That neither with my life the quick, nor with my death the dead
Shakes Rich3 (I.2) ANNE: Either heaven with lightning strike the / murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick, ...
LLL (V.2) COSTARD: Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is
quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by / him.
EDW3 (III.1) MARINER: And darkness did as well enclose the quick,
As those that were but newly reft of life; ...
AWEW (V.3) DIANA: So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:
Hamlet (V.1) HAM: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.
LAERTES: Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Anon. Dodypoll (V.2.2): Nor quick nor dead can I behold my son.
Nashe Absurdity: What shall I say of him that, being asked from what woman a man should
keep himself, answered, From the quick & from the dead,
Chapman M. D'Olive (II.1.209-10): VANDOME: In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
Will fire his heavy spirits. ...
Bible John 5.21; Romans 8.11 (Chapter headings MARKED).
See also 2Tim. 4.1; 1Peter 4.5; Acts 10.42, Eph. 2.1 and 5.

Mind ... Kingdom
Oxford poem: My mind to me a kingdom is. (attribution: May)
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.20-22) MUGERON: It is not safe (says he) to build his nest
So near the eagle; his mind is his kingdom, / His chamber is a court of all good wits;

Apparel (clothes ... man)
Lyly Plot of Gallathea ie GALLATHEA: I perceive that boys are in as great disliking of
themselves as maids; therefore though I wear the apparel, I am glad I am not the person.
Mother Bombie
Greene Fr Bac (II.4.66-67) MILES: To cease of this quarrel, look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis, he is the great Prince of Walis,

Anon. Nobody (131-33) WENCH: And shall I go in fine clothes like a Lady
ARCHIGALLO: Thou shalt.
WENCH: I'll be a lady then, that's flat. ...
Dodypoll (V.2.5): Aye, Sir, apparel makes the man.
Nashe Absurdity: Whenas the outward garment, not the inward virtue, must be fain to commend a man, it is all one as if a man should love the snake for his grey-colored skin, or poison because it is in a silver piece, or pilgrim-salve because it is in a painted box.
Shakes Hamlet (I.3) POL: For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.63-65) D'OLIVE: Gentlemen: their bearing bewrays no less; it goes not always by apparel. I do allow you to suit
yourselves anew in my colors at your own charges.

Gyges Ring
Oxford poem (Vain Desire verse 3: Allusion to King Candalus)
Rare is reward where none can justly crave,
For chance is choice where Reason makes no claim;
Yet luck sometimes despairing souls doth save,
A happy star made Giges joy attain.
A slavish smith, of rude and rascal race,
Found means in time to gain a Goddess' grace.
Greene Card of Fancy: Allusion to King Candalus.
Selimus (22.30-31): We thought you had old Gyges' wondrous ring, ... [22.30]
That so you were invisible to us.
Anon. Leic Gh (538-40): Gyges (538-40): Know then, that Gyges went invisible
By turning of the sigil of his ring / Towards his palm, and thereby slew the king,
See Nina Green: Notes on Leicester's Ghost.
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.85-87) D'Olive: and thought myself
As private as I had King G[yges'] ring / And could have gone invisible,
(V.2.7-8) MUGERON: let him enjoy the benefit of the
enchanted ring, and stand awhile invisible;

Note: The editor of Selimus refers to Gyges as a humble shepherd living in Lydia, who discovered the magical ring and used it to assassinate King Candalus, marry the queen, and became king.

Oxford poem and Greene Card of Fancy derived from Herodotus:
Candaules was a king of ancient Lydia who thought his wife the most beautiful woman in Lydia, and in proof of this insisted that one of his favorite bodyguards, Gyges, secretly view the queen naked while she was undressing for bed. The queen noticed Gyges lurking behind the bedroom door, but said nothing. The next morning she called him to her and told him that since the king had dishonored her, Gyges' only options were either to be killed on the spot by her servants or to kill the king, become king himself, and marry her, which Gyges did. (De Selincourt, Herodotus, Penguin, c1972, pp.44-46)

But an allusion in Leicester's Ghost to Gyges 'turning the sigil of his ring towards his palm' so as to make himself invisible is not found in Herodotus. The author of Leic. Gh. therefore knew another version of the Gyges story. In a footnote to the Penguin edition of Herodotus, John Marincola cites other sources of the story.

Gyges (Guggu) is attested as king of the Lydians in Assyrian records, according to which he was inspired by a dream to seek the Assyrian king's help against an invasion of the Cimmerians in the 660s or 650s. The wealth of Gyges was well known to the Greeks and is mentioned by the poet Archilochos. His accession to the throne appears elsewhere in Greek literature, although it is uncertain whether any of the other versions are earlier than Herodotus.

A papyrus fragment of a tragedy had the murder of Candaules and the accession of Gyges as its theme: for the text and discussion see D.L. Page, A New Chapter in the History of Greek Tragedy (Cambridge 1951); see also J. Evans, 'Herodotus and the Gyges Drama', Athenaeum 43 (1955) 333-6. For other versions see Pedley 35-6. On the thematic importance of this opening story see Flory 29-38).

Legal terms: Call in question; Neck-verse
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.15) CLYTUS: You mistake me Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander you imagine I call Philip into question;
Marlowe Jew of Malta (IV.1) PILIA-BORZA. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,
Edw 2 (I.4.152) QUEEN: But thou must call mine honor thus in question?
(II.4.55) QUEEN: Mine honor will be call'd in question;
Anon. Leir (12.50-52) MESS: Madam, I hope your Grace will stand Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be Calld in question, for opening the Kings letters.
(15.34) RAGAN: He had bin call'd in question for his fact.
Martin's Protestation: wherein either life, goods or good name is called in question,
Tracts: let not our places be called in question,
Shakes 12th (I.4) VIOLA: that / you call in question the continuance of his love:
T&C (III.2) PANDARUS: ... if she call your activity in question. ...
wherein either life, goods, or good name is called in question,
(IV.4) TROILUS: I do not call your faith in question / So mainly as my merit: ...
JC (IV.3) BRUTUS: And call in question our necessities.
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.151-52) : D'OLIVE: and yet newly / Called into question; ...
Bible: Neck verse: he opening of the 51st Psalm (No Match).

Venereal disease: Bone ache, Frenchman's badge
Disp. Greene's Groat (773-74): and the loathsome scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones;
Nashe Penniless: tis not their new bonnets will keep them from the old
bone-ache. Ware when a man's sins are written on his eyebrows, and
that there is not a hair-breadth betwixt them and the falling of sickness.
the hair-shirt will chase whoredom out of their bones,
Shakes R&J (II.6.110-14): The sweetest honey / Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite. / Therefore love moderately.
Oth (I.3.347-49): The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as acerb as the coloquintida.
T&C (II.3) whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that,
(III.3) High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
(V.1.17-21) : limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the ...
MM (I.2.54-55) LUCIO: ... thy bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee.
Dry bones, the Frenchman's badge, the pox
Anon. Willobie (Title Page) ... but she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in his bones.
(V.2): When Moab maidens allured their fall;

Willobie abounds in references to Frenchman's badge, bone-ache, etc.
Chapman D'Ol (II.2.293-95) D'OLIVE: The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache, or other branches of the sharp salt rheum / Fitting a gentleman.
Bible Prov. 5.3-4 For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is more soft than oil. But the end of her is as bitter as wormwood, & as sharp as a two-edged sword (No Match).

Filth/Foul ... Sink
Golding Ovid Met (XV.349): Whoo hath not heard of Salmacis, that fowle and filthye sink?
Marlowe Edw3 (V.5.4-5) EDWARD: This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) CAPT: ... Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Anon. Willobie (I.18): Can filthy sink yield wholesome air, ...
Sidney Antony (I.1.121): Sunk in foul sink: mean while respecting nought
Chapman D'Ol (II.2.206) D'OLIVE: From the foul sink of Romish popery,

Shield, God's Shield
Golding Ovid Met (VII.51): God shield I so should doo.
Abraham (302-04) SONG: O happy is the wight / That grounds him selfe aright / On God, and maketh him his shield:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.628) CHORUS: God shield.
Lyly Campaspe (III.2.47-48) PSYLLUS: The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax.
(III.4.91) APELLES: God shield you should have cause to be as cunning as Apelles.
Gallathea (II.3) PETER: god shield me from blowing gold to nothing,
Midas (III.3) SOPHRONIA: The gods shield him from all harms.
Shakes R&J (IV.1) PARIS: God shield I should disturb devotion!
MND (III.1) BOTTOM: God shield us! -- a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing...
AWEW (I.3) COUNTESS: ... God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
Greene James IV (I.3.15) EUSTACE: A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
Anon. Woodstock (III.2) WOODSTOCK: we are beset (heaven shield) with many storms.
Leir (30.31-32) CORDELLA: We that are feeble, and want use of Armes, Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.
Willobie (III.3 I): have by grace a native shield,
(IX.1): God shield me from your cursed crew
Penelope (XVIII.1-2): Ulysses dear, the Gods thee shield, / And send thee home well to return,
(XXXIV.4): (Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)
Chapman D'Olive (III.2.30) D'OL: above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing!
(III.2.42-43) D'OL: heaven shield me from any / more followers!
Bible Ps. 84.9, 11; Prov. 30.5 Every word of God is pure; he is a shield to those that trust in him (No Match).

House ... Head
Chapman D'Olive (III.2.163-75) D'Olive: so sets his fortunes on't, turns two or three tenements / into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, / not a house to hide his head in.
Shakes AsYou (IV.1) ROSALINE: ... for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.
Timon (III.4) 2D SERV: Who can speak broader than he that has no / house to put his head in?

Lear (III.2) FOOL: He that has a house to put's head in has a good / head-piece. / The cod-piece that will house / Before the head has any, / The head and he shall louse;

Pass ... Pikes
Chapman(III.2.199) D'OLIVE: little know they what pikes their feathers must pass
Note Oxford letter 10-7-1601: "passed the pikes of so many adversaries" (Fowler p. 599)
Shakes Venus & Adonis (620) ... he hath a battle set of bristly pikes, that ...

Classical References: Acheron, the fiery lake of Greek mythology (see also God/Punishment/ Lake/burning, fiery)
Golding Ovid Met (V.669-70): Save onely one Ascalaphus whome Orphne, erst a Dame
Among the other Elves of Hell not of the basest fame,
Bare to hir husbande Acheron within hir duskie den.
Kyd Sp Tr (I. Ind.19-20): When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron: ...
(III.12.800): ... And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
(III.16.1405-07) GHOST: To combat Acheron and Erebus.
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, / O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
(IV.4.227-28) VICEROY: Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Anon. Locrine (III.6.51-54) HUMBER: Through burning sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat / That rageth in mine everlasting soul.
(IV.2.62-64) HUMBER: The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
Chased from the nine-fold Puriflegiton, / Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.
(IV.4.17) HUMBER: You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
Shakes MND (III.2) OBERON: The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
TA (IV.3) TITUS: He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below, / And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. ...
Macbeth (III.5) MAC: But make amends now: get you gone, / And at the pit of Acheron
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.51-52) VANDOME: Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;

Enchanter
Anon. Romeus and Juliet (2795) Wherby they did suppose, inchaunters to be comme,
Lyly Mother Bombie -- decisive somewhat benign character.
Loves Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: Believe not this enchantress, sweet youth,
Greene Orl Fur: decisive benign character.
Peele Old Wives: major character
{84-05) SACRAPANT: He in whose life his acts have been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul. [Dies.]
Anon. Dodypoll: major character
Sidney Antony (I.1.80) Breaks from th'enchanter that him strongly held.
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.95-98) VAUMONT: ... Could you crown th' enchantments
Of your divine wit with another spell, / Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,
You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.
Bible Rev. 22.15 For without shall be dogs & enchanters, & whoremongers, & murderers, & idolators, & whosoever loveth or maketh lies (MARKED). Jer.27.9 Therefore hear not your

Prophets nor your soothsayers, nor your dreamers, nor your enchanters, nor your sorcerers, ... (No Match).

Grammar lession
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2) The grammar lesson is reminiscent of Endymion (III.2), another grammar lesson involving pert and snippy pages. Similar grammatical exchanges are found elsewhere in the works of Lyly, whose father was the author of the standard teacher's book of grammar. In Monsieur D'Olive the pages are somewhat less witty than those of Lyly, while their employer D'Olive, moreover, is in on the joke and is considerably more clever than the hapless employers in Lyly's plays. Such scenes display a direct line of descent from Lyly's inventive master/page subplots.

Queen Elizabeth Identified
Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same).
Gascoigne Passion (9): Alwaies in one and evermore shal be,
Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never)
Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)
Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,
Sonnet (116): Love is not love / Which alters when it alteration finds,
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.59-61) D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am semper idem.
(63) D'OLIVE: I find no alteration in myself in the world,
Note: Chapman's variations on the Elizabethan motto are reflected in several Shakespeare sonnets.

Gross head
Golding Ovid Met (XIII.168): Is such a dolt and grosshead, as he shows himself to be
Brooke Romeus (2626): Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can deem.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: Out upon me, what a gross-headed fool am I?
Marprelate (#4): Again, none would be so gross-headed as to gather,
Nashe Summers (1668) SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.158) MUG: that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

Raging fire
Golding Ovid Met (II.322): Amid Cayster of this fire the raging heat was felt
(III.719): The more they did provoke his wrath, and set his rage on fire.
(IV.81-82): The closelier they suppress / The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their breast.
(IX.645): I then were striken to the heart, although the raging flame
Anon. Willobie (XXXI.6): Whose veins even now were fill'd with raging fire?(IV.1.9-10) ALBERDURE: What sudden cold is this that makes me shake,veins even now were fill'd with raging fire?
Chapman M. D'Olive (V.1..12) VANDOME: That rage may fire out grief, and so restore her

Cloudy look
Marlowe T2 (I.3.4) TAMB: Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air
Anon. Ironside (III.5.60): EDRICUS: with th' least encounter of a cloudy look,
Shakes PassPil (19): Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.25) VANDOME: Sister, cloud not your forehead;

Scatology: Dunghill
Harvey (1593): PierceÕs Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford) ... there is a cap of maintenance, called Im-pu-dency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same odd capricious humour, find-eth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Anon Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Greene Alph (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills / by candlelight,

Play the fool
Oxford Poem (If women could be fair): And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I
Watson Hek (LXVIII): I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,
(XCV): Or once again will play the loving fool,
Shakes MV (I.1) GRATIANO: Let me play the fool: ...
But fish not, with this melancholy bait, / For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. ...
(III.5) LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word!
12th (III.1) VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool
Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
fool no where but in's own house.
AWEW (II.2) COUNTESS: I play the noble housewife with the time
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.105-07) D'OLIVE: And a man will play the fool / and be a lord, or be a fool and play the lord, he shall be / sure to want no followers,\

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Distinctive Words, Phrases:
at the full; the Court's as 'twere the stage; to be dislocated or unfurnished of ... my properties; to imp out my train; look you (Welsh?); way of all flesh; wit's become a free trade for all sorts to live by.

Compound Words (*surely unusual): 54 words (26 nouns, 27 adj, 2 adv).
almanac-monger (n), ballet-maker (n), bass-viol (n), bat-like* (a), best-loved (a), blabber-lipped* (a), bone-ache (n), bough-pots (n), bowling-alley (n), brother-in-law (n), close-stool (n), coach-horse (n), coney's-wool (n), dicing-house (n), double-locked (a), far-shooting (a), foot-cloth (n), freckle-face (a), freely-choosed (a), half-step (n), hand-in-hand (adv), hobby-horse (n), hot-livered (a), long-deceased (a), long-kept (a), love-letter (n), many-headed (a), morris-dance (n), mourning-habit (n), never-ceasing (a), new-born (a), new-flayed (a), night-walker (n), parcel-gilt (a), pea-goose (n), pent-house (n), piece-meal (adv), shoeing-horn (n), soul-exciting (a), stiff-hammed (a), stop-cater-trey (n), sun-like (a), supple-jointed (a), thought-on (a), thread-bare (a), tongue-tied (a), twelve-month (n, a), tyrant-like* (a), vaulting-house (n), waiting-maid (n), waiting-woman (n), well-paced (a), well-weighed (a), wild-goose (a)
Note three unusual compounds with the suffix "-like". For instance, Ironside has one such word, the common "warlike".
(rumor/gossip) the many-headed beast
No verbs except as participles.

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual): 40 words (14 verbs, 19 nouns, 8 adj, 2 adv).
concealed (a), conceit (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), conceit (n), concourse (n), condemned (a), condition (n), conduct (v), confess (v), confession (n), congregation (n), conjuration (n), conjure (v), consecrate (v, a), conserves (n), consider (v), consolatory* (a), consort (n, v), constable (n), constancy (n), constant (a), constantly (adv), construction (n), consume (v), contain (v), contemn (v), contemplation (n), content (a, n), contentment (n), continue (v), continual (a), continually (adv), continence (n), contrary (n), convenient (a), conventicle* (n), converse (v), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 33 words (19 verbs, 10 nouns, 6 adj, 1 adv).
disarrayed (v), disaster (n), discern (v), discontent (n), discourse (v, n), discover (v), discipline (n), discourse (n), discover (v), disease (n), disgrace (v), disguised (v, a), dishonor (n), dislocated* (v), disloyal (a), disordered (a), dispair (v), dispatch (n, v), disperse (v), displease (v), dispose (v), dispraise (v), disproportion* (v), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissembling (a), dissolve (v), dissuasion (n), dissuasive* (a), distance (n), distinctly (adv), distressed (a), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "mis": 6 words (1 verb, 4 nouns, 1 adj).
misconceit (n), misconduct (n), misconstruction (n), miserable (a), mistook (v), mistress (n)

Words beginning with "over": 3 words (2 verbs, 1 adj).
overhear (v), overshine (v), overthrown (a)

Words beginning with "pre" *surely unusual): 16 words (7 verbs, 7 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).

precious (a), predecessors (n), predicables* (n), prefer (v), prepare (v), preparing (v), presence (n), present (v, a, n), presenting (n), presently (adv), preserve (v), presume (v), presumption (n), presumptuous (a), pretending (n), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re" (*surely unusual): 51 words (27 verbs, 20 nouns, 6 adj).
reassume (v), rebuke (n), receive (v), reckon (v), recluse (n), recommend (v), reconcilement (n), recure (n), redeem (v), refraction (n), refrain (v), regard (n, v), regenerate (a), region (n), reject (v), relate (v), relator* (n), relative (n), release (v), religion (n), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remembered (a), renewed (a), repair (n), repent (v), repented (a), reply (v), report (n), require (v), requite (v), requiting (n), resemblance (n), resembling (v), reserve (v), resolution (n), resolve (v), resolved (a), resort (v), resound (v), respect (n), restore (v), restoring (a), retain (v), retire (v), retrieve (v), return (v, n), reveler (n), revenue (n), revive (v)

Words beginning with "un","in"
Words beginning with "in" (surely unusual): 41 words
(11 verbs, 15 nouns, 13 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep, 1 conj).
inamorate (a), incensed (a), incline (v), income (n), incontinent (a), incorruptible (a), increase (v), incredible (a), indeed (conj), industrious (a), infallible (a), infinite (a), inflame (v), injure (v), injury (n), innocency (n), innumerable (a), inquire (v), insolence (n), insolent (a), inspiration (n), installment (n), instantly (adv), instruct (v), instrument (n), intellect (n), intelligence (n), intelligencer* (n), intended (a), intent (n), intention (n), inter (v), intercourse (n), interest (n, v), interjection (n), into (prep), intolerable (a), intreat (v), inveigh (v), invented (v), invisible (a)
Words beginning with "in"(* surely unusual): 25 words (6 verbs, 17 adj, 2 prep, 1 conj).
unborn (a), unburied (a), unbuttoned (a), uncertain (a), undone (v), unfurnished (v), unguilty (a), unhappy (a), unholy (a), unjust (a), unknown (a), unless (conj), unmarried (a), unmatched (a), unready (a), unseen (a), unsufficed* (a), untaught* (v, a), unto (prep), unworthy (a)
under (prep), undergo (v), underneath (a), understand (v), undertake (v)

Words ending with "able" (*surely unusual): 19 words (2 nouns, 17 adj).
abominable (a), admirable (a), answerable (a), capable (a), changeable (a), commendable (a), constable (n), honorable (a), innumerable (a), intolerable (a), laudable (a), miserable (a), penetrable (a), predicables* (n), probable (a), reasonable (a), sociable (a), suitable (a), variable (a)

Words ending with "less": 11 words (10 adj, 1 conj).
breathless (a), careless (a), causeless (a), ceaseless (a), hapless (a), helpless (a), matchless (a), ruthless (a), senseless (a), spotless (a), unless (conj)

Words ending with "ness" (*surely unusual): 22 words (all nouns).
boldness (n), business (n), coyness (n), darkness (n), emptiness (n), forwardness (n), goodness (n), greatness (n), grossness (n), happiness (n), heaviness (n), highness (n), kindness(n), lightness (n), likeness (n), madness (n), obscureness* (n), rudeness (n), sadness (n), softness (n), strangeness (n), sweetness (n)

Reflexives: bethink myself), borne herself), contain yourself), enlarge yourself), entomb himself), hang myself), hide himself), horse themselves), inflame itself), love myself), possess myself), prepare yourself), reserve yourself), resolve yourself), retire yourself), shame myself), show yourself), suit yourselves), thought myself), waste herself), won itself), wrong not yourself

APPENDIX IV: The Debate on the Smoking of Tobacco

Thomas Marc Parrott (p. 786-87) discusses the hilarious diatribe against tobacco (II.2) as follows:

An ancient subject and yet newly call'd into question. The subject of tobacco smoking had been called into question, i.e. made a matter of debate, with great vehemence shortly before the composition of this play. The controversy began apparently with the publication of a tract entitled Work for Chimney Sweepers, 1602, the anonymous author of which alleges eight reasons against tobacco, the author and finder of which he declares to have been 'the Divell'. This provoked A Defence of Tobacco, 1602. Shortly after his accession to the English throne King James published, 1604, anonymously his well-known A Counterblast to Tobacco, in which he took occasion to sneer at Raleigh, whose example, apparently, had done much to make smoking fashionable. In the same year James under cover of attacking an idle luxury raised the import duty on tobacco from 2d. to six shillings and tenpence per pound. On the third day of King James's visit to Oxford in August, 1605, there was a public debate on the question: Utrum frequens suffitus nicotianae exoticae sit sanis et salutaris. Dr. Cheynell, of Corpus Christi, defended tobacco in a humorous speech, but the King naturally pronounced a verdict for the negative. In The Queen's Arcadia, a pastoral by Samuel Daniel, played before the Queen at Christ Church during the royal visit there is an amusing onslaught on tobacco, quite in the spirit of James. Alcon, a quacksalver, tells how he met a seaman who had brought from the island of Nicosia a certain weed:

And this in powder made and fix'd, he sucks
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay the smoke thereof:
Which either he conveys out of his nose,
Or down into his stomach with a whiff.
And this, he said, a wondrous virtue had
To purge the head and cure the great catarrh,
And to dry up all other manner rheums.
The quacksalver secured 'all this commodity' and taught people how to use it, and he says,
Now do they nothing else but sit and such,
And sit and slaver all the time they sit.
Then breaking into a moral vein he concludes:
But sure the time's to come when they look back
On this, will wonder with themselves to think
That men of sense could ever be so mad
To suck so gross a vapour that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries up memory,
Corrupts the blood, and is a vanity.
The Queen's Arcadia, II.1119, ssq.

The humour of this debate lies especially in the fact that he sets a Puritan, a sect most obnoxious to the King, arguing against smoking.

Go back to Monsieur D'Olive Act 1
Go back to Monsieur D'Olive Act 2
Go back to Monsieur D'Olive Act 3
Go back to Monsieur D'Olive Act 4
Go back to Monsieur D'Olive Act 5

Commentary on Monsieur D'Olive

Go Back to Elizabethan Authors HOME PAGE
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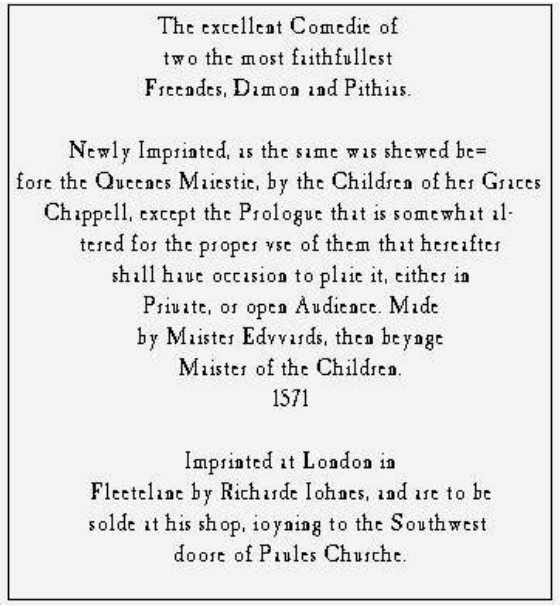

The excellent Comedie of
two the most faithfullest
Freendes, Damon and Pithias.

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed be=
fore the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces
Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat al-
tered for the propes vse of them that hereafter
shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in
Priuate, or open Audience. Made
by Maister Edvvards, then beynge
Maister of the Children.
1571

Imprinted at London in
Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be
solde at his shop, ioyning to the Southwest
doore of Paules Churche.

Pre-Shakespeare Works: Court Tragi-comedy
Damon and Pithias, 1571
Transcribed by BF. copyright © 2002

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Latin translations also presented in Appendix I.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES
Aristippus, a Pleasant Gentleman
Carisophus, a Parasite
Two Gentlemen of Greece
  DAMON
  PITHIAS
    STEPHANO, Servant to Damon and Pithias
WILL, Aristippus' Lackey
JACK, Carisophus' Lackey
SNAP, the Porter
DIONYSIUS, the King
EUBULUS, the King's Counselor
GRONNO, the Hangman
GRIM, the Collier

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PROLOGUE

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,
Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy.
But if your eager looks do long such toys to see
As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought
Is frustrate quite of toying plays. A sudden change is wrought.
For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forc'd his pen against his kind, no more such sports to write.
Muse he that lust, right worshipful, for chance hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too much in young desires to range; ... [Pro.10]
In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did offend,
Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that shall amend.
And yet, worshipful audience, thus much I dare avouch:
In comedies the greatest skill is this: rightly to touch
All things to the quick, and eke to frame each person so
That by his common talk you may his nature rightly know.
A roister ought not preach -- that were too strange to hear --
But, as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his words appear.

The old man is sober; the young man rash; the lover triumphing in joys;
The matron grave; the harlot wild, and full of wanton toys: ... [Pro.20]
Which all in one course they no wise do agree,
So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought to be.
Which speeches, well-prounounc'd, with action lively framed --
If this offend the lookers-on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth not swerve,
In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe.
Thus much for his defense (he saith), as poets erst have done,
Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did run.
But now, for to be brief, the matter to express
Which here we shall present is this: Damon and Pithias, ... [Pro.30]
A rare example of friendship true. It is no legend-lie,
But a thing once done, indeed, as histories do descry;
Which, done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be here
Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear.
Lo, here is Syracuse, th' ancient town which once the Romans won,
Here Dionysius palace, within whose court this thing most strange was done.

[Note (lines 35-36): Adams points out that the speaker here probably pointed first to the "city" (with Damon's lodgings) on one side of the stage, next to the palace on the other side.) Players would enter from Damon's lodgings, from the palace, or from the rear of the stage.]
Which matter, mix'd with mirth and care, a just name to apply
As seems most fit, we have termed a "tragical comedy."
Wherein, talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat:
We talk of Dionysius court; we mean no court but that! ... [Pro.40]
And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind
The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it find.
Lo, this I speak for our defense, lest of others we should be shent.
But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant.
Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and eye
To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new tragical comedy.

THE PLAY

[One one side, the city of Syracuse, with the lodging of Damon and Pithias in the foreground; on the other side, the palace of King Dionysius.]

[Here enter Aristippus.]

ARISTIPPUS: Too strange, perhaps, it seems to some
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become;
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the courtly behavior my life I frame.
Muse he that list. To you of good skill
I say that I am a philosopher still.
Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy;
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?

For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,
That frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi. ... [10]
I am wise for myself: then tell me, of troth,
Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?
Some philosophers in the street go ragged and torn,
And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn;
But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace,
Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.
I can talk philosophy as well as the best,
But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest.
And now I profess the courtly philosophy;
To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply ... [20]
To feed the king's humor with pleasant devices;
For which I am called Regius canis.
But wot ye who named me first the king's dog?
It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting hog!
Let him roll in his tub to win a vain praise;
In the court pleasantly I will spend all my days.
Wherein what to do I am not to learn;
What will serve mine own turn I can quickly discern.
All my time at school I have not spent vainly;
I can help one! Is not that a good point of philosophy? ... [30]

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: I beshrew your fine ears, since you came from school.
In the court you have made many a wise man a fool!
And though you paint out your feigned philosophy,
So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery!
Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort
That none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.
Ere you came hither poor I was somebody;
The king delighted in me. Now I am but a noddy!

ARISTIPPUS: In faith, Carisophus, you know yourself best!
But I will not call you noddy but only in jest. ... [40]
And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility.
That office is yours! You know it right perfectly!
Or parasites and sycophants you are a grave-bencher;
The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
I envy not your state, nor yet your great favor;
Then grudge not at all if in my behavior
I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity,
Whom I never abused to any man's injury. ... [50]

CARISOPHUS: By Cock, sir, yet in the court you do best thrive --
For you get more in one day than I do in five.

ARISTIPPUS: Why, man, in the court do you not see
Rewards given for virtue to every degree?
To reward the unworthy -- that world is done.
The court is changed. A good thread hath been spun
Of a dog's wool heretofore; and why? Because it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked.
But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by;
Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I apply: ... [60]
Wherein, though I please, it cometh not of my desert
But of the king's favor.

CARISOPHUS: It may be so. Yet in your prosperity
Despise not an old courtier. Carisophus is he
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humor.
Diligently to please, still at hand, there was never rumor
Spread in this town of any small thing but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by.
Yet now I crave your friendship; which if I may attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again. ... [70]
So we two, linked in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another.

ARISTIPPUS: By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophy,
Yet surely you are a better courtier than I!
And yet I not so evil a courtier that will seem to despise
Such an old courtier as you, so expert and so wise.
But whereas you crave mine, and offer your friendship so willingly,
With heart I give you thanks for this your great courtesy,
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fail. ... [80]

CARISOPHUS: A thousand thanks I give you. O friend Aristippus!

ARISTIPPUS: O friend Carisophus!

CARISOPHUS: How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

ARISTIPPUS: None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow!
I speak as I think, believe me.

CARISOPHUS: Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me
That one of us help each other in every degree.
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence;
To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.

ARISTIPPUS: Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish. ... [90]
But, I pray you, tell me thus much by the way --
Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

CARISOPHUS: I will not dissemble -- that were against friendship:
I go into the city some knaves to nip
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure.
In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.
Farewell, friend Aristippus, now, for a time. [Exit.]

ARISTIPPUS: Adieu, friend Carisophus. In good faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow!
Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Carisophus? ... [100]
Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?
They say Morum similitudo consuit amicitias;
Then how can this friendship between us two come to pass?
We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher and his bolt:
I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
As touching good letters; but otherwise such a crafty knave,
If you seek a whole region his like you cannot have;
A villain for his life; a varlet dyed in grain;
You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for he serves for twain;
A flattering parasite; a sycophant also; ... [110]
A common accuser of men; to the good an open foe.
Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,
Where, indeed, to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but twice he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favor;
In which kind of service he hath got such a savor
That he will never leave. Methink then that I
Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest perhaps I ... [120]
Coming in his way might be nipp'd; for such knaves in presence
We see oft times put honest men to silence.
Yet I have played with his beard in knitting this knot;
I promised friendship; but you love few words -- I spake it, but I meant it not.
Who marks this friendship between us two
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any more ado;
It may be a right pattern thereof. But true friendship, indeed,
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.
But why do I now enter into philosophy
Which do profess the find kind of courtesy? ... [130]
I will hence to the court with all haste I may
I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean;
For, wot ye what? A new broom sweeps clean.
As to high honor I mind not to climb,
So I mean in the court to lose no time.
Wherein, happy man be his dole, I trust that I
Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Damon and Pithias like mariners.]

DAMON: O Neptune, immortal be thy praise,
For that so safe from Greece we have passed the seas
To this noble city Syracuse, where we ...
The ancient reign of the Romans may see,
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far hath blown.

PITHIAS: My Damon, of right high praise we ought to give
To Neptune, and all the gods, that we safely did arrive.
The seas, I think, with contrary winds never raged so!
I am even yet seasick that I faint as I go.
Therefore, let us get some lodging quickly.
But where is Stephano? ...

[Here entereth Stephano, laden with baggage.]

STEPHANO: Not far hence! a pox take these mariner-knaves!
Not one would help me to carry this stuff. Such drunken slaves
I think be accursed of the gods' own mouths!

DAMON: Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Syracuse.
We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of the burden by and by.

STEPHANO: Good master, make haste! For I tell you plain,
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

PITHIAS: Come on thy ways. Thou shalt be eased, and that anon.
[Exit Pithias, followed by Damon and Stephano.]

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: It is a true saying, that oft hath been spoken:
"The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that he [it] cometh home broken." ...
My own proof this hath taught me; for truly, sith I
In the city have used to walk very slyly,
Not with one can I meet that will in talk join with me.
And to creep into men's bosoms some talk for to snatch,
By which into one trip or other I might trimly them catch,
And so accuse them -- now not with one can I meet
That will join in talk with me. I am shunn'd like a devil in the street!
My credit is crack'd where I am known. But yet I hear say
Certain strangers are arrived. There were a good prey.
If happily I might meet with them, I fear not, I ...
But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely.
Which thing I assure you, I do for mine own gain --
Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I tell you plain.
Well, I will for a while to the court to see

What Aristippus doth. I would be loath in favor he should overrun me.
He is a subtle child! He flattereth so finely that I fear me
He will lick all the fat from my lips, and so outwear me.
Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand.
That all his fine drifts I may understand. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Will and Jack.]

WILL: I wonder what my master Aristippus means now-a-days ... [180]
That he leaveth philosophy and seeks to please
King Dionysius with such merry toys.
In Dionysius' court now he only joys,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to jest,
A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humor to feed his wily wit he frames.

JACK: By Cock, as you say, your master is a minion!
A foul coil he keeps in this court! Aristippus alone
Now rules the roast with his pleasant devices, ... [190]
That I fear he will put out of conceit my master Carisophus.

WILL: Fear not that, Jack; for like brother and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other.
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both;
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loath.

JACK: Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in fellowship.
In the court sometimes one gives another finely the slip;
Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with a scoff,
And with sporting and playing quickly shaken off.
In which kind of toying thy master hath such a grace ... [200]
That he will never blush; he hath a wooden face.
But, Will, my master hath bees in his head;
If he find me here prating, I am but dead.
He is still trotting in the city; there is somewhat in the wind,
His looks bewrays his inward troubled mind.
Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by.
If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, "woe the pie!"

WILL: By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of the same sauce shall I taste!
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste.
Therefore we will depart together. [Exit.] ... [210]

[Here entereth Stephano.]

STEPHANO: Oft times I have heard, before I came hither,
That "no man can serve two masters together";
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,

At any time false that no man can make it.
And yet, by their leave that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I will open:
For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike; the one and the other
I duly obey -- I can do no other. ... [220]
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me;
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me;
To him I stand bound; yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his own brother,
A gentleman, too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed.
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly each other
As though they were brothers by father and mother. ... [230]
Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced.
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue --
To have no respect but only to virtue.
All one in effect, all one in their going.
All one in their study, all one in their doing,
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition.
Pithias is joyful if Damon be pleased;
If Pithias be served, then Damon is eased. ... [240]
Serve one, serve both (so near), who would win them.
I think they have but one heart between them!
In traveling countries we three have contrived
Full many a year; and this day arrived
At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and down
Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
To hark of what things the people are talking.
I like not this soil; for as I go plodding
I mark there two, there three, their heads always nodding, ... [250]
In close-secret wise still whispering together.
If I ask any questions, no man doth answer,
But shaking their heads they go their ways speaking.
I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking.
Some strangeness there is that breedeth this musing!
Well, I will to my masters and tell of their using,
That they may learn, and walk wisely together.
I fear we shall curse the time we came hither. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Aristippus and Will.]

ARISTIPPUS: Will, didst thou hear the ladies so talk of me?

What aileth them? From their nips shall I never be free? ... [260]

WILL: Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the court do plainly report
That without mention of them you can make no sport.
They are your plain-song to sing descant upon;
If they were not, your mirth were gone.
Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any wise.
If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the price!

ARISTIPPUS: By'r Lady, Will, this is good counsel! Plainly to jest
Of women, proof hath taught me, it is not best.
I will change my copy; howbeit I care not a quinch;
I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch. ... [270]
But learn thou secretly what privily they talk
Of me in the court; among them slyly walk,
And bring me true news thereof.

WILL: I will, sir master, thereof have no doubt; for I,
Where they talk of you, will inform you perfectly.

ARISTIPPUS: Do so, my boy. If thou bring it finely to pass,
For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat at Christmas. [Exeunt.]

[Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.]

DAMON: Stephano, is all this true that you hast told me?

STEPHANO: Sir, for lies hitherto ye never controll'd me.
O, that we had never set foot on this land, ... [280]
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand!
Every day he showeth some token of cruelty;
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city;
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring;
I lament to see his most cruel dealing;
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he done!

DAMON: What is that? Tell us quickly.

STEPHANO: As I this morning passed in the street,
With a woeful man (going to his death) did I meet.
Many people followed; and I of one secretly ... [290]
Asked the cause why he was condemned to die;
[Who] whispered in mine ear: "Nought hath he done but thus:
In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius;
Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post;
By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost."
Marcia was his name, as the people said.

PITHIAS: My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it is so
That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue. ...

DAMON: My Pithias, where tyrants reign such cases are not new,
Which fearing their own state for great cruelty,
To sit fast, as they think, do execute speedily
All such as any light suspicion have tainted.

STEPHANO: [Aside.] With such quick carvers I list not to be acquainted!

DAMON: So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still;
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill;
Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all peoples' love,
And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove.

PITHIAS: As things by their contraries are always best proved, ...
How happy then are merciful princes, of their people beloved!
Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth touch them;
They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night secure dormiunt in utranque aurem.
O, my Damon, if choice were offered me I would choose to be Pithias
As I am -- Damon's friend -- rather than to be King Dionysius.

STEPHANO: And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved of one,
And, as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.

DAMON: That state is most miserable! Thrice happy are we,
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity;
Which amity first sprung -- without vaunting be it spoken, that is true -- ...
Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is conserved by virtue;
Which virtue always, though worldly things do not frame,
Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame.
Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's sake only
They would honor friendship, and not for commodity.
But such as for profit in friendship do link,
When storms come they slide away sooner than a man will think.
My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue --
To prove no friendship is sure but that which is grounded on virtue.

PITHIAS: My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof to me. ...
The gods forbid but that Pithias with Damon in all things should agree.
For why is it said, Amicus alter ipse,
But that true friends should be two in body, but one in mind,
As it were, one transformed into another? Which, against kind
Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone
I forget I am Pithias, methink I am Damon.

STEPHANO: That could I never do, to forget myself! Full well I know,
Wheresoever I go, that I am pauper Stephano?

But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,
See that in this court you walk very wisely. ... [340
You are but newly come hither; being strangers, ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go.
Many spies are abroad; you can not be too circumspect.

DAMON: Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise.
Yet think this for a surety: no state to displease
By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend; we will here
As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree.
Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts; the lookers-on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn ... [350]
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

STEPHANO: Good faith, sir, concerning the people -- they are not gay;
And, as far as I see, they be mummers, for nought they say
For the most part, whatsoever you ask them.
The soil is such that to live here I cannot like.

DAMON: Thou speakest according to thy learning; but I say,
Omne solum forti patria, a wise man may live everywhere.
Therefore, my dear friend Pithias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also. ... [360]

PITHIAS: As you will, my Damon. But how say you, Stephano?
Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO: In faith, I like well this question, sir! For all your haste,
To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly.
It is high dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON: Then let us to our lodging depart. When dinner is done
We will view this city as we have begun. [Exeunt.]

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: Once again in hope of good wind I hoise up my sail:
I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail.
I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately ... [370]
Arrived. I were safe if once I might meet them happily.
Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain,
He is a fool that for his profit will not take pain!
Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all.
For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall.
But soft, sirs; I pray you hush! What are they that comes here?
By their apparel and countenance some strangers they appear.
I will shroud myself secretly even here for a while,

To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile. [He stands aside.]

[Here entereth Damon and Stephano.]

STEPHANO: A short horse soon curried! My belly waxeth thinner; ...
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner.
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small
That you may eat your dinner and supper at once, and not surfeit at all.

DAMON: Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness; thin diet makes thee light.

STEPHANO: I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.

DAMON: I have had sufficiently; discourse of amity,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his pleasant company,
Hath fully satisfied me. It doth me good to feed mine eyes on him.

STEPHANO: Course or discourse, your course is very coarse. For all your talk,
You had but one bare course, and that was pick, rise, and walk.
And surely, for all your talk of philosophy, ...
I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly.
Feed your eyes, quoth you? The reason from my wisdom swerveth;
I stared on you both -- and yet my belly starveth!

DAMON: Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memory.

STEPHANO: I care not for your crafty sophistry.
You two are fine; let me be fed like a gross knave still.
I pray you license me for a while to have my will
At home to tarry whiles you take view of this city.
To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very witty. ...

DAMON: At your pleasure, sir; I will wait on myself this day,
Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarrieth at home;
So doing, you wait upon me also.

STEPHANO: With wings on my feet I go! [Exit.]

DAMON: Not in vain the poet saith, Naturam furca expellas, tamen usque recurret;
For train up a bondman never to so good a behavior,
Yet in some point of servility he will savor:
As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind,
Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find.
He is to be borne withal, being so just and true.
I assure you, I would not change him for no new. ...
But methinks this is a pleasant city.
The seat is good, and yet not strong; and that is great pity.

CARISOPHUS: [Aside] I am safe; he is mine own!

DAMON: The air subtle and fine; the people should be witty
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region.
A trimmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination.
Nothing misliketh me in this country
But that I hear such muttering of cruelty.
Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius. ... [420]
But kings' matters, passing our reach, pertain not to us.

CARISOPHUS: [Advancing] Dionysius, quoth you? Since the world began,
In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man!
A despiteful tyrant to all men! I marvel, I
That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

DAMON: My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing
That any man should lift up his sword against the king,
Or seek other means by death him to prevent,
Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent.
But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius. ... [430]

CARISOPHUS: Why, sir? He cannot hear us.

DAMON: What, then? An nescis longas regibus esse manus?
It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off.
But, leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,
To describe in few words the state of this city.
A traveler I am, desirous to know
The state of each country wherever I go --
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby.
It is not for nought that the poet doth cry,
Dic mihi musa virum, captae post tempore Troyae, ... [440]
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.
In which verses, as some writers do scan,
The poet describeth a perfect wise man;
Even so I, being a stranger addicted to philosophy,
To see the state of countries myself I apply.

CARISOPHUS: Sir, I like this intent. But may I ask your name without scorn?

DAMON: My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

CARISOPHUS: You do wisely to search the state of each country
To bear intelligence thereof whither you lust. [Aside] He is a spy.
Sir, I pray you have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby. ... [450]
View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly
Will return to you again; and then will I show
The state of all this country, and of the court also. [Exit.]

DAMON: I thank you for your courtesy. This chanceth well, that I

Met with this gentleman so happily;
Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,
Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,
And that to a stranger. But lo, where he comes in haste.

[Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.]

CARISOPHUS: This is he, fellow Snap. Snap him up! Away with him!

SNAP: Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court. ... [460]

DAMON: To the court, sir! And why?

CARISOPHUS: Well, we will dispute that before the king. Away with him quickly!

DAMON: Is this the courtesy you promised me, and that very lately?

CARISOPHUS: Away with him, I say!

DAMON: Use no violence; I will go with you quietly. [Exeunt omnes.]

[Here entereth Aristippus.]

ARISTIPPUS: Ah, sirrah, by'r Lady, Aristippus likes Dionysius' court very well,
Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel,
Where he hath dapsiles caenas, geniales lectos, et auro
Fulgentem tyranni zonam.
I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron was hot. ... [470]
When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to crave, God wot!
But with some pleasant toy I crept into the king's bosom,
For which Dionysius gave me Auri talentum magnum --
A large reward for so simple services.
What, then? The king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness;
Which thing, though I told the king very pleasantly,
Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity.
But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly;
When I lack hereafter I will use this point of philosophy.
But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality, ... [480]
As princely as it came I will spend it as regally.
Money is current, men say, and current comes of currendo,
Then will I make my money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.
For what becomes a philosopher best
But to despise money above the rest?
And yet not so despise it but to have in store
Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more.
With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,
That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring --
And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I when I got his money! ... [490]
But, mumbudget! For Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely.
O Carisophus! My dearest friend! My trusty companion!
What news with you? Where have you been so long?

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last.
I have not spent all my time in waste;
I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.

ARISTIPPUS: What prey is that? Fain would I know.

CARISOPHUS: Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say,
As never was in Sicilia before this day! ... [500]
Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,
Surviewed the haven, and each bulwark; in talk very witty --
And yet by some words himself he did bewray.

ARISTIPPUS: I think so in good faith -- as you did handle him.

CARISOPHUS: I handled him clerkly. I joined in talk with him courteously;
But when we were entered, I let him speak his will; and I
Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly
He was come hither to know the state of the city;
And not only this, but that he would understand
The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land. ... [510]
Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay
Till I had done a little business of the way,
Promising him to return again quickly; and so did convey
Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff; which came and upsnatched him.
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him.
After I ran to Dionysius as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him which I have you told.
Which thing when he heard, being very merry before,
He suddenly fell in dump, and foaming like a boar,
At last he swore in great rage that he should die ... [520]
By the sword or the wheel, and that very shortly.
I am too shamefast; for my travail and toil
I crave nothing of Dionysius but only his spoil.
Little hath he about him but a few moth-eaten crowns of gold.
Cha pouch'd them up already -- they are sure in hold.
And now I go into the city, to say sooth,
To see what he hath at his lodging to make up my mouth.

ARISTIPPUS: My Carisophus, you have done good service. But what is the spy's name?

CARISOPHUS: He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

ARISTIPPUS: By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too, if I may. ... [530]

CARISOPHUS: Do so, I pray you. But yet, by the way,
As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

ARISTIPPUS: Dictum sapienti sat est: friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?
No, I warrant you! Though I say little to your face,
I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius, when I am in place.
[Aside.] If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me! [Exit.]

CARISOPHUS: Our fine philosopher, our trim learned elf,
Is gone to see as false a spy as himself!
Damon smatters as well as he of crafty philosophy,
And can turn cat in the pan very prettily; ... [540]
But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty check
As, I think, in the end will break his neck.
What care I for that? Why would he then pry,
And learn the secret estate of our country and city?
He is but a stranger! By his fall let others be wise.
I care not who fall, so that I may rise!
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him;
He is a shrewd fool to deal withal; he can swim.
And yet, by my troth, to speak my conscience plainly,
I will use his friendship to mine own commodity. ... [550]
While Dionysius favoreth him, Aristippus shall be mine;
But if the king once frown on him, then good night, Tomalin!
He shall be as strange as though I never saw him before.
But I tarry too long; I will prate no more.
Jack, come away!
JACK: At hand, sir.

CARISOPHUS: At Damon's lodging if that you see
Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me;
Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade it out.
[Exeunt Carisophus and Jack.]

[Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.]

PITHIAS: What strange news are these! Ah, my Stephano, ... [560]
Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?

STEPHANO: It is true. O cruel hap! He is taken for a spy,
And, as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.

PITHIAS: To die! Alas, for what cause?

STEPHANO: A sycophant falsely accused him; other cause there is none.
But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,
Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou stay any longer
From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire

To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Alas, Master Pithias, what shall we do, ...
Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too?
Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day,
To see thy true master unjustly made away?

PITHIAS: Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,
Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity.
Run thou to the court, and understand secretly
As much as thou canst of Damon's cause; and I
Will make some means to entreat Aristippus.
He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius.

STEPHANO: I am gone, sir. Ah, I would to God my travail and pain ...
Might restore my master to his liberty again!

PITHIAS: Ah, woeful Pithias, sith now I am alone,
What way shall I first begin to make my moan?
What words shall I find apt for my complaint?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril! Of force I must now faint.
But, O music, as in joyful times thy merry notes I did borrow,
So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow.

[Here Pithias sings, and the regals play.]

Awake, ye woeful wights
  That long have wept in woe!
Resign to me your plaints and tears, ...
  My hapless hap to show.
My woe no tongue can tell,
  Ne pen can well descry.
    O, what a death is this to hear,
    Damon my friend must die!
The loss of worldly wealth
  Man's wisdom may restore;
And physic hath provided too
  A salve for every sore:
But my true friend once lost, ...
  No art can well supply.
    Then, what a death is this to hear,
    Damon my friend must die!
My mouth, refuse the food
  That should my limbs sustain.
Let sorrow sink into my breast
  And ransack every vein.
You Furies, all at once
  On me your torments try.
    Why should I live, since that I hear ...
    Damon my friend must die?

Gripe me, you greedy grief,
And present pangs of death!
You sisters three with cruel hands,
With speed now stop my breath!
Shrine me in clay alive.
Some good man stop mine eye.
O death, come now, seeing I hear
Damon my friend must die.

[He speaketh this after the song.]

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint. ... [620]
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?
Multum juva[t] in re mala annimus bonus.
I will to the court myself to make friends, and that presently.
I will never forsake my friend in time of misery.
Do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

STEPHANO: O Pithias! Pithias! We are all undone!
Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow!
I heard Dionysius swear that Damon should die tomorrow.

PITHIAS: How camest thou so near the presence of the king
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing? ... [630]

STEPHANO: By friendship I gat into the court, where in great audience
I heard Dionysius with how own mouth give this cruel sentence
By these express words: that Damon the Greek, that crafty spy,
Without further judgment tomorrow should die.
Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it myself.

PITHIAS: Then how near is my death also! Ah, woe is me!
Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego thee?

STEPHANO: Sir, there is no time or lamenting now. It behoveth us
To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,
That he be not made away ere his cause be fully heard; for we see ... [640]
By evil report things be made to princes far worse than they be.
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favor with king Dionysius.
Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us,
And in the mean season I will to your lodging to see all things safe there.
[Exit.]

PITHIAS: To that I agree. But let us slip aside his talk to hear.
[He stands aside.]

[Here entereth Aristippus.]

ARISTIPPUS: Here is a sudden change, indeed! A strange metamorphosis!

This court is clean altered. Who would have thought this?
Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy
That nothing can please him. He walketh up and down ... [650]
Fretting and chaffing; on every man he doth frown.
In so much that when I in pleasant words began to play,
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short,
I perceive it is no safe playing with lions but when it please them;
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them --
And so perhaps get a clap. Mine own proof taught me this --
That it is very good to be merry and wise.
The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman,
And hath incensed the king against him so despitefully ... [660]
That Dionysius hath judged him tomorrow to die.
I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words I found very witty,
Yet was he more curious than wise in viewing this city.
But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no cause why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die.
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long --
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong.
I am sorry; and that is all I may or can do in this case.
Nought availeth persuasion where froward opinion taketh place.

[Pithias advances.]

PITHIAS: Sir, if humble suits you would not despise, ... [670]
Then bow on he your pitiful eyes.
My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woeful Damon
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die;
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this his great distress.
Nought hath he done worthy of death; but very fondly,
Being a stranger, he viewed this city,
For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes. ... [680]
But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,
My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace.
In which doing you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two, and that fully.

ARISTIPPUS: My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS: Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS: I am of the court, indeed, but none of the Council.

PITHIAS: As I hear, none is in greater favor with the king than you at this day.

ARISTIPPUS: The more in favor, the less I dare say. ... [690]

PITHIAS: It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

ARISTIPPUS: To help another, and hurt myself, it is an evil point of courtesy.

PITHIAS: You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS: He is not innocent whom the king judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS: Why, sir, do you think this matter past all remedy?

ARISTIPPUS: So far past that Dionysius hath sworn Damon tomorrow shall die.

PITHIAS: This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.
Ah, sir, in this woeful case what wist [ye] I best to do?

ARISTIPPUS: Best to content yourself when there is no remedy.
He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery. ... [700]
Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,
The chiefest counselor about King Dionysius,
Which pitieth Damon's case in this great extremity,
Persuading the king from all kind of cruelty.

PITHIAS: The mighty gods preserve you for this word of comfort!
Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort
To Eubulus, that good counselor.
But hark! Methink I hear a trumpet blow.

ARISTIPPUS: The king is at hand. Stand close in the prease. Beware! If he know
You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also. ... [710]
Farewell; I dare not be seen with you.

[Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the Counselor, and Gronno the Hangman.]

Go to Damon & Pithias Part 2

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Part 2

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Latin translations also presented in Appendix I.
<continued from part 1>
ARISTIPPUS: The king is at hand. Stand close in the prease. Beware! If he know
You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also. ... [710]
Farewell; I dare not be seen with you.

[Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the Counselor, and Gronno the Hangman.]

DIONYSIUS: Gronno, do my commandment; strike off Damon's irons by and by,
And bring him forth. I myself will see him executed presently.

GRONNO: O mighty king, your commandment will I do speedily.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy?

EUBULUS: That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.
He only viewed your city; and will you for that make him away?

DIONYSIUS: What he would have done, the guess is great. He minded me to hurt
That came so slyly to search out the secret estate of my court.... [720]
Shall I still live in fear? No, no; I will cut off such imps betime,
Lest that to my farther danger too high they climb.

EUBULUS: Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned
To all worldly princes which in mercy be inclined.

DIONYSIUS: Let fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety.

EUBULUS: Thy only mean to that is to use mercy.

DIONYSIUS: A mild prince the people despiseth.

EUBULUS: A cruel king the people hateth.

DIONYSIUS: let them hate me, so they fear me.

EUBULUS: That is not the way to live in safety. ... [730]

DIONYSIUS: My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.

EUBULUS: That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.

DIONYSIUS: Dionysius ought to be feared.

EUBULUS: Better for him to be well-beloved.

DIONYSIUS: Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

EUBULUS: Believe her not, she is a light goddess; she can laugh and low'r.

DIONYSIUS: A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemy.

EUBULUS: A greater praise to win him by clemency.

DIONYSIUS: To suffer the wicked live, it is no mercy.

EUBULUS: To kill the innocent, it is great cruelty. ... [740]

DIONYSIUS: Is Damon innocent which so craftily undermined Carisophus
To understand what he could of king Dionysius?
Which surviewed the haven, and each bulwark in the city,
Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach? Shall I
Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such despite?
No, he shall die! Then I am safe: a dead dog cannot bite.

EUBULUS: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
To give such counsel as with your honor may best agree.
The strongest pillars of princely dignity
I find this -- justice with mercy, and prudent liberality: ... [750]
The one judgeth all things by upright equity,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity.
As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreme injury;
So, upon suspicion of each thing not well-proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tyranny. And upon what fickle ground all tyrants do stand,
Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd;
And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks
The whole histories of all the world -- not only of Romans and Greeks ... [760]
Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall;
Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all.
Of merciful princes to set out the passing felicity
I need not; enough of that even these days do testify,
They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they dread no enemy,
They are feared and loved. And why? They rule with justice and mercy --
Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have swerved,
Mercy unto those who in opinion of simpleness have mercy deserved.
Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing:
Liberty upholdeth the state of a king, ... [770]
Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue --
To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.
Which merciful justice, if you would follow, and provident liberality,
Neither the caterpillars of all courts, et fruges consumere nati,

Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so high;
Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should die.

DIONYSIUS: With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy.
I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only.
Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly,
Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently?
My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie ... [780]
Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword.
This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood can stay,
Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear alway.
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto.
It is lawful for kings, as they list, all things to do.

[Here Gronno, assisted by Snap, bringeth in Damon; and Pithias meeteth
him by the way.]

PITHIAS: O my Damon!

DAMON: O my Pithias! Seeing death must part us, farewell for ever!

PITHIAS: O Damon! O my sweet friend!

SNAP: Away from the prisoner! What a prease have we here! ... [790]

GRONNO: As you command, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

DIONYSIUS: Then, go to; make ready. I will not stir out of this place.
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

GRONNO: It shall be done, sir. [To Damon.] Because your eyes have made such ado
I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.

DAMON: O mighty king, whereas no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person.
Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your pardon.
But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known, ... [800]
I have worldly things fit for mine alliance when I am gone,
To dispose of them ere I die, if I might obtain leisure,
I would account it, O king, for a passing great pleasure --
Not to prolong my life thereby (for which I reckon not this),
But to set my things in a stay. And surely I will not miss,
Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace,
To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place.
Grant me, O king, such time to dispatch this inquiry,
And I will not fail, when you appoint, even here my life to pay.

DIONYSIUS: A pleasant request! As though I could trust him absent ... [810]

Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present.
And yet, though I sware the contrary, do that I require:
Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thine own desire.
He is as near now as he was before.

DAMON: There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

DIONYSIUS: It was wont to be; but otherwise now the world doth stand.
Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword.
If I might with my honor, I would recall my word.

PITHIAS: [Advancing.] Stand to your word, O king. For kings ought nothing say
But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway. ... [820]
A pledge you did require when Damon his suit did move;
For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give.
And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend
That loves him better than his own life, and will do, to his end,
Take me, O might king! My life I pawn for his.
Strike off my head if Damon hap at his day to miss.

DIONYSIUS: What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly here?

PITHIAS: I am Pithias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear.

DIONYSIUS: Too dear, perhaps, to hazard thy life for him! What fondness moveth thee?

PITHIAS: No fondness at all, but perfect amity. ... [830]

DIONYSIUS: A mad kind of amity! Advise thyself well: if Damon fail at his day,
Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to me his life to pay?

PITHIAS: Most willingly, O might king. If Damon fail, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS: Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.

PITHIAS: What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.

DIONYSIUS: Take heed! For life wordly men break promise in many things.

PITHIAS: Though wordly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.

DIONYSIUS: What callest thou friends? Are they not men; is not this true?

PITHIAS: Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue.

DIONYSIUS: For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon? ... [840]

PITHIAS: For that virtue which yet to you is unknown.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon fain;
But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that I may not call back my word again.

EUBULUS: The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.
What you have said this whole court beareth witness.
Save your honor, whatsoever you do.

DIONYSIUS: For saving mine honor, I must forbear my will. Go to.
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee;
For two months he is thine. [To Gronno.] Unbind him; I set him free.
Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon, ... [850]
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon!
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bed,
If he returneth not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head!

PITHIAS: For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks! O joyful day!

DIONYSIUS: Gronno, take him to thee. Bind him; see him kept in safety.
If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die.
Eubulus, let us depart to talk of this strange thing within.

EUBULUS: I follow.

[Exit, Eubulus following Dionysius and his train. Gronno, Snap, Damon and Pithias remain.]

GRONNO: Damon, thou servest the gods well today; be thou of comfort. ... [860]
As for you, sir: I think you will be hanged in sport.
You heard what the king said; I must keep you safely.
By Cock, so I will; you shall rather hang than I!
Come, on your way.

PITHIAS: My Damon, farewell! The gods have thee in keeping.

DAMON: O, my Pithias, my pledge, farewell! I part from thee weeping.
But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain.
Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone;
And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk home.
Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell! ... [870]

PITHIAS: Farewell, my Damon!

DAMON: Loath I am to depart. Sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay,
O music, sound my doleful plaints when I am gone my way.
[Exit Damon.]

GRONNO: I am glad he is gone; I had almost wept too. Come, Pithias.
So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case.
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

PITHIAS: It is no venter: my friend is just, for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO: Here is a madman! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,
And if ich would die for her, chould ich were in hell!
Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for a woman? ... [880]

PITHIAS: Yea, that I will.

GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste.
I fear you will repent this folly at last.

PITHIAS: That shalt thou never see. But, O music, as my Damon requested thee,
Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.
[Exit Pithias, led away by Gronno.]

[Here the regals play a mourning song, and Damon
cometh in in mariner's apparel and Stephano with him.]

DAMON: Weep no more, Stephano; this is but destiny.
Had this not happ'd, yet I know I am born to die;
Where or in what place, the gods know alone
To whose judgment myself I commit. Therefore leave off thy moan,
And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return again, ... [890]
In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.

STEPHANO: O my dear master, let me go with you; for my poor company
Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery.

DAMON: O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me,
And yet dost not know the force of true amity?
I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one.
Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey.
Therefore farewell, Stephano!: commend me to my friend Pithias, ... [900]
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woeful case.

STEPHANO: Farewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so.
[Exit Damon.]
O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragedy!
[He hears a noise in Damon's lodging.]
But what a noise is this? Is all well within, trow ye?
I fear all be not well within; I will go see. ... [He goes in.]
Come out, you weasel! Are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?
Come out, I say! Wilt thou be packing? By Cock, you were best!

[Reenter Stephano, pulling out Carisophus, Jack following.]

CARISOPHUS: How durst thou, villain, to lay hands on me?

STEPHANO: Out, sir knave, or I will send ye!
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully, ...
But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly?

CARISOPHUS: The king gave me the spoil; to take mine own wilt thou let me?

STEPHANO: Thine own, villain! Where is thine authority?

CARISOPHUS: I am authority of myself; dost thou not know?

STEPHANO: By'r Lady, that is somewhat! But have you no more to show?

CARISOPHUS: What if I have not?

STEPHANO: Then for an earnest penny take this blow. [Strikes him.] I shall bombast you, you mocking knave! Chill put pro in my purse for this time!

CARISOPHUS: Jack, give me my sword and target. ...

JACK: I cannot come to you, master; this knave doth me let. Hold, master.
[Extending the sword.]

STEPHANO: [To Jack.] Away, Jackanapes, else I will colpheg you by and by!
Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee therefore, if I die!
About, villain! [He beats Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: O citizens, help to defend me!

STEPHANO: Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.

CARISOPHUS: Good fellow, let us reason this matter quietly; beat me no more.

STEPHANO: Of this condition I will stay -- if thou swear, as thou art an honest man,
Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I am gone.

CARISOPHUS: I will say nothing -- here is my hand -- as I am an honest man. ...

STEPHANO: Then say on thy mind. I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?
As he is an honest man (quoth you!) he may bewray all to the king,
And break his oath for this never a whit -- but, my franion, I tell you this one thing:
If you disclose this I will devise such a way
That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.

CARISOPHUS: You need not devise for that, for this day is printed in my memory!
I warrant you I shall remember this beating till I die.

But seeing of courtesy you have granted that we should talk quietly,
Methinks in calling me knave you do me much injury. ... [940]

STEPHANO: Why so, I pray thee heartily?

CARISOPHUS: Because I am the king's man. Keeps the king any knaves?

STEPHANO: He should not; but what he doth, it is evident by thee.
And, as far as I can learn or understand,
There is none better able to keep knaves in all the land.

CARISOPHUS: O sir, I am a courtier; when courtiers shall hear tell
How you have used me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO: Nay, all right courtiers will ken me thank. And wot you why?
Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his kind so finely.
What, sir, all are not courtiers that have a counterfeit show; ... [950]
In a troop of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,
Such as by stealth creep in under the color of honesty,
Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of villainy.
A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of urbanity,
Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of all villainy;
But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility and vain delights;
Though you hang by the courts, you are but flatt'ring parasites.
As well deserving the right name of courtesy
As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry.
I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well-willer. ... [960]
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,
A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave!
Whether I will or no, these names you must have;
How well you deserve this by your deeds it is known,
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,
Whose woeful case the gods help alone.

CARISOPHUS: Sir, are you his servant that you pity his case so?

STEPHANO: No, bum troth, goodman Grumb; his name is Stephano.
I am called Onaphets, if needs you will know.
[Aside.] The knave beginneth to sift me; but I turn my name in and out, ... [970]
Cretiso cum Cretense, to make him a lout.

CARISOPHUS: What mumble you with yourself, Master Onaphets?

STEPHANO: I am reckoning with myself how I may pay my debts.

CARISOPHUS: You have paid me more than you did owe me!

STEPHANO: Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will pay you more, if I know
Either you talk of that is done, or by your sycophantical envy

You prick forth Dionysius the sooner that Damon may die.
I will so pay thee that thy bones shall rattle in thy skin.
Remember what I have said; Onaphets is my name. [Exit.]

CARISOPHUS: The sturdy knave is gone; the devil him take! ... [980]
He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides, and all to ache.
Thou whoreson villain, boy, why didst thou wait no better?
As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor. [Strikes him.]

JACK: Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your match, you see.
You durst not fight with him that is gone; and will you wreak your anger on me?

CARISOPHUS: Thou villain, by thee I have lost mine honor, --
Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone, or a lazy lubber,
And not given one blow again! Hast thou handled me well?

JACK: Master, I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomely, you can tell.

CARISOPHUS: Handsomely, thou crack-rope? ... [990]

JACK: Yea, sir, very handsomely! I hold you a groat,
He handled you so handsomely that he left not one mote in your coat.

CARISOPHUS: O, I had firk'd him trimly, thou villain, if thou hadst given me my sword.

JACK: It is better as it is, master, believe me, at a word.
If he had seen your weapon he would have been fiercer,
And so perhaps beat you worse. I speak it with my heart,
You were never yet at the dealing of fence blows but you had four away for your part.
It is but your luck. You are man good enough;
But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-knave, and rough!
Master, you were best go home and rest in your bed; ... [1000]
Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your head.

CARISOPHUS: What! Doth my head swell?

JACK: Yes, as big as a codshead, and bleeds too.

CARISOPHUS: I am ashamed to show my face with this hue.

JACK: No shame at all; men have been beaten far better than you.

CARISOPHUS: I must to to the chirurgeon's. What shall I say when I am a-dressing?

JACK: You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing. [Exeunt.]

[Here entereth Aristippus.]

ARISTIPPUS: By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell:

To live in court not beloved, better be in hell.
What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus, ... [1010]
Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius!
Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,
Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.
Which strange name, when they heard, every man laugh'd heartily,
And I by myself scann'd his name secretly;
For well I knew it was some mad-headed child
That invented this name that the log-headed knave might be beguil'd.
In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Stephano.
I smiled in my sleeve to see how by turning his name he dress'd him, ... [1020]
And how for Damon his master's sake with a wooden cudgel he bless'd him.
None pitied the knave, no man nor woman; but all laugh'd him to scorn.
To be thus hated of all, better unborn!
Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow;
For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low.
I offend none; insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.
But in all this jollity one thing 'mazeth me:
The strangest thing that ever was heard or known
Is now happened in this court by that Damon ... [1030]
Whom Carisophus accused: Damon is now at liberty,
For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy!
Tomorrow is the day; which day by noon, if Damon return not,
earnestly
The king hath sworn that Pithias should die;
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not return till he hath paid
His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said
That any man for his friend would die so willingly?
O noble friendship! O perfect amity!
Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly. ... [1040]
The king himself museth hereat; yet is he far out of square,
That he trusteth none to come near him. Not his own daughters will he have
Unsearch'd to enter his chamber; which he hath made barbers his beard to shave,
Not with knife or razor -- for all edge-tools he fears --
But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.
Was there ever man that lived in such misery?
Well, I will go in -- with a heavy and pensive heart, too,
To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, tomorrow shall die. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Jack and Will.]

JACK: Will, by my honesty, I will mar your monkey's face if you so fondly prate!

WILL: Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court-gate, ... [1050]
If you play Jack-napes in mocking my master and despising my face,
Even here with a pantacle I will you disgrace.

And though you have a far better face than I,
Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall try,
Unless you leave your taunting.

JACK: Thou began'st first. Didst thou not say even now,
In taking so many blows, and gave never a blow again?

WILL: I said so, indeed. He is a tame ruffian
That can swear by his flask and twich-box, and God's precious lady, ... [1060]
And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick!
These barking whelps were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters.
But seeing you egg me so much, I will somewhat more recite:
I say Carisophus, thy master, is a flatt'ring parasite,
Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all the court.
What tragedy hath he moved of late! The devil take him! He doth much hurt.

JACK: I pray you, what is Aristippus, thy master? Is not he a parasite too,
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much ado?

WILL: He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of courtesy. ... [1070]
Thy master is a churlish lout, the heir of a dung-fork; as void of honesty
As thou art of humor.

JACK: Nay, if you will needs be prating of my master still,
In faith I must cool you, my friend dapper Will.
Take this at the beginning! [Strikes him.]

WILL: Praise well your winning. My pantacle is as ready as yours.

JACK: By the mass, I will box you!

WILL: By Cock, I will fox you!

JACK: Will, was I with you?

WILL: Jack, did I fly?

JACK: Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too weak! ... [1080]

WILL: In faith, dutting duttell, you will cry creak!

[Here entereth Snap.]

SNAP: Away, you crack-ropes. Are you fighting at the court-gate?
And I take you here again I will swing you both; what! [Exit.]

JACK: I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great knave's heart, that hither did come.
Had he not been, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum.

But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by the fist.

WILL: Content am I, for I am not malicious; -- but on this condition,
That you talk no more so broad of my master as here you have done. ... [1090]
But who have we here? 'Tis Coals, I spy, coming yonder.

JACK: Will, let us slip aside and view him well. [They stand aside.]

[Here entereth Grim the Collier, whistling.]

GRIM: What devil! Ich ween the porters are drunk. Will they not dup the gate today?
Take in coals for the king's own mouth! Will nobody stir, I say?
Ich might have lain tway hours longer in my bed;
Cha tarried so long here that my teeth chatter in my head.

JACK: Will, after our falling-out wilt thou laugh merrily?

WILL: Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartily.

JACK: Then follow me, and hem in a word now and then.
[They advance.]

What brawling knave is there at the court-gate so early? ... [1100]

WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.

JACK: It was you, sir, that cried so loud, I trow,
And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth even now.

GRIM: 'Twas I, indeed.

JACK: Why, sir, how dare you speak such petty treason?
Doth the king eat coals at any season?

GRIM: Here is a gay world! Boys now sets old men to school.
I said well enough. What, Jack-sauce! Think'st cham a fool?
At bake-house, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,
Do they not say "for the king's mouth"? ... [1110]

WILL: What, then, goodman collier?

GRIM: What, then! Seeing without coals they cannot finely dress the king's meat,
May I not say, "take in coals for the king's mouth," though coals he do not eat?

JACK: James Christe! Came ever from a collier an answer so trim?
You are learned, are you not, father Grim?

GRIM: Grim is my name, indeed. Cham not learned, and yet the king's collier;

This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor.
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit enough, whole and some.

WILL: So it seems; you have so much mother-wit that you lack your father's wisdom.

GRIM: Mass, cham well beset! Here's a trim case of murlons! ... [1120]
What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?

JACK: Good faith, Master Grim, if such merlins on your pouch may light,
They are so quick of wing that quickly they can carry it out of your sight;
And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon [to your pay].
But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late
Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.

GRIM: Are ye servants then?

WILL: Yes, sir; are we not pretty men?

GRIM: Pretty men, quoth you?
Nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches. ... [1130]

WILL: Are these great hose?
In faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose.
By mind honesty, I have but for one lining in one hose but seven ells of rug.

GRIM: This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug.

JACK: How say you, goodman collier, can you find any fault here?

GRIM: Nay, you should find fau't. Marry, here's trim gear!
Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? Thou goest with great pain.
These are no hose, but water-bougets, I tell thee plain;
Good for none but such as have no buttocks.
Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks ... [1140]
So laden with breeches? Chill say no more, lest I offend.
Who invented these monsters first, did it to a ghostly end,
To have a mail ready to put in other folks' stuff;
We see this evident by daily proof.
One preached of late not far hence, in no pulpit but in a wain-cart,
That spake enough of this. But for my part,
Chill say no more; your own necessity
In the end will force you to find some remedy.

JACK: Will, hold this railing knave with a talk when I am gone;
I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon. ... [1150]

WILL: Go thy way. [Exit Jack.] Father Grim, gaily well you do say.
It is but young men's folly that list to play

And mask awhile in the net of their own device;
When they come to your age they will be wise.

GRIM: Bum troth, but few such roisters come to my years at this day;
They be cut off betimes ere they have gone half their journey --
I will not tell why; let them guess that can; I mean somewhat thereby.

[Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on.]

JACK: Father Grim, because you are stirring so early
I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you merry.

GRIM: Wine! Marry, that is welcome to colliers! Chill swap't off by and by.
Chwas stirring so early that my very soul is dry. ... [1160]

JACK: This is stoutly done. Will you have it warmed, Father Grim?

GRIM: No, it is warm enough; it is very lousious and trim.
'Tis musselden, ich ween! Of fellowship let me have another spurt.
Ich can drink as easily now as if I sat in my shirt.

JACK: By Cock, and you shall have it! But I will begin, and that anon:
Jebit avow, mon companion!

GRIM: Ihar vow pleadge, pety Zawne.

JACK: Can you speak French? Here is a trim collier, by this day!

GRIM: What, man! Ich learned this when ich was a soldier; ... [1170]
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a whip trimly --
Better than these boy-colliers that come to the court daily;
When there were not so many captious fellows as now,
That would torup men for every trifle -- I wot not how;
As there was one, Damon, not long since taken for a spy --
How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

WILL: [Aside.] This wine hath warmed him. This comes well to pass.
We shall know all now, for in vino veritas.
Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King Dionysius?

GRIM: A vengeance take him! 'Twas a gentleman, one Master Crowsphus. ... [1180]

WILL: Crowsphus! You clip the king's language; you would have said Carisophus.
But I perceive now either the wind is at the south,
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your mouth.

GRIM: A murrain take thilk wine! It so intoxicate my brain
That, to be hanged by and by, I cannot speak plain.

JACK: [Aside.] You speak knavishly plain, seeing my master you do mock.
In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock.
Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad?

GRIM: All men are sorry for him, so help me God!
They say a false knave 'cused him to the king wrongfully; ... [1190]
And he is gone, and should be here tomorrow to die,
Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall supply.
Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, tell you plain!
I think Damon be too wise to return again.

WILL: Will no man speak for them in this woeful case?

GRIM: No, chill warrant you. One Master Stippus is in place
Where he may do good; but he frames himself so,
Whatever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not say no.
'Tis a subtle vox! He will not tread on thorns for none!
A merry harecop tis, and a pleasant companion, ... [1200]
A right courtier, and can provide for one.

JACK: [Aside to Will.] Will, how like you this gear? Your master Aristippus also
At this collier's hand hath had a blow!
But, in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers
Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers?

GRIM: Yes, I trow! Black colliers go in thread-bare coats,
Yet so provide they that they have the fair white groats.
Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil in dirt
Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius' court;
For though their apparel be never so fine, ... [1210]
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine.
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high looks,
I know some sticks full deep in merchants' books;
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,
As long as instead of money they take up hawks' hoods and bells.
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which colliers do not know;
'T'ath a made name! It is called ich ween, Centum pro cento.
Some other in courts make others laugh merrily,
When they wail and lament their own estate secretly.
Friendship is dead in court; hypocrisy doth reign; ... [1220]
Who is in favor now, tomorrow is out again;
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,
Will never be courtier but a collier still.

WILL: It seemeth that colliers have a very trim life.

GRIM: Colliers get money still; tell me, of troth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?
All day though I toil with main and might,

With money in my pouch I come home merry at night,
And sit down in my chair by my wife, fair Alison,
And turn a crab in the fire as merry as Pope John. ... [1230]

JACK: That pope was a merry fellow of whom folk talk so much.

GRIM: H'ad to be merry withal -- h'ad gold enough in his hutch.

JACK: Can gold make men merry? They say, "Who can sing so merry a note
As he that is not able to change a groat?

GRIM: Who sings in that case sings never in tune. I know, for my part,
That a heavy punch with gold makes a light heart;
Of which I have provided for a dear year good store;
[He shows his purse.]
And these benters, I trow, shall anon get me more.

WILL: By serving the court with coals you gain'd all this money?

GRIM: By the court only, I assure ye. ... [1240]

JACK: After what sort, I pray thee tell me?

GRIM: Nay, there bate an ace, quod Bolton! I can wear a horn and blow it not.

JACK: By'r Lady, the wiser man!

GRIM: Shall I tell you by what sleight I got all this money?
Then ich were a noddy indeed! No, no, I warrant ye!
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --
He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king.

WILL: Well said, Father Grim! You are a wily collier, and a brave.
I see now there is no knave to the old knave.

GRIM: Such knaves have money when courtiers have none. ... [1250]
But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?

JACK: What is that?

GRIM: Hath the king made those fair damsels, his daughters,
To become now fine and trim barbers?

JACK: Yea, truly -- to his own person.

GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands,
I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd at their hands!
If ich came so near them, for my wit chould not give three chips
If ich could not steal one swat at their lips!

JACK: [Aside.] Will, this knave is drunk. Let us dress him. ... [1260]
Let us rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,
And steal away his debenters too.

WILL: [Aside.] Content; invent the way, and I am ready.

JACK: [Aside.] Faith, and I will make him a noddy.
Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do;
In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress and trim you fine.

GRIM: Chuld vain learn that! Come on, then, chill give thee a whole pint of wine
At tavern for thy labor, when 'cha money for my benters here.
[Here Will fetcheth a barber's basin, a pot with water, a razor,
and cloths, and a pair of spectacles.]

JACK: Come, mine own Father Grim; sit down. ... [1270]

GRIM: Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair!

JACK: What, man, I will use you like a prince. Sir boy, fetch me my gear.

WILL: Here, sir.

JACK: Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM: Me-seem my head doth swim.

JACK: My costly perfumes make that. Away with this, sir boy; be quick!
[Hands Will the collier's purse.]
Aloyse, aloyse, how how pretty it is! Is not here a good face?
A fine owl's eyes! a mouth like an oven!
Father you have good butter-teeth full seen.
[Aside.] You were weaned, else you would have been a great calf. ... [1280]
Ah, trim lips to sweep a manger! Here is a chin,
As soft as the hoof of an horse.

GRIM: Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?

JACK: Hold your head straight, man, else all will be marr'd.
By'r Lady, you are of a good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew me.
Hold up, Father Grim. Will, can you bestir ye?

GRIM: Methinks, after a marvelous fashion you do besmear me.

JACK: It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly;
I give not this washing-ball to everybody. ... [1290]

After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand,
You may kiss any lady's lips within this land.
Ah, you are trimly wash'd! How say you, is not this trim water?

GRIM: It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance sour!

JACK: It scours the better. Sir boy, give me my razor.

WILL: Here at hand, sir.

GRIM: God's arms! 'Tis a chopping knife! 'Tis no razor.

JACK: It is a razor, and that a very good one.
It came laterly from Palermo; it cost me twenty crowns alone.
Your eyes dazzle after your washing; these spectacles put on. ... [1300]
[He places spectacles, with dark lenses, on him.]
Now view this razor; tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIM: They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better.

JACK: Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter.
But I warrant you this razor is very easy.

GRIM: Go to, then; since you begun, do as please ye.

JACK: Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM: O, your razor doth hurt my lip.

JACK: No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip.
I have done now. How say you? Are you not well?

GRIM: Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to tell. ... [1310]

JACK: Will you sing after your shaving?

GRIM: Mass, content! But chill be poll'd first, ere I sing.

JACK: Nay, that shall not need; you are poll'd near enough for this time.

GRIM: Go to, then, lustily. I will sing in my man's voice.
Chave a troubling base buss.

JACK: You are like to bear the bob, for we will give it.
Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle upon it.

[Grim singeth Buss.]

JACK: [Sings.] Too nidden and too nidden!

WILL: [Sings.] Too nidden and toodle toodle doo nidden!
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

GRIM: Why, my fellows, think ich am a cow, that you make such toying? ... [1320]

JACK: Nay, by'r Lady, you are no cow, by your singing --
Yet your wife told me you were an ox.

GRIM: Did she so? 'Tis a pestens quean! She is full of such mocks.
But go to, let us sing out our song merrily.

[The Song at the Shaving of the Collier]

JACK: Such barbers God send you at all times of need --

WILL: That can dress you [so] finely, and make such quick speed.

JACK: Your face like an inkhorn now shineth so gay --

WILL: That I with your nostrils of force must needs play,
With too nidden and too nidden!

JACK: With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden! ... [1330]
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

WILL: With shaving you shine like a pestle of pork.

JACK: Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from London to York.

WILL: It would be trim bacon to hang up awhile

JACK: To play with this hoglin of course I must smile.
With two nidden and two nidden!

WILL: With too nidden and todle, &c.

GRIM: Your sharing doth please me; I am now your debtor.

WILL: Your wife now will buss you, because you are sweeter.

GRIM: Near would I be polled, as near as cham shaven. ... [1340]

WILL: Then our of your jerkin needs must you be shaken.With too nidden and two nidden, &c.

GRIM: It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the court.

WILL: Their hands are so fine, that they never do hurt.

GRIM: Methink ich am lighter than ever ich was.

WILL: Our shaving in the court hath brought this to pass.
With two nidden and two nidden!

JACK: With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden!
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?
[End of song.]

GRIM: This is trimly done! Now chill pitch my coals not far hence. ... [1350]
And then at the tavern chill bestow whole tway pence. [Exit Grim.]

JACK: Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the collier again do us seek,
Let us into the court to part the spoil, share and share alike. [Exit.]

WILL: Away then. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Grim.]

GRIM: Out, alas! Where shall I make my moan?
My pouch, my benters, and all is gone!
Where is that villain that did me shave?
H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have.

[Here entereth Snap.]

SNAP: Who crieth so at the court-gate?

GRIM: I, the poor collier, that was robbed of late. ... [1360]

SNAP: Who robbed thee?

GRIM: Two of the porter's men that did shave me.

SNAP: Why, the porter's men are no barbers.

GRIM: A vengeance take them, they are quick-carvers.

SNAP: What stature were they of?

GRIM: As little dapper knaves as they trimly could scoff.

SNAP: They were lackeys, as near as I can guess them.

GRIM: Such lackeys make me lack. An halter beswing them!
Cham undone; they have my benters too.

SNAP: Dost thou know them if thou seest them? ... [1370]

GRIM: Yea, that I do!

SNAP: Then come with me; we will find them out, and that quickly.

GRIM: I follow, Mast Tipstaff. They be in the court, it is likely.

SNAP: Then cry no more; come away. [Exeunt.] <1374>

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Pre-Shakespeare Works: Court Tragi-comedy
Damon and Pithias
Part 3, Glossary & Appendices
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[Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus.]
CARISOPHUS: If ever you will show your friendship, now is the time. ...<1375>
Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part without any crime.

ARISTIPPUS: It should appear it comes of some evil behavior
That you so suddenly are cast out of favor.

CARISOPHUS: Nothing have I done but this: in talk I over-thwarted Eubulus

When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius, ... [1380]
Which tomorrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briars, and now is gone.
We grew so hot in talk that Eubulus protested plainly,
Which held his ears open to parasitical flattery.
And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,
Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of kings.
Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep impression
That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition;
And some words brake from him, as though that he
Began to suspect my truth and honesty.
Which you of friendship I know will defend, howsoever the world goeth. ... [1390]
My friend, for my honesty will you not take an oath?

ARISTIPPUS: To swear for your honesty I should lose mine own.

CARISOPHUS: Should you so, indeed? I would that were known
Is your void friendship come thus to pass?

ARISTIPPUS: I follow the proverb: Amicus usque ad aras.

CARISOPHUS: Where can you say I ever lost mine honesty?

ARISTIPPUS: You never lost it, for you never had it, as far as I know.

CARISOPHUS: Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPUS: Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell. ... [1400]

CARISOPHUS: Will you not stretch one point to bring me in favor again?

ARISTIPPUS: I love no stretching; so may I breed mine own pain.

CARISOPHUS: A friend ought to shun no pain to stand his friend in stead.

ARISTIPPUS: Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.

CARISOPHUS: Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?

ARISTIPPUS: The chiefest link lacked thereof; it must needs dissever.

CARISOPHUS: What link is that? Fain would I know.

ARISTIPPUS: Honesty.

CARISOPHUS: Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

ARISTIPPUS: Yea, truly; and that knot so knit will never slip. ... [1410]

CARISOPHUS: Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men.

ARISTIPPUS: Between the honest only; for Amicitia inter bonos, saith a learned man.

CARISOPHUS: Yet evil men use friendship to things unhonest, where fancy doth serve.

ARISTIPPUS: That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while.

CARISOPHUS: What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew?

ARISTIPPUS: Where men love one another not for profit but for virtue.

CARISOPHUS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

ARISTIPPUS: They must needs; for in two bodies thy have but one heart.

CARISOPHUS: Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry.
Is there no perfect friendship but where is virtue and honesty? ... [1420]

ARISTIPPUS: What a devil then meant Carisophus
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much virtue, truth, and honesty
As there are true feathers in the Three Cranes of the Vintree.
Yet these feathers have the shadow of lively feathers, the truth to scan,
But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.
To be plain, because I know thy villainy
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his head,
And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be led. ... [1430]
My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,
As worldly men do, by profit-measuring amity;
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed.
If you ask me, Quare? I answer, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare.
To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
In faith, Carisophus, cum Cretense cretiso.
Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing:
I do not dissemble now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.
Therefore sink in thy sorrow! I do not deceive thee; ... [1440]
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee! [Exit.]

CARISOPHUS: He is gone! Is this friendship, to leave his friend in the plain field?
Well, I see now I myself have beguiled
In matching with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity,
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways.
Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days!
Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like hath requited me craftily.

It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly; ...
For all the world may know, Incide in foveam quam feci.
Well, I must content myself. None other help I know,
Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow. [Exit.]

[Enter Eubulus.]

EUBULUS: Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force. There need no subtle sleight,
Ne painted speech the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire;
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
This thing I prove in Pithias' woeful case, ...
Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament.
The day is come when he, in Damon's place,
Must lose his life; the time is fully spent.
Nought can my words now with the king prevail;
Against the wind and striving stream I sail --
For die thou must, alas, thou seely Greek.
Ah Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour!
A perfect friend: none such, a world to seek!
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name ...
Among the gods within the book of fame.
Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

[Then the Muses sing.]
Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die!
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause to cry!

EUBULUS: Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,
The Muses frame their notes my state to moan.
Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

MUSES: Woe worth the man which for his death, &c. ...

EUBULUS: With yellow rented hairs, come on, you Muses nine!
Fill now my breast with heavy tunes; to me your plaint resign;
For Pithias I bewail, which presently must die.
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man which for his, &c.

EUBULUS: Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?
I think even from the heavens above the gods did him down send
To show true friendship's power, which forc'd thee now to die.

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c. ... [1490]

MUSES: Woe worth the man, &c.

EUBULUS: What tiger's whelp was he that Damon did accuse!
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death doth not refuse!
O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!
Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man, &c.

EUBULUS: Thou young and worthy Greek, that showeth such perfect love,
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above!
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.
Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man, which for thy death has given us cause to cry. ... [1500]
[Finis song.]

EUBULUS: Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case;
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see this place
As all points ready for the execution of Pithias.
Need hath no law; will I or nill I, it must be done.
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand.

[Enter Gronno.]

Gronno, I came hither now to understand,
If all things are well appointed for the execution of Pithias.
The king himself will see it done here in this place. ... [1510]

GRONNO: Sir, all things are ready. Here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword!
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a word,
If he were present, I could finely strike off!
You may report that all things are ready.

EUBULUS: I go with an heavy heart to report it. Ah, woeful Pithias!
Full near now is thy misery. [Exit.]

GRONNO: I marvel very much under what constellation
All hangmen are born; for they are hated of all, beloved of none.
Which hatred is showed by this point evidently:
The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city. ... [1520]
That such spite should be, I know no cause why,
Unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.
Yet some men must do it to execute laws.
Methink they hate me without any just cause.

But I must look to my toil. Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.
But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also.
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego.

[Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus, with courtiers and others.]

DIONYSIUS: Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon. ... [1530]
It pricketh fast upon noon. I do him no injury
If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,
If Damon return not -- which now in Greece is full merry.
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought, belike, if Damon were out of the city
I would not put him to death for some foolish pity:
But seeing it was his request, I will not be mock'd. He shall die!
Bring him forth.

[Here entereth Snap, leading in Pithias, Stephano accompanying him.]

SNAP: Give place! Let the prisoner come by! Give place!

DIONYSIUS: How say you, sir? Where is Damon, your trusty friend? ... [1540]
You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow!
You know what time a day it is; make you ready.

PITHIAS: Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also
For my true friend Damon this life to forego,
Even at your pleasure.

DIONYSIUS: A true friend! A false traitor that so breaketh his oath!
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loath.

PITHIAS: I am not loath to do whatsoever I said,
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd.
The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer, ... [1550]
That they have reserved me to this passing great honor
To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust.
My friend Damon is no false traitor; he is true and just.
But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may;
The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him, or some misadventure by the way --
Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die.
He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can.
His mind is here; he hath some let; he is but a man.
That he might not return, of all the gods I did require, ... [1560]
Which now to my joy do grant my desire.
But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death
May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?

[Turning to Gronno.]
O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by.
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.
Stephano, the right pattern of true fidelity,
Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon! And of him crave liberty
When I am dead, in my name; for thy trusty services
Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.
O my Damon, farewell now forever! A true friend to me most dear! ... [1570]
Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee;
And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,
Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou be.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, this gear is strange! And yet, because
Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have the law.
Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

GRONNO: It shall be done. Since you came into this place
I might have stroken off seven heads in this space.
[Gronno takes off Pithias' outer garments.]
By'r Lady, here are good garments! These are mine, by the rood!
It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good. ... [1580]
Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy,
And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

[Pithias kneels, and Gronno lifts his sword to strike.]

[Here entereth Damon running, and stays the sword.]

DAMON: Stay! Stay! Stay! For the king's advantage, stay!
O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet fully passed;
Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I come at last.
A life I owe, I life I will you pay.
O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!
Ah, woe is me! For Damon's sake how near were thou to thy end!
Give place to me; this room is mine; on this stage must I play.
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood to pay. ... [1590]

GRONNO: Are you come, sir? You might have tarried, if you had been wise.
For your hasty coming you are like to know the price.

PITHIAS: O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office?
Did I not bid thee make haste in any wise?
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice?
Not to die for my friend is present death to me; and alas!
Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face?
What double death is this! But, O mighty Dionysius,
Do true justice now; weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus;
Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case, ... [1600]
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias;

By misadventure -- not by his will -- his hour is past; therefore I,
Because he came not at his just time, ought justly to die.
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king.
All this court can bear witness of this thing.

DAMON: Not so, O mighty king! To justice it is contrary
That for another man's fault the innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time plainly expired; it is not fully noon
Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town.

PITHIAS: Believe no clock; the hour is past by the sun. ... [1610]

DAMON: Ah my Pithias, shall we now break the bonds of amity?
Will you now over-thwart me, which heretofore so well did agree?

PITHIAS: My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree!
Therefore agree to this -- let me perform the promise I made for thee.
Let me die for thee; do me not that injury
Both to break my promise and to suffer me to see thee die,
Whom so dearly I love. This small request grant me;
I shall never ask thee more; my desire is but friendly.
Do me this honor, that fame may report triumphantly
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die. ... [1620]

DAMON: That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot deny;
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias for him guiltless to die.
Therefore content thyself; the gods requite thy constant faith.
None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath.
And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey.
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your behalf this I say:
Although your regal state dame Fortune decketh so
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye flow, ... [1630]
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread!
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless head!
No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard thy hateful state.
And why? Whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they deadly hate.
That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose constant faith
Will never fail. This counsel gives poor Damon at his death.
Friends are the surest guard for kings. Gold in time do[es] wear away,
And other precious things do fade; friendship will never decay.
Have friends in store, therefore; so shalt you safely sleep;
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no keep. ... [1640]
Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks truth never tells;
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame virtue dwells;
Let them your playfellows be. But, O you earthly kings,
Your sure defense and strongest guard stands chiefly in faithful friends!
Then get you friends by liberal deeds. And here I make an end.

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pithias' friend.
O my Pithias! Now farewell forever! Let me kiss thee, ere I die.
My soul shall honor thee; thy constant faith above the heavens shall fly.
[He divests himself, and kneels on the place of execution.]
Come, Gronno, do thine office now. Why is thy color so dead?
My neck is so short that thou wilt never have honesty in striking off this head? ... [1650]

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled; my limbs wax weak!
This strange friendship amazeth me so that I can scarce speak.

PITHIAS: O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart move.
You require but one man's death; take Pithias, let Damon live.

EUBULUS: O unspeakable friendship!

DAMON: Not so. He hath not offended. There is no cause why
My constant friend, my Pithias, for Damon's sake should die.
Alas, he is but young; he may do good to many.
Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

GRONNO: My hand with sudden fear quivereth. ... [1660]

PITHIAS: O noble king, show mercy upon Damon; let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS: Stay, Gronno! My flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I do?
Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?
What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yield! At thy force I wonder.
My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to the root,
And quenched all my fury. This sight hath brought this about,
Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned persuasion could never do.
[To Dam. and Pith.] O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above
Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behoof. ... [1670]
Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant;
My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent;
My fearful life I thought with terror to defend.
But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,
Which will not spare his life at time of present need.
O happy kings, who in your courts have two such friends indeed!
I honor friendship now; which that you may plainly see,
Damon, have thou thy life; from death I pardon thee.
For which good turn, I crave, this honor do me lend:
O friendly heart, let me link with you! To you make me the third friend! ... [1680]
My court is yours; dwell here with me. By my commission large
Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your charge.
Make me a third friend. More shall I joy in that thing,
Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty king.

DAMON: O mighty king, first for my life most humble thanks I give;

And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so meve
That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third friend welcome to our friendly society.
But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in true equality. ... [1690]

DIONYSIUS: Unequal though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.
Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away;
Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy.
True friendship will I honor unto my life's end;
My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

PITHIAS: For this your deed, most noble king, the gods advance your name.
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to frame,
With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me!
With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity; ... [1700]
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the joyful end,
And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are found.

DIONYSIUS: Your instructions will I follow; to you myself I do commit.
Eubulus, make hast to fet new apparel, fit
For my new friends.

EUBULUS: I go with joyful heart. O happy day! [Exit.]

GRONNO: I am glad to hear this word. Though their lives they do not lese.
It is no reason the hangman should lose his fees. ... [1710]
These are mine, I am gone with a trice.

[Exit Gronno, with discarded garments of Damon and Pithias.]
[Here entereth Eubulus with new garments.]

DIONYSIUS: Put on these garments now. Go in with me, the jewels of
my court.

DAMON and PITHIAS: We go with joyful hearts.

STEPHANO: O Damon, my dear master, in all the joy remember me.

DIONYSIUS: My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

DAMON: Stephano, for thy good service be thou free.

[Exit Dionysius, and the rest. Stephano remains.]

STEPHANO: O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play.
Vive le roy, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amity!
Vive tu, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality!, ... [1720]
Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won.
I am a free man! None so merry as I now under the sun.
Farewell, my lords! Now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,
And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Eubulus beating Carisophus.]

EUBULUS: Away, villain! Away, you flatt'ring parasite!
Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
No more here shall do hurt. Away, false sycophant! Wilt thou not?

CARISOPHUS: I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.
Why whip ye me alone? A plague take Damon and Pithias! Since they came hither
I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither. ... [1730
Yet Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,
There shall be found, even in this court, as great flatterers as I.
Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain.
I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again. [Exit.]

EUBULUS: The serpent that eats men alive -- flattery -- with all her brood,
Is whipped away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.
What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,
To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly doth express;
Who, since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,
Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear. ... [1740]
Purged is the court of vice since friendship entered in.
Tyranny quails; he studieth now with love each heart to win;
Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward;
And painted speech, that glozeth for gain, from gifts is quite debarred.
One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain.
Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot reign;
Without the which no house, no land, no kingdom can endure;
As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire;
Which frameth the mind of man all honest things to do
Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents thereto. ... [1750]
In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,
A sweet companion in each state true friendship is alway;
A sure defense for kings; a perfect trusty band;
A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies' cruel hand;
A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man --
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have been since the world began.
A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kings to have.
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! ... [1760]

FINIS
* *

The Last Song (possibly added and/or sung by the players)

The strongest guard the kings can have
Are constant friends their state to save.
True friends are constant both in word and deed;
True friends are present, and help at each need;
True friends talk truly, they gloze for no gain;
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain;
True friends for their true prince refuseth not their death.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health! ... [1770]
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth!

[Note that line 1772 may be a reference to the marriage question.

APPENDIX I - Glossary
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(OED refers to the OED compact disc; the full-volume set may well contain expanded entries.)
(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

aloyse: meaning/origin unknown.

appall (v): weaken. FS (1H6); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Locrine. "Unappalled" in Brooke Romeus.

bate an ace ...: an old proverb.

bear the bob: refrain, with a pun on the meaning "bitter test".

benters (n): debentures, notes due.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

bolt (n): arrow. FS (3-MND, MWW, H5, AsYou, MM, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

bombast (v): beat, thrash. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Munday More..

by and by (adv): at once. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (9 times).

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (4-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

centum pro cento: hundred per cent.

clerkly (a): clever, scholarly. FS (2-MWW, 3d OED citation). (adv): artfully, scholarly. FS (2-2H6, TGV, 4th citation); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. (OED missed Golding and Edwards 1st 2 citations.)
[by] Cock: by God.

cockerel (n): young cock, applied to a young man. FS (1-Temp); Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Marlowe Edw2.

colpheg (v): buffet, cuff. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith) OED 3d citation. OED contemp citation: 1577 T. Richards Misogonus Ile colfeke him my selfe forte, come onte what will.

commodity (n): personal advantage. FS (5-MV, 2H4, AWEW, Lear); Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Lyly Campaspe; (anon.) Somebody/Nobody; Nashe Absurdity, Menaphon; Bacon Letters; Chapman d'Olive.

controlled (v): berated/disciplined. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

crake/crack (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith (n, crackers); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More.

crack-rope/halter (n): alludes to hangman's rope, rascal destined to hang. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (2d OED citation); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie.

Croyden/Croydon: sanguine (n, a): sallow color. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st of 3 OED citations).

cry creak (v): give up, cry uncle. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek. OED contempcitations: 1573 Tusser Husb. (1878) 102 When tilth plows breake, poore cattle cries creake.
1577 Stanyhurst Descr. Irel. in Holinshed VI. 52.

descant (v): improvise on a theme. FS (3-Rich3, Lucrece, PP); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Harvey Pierce's Super

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Greene James IV; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

disease (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith.

dole [be his dole] (n): lot in life (a proverbial exclamation). FS (1H4, Shrew, MWW, AWEW, WT); Edwards Dam&Pith (OED missed 2d citation).

dressed [him] (v): deceived/played a prank on him.NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

dung-fork (n): 3- or 4-pronged fork used to lift or spread dung. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

dup (v): open. FS (1-Ham); Edwards Dam&Pith.

dutting duttell: No OED entry.

faint: falter (v). FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Dido, Faustus; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Arden, Penelope; Harvey 3d Letter.

fence (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Arden.

Jack Fletcher ...: a fletcher is an arrow-maker; possibly from some ballad.

fondness (n): folly. foolish loyalty. FS (MM); Edwards Dam&Pith.

frame (v): prepare, create. FS (MM); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea. Common

franion (n): gallant/fellow (n). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Peele Wives. OED contemp citations: 1587 Turbervile Epitaphs & Sonn; 1589 (anon.) Rare Triumphs; Spenser FQ.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

gear (n): (1) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (2) clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery; glozers: flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat; (disp.) Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody (v).

grave-bencher (n): magistrate. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

harecop (a): hare-brain (OED cites as only known use). Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

hoise/hoyse (v): hoist. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe; Nashe Penniless.

hurly-burly (a): commotion. FS (2-John, Shrew, as hurly only); Golding Ovid, Calvin on Ps.; Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Penniless; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Penelope. OED also cites: 1580 Baret Alv.

Jack-sauce (n): saucy, impudent fellow. FS (H5); Edwards Dam&Pith.

jackanape (n): quasi-proper name of a man using tricks or displaying qualities, of an ape; one who is ape-like in tricks or behavior; ridiculous upstart, impertinent fellow; coxcomb. FS (4-H5, MWW, AWEW, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-Bk.; Greene Upstart; Nashe Saffron Walden, Summers. 1st OED citations: 1534 Lett. & Pap. Hen. VIII; 1555 Harpsfield Divorce Hen.

ken (v): give. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (3d OED citation).
lese/leese (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Geo a Greene.

let/letteth [his course] (v): hinder, slow down. FS (Errors, Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Oxford letters; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

lobcock (n): country bumpkin, lout, clown, bundering fool. NFS. Cf. Udall Roister; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Unfortunate; (anon.) Locrine.

lousious: luscious.

lubber (n): fool, lout. FS (4-TGV, 12th, Lear, T&C); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe Faustus; Pasquil Apology; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Absurdity.

mail (n): bag, pouch. FS (2-LLL, T&C); Edwards Dam&Pith.

main (n): force, strength. FS (4-1H4, MV, T&C, Sonnet 60); Edwards Dam&Pith.

manger [sweep a] (v): eat sumptuously, clean one's plate. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

meve (v): obsolete version of move.
minion (n & a): lackey, wanton. FS (many); Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody. Common. Sometimes used to denote homosexual lover. Common.

moil (v): wallow. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation). OED contemp citations: 1575 Gascoigne Flowers, Fruite of Foes Poems; 1577 B. Googe Heresbach's Husb.

murlons (n): merlins (very small hawks). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

murrain/murren (n): plague. FS (3-Temp, T&V, Corio); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Penniless, Summers (probably as a pun on morian (shield) and murrain (plague); (anon.) Woodstock; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Hall's Chron. and a number of dramatic uses from Heywood, Ingelend, Richards, (anon.) Gammer Gurton, others.

musselden (n): Muscatel.

nip (v): arrest. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Cony.

nips (n): sarcasms/witticisms. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

noddy/noddie/noddle (n): simpleton. FS (2-TGV); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Cony; Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Dodypoll; Chettle Kind Hart.

for the nones/nonce (adv): expressly for the purpose. FS; Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Harvey Speculum; Bacon poetry; Marlowe Dido; (anon.) Marprelate.

pack/be packing (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flyting w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart.

pantacle (n): pantofle, or slipper, symbolic of pages. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pestens (a): pestilent.

pestle (n): haunch. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pitiful (a): merciful. FS (11+); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Midas, Love's Met; (anon.) Ironside; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Cromwell, Oldcastle.

played with his beard (v): deluded him. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.
polled (v): (1) shorn. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. (2) cheated, fleeced. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pouched (a): pursed. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

prease/press/preace (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

prick (v): approach. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (2d OED citation). OED contemp. citations: 1565 T. Stapleton Fortr. Fait; 1580 Golding in Baret Alv; 1586 J. Hooker Hist. Irel. in Holinshed.

[chill put] pro: unknown meaning, not listed in OED.

quean (n): hussy, strumpet. FS (4-R&J, 2H4, MWW); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon./Greene) G a G; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Yorkshire Tr; Harvey Sonnet Palace/Pleasure, 2d Letter; Peele Wives; (disp.) Maiden's.

quiddle (v): talk lightly about it. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

quinch (n): the least. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (only OED citation).

race (n): course. FS (3-John, MM, Sonnet); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Willobie; Spencer FQ.

[asketh] reason (v): asks for an accounting.

regals (n): small portable organs. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

ruddock (n): robin redbreast. FS (1-Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith.

rug (n): coarse woolen cloth. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Penniless.

sconce: (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion,Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let. OED contemp citation: 1586 A. Day Eng. Secretary (1625) Master B. found Socrates in my Letter,and sent to seeke out your well reputed skonce to expound it.

scurrility/squirrility (n): the quality of being scurrilous; buffoon-like jocularity; coarseness/ indecency of language, esp. in invective and jesting. 2d work cited by OED. FS (LLL); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Pap; Nashe Strange News, Almond.

seely (a): innocent, unfortunate, defenseless. FS; Golding Ovid; many others.

shent (a): disgraced. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endmion; (anon.) Penelope.

sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Weakest.

smatter (v): chatter, prattle. FS (1-R&J); Edwards Dam&Pith.

I mean somewhat thereby: (per Adams) he suggests the gallows.

sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+,); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

square, out of square (a): awry. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith.

squirrility (n): see scurrility.

target (n): shield. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine.
thilk: this.

Three Cranes ...: the sign of a well-known tavern.

tipstaff (n): constable, bailiff, who carried a metal-tipped staff. FS (1-H8); Edwards Dam&Pith; (disp.) Cromwell; Jonson Cynthia.

toil (n): net, snare. FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

torup: not in OED (tore up?).

toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

turn a crab ...: a crab-apple roasted in the fire and dropped into a mug of ale.

turn cat in the pan (v): make things appear the opposite of what they are.

twich-box (n): touch box, holding priming powder for muskets.

undermined (v): questioned guilefully. FS (1-2H6); Edwards Dam&Pith.

vacabone (n): vagabond.

victus, victa, victum: conquered (masc.), conquered (fem.), conquered (neut.).

wain/wayne (n): cart, chariot. (See also "Charles his wain".) NFS (except in phrase "Charles wain"). Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Spenser.

washing-ball (n): perfumed soap. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

water-bougets (n): leather bags used to carry water.

wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem;Edwards Dam&Pith (song); many others.

winch (v): flinch. FS (1-John); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Almond.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

yerk/yark (v): lash, whip, kick out. FS (1-H5) ; Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

Translations (Latin except where noted)

10: frustra sapit ... He is wise to no purpose who is not wise for himself.
22: regius canis: The king's dog.
101: Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?: What has such a philosopher in common with such an ass.

102: Morum similitudo consuit amicitias: Likeness of character cements friendships.
313: secure dormiunt in utranque aurem: they sleep securely on either ear (Terence Self Tormenter, 342).
332: Amicus alter ipse: A friend is a second self.
367: Omne solum forti patria: Every spoil is a fatherland to a brave man.
405: Naturam furca expellas, tamen usque recurret: Drive nature out with a pitchfork, still ever will she return (Horace, Epistles, I.10.24).
432: An nescis longas regibus esse manus: Know you not that kings have long hands (Ovid, Heroides, xvi, 166).
440-41: Dic mihi musa virum, captae post tempore Troyae, Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes: Tell me, O Muse, of the man, who, after the capture of Troy, saw the manners and cities of many men (Odyssey, opening lines)
468-9: dapsiles caenas, geniales lectos, et aur fulgentem tyranni zonam: plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command.
473: auri talentum magnum: a great talent of gold.
533: dictum sapienti sat est: a word to the wise is sufficient.
622: multum juva[t] in re mala annimus bonus: a good spirit in misfortune helps much.
775: et fruges consumere nati: And born to consume the fruits of the earth (Horace Epist., 1.2.27).
971: Cretiso cum Cretense: I lie with the Cretan (the Cretans were famed as liars).
1027: Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res: Every color, place, and thing suited Aristippus.
1167: (Jack's very bad French) Jebit avow, mon companion (Je bois a vous, mon compagnon): I drink to you, my companion.
1168: (Grim's mangled reply) Jhar vow pleadge, pety Zawne (Jai vous pleige, petit Zawne): I pledge to you, little clown.
1396: amicus usque ad aras: a friend even to the altar.
1414: amicitia inter bonos: friendship between the good.
1435: quia prudentis est multum dissimulare: because it is the part of a wise man to dissemble much.
1436: cum Cretense cretiso: with the Cretan I lie (see line 971).
1451: incide in foveam quam feci: I have fallen into a pit which I myself digged.

About the Author

Richard Edwards was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1561, therefore devoting his time to writing plays to be acted before the Queen. Although known to have composed many plays before the Court, only Damon and Pithias survives under his name. It may have been performed during the Christmas season of 1564-65. Edwards died in 1566. The earliest extant version of this play bears the date 1571, noting that this is a reprint. Another edition appeared in 1582.

Length: 18,098 words

Suggested Reading
Adams, Joseph Quincy. Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas. Cambridge: Riverside Press (Houghton Mifflin), 1924.

APPENDIX II: CONNECTIONS

Language

Fool ... School
Edwards Dam&Pith (39) ARIS: ... And thus I assure you: / though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Shakes Much Ado (V.2): 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous
Nashe Summers (1450-55): Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;
They seek to lay the curse of God on you, / Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built, / Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Anon Willobie (XXVI.5): Your gravest men with all their schools
That taught you thus were heath-fools.
Note: The Nashe allusion is clearly built on Genesis 11.4-9 of the Bible; the Willobie Biblical foundation is not clear; it would be built on the similarity to Nashe, and its probable amusing derivative in Much Ado.

Knight ... Carpet/Trencher
Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from / his own trencher.
Golding Ovid Met (XII.) 673: Was by that coward carpet knyght beereeved / of his lyfe, ...
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.
TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he
steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years ... / Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
Much Ado (V.2) BEN: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and
a whole bookful of / these quondam carpet-mangers, ...
12th (III.4) SIR TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on
carpet consideration; ...
Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...
R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? / he scrape a trencher!
Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...
A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Gneius Pompey's;
Coriolanus (IV.5) CORIO: 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy
mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree,
when you should be / waiting on my Lord's trencher.
Anon Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
Ironside (III.6.5): I say, ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag
carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,

Repent ... At the last
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you

must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Lyly Gallathea (I.1.) TYTERUS: But at the last, our countrymen
repenting (and not too late);
Disp. Greene's Groat (166-68): that urges you at the last hour to
remember your life, that eternal / life may follow your repentance.
Shakes H5 (IV.1.137): Shall join together at the latter day.
(conforms to Bishops)
Anon. Willobie (XXXVII.4): To buy Repentance at the last. (conforms to Geneva)
Penelope's Complaint (VIII.4): Had I at first had this forecast,
I need not thus repent at last.
Geneva Bible Job 19.25 my redeemer ... shall stand the last on earth

Repent ... Folly
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you
must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd ST (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene James 4 (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly,...
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,

Few words
Brooke Romeus (531): In few unfeigned words, your hidden mind unfold,
(2713): In few plain words, the whole that was betide he told,
Golding Ovid Met. (II.978) Yet spake she briefly these few words to her
without her gate:
(VII.1104): To utter these few words at last: ...
Gascoygne Supposes (II.2) ERO: ... either tell me, or at few words never think ...
Edwards Dam&Pith (124) I promised friendship; but you love few words -- ...
(435) DAMON: ... To describe in few words the state of this city.
(1246) GRIM: Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --
Watson Hek (XLII): and effectually set down (albeit in few words)
Lyly Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: Dipsas, listen in few words to my tale
Kyd ST ((III.15.1351): "Pocas palabras!": few words.
Greene Alphonsus (II.1.15) ALPH: Laelius, few words would better thee become,
Chettle Kind Harts: bringeth forth more mischiefs than few words can express
Shakes H5 (3.2.36-37): ... men of few words are the best men.
[Similar sayings were also proverbial.]
Anon. Willobie (XIV.4): Few words suffice where hearts consent,
Greene's Groatsworth (307) Brother, said Lucanio, lets use few words.
Geneva Bible Eccles. 5.1 let thy words be few

Burden ... Heavy
Edwards Dam&Pith (157) STEPH: This heavy burden puts poor
Stephano to much pain.
Marlowe T1 (III.2.239) THER: Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
Edw2 (V.4.63) MOR Suscepi that provinciam [very heavy burden], ...
Nashe Summers (874): are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:
Shakes Hamlet (III.1.58): O heavy burden!

Anon. Woodstock (II.2.106) WOOD: a heavy burthen has thou taken from me.
Willobie (XLV.3): A heavy burden wearieth one,
L Gh. (863): The burden of my sins do weigh me down;
Geneva Bible Ps 38.4 For mine iniquities are ... & and as a weighty burden
they are too heavy for me.

Close ... Secrets
Edwards Dam&Pith (251) STEPH: In close-secret wise still whispering together.
Gascoygne et al Jocasta (III.1.220) CREON: To keep full close this secret hidden grief.
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) KING: but see ye carry it close and secretly,
Ironside (I.2.18) EDRICUS ... whisper close secrets in the giddy air;
be a newsmonger; feed the king with sooths;
Willobie (LIII.2): But closely lies in secret heart:
Geneva Bible Tob 12.7 It is good to keep close the secrets of a King;
12.11 I said it was good to keep close the secret of a King,

All the world ... stage
Edwards Dam&Pith (348-51) DAMON: Pythagoras said that this world / was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts; the lookers-on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.
Shakes AsYou (II.7) JAQUES: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts, / His acts being seven ages.

Fire ... Heaven
Shakes Lear (V.3) LEAR: He that parts us shall bring a brand
from heaven, / And fire us hence like foxes.
PPT (II.4) HELI: A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up / Their bodies, ...
Edwards Dam&Pith (567-69) STEPH: Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt
thou stay any longer / From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
Ironside (III.5.135) EDR: Fetch fire from heaven and mix it with thy ink,
Geneva Bible Gen 19.24; Ex 9.23, 2 Kings 1.10, 12, 14; 2 Kings 2.11;
1 Chr 21.26; 2 Chr 7.1; Job 1.16, Pss 18.12, 13, Ecclus 48.3, 2Mac 2.10,
Luke 9.54, Luke 17.29, 2Pet 3.12, Rev. 13.13, Rev. 20.9
Note: Shaheen identifies the Lear quotation with Judges 15.4-5: Samson ... took three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned them tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the middes between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he sent them out into the standing corn. The Lear passage seems to be a mixture of Biblical images.

Woeful wight ... Hap
Golding Ovid (IX.562): Now woe is me, most wretched wight.
Brooke Romeus (2005): Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
(2638): And them on divers parts beside, the woeful wight did hold.
Oxford poem#13 (Song: The Forsaken Man)
Drown me with trickling tears,
You wailful wights of woe;
Come help these hands to rend my hairs,

My rueful hap to show.
Care and Disappointment
Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe.
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan.
possible Oxford, ascribed to Queen Elizabeth) (Importune Me No More)
How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe;
How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show.
Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.51) CARI: Some woeful wight lamenting
his mischance:
Edwards Dam&Pith (Song, 588-91)): Awake ye woeful wights,
That long have wept in woe:
Resign to me your plaints and tears,
My haplese hap to show.
Anon. Penelope (VI.3): For careless wights why do you care,
And causeless eke so woeful are?

Tongue ... Woe
Shakes Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edwards Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;
Oxford poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue the woeful
words of plaint ?

Griping griefs
Although the OED cites the word "griping" as unique in this phrase, it
seems possible that this is a spelling variation of "gripping", rendering
an identical meaning.
Edwards Daintie Dev (53): Where griping grief the heart would wound ...
Note: Oxford was a major contributor to the Paradise of ...., possibly
publisher. (See Looney, Vol. 1, pp. 547-48 ff.)
Damon and Pithias (612): Grip me you greedy griefs, ...
Watson Hek (LXXXV): Held Griping Grief the piked Anchor fast; ...
Shakes R&J (IV.5.126): When griping griefs the heart doth wound, ...
Anon. Willobie (LVII.2): The griping grief, and grievous groan,
(LXIII.2): And griping griefs do still renew:
Bible/Metrical Version of Ps. 30.5-6 (1549) Where griping grief
the heart would wound.

Stop ... Breath
Golding Ovid Met. (II.358): ... (the smoke had stopped her breath).
(II.1036)) Strake to her heart, and closed her veins, and lastly stopped her breath:
(VI.854): The sorrow of this great mischance did stop Pandion's breath
(VII. 772.73) ... Some with halters stopped their wind, by death expulsing fear of death: ..
(VIII.639): His trespass I confess deserves the stopping of his breath,
Edwards Dam&Pith (615) SONG: With speed now stop my breath!
Shakes Rich3 (III.5) GLOU: ... Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
King John (III,4) CONSTANCE ... And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
Pericles (I.1) PERICLES ... The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Lucrece (169) ... 'Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
Anon. Woodstock (V.3.89-90) KING: ... let drums sound death, and strike at once to stop this traitor's breath.
Willobie (LXV.5): Till death so stop your husband's breath;
(LXVII.2): Conspire with grief to stop my breath,
Penelope (XI.4): Or wisely she had stopp'd his breath.
Pasquil Apology: even by the Sermons that spun him a halter
to stop his breath, he was no Protestant.

Religious Theology: Purchase grace
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.562): Yet (if that these last words of mine may purchase any grace),
Edwards Dam&Pith (683) PITH: To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace.
Anon. Willobie (XIV.1): I do not doubt to purchase grace.
(XXIX.4): And watch his turn to purchase grace,
Leic. Gh. (1436): Or by some fine discourse to purchase grace,
Cromwell (IV.5.34) GARD: And by it shall you purchase grace
from heaven.

Duty ... Bound
Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king],
my duty bindeth me.
(1758) EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...
(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ,...
Kyd ST (II.1.59) PEDRING: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
S&P (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
DD (I.1.6): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...

Guilty/Innocent ... Blood
Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97) DAMON: ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
(1472) EUB: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Kyd ST (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

Shakes Rich3 (I.3.221): The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Rich2 (V.6) BOLING: The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, ...
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Macbeth (2.2): Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood ...
Titus (V.2.183): The basin that receives your guilty blood.
Anon. Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
Ironside (V.1.70) EDR: thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDR: and made a sea with blood of innocents;
(V.2.170) CAN: and glad for sparing of that guiltless blood
Woodstock (V.1) LAPOOLE: and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Geneva Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35
Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.
Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive thy brother's blood ... .
Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Pawn ... Lives
Edwards Dam&Pith (825) PITH: Take me, O might king! My life I pawn for his.
(834) DION: Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WAR: To pawn thine honor rather than thy life.
Lear (I.1) KENT: My life I never held but as a pawn ...
(I.2) EDMUND:... I dare pawn down my life / for him ...
See also Merchant of Venice, the major plot
Lyly Love's Met. (III.2) PROTEA: Let me, as often as I be bought for
money or pawned for meat,
Anon. Ironside (V.1.44) EDR: Doth Edmund thus reward his followers
that pawn their lives for him and in his cause?

Joy ... Care
Brooke Romeus (1906) Of me your child (your jewel once, your only
joy and care),
Golding Ovid Met. (II.797): And as the burthen brought some care
the honor brought him joy.
Edwards Dam&Pith (891) DAMON: In whom my joy, my care, and
life doth only remain.
Watson Hetk. (XCIII): When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.102): One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.
Oxford poem (#12, The trickling tears...): She is my joy, she is my care and woe;

Fountain of Wit
Edwards Dam&Pith (956) STEPH: But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.97) EDR: fountain of wit, the spring of policy ...
Geneva Bible Baruch 3.12 Thou has forsaken the fountain of wisdom

Out of Square ... Out of Frame
Golding Ovid's Met (Ep.8) Hath Ovid into one whole mass in this book
brought in frame.

(II.536): He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might seem,
(V.620): A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame,
(VI.600): His talk at will. As oft as he demanded out of square,
(XI.14): And heady riot out of frame all reason now did dash,
(XI.443): In dressing of her head, before she had it brought in frame,
Shakes: LLL (III.1) BIRON: like a German clock,
still a-repairing, ever out of frame, ...
Hamlet (I.2) CLAUDIUS: ... Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
MuchAdo (IV.1) BENEDICK: ... Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.
Anon. Weakest (VIII.99) SIR NICH: Can make a grave, and keep our
Clock in frame,
Willobie (XX.2): Your new-found tricks are out of frame,
(XLIIII.2): And strike the senses out of frame?
(XLIIII.3): My humors all are out of frame,
(LXVIII.2): My person could not please, my talk was out of frame,
There is a close relationship in:
Edwards Dam&Pith (1041): The king himself museth hereat; yet is
he far out of square, ...

Falling-out
Edwards Dam&Pith (1097) JACK: Will, after our falling-out wilt thou
laugh merrily?
Shakes: Merchant of Venice, and
Hamlet (II.1) POLONIUS: There falling-out at tennis; ...
T&C (III.1): Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Brain-sick
Edwards Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain,
I durst lay a penny.
Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;
Kyd ST (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and
illiterate surmisers, ...
Shakes: 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MOR: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King
Anon. Willobie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,
Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:
(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy
(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Legal term: Case stands
Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your
doubtful case shall stand;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case

now stands ...,
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case
Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LOR: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then
stands my case,
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

Two bodies, one heart
Edwards Dam&Pith (1417) CARIS: Are such friends both alike in joy
and also in smart.
(1418) ARIS: They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart.
(V.5.7) LOVE: Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:
Anon. Willobie (resolution, 2): To join in heart the bodies that are twain,
Shakes MND (IIII.2) So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
See also
Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.30) SOL: For what are friends but one mind in two bodies?

Legal term: Enroll
Edwards Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Marlowe Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MOR: And in the Chronicle enroll his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of
his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE/KENT: ... I plead our ancient liberties
recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,
Willobie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled,
Within this place since my return,
Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enroll'd.
Leic. Gh. (2086-87): But chiefly when the Muses did enrol
Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,

Will I or nill I
Edwards Dam&Pith (1506): Need hath no law; will I or nill I, it must be done.
Spenser Faerie Queen (I.3.43): And will or nill, Beares her away.
Shakes Shrew (II.1.273): Will you, nill you, I will marry you.
1599 Sylvester Sonn. Mirac. Peace xii, A sacred rage..Will-nill-I,

raps mee boldly to rehearse Great Henrie's Tropheis.

Crave ... Liberty
Edwards Dam&Pith (1567): Commend me to thy master, ... And of him crave liberty
Kyd S&P (III.1.97) ERAS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:
That, being banish'd from my native soil
I may have liberty to live a Christian.
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.348) MAR: In prison here and craved but liberty,
Shakes 1H6 (III.4) BASSET: But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
Anon. Dodypoll (I.1.154): ... And must crave liberty to provide for them.

Evil/Good
Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked
Gascoygne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am
Of good and evil with this my country soil,
(II.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.
(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Lyly Sapho & Phao (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.
Kyd ST (I.2.339) ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Shakes Rich3 (I.3.334): do good for evil. Also I.2.69 and I.3.315-16.
TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,
Anon. Willobie (To ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good
Willobie seems a perfect inversion of the Bible and Shakespeare citations.
Geneva Bible 1Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good.
1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good, and I have rendered thee evil
Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Pierced ... Root
Edwards Dam&Pith (1666): My heart this rate friendship hath pierc'd to the root,
Chaucer Cant. Tales (1-2): Whan that Aprille, with hise shoures soote,
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
Tongues ... Filed/Smooth
Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoygne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy sugared tongue,
Supposes (II.5) CLEANDER: Now to the matter, how said you?
-- PHILOGANO: ... but what is that to the matter?
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court!
Geneva Bible Psalms. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a

serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4) SYBILLA: whose filed tongue made those enamored that
sought to have him enchanted.
Greene J4 (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Anon. Willobie (I.10): A filed tongue which none mislikes.
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised
if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue upon
Canutus to eternize thee.
-- SEE ALSO Forged lies

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alph (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that forged tale
Kyd ST (I.2.92) VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...
S&P (II.1.117) PERSEDA: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAM: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, ...
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmar
Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.

Painted words
Golding Abraham (Ep.7): It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1740) And painted speech, that glozeth for gain,
from gifts is quite debarred.
Marlowe (I.2.9) CALLAPINE: To paint in words, what I'll perform in deeds,

Anon. Willobie (XI.3): Your painted words, your brave pretense,
Dodypoll (I.1.11) LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words, [Lord] Lassinbergh,
Shakes Ham (III.1.53) CLAUD: Than is my deed to my most painted word:

Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head
Golding Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Anon. Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Kyd S&P (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
(V.1) TAMB: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Shakes: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!
Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Anon. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUT: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
Descend upon this my devoted head.
(IV.1.174-75) COR: But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
(V.1.) THRASIMACHUS: If there be gods in heaven, ...
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.
Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonor her or injure thee.
Ironside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Willobie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.
Disp. Cromwell (II.3) MIST BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
(III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;
Queen Elizabeth Identified
Geneva Bible "vengeance fall" invokes s. 7.16 His mischief shall
return upon his own head, and his cruelty shall fall upon his own page.
Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast them into the fire, &
into the deep pits, that they rise not.

Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth's motto: semper eadem (always the same)
Edwards Dam&Pith (1758-60) EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth,
I humbly crave True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
(1768-74) SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth!

Anon. Willobie Alway[s] the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)
L Gh. (87): I by a Queen did live, and was advanced.
(92-99): And, for that, lost his life; I, my renown,
Till sacred Cynthia to the kingdom came,
That gave new life to my late-dying fame.
That peerless Queen of happy memory,
Who late like Deborah this kingdom swayed,
Now triumphs in the jasper-coloured sky,
In star-embroidered vesture richly rayed,
She, she restored my honor then decayed,
(149-52}: By the Queen's help, my power, and threatening looks,
I ruled the pawns, the bishops, knights and rooks.
Thus did I play at chess, and won the game,
Having the Queen my puissance to support;
See also 291-93, 298-301, 571, 608-612, 646, 651-52, 655-61, 670,
711-12, 715, 776-77, 1096, 1250-54, 1271-73, 1284, 1285-87, 1313-15,
1649, 168-69, 1691-96, 1714-16, 1749-50, 1783-85, 1996-98, 2124, 2135-38.
Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,
"All one" also invokes the Southampton motto: "One for all, all for one."
Nashe Will Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, On whom all seasons
prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate, Until her joyful progress was expir'd.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here, And wisheth long to
live to her content;

Repent ... Folly:
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Functional References

References to Aristippus, a character in Damon & Pithias
Kyd S&P (I.5.58) HALEB: Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
Anon. Leiceister's Gh (466-067): Now Aristippus is in more request,
That knew the way to please a monarch's mind

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Favored Words, Phrases:

by and by (9 times); creep into [the kings's] bosom; feed [my] eyes [on]; frame; honest man;
make means (2); sorrow ... sink; joyful heart' for my/your part; secretly

Distinctive Words, Phrases:
My credit is cracked, knit me up so short

Compound Words: 41 words (verbs, nouns, adj, adv, prep, conj)
bake-house (n), boy-colliers (n), brain-sick (a), butter-teeth (n), buttery-hatch (n), close-secret (n), court-gate (n), crack-rope (n), dung-fork (n), edge-tools (n), faggot-stick (n), falling-out (n), fence-blows (n), grave-bencher (n), hurly-burly (n), jack-napes (n), jack-sauce (n), legend-lie (n), log-headed (a), long-desired (a), lookers-on (n), mad-headed (a), mariner-knaves (n), moth-eaten (a), mother-wit (n), over-thwart (v), plain-song (n), profit-measuring (a), quick-carvers (n), self-same (a), shop-window (n), thread-bare (a), twich-box (n), vengeance-knave (n), wain-cart (n), washing-ball (n), water-bougets (n), well-beloved (a), well-pronounced (a), well-proved (a), well-willer (n)

Words beginning with "con": 20 words (11 verbs, 6 nouns, 5 adj).
conceit (n), concerning (v), condemn (v), condition (n), conquest (n), conscience (n), consent (v), conserve (v), consider (v), conspire (v), constant (a), constellation (n), consume (v), consuming (a), content (v, a), continual (a), contrary (a, n), contrived (v), control (v), convey (v)

Words beginning with "dis": 13 words (11 verbs, 3 nouns).
discern (v), disclose (v), discourse (n), disease (v, n), disgrace (v), dismay (v), dispatch (v), displeased (v), dispose (v), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissever (v), distress (n)

Words beginning with "mis": 5 words (2 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj).
misadventure (n), miserable (a), misery (n), mislike (v), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with "over": 2 words (2 verbs).
overrun (v), over-thwart (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 7 words (5 verbs, 1 noun, 1 adj, 1 adv).
prefer (v), presence (n), present (v, a), presently (adv), preserve (v), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 28 words (18 verbs, 11 nouns, 2 adj, 1 adv).
recall (v), receive (v), recite (v), reckoning (v, n), refuse (v), regal[ly] (a, adv), relief (n), relieve (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), repast (n), repent (v), report (v, n), request (n), require (v), requite (v), reserve (v), resign (v), resort (v), resound (v), respect (n), restore (v), return (v, n), revenger (n), revenging (n), reverent (a), reward (n)

Words beginning with "un","in": 38 words (19, 16, 3)
(12 verbs, 7 nouns, 11 adj, 2 adv, 3 prep, 4 conj).
incensed (v), inclined (v), increased (v), indeed (conj), inform (v), injury (n), innocent (a), inquiry (n), insomuch (conj), instead (conj), instruct (v), instructions (n), intelligence (n), intend (v), intent (n), into (prep), intoxicate (v), invent (v), inward (a)
unbind (v), unborn (a), uncertain (a), undone (v), unequal (a), unfeigned[ly] (a, adv), unguentum (n), unhonest (a), unjustice (n), unjustly (adv), unknown (a), unless (conj), unsearched (a), unspeakable (a), until (prep), unworthy (a)
under (prep), undermine (v), understand (v)

Words ending with "able": (2 adj)
miserable (a), unspeakable (a)

Words ending with "less": 3 words (3 adj).
guiltless, hapless, restless

Words ending with "ness": 12 words (12 nouns).
bountifulness, business, fondness, gentleness, goodness, heaviness, likeness, quietness, sickness, simpleness, strangeness, witness

Words ending with "ize": none.
reflexives: advise thyself, assure thyself, content yourself/thyself, convey myself, I fear me, forget myself, myself I apply

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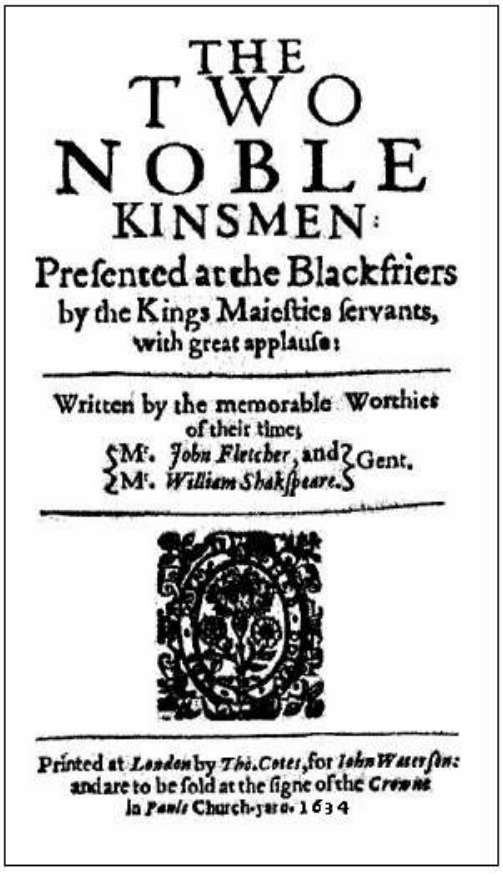

THE
TWO
NOBLE
KINSMEN:
Preſented at the Blackfriers
by the Kings Maieſties ſervants,
with great applauſe:

Written by the memorable Worthies
of their time;
{M^r. *John Fletcher*, and} Gent.
{M^r. *William Shakſpeare*.}

Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Waterſon*:
and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *Crowne*
in *Paul's* Church-yard. 1634

Fletcher & Shakespeare's
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Modern Spelling
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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY
PROLOGUE
THESEUS , Duke of Athens.
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, later wife of Theseus.
EMILIA, her sister.
PIRITHOUS, friend of Theseus.
Cousins, nephews of Creon, the King of Thebes.
  PALAMON
  ARCITE
HYMEN, god of marriage.
BOY
ARTESIUS, Athenian soldier.
Three QUEENS, widows of slain kings.
VALERIUS, a Theban.
HERALD
WOMAN, attendant of Emilia.
GENTLEMAN
MESSENGERS
Six KNIGHTS, three attending Arcite and three Palamon.
SERVANT
JAILER
DAUGHTER
JAILER'S BROTHER
WOOER
Two FRIENDS
DOCTOR

Six COUNTRYMEN
SCHOOLMASTER
NELL, a country wench.
FOUR OTHER COUNTRY WENCHES
TABORER
EPILOGUE
NYMPHS, ATTENDANTS, MAIDS, EXECUTIONER, GUARD.
Scene: Athens.
Time: Mythological (ca. 1300-1200 b.c.); before the Trojan War.

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ACT I
Prologue
[Flourish. Enter Prologue.]
PROLOGUE: New plays and maidenheads are near akin:
Much followed both, for both much money giv'n
If they stand sound and well. And a good play,
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage day
That after holy tie and first night's stir
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so, for I am sure
It has a noble breeder and a pure, ... [Pro.10]
A learned. and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent.
Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives:
There constant to eternity it lives.
Of we let fall the nobleness of this
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
Now will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, 'O fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer,
That blasts my bays and my famed works makes lighter ... [Pro.20]
Than Robin Hood? This is the fear we bring,
For to say truth, it were an endless thing
And too ambitious to aspire to him,
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands and we shall tack about
And something do to save us. You shall hear

Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones, sweet sleep;
Content to you. If this play do not keep ... [Pro. 30]
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick we must needs leave. [Flourish. Exit]

Scene I. 1

Music. Enter Hymen with a torch burning, a Boy in a white robe before, singing and strewing flowers. After Hymen, a nymph encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland. Then Theseus between two other nymphs with wheaten chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolyta, the bride, led by Pirithous and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging. After her, Emilia holding up her train. Then Artesius (and other attendants).

BOY: [sings during procession.]
Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odor faint,
And sweet thyme true;
Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With harebells dim;
Oxlips, in their cradles growing, ... [I.1.10]
Marigolds, on deathbeds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim;
All dear nature's children sweet,
Lie fore bride and bridegroom's feet.
Blessing their sense.
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Is absent hence.
The crow, the sland'rous cuckoo, nor ... [I.1.20]
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.

[Enter three Queens in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the Second falls down at the foot of Hippolyta; the Third, before Emilia.]

1 QUEEN: [to Theseus.] For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me.
2 QUEEN: [to Hippolyta,] For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.
3 QUEEN: [to Emilia.] Now for the love of him whom Jove hath marked
The honor of your bed, and for the sake ... [I.1.30]
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses. This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Trespasses
All you are set down there.
THESEUS: [to First Queen.] Sad lady, rise.

HIPPOLYTA: [to Second Queen.] ~~~ Stand up.
EMILIA: [to Third Queen.] ~~~ ~~~ No knees to me.
What woman I may stead that is distressed
Does bind me to her.
THESEUS: [to First Queen.] What's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 QUEEN: [kneeling still.] We are three queens whose sovereigns
fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured ... [I.1.40]
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offense
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phoebus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O pity, Duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feared sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
And of thy boundless goodness take some note ... [I.1.50]
That for our crowned heads we have no roof,
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything.
THESEUS: ~~~ Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffered
Your knees to wrong themselves, I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capeneus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you -- at such a season ... [I.1.60]
As now it is with me -- I met your groom
By Mars's altar. You were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threshed nor blasted; fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman --
Then weaker than your eyes -- laid by his club.
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide
And swore his sinews thawed. O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour. ... [I.1.70]
1 QUEEN: [Kneeling still.] O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power and press you forth
Our undertaker.
THESEUS: ~~~ O no knees, none, widow: [The First Queen rises.]
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them
And pray for me, your soldier. Troubled I am
2 QUEEN: [kneeling still.] Honored Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar, that with thy arm, as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male ... [I.1.80]

To thy sex captive, but that this, thy lord --
Born to uphold creation in that honor
First nature styled it in -- shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Whom now I know has much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies, ... [I.1.90]
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us.
Require him he advance it o'er our heads.
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three. Weep ere you fail.
Lend us a knee:
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's plucked off.
Tell him, if he i' th' blood-sized field lay swoll'n,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon, ... [I.1.100]
What you would do.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Poor lady, say no more.
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress. Let him consider.
I'll speak anon. [The Second Queen rises.]
3 QUEEN: [kneeling still, to Emilia.] O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is pressed with deeper matter.
EMILIA: ~~~ Pray stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.
3 QUEEN: ~~~ ~~~ O woe, ... [I.1.110]
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em. [The Third Queen arises.] Lady, lady, alack --
He that will all the treasure know o'th' earth
Must know the center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me:
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
EMILIA: ~~~ Pray you, say nothing, pray you.
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't, ... [I.1.120]
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you
T'instruct me 'gainst a capital grief, indeed
Such heart-pierced demonstration; but alas,

Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone. Pray have good comfort.
THESEUS: Forward to th' temple. Leave not out a jot ... [I.1.130]
O'th' sacred ceremony.
1 QUEEN: ~~~ O, this celebration
Will longer last and be more costly than
Your suppliants' war. Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o'th' world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labored meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions. But, O Jove, your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear Duke, think
What beds our slain kings have.
2 QUEEN: ~~~ What griefs our beds, ... [I.1.140]
That our dear lords have none.
3 QUEEN: ~~~ None fit for th' dead.
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
1 QUEEN: ~~~ But our lords
Lie blist'ring fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.
THESEUS: ~~~ It is true,
And I will give you comfort to give your dead lords graves,
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 QUEEN: And that work presents itself to th' doing ... [I.1.150]
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone tomorrow.
Then, bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.
2 QUEEN: ~~~ Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3 QUEEN: ~~~ And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
THESEUS: ~~~ Artesius, that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding and the number ... [I.1.160]
To carry such a business: forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments, whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.
1 QUEEN: [to the other two Queens.] ~~~ Dowagers, take hands;

Let us be widows to our woes; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
ALL THREE QUEENS: ~~~ Farewell
2 QUEEN: We come unseasonably, but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpanged judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?
THESEUS: ~~~ Why, good ladies, ... [I.1.170]
This is a service whereto I am going
Greater than any war -- it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 QUEEN: ~~~ The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee! O when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubbered queens? What care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able ... [I.1.180]
To make Mars spur his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
HIPPOLYTA: [to Theseus.] ~~~ Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor -- yet I think
Did I not by th'abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck ... [I.1.190]
All ladies' scandal on me. [Kneels.] Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigor dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart -- about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.
ALL THREE QUEENS: [to Emilia.] ~~~ O, help now,
Our cause cries for your knee.
EMILIA: [Kneels to Theseus.] ~~~ If you grant not
My sister her petition in that force ... [I.1.200]
With that celerity and nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
THESEUS: ~~~ Pray stand up. [They rise.]
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. -- Pirithous,

Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration. -- Queens,
Follow your soldier. [to Artesius.] As before, hence you, ... [I.1.210]
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number for a business
More bigger looked. [Exit Artesius.]
[to Hippolyta.] ~~~ Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy current lip --
Sweet, keep it as my token. [to the wedding party.] Set you forward,
For I will see you gone.
[to Emilia.] Farewell, my beauteous sister. -- Pirithous,
Keep the feast full: bate not an hour on't.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Sir,
I'll follow you at heels. The feast's solemnity ... [I.1.220]
Shall want till your return.
THESEUS: ~~~ Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens. We shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. -- Once more, farewell all.
[Exeunt Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and train towards the temple.]
1 QUEEN: Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th' world.
2 QUEEN: And earn'st a deity equal with Mars --
3 QUEEN: If not above him, for
Thou being but mortal mak'st affections bend
To godlike honors; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mast'ry.
THESEUS: ~~~ As we are men,] ... [I.1.230]
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies.
Now turn we towards your comforts. [Flourish. Exeunt.]
Scene I. 2
Enter Palamon and Arcite
ARCITE: Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unhardened in
The crimes of nature, let us leave the city,
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth.
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I'th' aid o'th' current were almost to sink --
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream 'twould bring us to an eddy ... [I.2.10]
Where we should turn or drown; if labor through,
Our gain but life and weakness.
PALAMON: ~~~ Your advice
Is cried up with example. What strange ruins
Since first we went to school may we perceive

Walking in Thebes? Scars and bare weeds
The gain o'th' martialist who did propound
To his bold ends honor and golden ingots,
Which though he won, he had not; and now flirted
By peace for whom he fought. Who then shall offer
To Mars's so-scorned altar? I do bleed ... [I.2.20]
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
ARCITE: ~~~ Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds. ... [I.2.30]
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity
But th'unconsidered soldier?
PALAMON: ~~~ Yet, I pity
Decays where'er I find them, but such most
That, sweating in an honorable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
ARCITE: ~~~ 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of. This is virtue,
Of no respect in Thebes. I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honors,
It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's
A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump ... [I.2.40]
As they are here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be, mere monsters.
PALAMON: ~~~ 'Tis in our power,
Unless we fear that apes can tutor's, to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? Or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived -- saved, too --
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him ... [I.2.50]
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The followed make pursuit? Or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest -- with him
My poor chin, too -- for 'tis not scissored just
To such a favorite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand? Or to go tiptoe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team or I am none

That draw i' th' sequent trace. These poor slight sores ... [I.2.60]
Need not a plaintain. That which rips my bosom
Almost to th' heart's --
ARCITE: ~~~ Our uncle Creon.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfeared and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory; one ... [I.2.70]
That fears not to do harm, good dares not. Let
The blood of mine that's sib to him be sucked
From me with leeches. Let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption.
ARCITE: ~~~ Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy: for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood unless in quality.
PALAMON: ~~~ Nothing truer.
I think the echoes of his shames have defeated ... [I.2.80]
The ears of heav'nly justice. Widow's cries
Descend again into their throats and have not [Enter Valerius.]
Due audience of the gods -- Valerius.
VALERIUS: The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him. Phoebus, when
He broke his whipstock and exclaimed against
The horses of the sun, but whispered to
The loudness of his fury.
PALAMON: ~~~ Small winds shake him.
But what's the matter?
VALERIUS: Theseus, who where he threats, appalls, hath sent ... [I.2.90]
Deadly defiance to him and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes, who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
ARCITE: ~~~ Let him approach.
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us. Yet what man
Thirds his own worth -- the case is each of ours --
When that his action's dregged with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about.
PALAMON: ~~~ Leave that unreasoned.
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon,
Yet to be neutral to him were dishonor, ... [I.2.100]
Rebellious to oppose. Therefore we must

With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
ARCITE: ~~~ So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? Or shall it be
On fall of some condition?
VALERIUS: ~~~ ÔTis in motion,
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
PALAMON: ~~~ Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor which
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent, ... [I.2.110]
Rather laid out for purchase. But, alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th' stroke do damage?
ARCITE: ~~~ Let th'event --
That never-erring arbitrator -- tell us
When we know all ourselves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 3
Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Emilia
PIRITHOUS: No further.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Sir, farewell. Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dure ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. [to Emilia] My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-tempered pieces keep enthroned ... [I.3.10]
In your dear heart.
EMILIA: ~~~ Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since in our terrene state petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broached on the lance, or women ... [I.3.20]
That have sod their infants in-and after eat them --
The brine they wept at killing 'em: then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here forever.

PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [Exit Pirithous.]
EMILIA: ~~~ How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, passed slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard or loss consider, but ... [I.3.30
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins. Have you observed him
Since our great lord departed?
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ With much labor;
And I did love him for't. They two have cabined
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiffed
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I'th' least of these was dreadful, and they have
Fought out together where death's self was lodged; ... [I.3.40]
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love,
Tied, weaved, entangled with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
EMILIA: ~~~ Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
So say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time when I enjoyed a playfellow; ... [I.3.50]
You were at wars when she the grave enriched,
Who made too proud the bed; took leave o'th' moon --
Which then looked pale at parting -- when our count
Was each eleven.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ 'Twas Flavina.
EMILIA: ~~~ Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasoned,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th'other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent, ... [I.3.60]
Loved for what we did, and like the elements,
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked
Was then of me approved; what not, condemned --
No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts -- O then but beginning

To swell about the blossom -- she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like, ... [I.3.70]
They died in perfume. On my head no toy
But was her pattern. Her affections -- pretty,
Though happily her careless wear -- I followed
For my most serious decking. Had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure hummed one,
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn -- rather dwell on --
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal --
Which, seely innocence wots well, comes in
Like old 8emportment's bastard -- has this end: ... [I.3.80]
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ You're out of breath,
And this high-speeded pace is but to say
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's called man.
EMILIA: I am sure I shall not.
HIPPOLYTA: Now alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point --
Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself --
Than I will trust a sickly appetite ... [I.3.90]
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus, for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we more than his Pirithous possess
The high throne in his heart.
EMILIA: ~~~ I am not
Against your faith, yet I continue mine. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 4
Cornets. A battle struck within. Then a retreat. Flourish. Then enter Theseus, victor. The three Queens meet him and fall on their faces before him. Also enter a Herald, and attendants bearing Palamon and Arcite on two hearses.

1 QUEEN: [to Theseus.] To thee no star be dark.
2 QUEEN: [to Theseus.] Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.
3 QUEEN: [to Theseus.] All the good that may
Be wished upon thy head, I cry 'Amen' to't.
THESEUS: Th'impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err
And in their time chastise. Go and find out
The bones of your dead lords and honor them
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites we would supply't.

But those we will depute which shall invest ... [I.4.10]
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you. [Exeunt the Queen.]
~~~ What are those?
HERALD: Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment. Some of Thebes have told's
They are sisters' children, nephews to the King.
THESEUS: By th' helm of Mars I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions smeared with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast. I fixed my note
Constantly on them, for they were a mark ... [I.4.20]
Worth a god's view. What prisoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?
HERALD: ~~~ Wi' leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.
THESEUS: ~~~ 'Tis right: those, those.
They are not dead?
HERALD: Nor in a state of life. Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recovered. Yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.
THESEUS: ~~~ Then like men use 'em.
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons ... [I.4.30]
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste. Their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight and in their morning state --
Sound and at liberty -- I would 'em dead;
But forty-thousandfold we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us, than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
What man to man may do -- for our sake, more,
Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests, ... [I.4.40]
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will
O'er-wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender. -- Lead into the city
Where, having bound things scattered, we will post
To Athens fore our army. [Flourish. Exeunt.]
Scene I. 5
Music. Enter the three Queens with the hearses of their
lords in a funeral solemnity, with attendants.
Song
Urns and odors, bring away,
~~~

Vapors, sighs, darken the day;
Our dole more deadly looks than dying.
Balms and gums and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears,
And clamors through the wild air flying:
Come all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes.
We convent naught else but woes,
We convent naught else but woes. ... [I.5.10]
3 QUEEN: This funeral path brings to your household's grave --
Joy seize on you again, peace sleep with him.
2 QUEEN: And this to yours.
1 QUEEN: ~~~ Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.
3 QUEEN: This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets. [Exeunt severally.]

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Fletcher & Shakespeare's
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

ACT II
Scene II. 1
Enter the Jailer and the Wooer.
JAILER: I may depart with little, while I live; something I
may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep,
though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come;
before one salmon you shall take a number of minnows.
I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to
me report is a true speaker. I would I were really that
I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have -- be it what
it will -- I will assure upon my daughter at the day of
my death.
WOOER: Sir, I demand no more than your own offer, and ... [II.1.10
I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.
JAILER: Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity
is past. But have you a full promise of her?
[Enter the Jailer's Daughter with rushes.]
When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.
WOOER: I have, sir. Here she comes.
JAILER: [to Daughter.] Your friend and I have chanced to
name you here, upon the old business -- but no more

of that now. So soon as the court hurry is over we will
have an end of it. I'th' mean time, look tenderly to the
two prisoners. I can tell you they are princes. ... [II.1.20]
DAUGHTER: These strewings are for their chamber.
'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should
be out. I do think they have patience to make any
adversity ashamed; the prison itself is proud of 'em,
and they have all the world in their chamber.
JAILER: They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.
DAUGHTER: By my troth, I think fame but stammers
'em -- they stand a grece above the reach of report.
JAILER: I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers. ... [II.1.30]
DAUGHTER: Nay, most likely, for they are noble
sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked had
they been victors, that with such a constant nobility
enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their
mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.
JAILER: Do they so?
DAUGHTER: It seems to me they have no more
sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens. They
eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but
nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet ... [II.1.40]
sometime a divided sigh -- martyred as 'twere i' th'
deliverance -- will break from one of them, when the
other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could
wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher
to be comforted.
WOOER: I never saw 'em.
JAILER: The Duke himself came privately in the night,
[Palamon and Arcite appear at a window above.]
and so did they. What the reason of it is I know not.
Look, yonder they are. That's Arcite looks out.
DAUGHTER: No, sir, no -- that's Palamon. Arcite is ... [II.1.50]
the lower of the twain -- [pointing at Arcite.] you may
perceive a part of him.
JAILER: Go to, leave your pointing. They would not make
us their object. Out of their sight.
DAUGHTER: It is a holiday to look on them. Lord,
the difference of men!
Scene II. 2
Enter Palamon and Arcite in prison, (in shackles), above].
PALAMON: How do you, noble cousin?
ARCITE: ~~~ How do you, sir?
PALAMON: Why, strong enough to laugh at misery
And bear the chance of war. Yet we are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.
ARCITE: ~~~ I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

PALAMON: ~~~ O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? Where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honor, ... [II.2.10]
Hung with the painted favors of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us,
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripped the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
Our arms again and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us. Our good swords, now -- ... [II.2.20]
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore --
Ravished our sides, like age must run to rust
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us.
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning
To blast whole armies more.
ARCITE: ~~~ No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring. Here age must find us
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried --
The sweet embraces of a loving wife ... [II.2.30]
Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us;
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see
To glad our age, and, like young eagles, teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world. ... [II.2.40]
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.
PALAMON: 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holler; no more shake
Our pointed javelins whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages, ... [II.2.50]
Struck with our well-steeled darts. All valiant uses --
The food and nourishment of noble minds --
In us two here shall perish; we shall die --

Which is the curse of honor -- lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.
ARCITE: ~~~ Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising -- two mere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience
And the enjoying of our griefs together. ... [II.2.60]
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison.
PALAMON: ~~~ Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together. 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not, say they could.
A willing man dies sleeping and all's done.
ARCITE: Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?
PALAMON: ~~~ How, gentle cousin? ... [II.2.70]
ARCITE: Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honor
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another:
We are one another's wife, ever begetting ... [II.80
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are in one another, families --
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us. Here, with a little patience,
We shall live long and loving. No surfeits seek us --
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men ... [II.2.90]
Crave our acquaintance. I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
PALAMON: ~~~ You have made me --
I thank you, cousin Arcite -- almost wanton
With my captivity. What a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!

'Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here;
I am sure, a more content; and all those pleasures ... [II.2.100]
That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now, and am sufficient
To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses. ... [II.2.110]
Shall I say more?
ARCITE: ~~~ I would hear you still.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?
ARCITE: ~~~ Sure there cannot.
PALAMON: I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
ARCITE: ~~~ Till our deaths it cannot,
[Enter Emilia and her Woman (below). Palamon sees Emilia and is silent.]
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.
EMILIA: [to her Woman.] This garden has a worldÊof pleasure in't.
What flower is this?
WOMAN: ~~~ 'Tis called narcissus, madam.
EMILIA: That was a fair boy, certain, but a fool ... [II.2.120]
To love himself. Were there not maids enough?
ARCITE: [to Palamon.] Pray forward.
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes.
EMILIA: [to her Woman.] ~~~ ~~~ Or were they all hard-hearted?
WOMAN: They could not be to one so fair.
EMILIA: ~~~ Thou wouldst not.
WOMAN: I think I should not, madam.
EMILIA: ~~~ That's a good wench --
But take heed to your kindness, though.
WOMAN: ~~~ Why, madam?
EMILIA: Men are mad things.
ARCITE: [to Palamon.] ~~~ Will ye go forward, cousin?
EMILIA: [to her Woman.] Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
WOMAN: ~~~ Yes.
EMILIA: I'll have a gown full of 'em, and of these.
This is a pretty color -- will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
WOMAN: ~~~ Dainty, madam. ... [II.2.130]
ARCITE: [to Palamon.] Cousin, cousin, how do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
PALAMON: Never till now was I in prison, Arcite.
ARCITE: Why, what's the matter, man?

PALAMON: ~~~ Behold and wonder! [Arcite sees Emilia.]
By heaven, she is a goddess!
ARCITE: ~~~ Ha!
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ Do reverence.
She is a goddess, Arcite.
EMILIA: [to her Woman.] ~~~ Of all flowers
Methinks a rose is best.
WOMAN: ~~~ Why, gentle madam?
EMILIA: It is the very emblem of a maid --
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near her, ... [II.2.140]
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.
WOMAN: ~~~ Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for't -- a maid,
If she have any honor, would be loath
To take example by her.
EMILIA: ~~~ Thou art wanton.
ARCITE: [to Palamon.] She is wondrous fair.
PALAMON: ~~~ She is all the beauty extant.
EMILIA: [to her Woman.]
The sun grows high -- let's walk in. Keep these flowers.
We'll see how close art can come near their colors. ... [II.2.150]
I am wondrous merry-hearted -- I could laugh now.
WOMAN: I could lie down, I am sure.
EMILIA: ~~~ And take one with you?
WOMAN: That's as we bargain, madam.
EMILIA: ~~~ Well, agree then. [Exeunt Emilia and her Woman.]
PALAMON: What think you of this beauty?
ARCITE: ~~~ 'Tis a rare one.
PALAMON: Is't but a rare one?
ARCITE: ~~~ Yes, a matchless beauty.
PALAMON: Might not a man well lose himself and love her?
ARCITE: I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't. Now I feel my shackles.
PALAMON: You love her then?
ARCITE: Who would not? ... [II.2.160]
PALAMON: And desire her?
ARCITE: Before my liberty.
PALAMON: I saw her first.
ARCITE: ~~~ That's nothing.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ But it shall be.
ARCITE: I saw her too.
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes, but you must not love her
ARCITE: I will not, as you do, to worship her
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess!

I love her as a woman, to enjoy her --
So both may love.
PALAMON: ~~~ You shall not love at all.
ARCITE: Not love at all -- who shall deny me?
PALAMON: I that first saw her, I that took possession ... [II.2.170]
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her revealed to mankind. If thou lov'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her.
ARCITE: ~~~ Yes, I love her --
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul --
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! ... [II.2.180]
I say again,
I love her, and in loving her maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living
That is a man's son.
PALAMON: ~~~ Have I called thee friend?
ARCITE: Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved thus?
Let me deal coldly with you. Am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? You have told me
That I was Palamon and you were Arcite.
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes. ... [II.2.190]
ARCITE: Am I not liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
PALAMON: Ye may be.
ARCITE: ~~~ Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly. Do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
PALAMON: ~~~ No, but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
ARCITE: ~~~ Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honor down, and never charge?
PALAMON: Yes, if he be but one.
ARCITE: ~~~ But say that one ... [II.2.200]
Had rather combat me?
PALAMON: ~~~ Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom; else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain.
ARCITE: ~~~ You are mad.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ I must be.

Till thou art worthy, Arcite, it concerns me,
And in this madness if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
ARCITE: ~~~ Fie, sir.
You play the child extremely. I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare --
And all this justly.
PALAMON: ~~~ O, that now, that now ... [II.2.210]
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune --
To be one hour at liberty and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I would quickly teach thee
What t'were to filch affection from another.
Thou art baser in it than a cut-purse.
Put but thy head out of this window more
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.
ARCITE: Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble.
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out
And leap the garden when I see her next, [Enter the Jailer, above.] ... [II.2.220]
And pitch between her arms to anger thee.
PALAMON: No more -- the keeper's coming. I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
ARCITE: ~~~ Do.
JAILER: By your leave, gentlemen.
PALAMON: ~~~ Now, honest keeper?
JAILER: Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' Duke.
The cause I know not yet.
ARCITE: ~~~ I am ready, keeper.
JAILER: Prince Palamon, I must a while bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [Exeunt Arcite and the Jailer.]
PALAMON: ~~~ And me, too,
Even when you please, of life. Why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her -- he's goodly, ... [II.2.230]
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot -- ... [II.2.240]
How I would spread and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her;
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature they should fear her --
[Enter the Jailer, above.]

And then I am sure she would love me. How now, keeper,
Where's Arcite?
JAILER: ~~~ Banished -- Prince Pirithous
Obtained his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom. ... [II.2.250]
PALAMON: [aside] ~~~ He's a blessed man.
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire. Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble Arcite; thousand ways!
Were I at liberty I would do things ... [II.2.260]
Of such virtuous greatness that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.
JAILER: ~~~ My lord, for you
I have this charge to --
PALAMON: ~~~ to discharge my life.
JAILER: No, but from this place to remove your lordship --
The windows are too open.
PALAMON: ~~~ Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me -- prithee kill me.
JAILER: And hang for't afterward?
PALAMON: ~~~ By this good light,
Had I a sword I would kill thee.
JAILER: ~~~ Why, my lord?
PALAMON: Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually, ... [II.2.270]
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
JAILER: Indeed you must, my lord.
PALAMON: ~~~ May I see the garden?
JAILER: No.
PALAMON: Then I am resolved -- I will not go.
JAILER: I must constrain you, then; and for you are dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
PALAMON: ~~~ Do, good keeper.
I'll shake 'em so ye shall not sleep:
I'll make ye a new morris. Must I go?
JAILER: There is no remedy.
PALAMON: ~~~ Farewell, kind window.
May rude wind never hurt thee, O, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was, ... [II.2.280]
Dream how I suffer. Come, now bury me.
Scene II. 3
Enter Arcite.
ARCITE: Banished the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,

A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banished
The free enjoying of that face I die for --
O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination; such a vengeance
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou has the start now -- thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee. Thou shalt feed ... [II.3.10]
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.
Good gods! What happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her,
And if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his -- he has a tongue will tame
Tempests and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come,
The worst is death. I will not leave the kingdom.
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins, ... [II.3.20]
And no redress there. If I go he has her.
I am resolved another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way I am happy --
I'll see her and be near her, or no more.
[Enter four Country People, one of whom carries a garland before them. Arcite stands apart.]
1st COUNTRYMAN: My masters, I'll be there -- that's certain.
2d COUNTRYMAN: And I'll be there.
3d COUNTRYMAN: And I.
4th COUNTRYMAN: Why then, have with ye, boys!
~~~'Tis but a chiding --
Let the plow play today, I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails tomorrow.
1st COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ I am sure ... [II.3.30]
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey --
But that's all one. I'll go through, let her mumble.
2d COUNTRYMAN: Clap her aboard tomorrow night and stow her,
And all's made up again.
3d COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Ay, do but put
A fescue in her fist and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the maying?
4th COUNTRYMAN: Hold? What should ail us?
3d COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Arcas will be there.
2d COUNTRYMAN: And Sennois, and Rycas, and three
better lads ne'er danced under green tree; and ye know ... [II.3.40]
what wenches, ha? But will the dainty dominie, the
schoolmaster, keep touch, do you think? For he does
all, ye know.
3d COUNTRYMAN: He'll eat a hornbook ere he fail. Go
to, the matter's too far driven between him and the
~~~

tanner's daughter to let slip now, and she must see the
Duke, and she must dance too.
4th COUNTRYMAN: Shall we be lusty?
2d COUNTRYMAN: All the boys in Athens blow wind
i' th' breech on's! And here I'll be and there I'll be, for ... [II.3.50]
our town, and here again and there again -- ha, boys,
hey for the weavers!
1st COUNTRYMAN: This must be done i' th' woods.
4th COUNTRYMAN: O, pardon me.
2d COUNTRYMAN: By any means, our thing of learning
said so; where he himself will edify the Duke most
parlously in our behalfs -- he's excellent i' th' woods,
bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3d COUNTRYMAN: We'll see the sports, then every man
to's tackle -- and, sweet companions, let's rehearse, by ... [II.3.60]
any means, before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
and God know what may come on't.
4th COUNTRYMAN: Content -- the sports once ended,
we'll perform. Away boys, and hold.
ARCITE: [coming forward.]
By your leaves, honest friends, pray you whither go you?
4th COUNTRYMAN: Whither? Why, what a question's that?
ARCITE: Yet 'tis a question
To me that know not.
3d COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ To the games, my friend.
2d COUNTRYMAN: Where were you bred, you know it not?
ARCITE: ~~~ Not far, sir --
Are there such games today?
1st COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Yes, marry, are there, ... [II.3.70]
And such as you never saw. The Duke himself
Will be in person there.
ARCITE: ~~~ What pastimes are they?
2d COUNTRYMAN: Wrestling and running.
~~~[to the others.] 'Tis a pretty fellow.
3d COUNTRYMAN: [to Arcite.] Thou wilt not go along?
ARCITE: ~~~ Not yet, sir.
4th COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Well, sir,
Take your own time. [to the others.] Come, boys.
1st COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ My mind misgives me --
This fellow has a vengeance trick o'th' hip:
Mark how his body's made for't.
2d COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ I'll be hanged though
If he dare venture; hang him, plum porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs! Come, let's be gone, lads.
[Exeunt the four Countrymen.]
ARCITE: This is an offered opportunity ... [II.3.80]
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled --
The best men called it excellent -- and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
~~~

Curling the wealthy ears, never flew. I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there. Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [Exit.]
Scene II. 4
Enter the Jailer's Daughter.
DAUGHTER: Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He will never affect me. I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't,
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteen has once found us? First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him --
If he please to bestow it so -- as ever ... [II.4.10]
These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him,
And so would any young wench, o'my conscience,
That ever dreamed or vowed her maidenhead
To a young handsome man. Then, I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him --
And yet he had a cousin fair as he, too.
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken ... [II.4.20]
Was never gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
'Fair, gentle maid, good morrow. May thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband.' Once he kissed me --
I loved my lips the better ten days after.
Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery.
What should I do to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him. Say I ventured ... [II.4.430]
To set him free? What says the law then? Thus much
For law or kindred! I will do it,
And this night; ere tomorrow he shall love me. [Exit.]
Scene II. 5
Short flourish of cornets and shouts within. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Emilia, Arcite disguised, with a garland, and attendants.
THESEUS: You have done worthily. I have not seen
Since Hercules a man of tougher sinews.
Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle
That these times can allow.
ARCITE: ~~~ I am proud to please you.
THESEUS: What country bred you?

ARCITE: ~~~ This -- but far off, prince.
THESEUS: Are you a gentleman?
ARCITE: ~~~ My father said so,
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
THESEUS: Are you his heir?
ARCITE: ~~~ His youngest, sir.
THESEUS: ~~~ ~~~ Your father
Sure is a happy sire, then. What proves you?
ARCITE: A little of all noble qualities. ... [II.5.10]
I could have kept a hawk and well have hollered
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
THESEUS: ~~~ You are perfect.
PIRITHOUS: Upon my soul, a proper man.
EMILIA: ~~~ He is so.
PIRITHOUS: [to Hippolyta.] How do you like him, lady?
HIPPOLYTA ~~~ I admire him.
I have not seen so young a man so noble --
If he say true -- of his sort.
EMILIA: ~~~ Believe
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman -- ... [II.5.20]
His face methinks goes that way.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
PIRITHOUS: Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ He's well got, sure.
THESEUS: [to Arcite.] What made you seek this place, sir?
ARCITE: ~~~ Noble Theseus,
To purchase name and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth,
For only in thy court of all the world
Dwells fair-eyed honor.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ All his words are worthy.
THESEUS: [to Arcite.] Sir, we are much indebted to your travel, ... [II.5.30]
Nor shall you lose your wish. -- Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Thanks, Theseus.
[to Arcite.] Whate'er you are, you're mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin; pray observe her goodness.
You have honored her fair birthday with your virtues,
And as your due you're hers. Kiss her fair hand, sir.
ARCITE: Sir, you're a noble giver. [to Emilia.] Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vowed faith. [He kisses her hand.]
~~~ When your servant,
Your most unworthy creature, but offends you, ... [II.5.40]
~~~

Command him die, he shall.
EMILIA: ~~~ That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't.
You're mine, and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.
PIRITHOUS: [to Arcite.] I'll see you furnished, and, because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride -- but 'tis a rough one.
ARCITE: I like him better, prince -- I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
THESEUS: [to Hippolyta.] ~~~ Sweet, you must be ready --
And you, Emilia, [to Pirithous.] and you, friend -- and all,
Tomorrow by the sun, to do observance ... [II.5.50]
To flow'ry May in Dian's wood. [to Arcite.] Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress. -- Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
EMILIA: ~~~ That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses. [to Arcite.] Take your choice, and what
You want, at any time, let me but know it.
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you,
You'll find a loving mistress.
ARCITE: ~~~ If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated --
Disgrace and blows.
THESEUS: ~~~ Go, lead the way -- you have won it.
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues ... [II.5.60]
Fit for the honor you have won. 'Twere wrong else.
[to Emilia.] Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant
That, if I were a woman, would be master.
But you are wise.
EMILIA: ~~~ I hope too wise for that, sir. [Flourish. Exeunt.]
Scene II. 6
Enter the Jailer's Daughter.
DAUGHTER: Let all the dukes and all the devils roar --
He is at liberty! I have ventured for him,
And out I have brought him. To a little wood
A mile hence I have sent him, where a cedar
Higher than all the rest spreads like a plane,
Fast by a brook -- and there he shall keep close
'Till I provide him files and food, for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron than done it. ... [II.6.10]
I love him beyond love and beyond reason
Or wit or safety. I have made him know it --
I care not, I am desperate. If the law
Find me and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,

I purpose, is my way too. Sure, he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
If he do, maids will not so easily ... [II.6.20]
Trust men again. And yet, he has not thanked me
For what I have done -- no, not so much as kissed me --
And that, methinks, is not so well. Nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a free man,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him. Let him do
What he will with me -- so he use me kindly.
For use me, so he shall, or I'll proclaim him, ... [II.6.30]
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him with necessaries and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a patch of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me. By him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the hubbub
Will be all o'er the prison -- I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father;
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him. [Exit.]

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Fletcher & Shakespeare's
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

ACT III
Scene III. 1
A bush in place. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hollering as of people a-Maying. Enter Arcite.
ARCITE: The Duke has lost Hippolyta -- each took
A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloomed May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. O, Queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th'enameled knacks o'th' mead or garden -- yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O'th' wood, o'th' world, has likewise blessed a pace ... [III.1.10]
With thy sole presence in thy
[~~~] rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between
And chop on some cold thought. Thrice blessed chance
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't! Tell me, O Lady Fortune,
Next after Emily my sovereign, how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st of all the year, presents me with ... [III.1.20]
A brace of horses -- two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings backed, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner -- thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing to be
So near Emilia. Me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free. But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I eared her language, lived in her eye -- O, coz, ... [III.1.30]
hat passion would enclose thee!
[Enter Palamon as out of a bush with his shackles. He bends his fist at Arcite.]
PALAMON: ~~~ Traitor kinsman,
Thou shouldst perceive my passion if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I and the justice of my love would make thee
A confessed traitor. O thou most perfidious
That ever gently looked, the void'st of honor
That e'er bore gentle token, falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin -- call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands, ... [III.1.40]

Void of appointment, that thou liest and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord
Not worth the name of villain. Had I a sword
And these house-clogs away --
ARCITE: ~~~ Dear cousin Palamon --
PALAMON: Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou has showed me feat.
ARCITE: ~~~ Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon holds me to
This gentleness of answer -- 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which, to you being enemy, [III.1.50]
Cannot to me be kind. Honor and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
PALAMON: ~~~ That thou durst, Arcite!
ARCITE: My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare; you've seen me use my sword ... [III.1.60]
Against th'advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' th' sanctuary.
PALAMON: ~~~ Sir,
I have seen you move in such a place which well
Might justify your manhood; you were called
A good knight and a bold. But the whole week's not fair
If any day it rain: their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery,
And then they fight like compelled bears -- would fly
Were they not tied.
ARCITE: ~~~ Kinsman, you might as well ... [III.1.70]
Speak this and act it in your glass as to
His ear which now disdains you.
PALAMON: ~~~ Come up to me,
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me. Come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine -- I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades
That have died manly, which will seek of me ... [III.1.80]
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this --
That thou art brave and noble.
ARCITE: ~~~ Be content,

Again betake you to your hawthorn house.
With counsel of the night I will be here
With wholesome viands. These impediments
Will I file off. You shall have garments and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison. After,
When you shall stretch yourself and say but 'Arcite,
I am in plight', there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armor.
PALAMON: ~~~ O, you heavens, dares any ... [III.1.90]
So noble bear a guilty business! None
But only Arcite, therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
ARCITE: ~~~ Sweet Palamon.
PALAMON: I do embrace you and your offer -- for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish [Wind horns within]
More than my sword's edge on't.
ARCITE: ~~~ You hear the horns --
Enter your musit lest this match between's
Be crossed ere met. Give me your hand, farewell.
I'll bring you every needful thing -- I pray you, ... [III.1.100]
Take comfort and be strong.
PALAMON: ~~~ Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow. Most certain
You love me not -- be rough with me and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff, my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.
ARCITE: ~~~ Plainly spoken,
Yet -- pardon me -- hard language: when I spur [Wind horns within.]
My horse I chide him not. Content and anger
In me have but one face. Hark, sir, they call
The scattered to the banquet. You must guess ... [III.1.110]
I have an office there.
PALAMON: ~~~ Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
Unjustly is achieved.
ARCITE: ~~~ 'Tis a good title.
I am persuaded this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea
And talk of it no more.
PALAMON: ~~~ But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress --
For note you, mine she is --
ARCITE: ~~~ Nay then --
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ Nay, pray you --
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength -- [III.1.120]
You are going now to look upon a sun

That strengthens what it looks on. There you have
A vantage o'er me, but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.
[Exeunt severally, Palamon as into the bush.]
Scene III. 2
Enter the Jailer's Daughter, with a file.
DAUGHTER: He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well nigh morning.
No matter -- would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o'th' world. Hark, 'tis a wolf!
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing -- and that's Palamon.
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hollered for him?
I cannot holler. If I whooped, what then?
If he not answered, I should call a wolf [III.2.10]
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night -- why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jangling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarmed, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces: they howled many together
And then they fed on him. So much for that.
Be bold to ring the bell. How stand I then? ... [III.2.20]
All's chared when he is gone. No, no, I lie:
My father's to be hanged for his escape,
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act -- but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens. I am moped --
Food took I none these two days,
Sipped some water. I have not closed mine eyes
Save when my lids scoured off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life; let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown or stab or hang myself. [III.2.30]
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warped. So which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave,
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn. All offices are done
Save what I fail in; but the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [Exit.]
Scene III. 3
Enter Arcite with a bundle containing meat, wine, and files.
ARCITE: I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!
PALAMON: Arcite.
ARCITE: ~~~ The same, I have brought you food and files.

Come forth and fear not, here's no Theseus.
PALAMON: Nor none so honest, Arcite.
ARCITE: ~~~ That's no matter --
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage --
You shall not die thus beastly. Here, sir, drink;
I know you are faint. Then I'll talk further with you.
PALAMON: Arcite, you mightst now poison me.
ARCITE: ~~~ I might --
But I must fear you first. Sit down and, good now,
No more of these vain parleys. Let us not, ... [III.3.8]
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health, sir.
PALAMON: Do. [Arcite drinks.]
ARCITE: Pray sit down, then, and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honor in you,
No mention of this woman -- 'twill disturb us.
We shall have time enough.
PALAMON: ~~~ Well, sir, I'll pledge you. [Palamon drinks.]
ARCITE: Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
PALAMON: ~~~ Stay, I'll tell you
After a draught or two more. [Palamon drinks.]
ARCITE: ~~~ Spare it not --
The Duke has more, coz. Eat now.
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes. [Palamon eats.]
ARCITE: ~~~ ~~~ I am glad ... [III.3.20]
You have so good a stomach.
PALAMON: ~~~ I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
ARCITE: ~~~ Is't not mad, lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
ARCITE: ~~~ How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
PALAMON: ~~~ Not much.
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
ARCITE: ~~~ Venison.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ 'Tis a lusty meat --
Give me more wine. Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days. [Drinking.] The lord steward's daughter.
Do you remember her?
ARCITE: ~~~ After you, coz. ... [III.3.30]
PALAMON: She loved a black-haired man.
ARCITE: ~~~ She did so; well, sir.
PALAMON: And I have heard some call him Arcite, and --
ARCITE: Out with't, faith.
PALAMON: ~~~ She met him in an arbor --

What did she there, coz? Play o'th' virginals?
ARCITE: Something she did, sir --
PALAMON: ~~~ Made her groan a month for't --
Or two, or three, or ten.
ARCITE: ~~~ The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad. You'll pledge her?
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes. [They drink.]
ARCITE: A pretty brown wench 'tis. There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood, ... [III.3.40]
And a broad beech, and thereby hangs a tale --
Heigh-ho!
PALAMON: ~~~ For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strained mirth. I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
ARCITE: ~~~ You are wide.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ By heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest.
ARCITE: ~~~ Then I'll leave you --
You are a beast now.
PALAMON: ~~~ As thou mak'st me, traitor.
ARCITE: [Pointing to the bundle.]
There's all things needful: files and shirts and perfumes --
I'll come again some two hours hence and bring
That that shall quiet all.
PALAMON: ~~~ A sword and armor. ... [III.3.50]
ARCITE: Fear me not. You are now too foul. Farewell.
Get off your trinkets: you shall want naught.
PALAMON: ~~~ Sirrah --
ARCITE: I'll hear no more. [Exit.]
PALAMON: ~~~ If he keep touch, he dies for't. [Exit, as into the bush.]
Scene III. 4
Enter the Jailer's Daughter.
DAUGHTER: I am very cold, and all the stars are out too,
The little stars and all that, that look like aglets --
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no, he's in heaven. Where am I now?
Yonder's the sea and there's a ship -- how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water --
Now, now, it beats upon it -- now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung, a sound one -- how they cry!
Open her before the wind -- you'll lose all else.
Up with a course or two and tack about, boys. ... [III.4.10]
Good night, good night, you're gone. I am very hungry.
Would I could find a fine frog -- he would tell me
News from all parts o'th' world, then would I make
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pygmies,

For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is trussed up in a trice
Tomorrow morning. I'll say never a word.
[She sings.]
For I'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye, ... [III.4.20]
Hey nonny, nonny, nonny,
He s'buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, through the world that is so wide,
Hey nonny, nonny, nonny
O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against. I shall sleep like a top else. [Exit.]
Scene III. 5
Enter Gerald (a schoolmaster), five Countrymen, one of whom is dressed as a Babion [baboon], five Wenches, and Timothy, a taborer. All are attired as morris dancers.
SCHOOLMASTER: Fie, fie,
What tediosity and disinsanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labored so long with ye, milked unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye?
And do you still cry 'how?' and 'wherefore?'
You most coarse frieze capacities, ye jean judgments,
Have I said, 'thus let be', and 'there let be',
And 'then let be', and no man understand me? ... [III.5.10]
Proh deum, medius fidius -- ye are all dunces.
For why, here stand I. Here the Duke comes. There are you,
Close in the thicket. The Duke appears. I meet him,
And unto him I offer learned things
And many figures. He hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries, 'Rare!', and I go forward. At length
I fling my cap up -- mark there -- then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently, ... [III.5.20]
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.
1st COUNTRYMAN: And sweetly we will do it, master Gerald.
2d COUNTRYMAN: Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
3d Why, Timothy!
TABORER: ~~~ Here, my mad boys, have at ye!
SCHOOLMASTER: But I say, where's these women?
4th COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Here's Friz and Madeline.
2d COUNTRYMAN: And little Luce with the white legs, and bounding Barbara.
1st COUNTRYMAN: And freckled Nell, that never failed her master.
SCHOOLMASTER: Where be your ribbons, maids? Swim with your bodies
And carry it sweetly and deliverly,
And now and then a favor and a frisk. ... [III.5.30]
NELL: Let us alone, sir.
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Where's the rest o'th' music?

3d COUNTRYMAN: Dispersed as you commanded.
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Couple, then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the babion?
[to the Babion.] My friend, carry your tail without offense
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity and manhood,
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
BABION ~~~ Yes, sir.
SCHOOLMASTER: Quousque tandem? Here is a woman wanting!
4th COUNTRYMAN: We may go whistle -- all the fat's i' th' fire.
SCHOOLMASTER: We have, ... [III.5.40]
As learned authors utter, washed a tile;
We have been fatuous, and labored vainly.
2d COUNTRYMAN: This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here --
Cicely, the seamstress' daughter.
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin.
Nay, an she fail me once -- you can tell, Arcas,
She swore by wine and bread she would not break.
SCHOOLMASTER: An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail ... [III.5.50]
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail --
In manners this was false position.
1st COUNTRYMAN: A fire-ill take her! Does she flinch now?
3d COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ What
Shall we determine, sir?
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity.
4th COUNTRYMAN: Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampold, now to piss o'th' nettle!
Go thy ways -- I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!
[Enter the Jailer's Daughter.]
DAUGHTER: [sings]
The George Alow came from the south, ... [III.5.60]
From the coast of Barbary-a;
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.
'Well hailed, well hailed, you jolly gallants,
And whither now are you bound-a?
O let me have your company
Till I come to the sound-a.'
There was three fools fell out about an owlet --
The one he said it was an owl,
The other he said nay, ... [III.5.70]
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.
3d COUNTRYMAN: There's a dainty madwoman, master,
Comes i' th' nick, as mad as a March hare.

If we can get her dance, we are made again.
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.
1st COUNTRYMAN: A madwoman? We are made, boys.
SCHOOLMASTER: [to the Jailer's Daughter.] And are you mad, good woman?
DAUGHTER: ~~~ I would be sorry else.
Give me your hand.
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Why?
DAUGHTER: ~~~ ~~~ I can tell your fortune. [She examines his hand.]
You are a fool. Tell ten -- I have posed him. Buzz! ... [III.5.80]
Friend, you must eat no white bread -- if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you -- you're a tinker, Sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes but what you should.
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Dii boni --
A tinker, damsel?
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Or a conjurer --
Raise me a devil now and let him play
Qui passa o'th' bells and bones.
SCHOOLMASTER: ~~~ Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace.
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, hec ignis --
Strike up, and lead her in.
2 COUNTRYMAN: ~~~ Come, lass, let's trip it. ... [III.5.90]
DAUGHTER: I'll lead.
3 COUNTRYMAN: Do, do.
SCHOOLMASTER: Persuasively and cunningly --
[Wind horns within.] ~~~ away, boys,
I hear the horns. Give me some meditation,
And mark your cue.
[Exeunt all but Gerald the Schoolmaster.] ~~~ Pallas inspire me.
[Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and train.]
THESEUS: This way the stag took.
SCHOOLMASTER: Stay and edify.
THESEUS: What have we here?
PIRITHOUS: Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
THESEUS: [to the Schoolmaster.] Well sir, go forward -- we will edify. [III.5.100]
Ladies, sit down -- we'll stay it.
[They sit, Theseus in a chair, the others on stools.]
SCHOOLMASTER: Thou doughty Duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies.
THESEUS: This is a cold beginning.
SCHOOLMASTER: If you but favor, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish 'villager';
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or by a figure, chorus,
That fore thy dignity will dance a morris. ... [III.5.110]
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title, pedagogus, that let fall

The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame;
And dainty Duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Daedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty 'Moor' -- of mickle weight -- ... [III.5.120]
'Ice' now comes in, which, being glued together,
Makes 'morris', and the cause that we come hither.
The body of our sport, of no small study,
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenor
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright;
The Chambermaid and Serving man, by night
That seek out silent hanging; then mine Host
And his fat Spouse, that welcomes, to their cost, ... [III.5.130]
The galled traveler, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning;
Then the beest-eating Clown; and next, the Fool;
The babion with long tail and eke long tool,
Cum multis alits that make a dance --
Say 'aye', and all shall presently advance.
THESEUS: Ay, aye, by any means, dear dominie.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Produce.
SCHOOLMASTER: [Knocks for the dance.]
Intrate filii, come forth and foot it.
[He flings up his cap.] Music.
[The Schoolmaster ushers in May Lord, May Lady, Serving man, Chambermaid, A Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench, An Host, Hostess, A He-Babion, She-Babion, A He-fool, The Jailer's Daughter, as She-fool.]
[All these people appareled to the life, the men issuing out of one door and the wenches from the other. They dance a morris.]
Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleased ye with a derry, ... [III.5.140]
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleased thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.
THESEUS: Take twenty, dominie. [to Hippolyta.] How does my sweetheart?
HIPPOLYTA: Never so pleased, sir.
EMILIA: ~~~ 'Twas an excellent dance, ... [III.5.150]
And for a preface, I never heard a better.
THESEUS: Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded.

PIRITHOUS: And here's something to paint your pole withal.
[He gives them money.]
THESEUS: Now to our sports again.
SCHOOLMASTER: May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong;
May they kill him without lets,
And the ladies eat his dowsets.
[Exit Theseus and train. Wind horns within.]
Come, we are all made. Dii deaeque omnes,
Ye have danced rarely, wenches. [Exeunt.]
Scene III. 6
Enter Palamon from the bush.
PALAMON: About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armors; if he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants. I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe, and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer ... [III.6.10]
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier. Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice.
So, love and fortune for me!
[Enter Arcite with two armors and two swords.]
~~~ O, good morrow.
ARCITE: Good morrow, noble kinsman.
PALAMON: ~~~ I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
ARCITE: ~~~ That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.
PALAMON: Would you were so in all, sir -- I could wish ye ... [III.6.20]
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.
ARCITE: ~~~ I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
PALAMON: ~~~ Then I shall quit you.
ARCITE: Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
More than a mistress to me -- no more anger,
As you love anything that's honorable.
We were not bred to talk, man. When we are armed
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us; ... [III.6.30]
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
~~~

Truly pertains -- without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys -- will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Will't please you arm, sir?
Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnished with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spared. Your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I loved her, ... [III.6.40]
Though I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
PALAMON: Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee.
I am well and lusty -- choose your arms.
ARCITE: ~~~ Choose you, sir.
PALAMON: Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
ARCITE: ~~~ If you think so, cousin,
You are deceived, for as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you.
PALAMON: ~~~ That's well said.
ARCITE: ~~~ ~~~ You'll find it.
PALAMON: Then as I am an honest man, and love ... [III.6.50]
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly. [He chooses one armor.] This I'll take.
ARCITE [indicating the remaining armor.] ~~~ That's mine, then.
I'll arm you first.
PALAMON: ~~~ Do. [Arcite arms Palamon.] Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where gott'st thou this good Armour?
ARCITE: ~~~ 'Tis the Duke's,
And to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
PALAMON: ~~~ No.
ARCITE: Is't not too heavy?
PALAMON: ~~~ I have worn a lighter --
But I shall make it serve.
ARCITE: ~~~ I'll buckle't close.
PALAMON: By any means.
ARCITE: ~~~ You care not for a grand guard?
PALAMON: No, no, we'll use no horses. I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
ARCITE: ~~~ I am indifferent. ... [III.6.60]
PALAMON: Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
ARCITE: ~~~ I warrant you.
PALAMON: ~~~ ~~~ My casque now.
ARCITE: Will you fight bare-armed?
PALAMON: ~~~ We shall be the nimbler.
ARCITE: But use your gauntlets, though -- those are o'th' least.
Prithee take mine, good cousin.

PALAMON: ~~~ Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look, Am I fall'n much away?
ARCITE: Faith, very little -- love has used you kindly.
PALAMON: I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.
ARCITE: ~~~ Do, and spare not --
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
PALAMON: ~~~ Now to you, sir. [Palamon arms Arcite.]
Methinks this armor's very like that, Arcite, ... [III.6.70]
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
ARCITE: That was a very good one, and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin.
I never saw such valor. When you charged
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurred hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
PALAMON: ~~~ You had indeed --
A bright bay, I remember.
ARCITE: ~~~ Yes, but all
Was vainly labored in me -- you outwent me, ... [III.6.80]
Nor could my wishes reach you. Yet a little
I did by imitation.
PALAMON: ~~~ More by virtue --
You are modest, cousin.
ARCITE: ~~~ When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
PALAMON: ~~~ But still before that flew
The lightning of your valor. Stay a little,
Is not this piece too strait?
ARCITE: ~~~ No, no, 'tis well.
PALAMON: I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword --
A bruise would be dishonor.
ARCITE: ~~~ Now I am perfect.
PALAMON: Stand off, then.
ARCITE: ~~~ Take my sword; I hold it better.
PALAMON: I thank ye. No, keep it -- your life lies on it. ... [III.6.90]
Here's one -- if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honor guard me.
ARCITE: And me, my love.
They bow several ways, then advance and stand.)
~~~ Is there aught else to say?
PALAMON: This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual:
In me, thine, and in thee, mine. My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou kill'st me,
The gods and I forgive thee. If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honor,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it. [III.6.100]
Fight bravely, cousin. Give me thy noble hand.
~~~

ARCITE: Here, Palamon. This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
PALAMON: ~~~ I commend thee.
ARCITE: If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward --
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more farewell, my cousin.
PALAMON: ~~~ Farewell, Arcite. [Fight. Horns within; they stand.]
ARCITE: Lo, cousin, lo, our folly has undone us.
PALAMON: ~~~ Why?
ARCITE: This is the Duke a-hunting, as I told you.
If we be found, we are wretched. O, retire,
For honor's sake, and safely, presently, ... [III.6.110]
Into your bush again. Sir, we shall find
Too many hours to die. In, gentle cousin --
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,
for my contempt. Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
PALAMON: ~~~ No, no, cousin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial.
I know your cunning and I know your cause -- ... [III.6.120]
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard --
ARCITE: ~~~ You are not mad?
PALAMON: Or I will make th'advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia, and in that I'll bury
Thee and all crosses else.
ARCITE: ~~~ Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep. Only this fears me, [III.6.130]
The law will have the honor of our ends.
Have at thy life!
PALAMON: ~~~ Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[They fight again. Horns, Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous,
and train. Theseus separates Palamon and Arcite.]
THESEUS: What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that 'gainst the tenor of my laws
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die.
PALAMON: ~~~ Hold thy word, Theseus.
We are certainly both traitors both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness. I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison --
Think well what that deserves. And this is Arcite; ... [III.6.140]

A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seemed friend. This is the man
Was begged and banished; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thine own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
Whose servant -- if there be a right in seeing
And first bequeathing of the soul to -- justly
I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover, ... [III.6.150]
I called him now to answer. If thou be'st
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again', and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy.
Then take my life -- I'll woo thee to't.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ O heaven,
What more than man is this!
THESEUS: ~~~ I have sworn.
ARCITE: ~~~ ~~~ We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus. 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more moved. Where this man calls me traitor ... [III.6.160]
Let me say this much -- if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have served her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, Duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her, and if she say, 'Traitor', ... [III.6.170]
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
PALAMON: Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy. Stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labors crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, Duke.
Only a little let him fall before me.
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
THESEUS: I grant your wish; for to say true, your cousin ... [III.6.180]
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offenses
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em,
For ere the sun set both shall sleep for ever.
HIPPOLYTA: [to Emilia.] Alas, the pity! Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied. That face of yours

Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.
EMILIA: ~~~ In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin.
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em. ... [III.6.190]
Yet that I will be woman and have pity, [She kneels.]
My kneels shall grow to th' ground, but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister -- in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us.
[Hippolyta kneels.] Most royal brother --
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Sir, by our tie of marriage --
EMILIA: By your own spotless honor --
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me --
EMILIA: By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite --
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ By valor,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you -- ... [III.6.200]
THESEUS: These are strange conjurings.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Nay, then, I'll in too.
[He kneels.] By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most: wars, and this sweet lady --
EMILIA: By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid --
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ By your own eyes, by strength --
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men -- and yet I yielded, Theseus --
PIRITHOUS: To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first --
HIPPOLYTA: Next hear my prayers -- ... [III.6.210]
EMILIA: ~~~ Last let me entreat, sir --
PIRITHOUS: For mercy.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Mercy.
EMILIA: ~~~ ~~~ Mercy on these princes.
THESEUS: Ye make my faith reel. Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it? [They rise.]
EMILIA: Upon their lives -- but with their banishments.
THESEUS: You are a right woman, sister: you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment. Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day ... [III.6.220]
They'd fight about you, hourly bring your honor
In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
And her forget 'em. It concerns your credit
And my oath equally. I have said -- they die.
Better they fall by th' law than one another.
Bow not my honor.

EMILIA: ~~~ O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger.
Your reason will not hold it. If such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours, ... [III.6.230]
Of more authority, I am sure more love --
Not made in passion, neither, but good heed.
THESEUS: What is it, sister?
PIRITHOUS: [to Emilia] ~~~ Urge it home, brave lady.
EMILIA: That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
I tie you to your word now; if ye fail in't,
Think how you maim your honor --
For now I am set a-begging, sir. I am deaf
To all but your compassion -- how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion. ... [III.6.240]
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom: do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms
Because they may be rotten? O, Duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groaned for these,
And all the longing maids that ever loved,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women. ... [III.6.250]
For heaven's sake, save their lives and banish 'em.
THESEUS: On what conditions?
EMILIA: ~~~ Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom; and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
PALAMON: ~~~ I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath -- forget I love her?
O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along -- else, never trifle, ... [III.6.260]
But take our lives, Duke. I must love, and will;
And for that love must and dare kill this cousin
On any piece the earth has.
THESEUS: ~~~ Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
PALAMON: ~~~ He's a villain then.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ ~~~ These are men!
ARCITE: No, never, Duke. 'Tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honor of affection and die for her,

Make death a devil.
THESEUS: What may be done? For now I feel compassion. ... [III.6.270]
PIRITHOUS: Let it not fall again, sir.
THESEUS: ~~~ Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead -- as one must -- are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of. Look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference.
I give consent. [to Palamon and Arcite.] Are you content too, princes?
PALAMON and ARCITE: With all our souls.
THESEUS: ~~~ He that she refuses
Must die, then.
PALAMON and ARCITE: ~~~ Any death thou canst invent, Duke. ... [III.6.280]
PALAMON: If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
ARCITE: If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
THESEUS: [to Emilia.] ~~~ Make choice, then.
EMILIA: I cannot, sir. They are both too excellent
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
HIPPOLYTA: [to Theseus.] What will become of 'em?
THESEUS: ~~~ Thus I ordain it,
And by mine honor once again it stands,
Or both shall die. [to Palamon and Arcite.] You shall both to your country,
And each within this month, accompanied ... [III.6.290]
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid; and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin,
By fair and knightly strength, to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?
PALAMON: ~~~ Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I am friends again till that hour.
ARCITE: ~~~ I embrace ye.
THESEUS: [to Emilia.] Are you content, sister?
EMILIA: ~~~ Yes, I must, sir. ... [III.6.300]
Else both miscarry.
THESEUS: [to Palamon and Arcite.] Come, shake hands again, then,
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefixed, and hold your course.
PALAMON: We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
THESEUS: ~~~ Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins I'll settle here,
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.

[Exeunt. The bush is removed.]

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Fletcher & Shakespeare's
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

ACT IV
Scene IV. 1
Enter the Jailer and his Friend.
JAILER: Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember.
FRIEND: ~~~ Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended. Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: for Hippolyta
And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees
Begged with such handsome pity that the Duke,
Methought, stood staggering whether he should follow ... [IV.1.10]
His rash oath or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them
That truly noble prince, Pirithous --
Half his own heart -- set in too, that I hope
All shall be well. Neither heard I one question
Of your name or his scape. [Enter the Second Friend.]
JAILER: ~~~ Pray heaven it hold so.

2 FRIEND: Be of good comfort, man. I bring you news,
Good news.
JAILER: ~~~ They are welcome.
2 FRIEND: ~~~ ~~~ Palamon has cleared you,
And got your pardon, and discovered how
And by whose means he scaped -- which was your daughter's, ... [IV.1.20]
Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner,
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,
Has given a sum of money to her marriage --
A large one, I'll assure you.
JAILER: ~~~ Ye are a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ How was it ended?
2 FRIEND: Why, as it should be: they that ne'er begged,
But they prevailed, had their suits fairly granted --
The prisoners have their lives.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ I knew't would be so.
2 FRIEND: But there be new conditions which you'll hear of
At better time.
JAILER: ~~~ I hope they are good.
2 FRIEND: ~~~ ~~~ They are honorable -- ... [IV.1.30]
How good they'll prove I know not. [Enter the Wooer.]
1 FRIEND: ~~~ 'Twill be known.
WOOER: Alas, sir, where's your daughter?
JAILER: ~~~ Why do you ask?
WOOER: O, sir, when did you see her?
2 FRIEND: ~~~ How he looks!
JAILER: This morning.
WOOER: ~~~ Was she well? Was she in health?
Sir, when did she sleep?
1 FRIEND: ~~~ These are strange questions.
JAILER: I do not think she was very well: for now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I asked her questions and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool, ... [IV.1.40]
An innocent -- and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
WOOER: ~~~ Nothing but my pity --
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her --
JAILER: Well, sir?
1 FRIEND: ~~~ Not right?
WOOER: ~~~ ~~~ No, sir, not well.
2 FRIEND: ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ Not well?
WOOER: 'Tis too true -- she is mad.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ It cannot be.
WOOER: Believe, you'll find it so.
JAILER: ~~~ I half suspected

What you told me -- the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape, ... [IV.1.50]
Or both.
WOOER: ~~~ 'Tis likely.
JAILER: ~~~ ~~~ But why all this haste, sir?
WOOER: I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice -- a shrill one -- and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came hear, but yet perceived not ... [IV.1.60]
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompassed it. I laid me down
And listened to the words she sung, for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
JAILER: ~~~ Pray go on, sir.
WOOER: She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often -- 'Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out tomorrow.'
1 FRIEND: ~~~ Pretty soul!
WOOER: 'His shackles will betray him -- he'll be taken, ... [IV.1.70]
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic fore the Duke
And beg his pardon.' Then she talked of you, sir --
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
Nothing but 'willow, willow, willow', and between... [IV.1.80]
Ever was 'Palamon, fair Palamon',
And 'Palamon was a tall young man'. The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
A wreath of bull-rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand freshwater flowers of several colors --
That she appeared, methought, like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropped down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies -- 'Thus our true love's tied', ... [IV.1.90]
'This you may lose, not me', and many a one.
And then she wept, and sung again, and sighed --
And with the same breath smiled and kissed her hand.

2 FRIEND: Alas, what pity it is!
WOOER: ~~~ I made in to her;
She saw me and straight sought the flood -- I saved her,
And set her safe to land, when presently
She slipped away and to the city made,
With such a cry and swiftness that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her -- one of 'em ... [IV.1.100]
I knew to be your brother, where she stayed
And fell, scarce to be got away. I left them with her,
[Enter the Jailer's Brother, the Jailer's Daughter, and others.]
And hither came to tell you -- here they are.
DAUGHTER: [sings.] 'May you never more enjoy the light ...' --
Is not this a fine song?
BROTHER: ~~~ O, a very fine one.
DAUGHTER: I can sing twenty more.
BROTHER: ~~~ I think you can.
DAUGHTER: Yes, truly can I -- I can sing 'The Broom'
And 'Bonny Robin' -- are not you a tailor?
BROTHER: Yes.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Where's my wedding gown?
BROTHER: ~~~ ~~~ I'll bring it tomorrow.
DAUGHTER: Do, very rarely -- I must be abroad else, ... [IV.1.110]
To call the maids and pay the minstrels,
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock light,
'Twill never thrive else. [Sings.] 'O fair, O sweet . . .'
BROTHER: [to the Jailer.] You must e'en take it patiently.
JAILER: ~~~ ÔTis true.
DAUGHTER: Good ev'n, good men. Pray, did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
JAILER: ~~~ Yes, wench, we know him.
DAUGHTER: Is't not a fine young gentleman?
JAILER: ~~~ 'Tis, love.
BROTHER: By no mean cross her, she is then distempered
Far worse than now she shows.
1 FRIEND: [to the Jailer's Daughter.] ~~~ Yes, he's a fine man.
DAUGHTER: O, is he so? You have a sister.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ Yes. ... [IV.1.120]
DAUGHTER: But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know. You'd best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone -- she's done
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone. Is't not a wise course?
1 FRIEND: ~~~ Yes.
DAUGHTER: There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys --
He has the trick on't -- and at ten years old ... [IV.1.130]

They must be all gelt for musicians
And sing the wars of Theseus.
2 FRIEND: ~~~ This is strange.
[JAILER'S BROTHER] As ever you heard, but say nothing.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ No.
DAUGHTER: They come from all parts of the dukedom to him.
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch. He'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
JAILER: ~~~ She's lost.
Past all cure.
BROTHER: ~~~ Heaven forbid, man!
DAUGHTER: [to the Jailer.] Come hither -- you are a wise man.
1 FRIEND: ~~~ Does she know him?
2 FRIEND: No -- would she did.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ You are master of a ship? ... [IV.1.140]
JAILER: Yes.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Where's your compass?
JAILER: ~~~ ~~~ Here.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ Set it to th' north.
And now direct your course to th' wood where Palamon
Lies longing for me. For the tackling,
Let me alone. Come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly all.
Uff, uff, uff! 'Tis up. The wind's fair. Top the bowline.
Out with the mainsail. Where's your whistle, master?
BROTHER: Let's get her in.
JAILER: Up to the top, boy!
BROTHER: ~~~ Where's the pilot?
1 FRIEND: ~~~ ~~~ Here.
DAUGHTER: What kenn'st thou?
2 FRIEND: ~~~ A fair wood.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ ~~~ Bear for it, master.
Tack about!
[Sings] 'When Cynthia with her borrowed light' . . . [Exeunt.]
Scene IV. 2
Enter Emilia, with two pictures.
EMILIA: Yet I may bind these wounds up that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else -- I'll choose,
And end their strife. Two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers
Following the dead cold ashes of their sons,
Shall; never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman and had in her ... [IV.2.10]
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
Of what fiery sparkle and quick sweetness

Has this young prince! Here love itself sits smiling!
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove afire once, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly boy and set him by him,
A shining constellation. What a brow,
Of what spacious majesty, he carries!
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter, ... [IV.2.20]
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and honor,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings and sing
To all the under world the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him a mere dull shadow;
He's swart and meager, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile. ... [IV.2.30]
Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me,
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon, thou art alone
And only beautiful, and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love -- and what young maid dare cross 'em? ... [IV.2.40]
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face? O, love this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite,
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gypsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,
Utterly lost -- my virgin's faith has fled me.
For if my brother, but even now, had asked me
Whether I loved, I had run made for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together. Now come ask me, brother -- ... [IV.2.50]
Alas, I know not; ask me now, sweet sister --
I may go look. What a mere child is fancy,
That having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!
[Enter a Gentleman.] How now, sir?
GENTLEMAN: ~~~ From the noble Duke your brother,
Madam I bring you news. The knights are come.
EMILIA: To end the quarrel?
GENTLEMAN: ~~~ Yes.
EMILIA: ~~~ ~~~ Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soiled

With blood of princes, and my chastity ... [IV.2.60]
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers --
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy -- must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?
[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, and attendants.]
THESEUS: ~~~ Bring 'em in
Quickly, by any means, I long to see 'em. [Exit one or more.]
[to Emilia.] Your two contending lovers are returned,
And with them their fair knights. Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
EMILIA: ~~~ I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely. [Enter a Messenger.]
THESEUS: Who saw 'em?
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ I a while.
GENTLEMAN: ~~~ ~~~ And I. ... [IV.2.70]
THESEUS: [to the Messenger] From whence come you, sir?
MESSENGER: ~~~ From the knights.
THESEUS: ~~~ ~~~ Pray speak.
You that have seen them, what they are.
MESSENGER: ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ I will, sir.
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, if we judge by the outside,
I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming,
Should be a stout man; by his face, a prince,
His very looks so say him: his complexion,
Nearer a brown than black, stern and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers. ... [IV.2.80]
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And, as a heated lion, so he looks.
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining,
Like raven's wings. His shoulders, broad and strong;
Armed long and round; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldric, when he frowns
To seal his well with. Better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
THESEUS: Thou hast well described him.
PIRITHOUS: Yet a great deal short, ... [IV.2.90]
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
THESEUS: Pray speak him, friend.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater -- for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter. His complexion
Is as a ripe grape, ruddy. He has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own. In's face appears

All the fair hopes of what he undertakes, ... [IV.2.100]
And when he's angry, then a settled valor,
Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body
And guides his arm to brave things. Fear he cannot --
He shows no such soft temper. His head's yellow,
Hard-haired and curled, thick twined: like ivy tods,
Not to undo with thunder. In his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white -- for yet no beard has blessed him --
And in his rolling eyes sits victory, ... [IV.2.110]
As if she ever meant to court his valor.
His nose stands high, a character of honor;
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
EMILIA: Must these men die too?
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet. All his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em -- strong and clean.
He wears a well-steeled axe, the staff of gold.
His age, some five-and-twenty.

MESSENGER: ~~~ There's another -- ... [IV.2.120]
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any. Fairer promises
In such a body yet I never looked on.
PIRITHOUS: O, he that's freckle-faced?
MESSENGER: ~~~ The same, my lord.
Are they not sweet ones?
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Yes, they are well.
MESSENGER: ~~~ ~~~ Methinks,
Being so few and well disposed, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He's white-haired --
Not wanton white, but such a manly color
Next to an auburn, tough and nimble set,
Which shows an active soul. His arms are brawny,
Lined with strong sinews -- to the shoulder piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
Which speaks him prone to labor, never fainting ... [IV.2.130]
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But when he stirs, a tiger. He's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his. He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none. He's round-faced, and when he smiles
He shows a lover; when he frowns, a soldier.
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favor of his lady.
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand ... [IV.2.140]
He bears a charging staff embossed with silver.
THESEUS: Are they all thus?

PIRITHOUS: ~~~ They are all the sons of honor.
THESEUS: Now as I have a soul, I long to see Ôem.
[to Hippolyta.] ~~~ Lady, you shall see men fight now.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ ~~~ I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord. They would show
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms --
'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.
[to Emilia.] O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not till they weep blood. Wench, it must be.
THESEUS: [to Emilia.] You have steeled 'em with your beauty.
[to Pirithous.] ~~~ Honored friend, ... [IV.2.150]
To you I give the field: pray order it
Fitting the persons that must use it.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Yes, sir.
THESEUS: Come, I'll go visit 'em -- I cannot stay,
Their fame has fired me. Till they appear,
Good friend, be royal.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ There shall want no bravery.
EMILIA: [Aside.] Poor wench, go weep -- for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [Exeunt.]
Scene IV. 3
Enter the Jailer, the Wooer, and the Doctor.

DOCTOR: Her distraction is more at some time of the moon
than at other some, is it not?
JAILER: She is continually in a harmless distemper: sleeps
little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking;
dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name
'Palamon' lards it, that she farces every business.
[Enter the Jailer's Daughter.]
withal, fits it to every question. Look where she comes --
you shall perceive her behavior. [They stand apart.]
DAUGHTER: I have forgot it quite -- the burden on't ... [IV.3.10]
was 'Down-a, down-a' and penned by no worse man
than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster. He's as fantastical,
too, as ever he may go upon's legs -- for in the next
world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out
of love with Aeneas.
DOCTOR: What stuff's here? Poor soul.
JAILER: E'en thus all day long.
DAUGHTER: Now for this charm that I told you
of -- you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your
tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come ... [IV.3.20]
where the blessed spirits are -- there's a sight now! We
maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces
with love, we shall come there and do nothing all day
long but pick flowers with Proserpine. Then will I make
Palamon a nosegay, then let him mark me, then --

DOCTOR: How prettily she's amiss! Note her a little further.
DAUGHTER: Faith, I'll tell you: sometime we go to
barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life
they have i' th' other place -- such burning, frying,
boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing -- O they ... [IV.3.30]
have shrewd measure -- take heed! If one be mad or
hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter
bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of
lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of
cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that
will never be enough.
DOCTOR: How her brain coins!
DAUGHTER: Lords and courtiers that have got
maids with child -- they are in this place. They shall
stand in fire up to the navel and in ice up to th' heart, ... [IV.3.40]
and there th'offending part burns, and the deceiving
part freezes -- in truth a very grievous punishment as
one would think for such a trifle. Believe me, one would
marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.
DOCTOR: How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an
engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound
melancholy.
DAUGHTER: To hear there a proud lady and a
proud city wife howl together! I were a beast and I'd
call it good sport. One cries, 'O this smoke!', th'other, ... [IV.3.50]
'This fire!'; one cries, 'O that ever I did it behind the
arras!', and then howls -- th'other curses a suing fellow
and her garden-house.
[Sings] 'I will be true, my stars, my fate . . .' [Exit Daughter.]
JAILER: [to the Doctor.] What think you of her, sir?
DOCTOR: I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot
minister to.
JAILER: Alas, what then?
DOCTOR: Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon? ... [IV.3.60]
JAILER: I was once, sir, in great hope that she had fixed her
liking on this gentleman, my friend.
WOOER: I did think so too, and would account I had a
great penn'orth on't to give half my state that both
she and I, at this present, stood unfeignedly on the
same terms.
DOCTOR: That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered
the other senses. They may return and settle
again to execute their preordained faculties, but they
are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must ... [IV.3.70]
do: confine her to a place where the light may rather
seem to steal in than be permitted; take upon you,
young sir her friend, the name of Palamon; say you
come to eat with her and to commune of love. This
will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon --

other objects that are inserted 'tween her mind and
eye become the pranks and friskins of her madness.
Sing to her such green songs of love as she says
Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her stuck in as
sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto ... [IV.3.80]
make an addition of some other compounded odors
which are grateful to the sense. All this shall become
Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet
and every good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve
her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your
petition of grace and acceptance into her favor. Learn
what maids have been her companions and play-feres,
and let them repair to her, with Palamon in their
mouths, and appear with tokens as if they suggested
for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with ... [IV.3.90]
falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat,
to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her
into their former law and regiment. I have seen it
approved, how many times I know not, but to make
the number more I have great hope in this. I will
between the passages of this project come in with my
appliance,. Let us put it in execution, and hasten the
success, which doubt not will bring forth comfort. [Exeunt.]

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~
ACT V
Scene V.1
An altar prepared. Flourish. Enter Theseus, Pirithous,
Hippolyta, attendants.

THESEUS: Now let 'em enter and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers. Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us. Let no due be wanting.
[Flourish of cornets.] They have a noble work in hand, will honor
The very powers that love 'em.
[Enter Palamon with his three Knights, at one door, and Arcite with his three Knights, at the other door.]
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Sir, they enter.
THESEUS: You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal german foes that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye, ... [V.1.10]
Lay by your anger for an hour and dove-like,
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal -- so your help be;
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice.
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Honor crown the worthiest.
[Exit Theseus and his train.]
PALAMON:[to Arcite.] The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire. Think you but thus,
That were there aught in me which strove to show ... [V.1.20]
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppressed by arm,
I would destroy th'offender -- coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself. Then from this gather
How I should tender you.
ARCITE: ~~~ I am in labor
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory, and i' th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound. So hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly limiter pleases.
PALAMON ~~~ You speak well, ... [V.1.30]
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin --
This I shall never do again.
ARCITE: ~~~ One farewell.
PALAMON: Why, let it be so -- farewell, coz.
ARCITE: ~~~ Farewell, sir. [Exeunt Palamon and his three Knights.]

Knights, kinsmen, lovers -- yea, my sacrifices,
True worshipers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear and th'apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too, ... [V.1.40]
Yea, the speed also -- to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragged out of blood -- force and great feat
Must put my garland on me, where she sticks,
The queen of flowers. Our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brimmed with the blood of men -- give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.
[They kneel before the altar, fall on their faces, then on their knees again.]
[Praying to Mars] ~~~ Thou mighty one,
That with thy power hast turned green Neptune into purple;
Whose havoc in vast field comets prewarn, ... [V.1.50]
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets, that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o'th' day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure. ... [V.1.60]
[Here they fall on their faces, as formerly, and there is heard clanging of Armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.]
O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of e'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O'th' pleurisy of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name,
To my design, march boldly. [to his Knights.] Let us go.
Scene V. 2
Enter Palamon and his Knights with the former observance.
PALAMON: [to his Knights.] Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
Today extinct. Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too. Then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.
[Here they kneel before the altar, fall on their faces, then on their knees again.]

[Praying to Venus.] Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage ... [V.2.10]
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance, to choke Mars's drum
And turn th'alarum to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipped thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch
And make him to the scorn of his hoarse throat ... [V.2.20]
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phoebus thou
Add'st flames hotter than his -- the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him. The huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grave
Me, thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles.
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law; ... [V.2.30]
Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none; would not,
Had I kenned all that were. I never practiced
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits. I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blushed
At simp'ring sirs that did. I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly asked them
If they had mothers -- I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wronged. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, who ... [V.2.40]
A lass of fourteen brided -- 'twas thy power
To put life into dust. The aged cramp
Had screwed his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seemed torture. This anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief -- I am ... [V.2.50]
To those that prate and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would and cannot, a rejoicer.
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language. Such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh

Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign ... [V.2.60]
Of thy great pleasure.
[Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter.
They fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.]
O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token, which, being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business. [to his Knights.] Let us rise
And bow before the goddess. [They rise and bow.]
~ ~ ~ Time comes on. [Exeunt.]
Scene V. 3
Still music of recorders. Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, with a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar, her maids standing apart, she sets fire to it. Then they curtsy and kneel.
EMILIA: [Praying to Diana.] O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe: I here, thy priest,
Am humbled fore thine altar. O, vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear -- ... [V.3.10]
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound -- to my petition,
Seasoned with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office. I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted. A husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him. Out of two, I should
Choose one and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election. Of mine eyes
Were I to lose one, they are equal precious --
I could doom neither: that which perished should ... [V.3.20]
Go to't unsentenced. Therefore, most modest queen,
He of the two pretenders that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.
[Here the hind vanishes under the altar and in the place ascends
a rose tree having one rose upon it.][to her women.]
See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar,

With sacred act, advances -- but one rose!
If well inspired, this battle shall confound ... [V.3.30]
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone, unplucked.
[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments and the
rose falls from the tree.]
The flower is fall'n, the tree descends. [to Diana] O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me -- I shall be gathered.
I think so, but I know not thine own will.
Unclasp thy mystery. [to her women.] I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious. [They curtsy and exeunt.]
Scene V. 4
Enter the Doctor, the Jailer, and the Wooer in the habit of Palamon.
DOCTOR: Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?
WOOER: O, very much. The maids that kept her company
have persuaded her that I am Palamon. Within
this half-hour she came smiling to me, and asked me
what I would eat, and when I would kiss her.
I told her presently, and kissed her twice.
DOCTOR: 'Twas well done -- twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.
WOOER: ~~~ Then she told me
She would watch with me tonight, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.
DOCTOR: ~~~ Let her do so, ... [V.4.10]
And when your fit comes, fit her home,
And presently.
WOOER: ~~~ She would have me sing.
DOCTOR: You did so?
WOOER: ~~~ No.
DOCTOR: ~~~ ~~~ 'Twas very ill done, then.
You should observe her every way.
WOOER: ~~~ Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.
DOCTOR: That's all one, if ye make a noise.
If she entreat again, do anything --
Lie with her if she ask you.
JAILER: ~~~ Ho there, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, in the way of cure.
JAILER: ~~~ But first, by your leave, ... [V.4.20]
I'th' way of honesty,
DOCTOR: ~~~ That's but a niceness --
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty.
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.
JAILER: ~~~ Thank ye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Pray bring her in and let's see how she is.
WOOER: I will, and tell her her Palamon stays for her.
But, Doctor, methinks you are i' th' wrong still. [Exit Jailer.]

DOCTOR: Go, go. You fathers are fine fools -- her honesty?
An we should give her physic till we find that --
WOOER: Why, do you think she is not honest, sir? ... [V.4.30]
DOCTOR: How old is she?
WOOER: ~~~ She's eighteen.
DOCTOR: ~~~ ~~~ She may be --
But that's all one. 'Tis nothing to our purpose.
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh -- you have me?
WOOER: Yes, very well, sir.
DOCTOR: ~~~ Please her appetite,
And do it home -- it cures her, ipso facto,
The melancholy humor that infects her.
WOOER: I am of your mind, Doctor.
[Enter the Jailer and his Daughter, mad.]

DOCTOR: You'll find it so -- she comes; pray humor her. ... [V.4.40]
[The Doctor and the Wooer stand apart.]

JAILER: [to Daughter.] Come, your love Palamon stays for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
DAUGHTER: I thank him for his gentle patience.
He's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
JAILER: ~~~ Yes.
DAUGHTER: How do you like him?
JAILER: ~~~ He's a very fair one.
DAUGHTER: You never saw him dance?
JAILER: ~~~ No.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ ~~~ I have, often.
He dances very finely, very comely,
And, for a jig, come cut and long-tail to him,
He turns ye like a top.
JAILER: ~~~ That's fine, indeed. [V.4.50]
DAUGHTER: He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobbyhorse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish --
And gallops to the tune of 'Light o' love'.
What think you of this horse?
JAILER: ~~~ Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
DAUGHTER: Alas, that's nothing.
JAILER: ~~~ Can he write and read too?
DAUGHTER: A very fair hand, and casts himself th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender. That ostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know ... [V.4.60]
The chestnut mare the Duke has?
JAILER: ~~~ Very well.

DAUGHTER: She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his master -- coy and scornful.
JAILER: What dowry has she?
DAUGHTER: Some two hundred bottles
And twenty strike of oats, but he'll ne'er have her.
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare. He'll be the death of her.
DOCTOR: What stuff she utters!
JAILER: Make curtsy -- here your love comes.
WOOER: [coming forward.] Pretty soul, ... [V.4.70]
How do ye? [She curtsies.] That's a fine maid, there's a curtsy.
DAUGHTER: Yours to command, i' th' way of honesty --
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my masters?
DOCTOR: Why, a day's journey, wench.
DAUGHTER: [to Wooer.] ~~~ Will you go with me?
WOOER: What shall we do there, wench?
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Why, play at stool-ball --
What is there else to do?
WOOER: ~~~ I am content
If we shall keep our wedding there.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ 'Tis true --
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish. ... [V.4.80]
Besides, my father must be hanged tomorrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are you not Palamon?
WOOER: ~~~ Do not you know me?
DAUGHTER: Yes, but you care not for me. I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.
WOOER: That's all one -- I will have you.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Will you surely?
WOOER: Yes, by this fair hand, will I.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ We'll to bed then.
WOOER: E'en when you will. [He kisses her.]
DAUGHTER: [Rubbing off the kiss]
~~~ O, sir, you would fain be nibbling.
WOOER: Why do you rub my kiss off?
DAUGHTER: 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding. ... [V.4.90]
[Indicating the Doctor] Is this not your cousin Arcite?
DOCTOR: ~~~ Yes, sweetheart,
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ Do you think he'll have me?
DOCTOR: Yes, without doubt.
DAUGHTER: [to the Jailer.] ~~~ Do you think so too?
JAILER: ~~~ ~~~ Yes.
DAUGHTER: We shall have many children. [to the Doctor.]
~~~

~~~Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon, I hope, will grow too, finely,
Now he's at liberty. Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,
But I'll kiss him up again. [Enter a Messenger.]
MESSENGER: What do you here? You'll lose the noblest sight ... [V.4.100]
That e'er was seen.
JAILER: ~~~ Are they i' th' field?
MESSENGER: ~~~ ~~~ They are --
You bear a charge there too.
JAILER: ~~~ I'll away straight.
[to the others.] I must e'en leave you here.
DOCTOR: ~~~ Nay, we'll go with you --
I will not lose the sight.
JAILER: ~~~ How did you like her?
DOCTOR: I'll warrant you, within these three or four days
I'll make her right again.
[Exit the Jailer with the Messenger.]
[to the Wooer.] ~~~ You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
WOOER: ~~~ I will.
DOCTOR: Let's get her in.
WOOER: [to the Jailer's Daughter.] ~~~ Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner,
And then we'll play at cards.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ And shall we kiss too?
WOOER: A hundred times.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ And twenty.
WOOER: ~~~ ~~~ Ay, and twenty. ... [V.4.110]
DAUGHTER: And then we'll sleep together.
DOCTOR: [to the Wooer.] ~~~ Take her offer.
WOOER: [to the Jailer's Daughter] Yes, marry, will we.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ But you shall not hurt me.
WOOER: I will not, sweet.
DAUGHTER: ~~~ If you do, love, I'll cry. [Exeunt.]
Scene V. 5
Flourish. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and some attendants.
EMILIA: I'll no step further.
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ Will you lose this sight?
EMILIA: I had rather see a wren hawk at fly
Than this decision. Every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade. I will stay here.
It is enough my hearing shall be punished
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No dealing, but to hear; not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
PIRITHOUS: [to Theseus.] ~~~ Sir, my good lord, ... [V.5.10]
Your sister will no further.
~~~

THESEUS: ~~~ O, she must.
She shall see deeds of honor in their kind,
Which sometime show well penciled. Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both sealed with eye and ear [to Emilia.] You must be present --
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
EMILIA: ~~~ Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd wink.
THESEUS: ~~~ You must be there --
This trial is, as 'twere, i' th' night, and you
The only star to shine.
EMILIA: ~~~ I am extinct. [V.5.20]
There is but envy in that light which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal missions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ You must go.
EMILIA: In faith, I will not.
THESEUS: ~~~ Why, the knights must kindle
Their valor at your eye. Know, of this war ... [V.5.30]
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
EMILIA: ~~~ Sir, pardon me --
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
THESEUS: ~~~ Well, well -- then at your pleasure.
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Farewell, sister.
I am like to know your husband fore yourself,
By some small start of time. He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot. ... [V.5.40]
[Exeunt all but Emilia. Emilia takes out two pictures, one from
her right side, and one from her left.]
EMILIA: Arcite is gently visaged, yet his eye
Is like an engine bent or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath. Mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect. His brow
Is graved and seems to bury what it frowns on,
Yet sometime 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts. Long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy

Becomes him nobly -- so does Arcite's mirth. ... [V.5.50]
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad
And sadness merry. Those darker humors that
Stock misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.
[Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.]
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof. Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by ... [V.5.60]
I might do hurt, for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward or forfeit an offense
Which craved that very time. It is much better
[Cornets. A great cry and noise within, crying, 'A Palamon'.]
I am not there. O better never born,
Than minister to such harm. [Enter Servant.]
What is the chance?
SERVANT: The cry's 'A Palamon'.
EMILIA: Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely --
He looked all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run ... [V.5.70]
And tell me how it goes.
SERVANT: ~~~ Still 'Palamon'.
EMILIA: Run and enquire. [Exit Servant.]
[She speaks to the picture in her right hand.]
~~~ Poor servant, thou hast lost.
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left. Why so, I know not.
I had no end in't, else chance would have it so.
[Another cry and shout within and cornets.]
On the sinister side the heart lies -- Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamor
Is sure the end o'th' combat. [Enter Servant.]
SERVANT: They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o'th' pyramid -- that the cry ... [V.5.80]
Was general 'A Palamon'. But anon
Th'assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
EMILIA: ~~~ Were they metamorphosed
Both into one! O why? There were no woman
Worth so composed a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
To any lady breathing -- [Cornets. Cry within, 'Arcite, Arcite'.]
~~~ More exulting?

'Palamon' still?
SERVANT: ~~~ Nay, now the sound is 'Arcite'. ... [V.5.90]
EMILIA: I prithee, lay attention to the cry.
[Cornets. A great shout and cry, 'Arcite, victory!']
Set both thine ears to th' business.
SERVANT: ~~~ The cry is
'Arcite' and 'Victory' -- hark, 'Arcite, victory!'
The combat's consummation is proclaimed
By the wind instruments.
EMILIA: ~~~ Half sights saw
That Arcite was no babe. God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit looked through him -- it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift winds force to raging. I did think ... [V.5.100]
Good Palamon would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so. Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are. They are coming off --
Alas, poor Palamon.
[She puts away the pictures. Cornets. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta,
Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants.]
THESEUS: Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emily,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this knight. He is a good one
As ever struck at head. [to Arcite and Emilia.] Give me your hands.
[to Arcite.] Receive you her, [to Emilia.]
~~~ you him: [to both.] be plighted with ... [V.5.110]
A love that grows as you decay.
ARCITE: ~~~ Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply
As I do rate your value.
THESEUS: [to Emilia.] ~~~ O loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed. Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor lest his race
Should show i' th' world too godlike. His behavior
So charmed me that, methought, Alcides was
To him a sow of lead. If I could praise ... [V.5.120]
Each part of him to th'all I have spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encountered yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em -- so it fared
Good space between these kinsmen, till heavens did
~~~

Make hardly one the winner. [to Arcite.] Wear the garland ... [V.5.130]
With joy that you have won. -- For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em. Let it be here done.
The scene's not for our seeing; go we hence
Right joyful, with some sorrow. [to Arcite.] Arm your prize;
I know you will not lose her. Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [Flourish.]

EMILIA: ~~~ Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so, ... [V.5.140]
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.
HIPPOLYTA: ~~~ Infinite pity
That four such eyes should be so fixed on one
That two must needs be blind for't.
THESEUS: ~~~ So it is. [Exeunt.]
Scene V. 6
Enter, guarded, Palamon and his three Knights pinioned;
enter with them the Jailer and an executioner with block and axe.
PALAMON: There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o'th' people; yea, i' th' self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering. We expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes. We prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum that in lag hours attend
The grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young and unwappered, not halting under crimes ... [V.6.10]
Many and stale -- that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. May dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You have sold 'em too too cheap.
1 KNIGHT: ~~~ What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain -- a grain of honor
They not o'erweigh us.
2 KNIGHT: ~~~ Let us bid farewell,
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune, ... [V.6.20]
Who at her certain'st reels.
2 KNIGHT: ~~~ Come, who begins?
PALAMON: E'en he that led you to this banquet shall

Taste to you all. [to the Jailer] Aha, my friend, my friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
JAILER: ~~~ Sir, she's well restored
And is to be married shortly.
PALAMON: ~~~ By my short life,
I am most glad on't. 'Tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of. Prithee, tell her so; ... [V.6.30]
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this. [He gives his purse.]
1 KNIGHT: ~~~ Nay, let's be offerers all.
2 KNIGHT: Is it a maid?
PALAMON: ~~~ Verily, I think so --
A right good creature more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of.
ALL 3 KNIGHTS ~~~ Commend us to her.
[They give their purses.]
JAILER: The gods requite you all, and make her thankful.
PALAMON: Adieu, and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [He lies on the block.]
1 KNIGHT: ~~~ Lead, courageous cousin.
2 and 3 KNIGHTS We'll follow cheerfully.
[A great noise within: crying, 'Run! Save! Hold!'
Enter in haste a Messenger.]
MESSENGER: Hold! Hold! O, hold! Hold! Hold! ... [V.6.40]
[Enter Pirithous in haste.]
PIRITHOUS: Hold, ho! It is a cursed haste you made
If you had done so quickly! Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
PALAMON: ~~~ Can that be,
When Venus, I have said, is false? How do things fare?
PIRITHOUS: Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most rarely sweet and bitter.
PALAMON: ~~~ What
Hath waked us from our dream?
PIRITHOUS: ~~~ List, then: your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one owing [V.6.50]
Not a hair-worth of white -- which some will say
Weakens his price and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance -- on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleased his rider
To put pride in him. As he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing, as 'twere, to th' music
His own hooves made -- for, as they say, from iron ... [V.6.60]
Came music's origin -- what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn and like him possessed
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulfur else, to this end made,
I comment not -- the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds; comes on end;
Forgets school-doing, being therein trained
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather ... [V.6.70]
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boist'rous and rough jad'ry to disseat
His lord, that kept it bravely. When naught served,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hooves --
On end he stands --
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seemed with strange art to hang. His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently ... [V.6.80]
Backward the jade comes o'er and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches. He much desires
To have some speech with you -- lo, he appears.
[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, and Arcite in a chair borne by attendants.]
PALAMON: O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty. Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words. I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
ARCITE: ~~~ Take Emilia, ... [V.6.90]
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand --
Farewell -- I have told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin --
One kiss from fair Emilia -- [They kiss.] 'tis done.
Take her; I die. [He dies.]
PALAMON: ~~~ Thy brave soul seek Elysium.
EMILIA: [to Arcite's body.]
I'll close thine eyes, Prince. Blessed souls be with thee.
Thou art a right good man, and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.
PALAMON: ~~~ And I to honor.
THESEUS: In this place first you fought, e'en very here
I sundered you. Acknowledge to the gods ... [V.6.100]
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is played, and, though it were too short,

He did it well. Your day is lengthened and
The blissful dew of heaven does arouse you.
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love; our master, Mars,
Hath vouched his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention. So the deities
Have showed due justice. -- Bear this hence.
[Exeunt attendants with Arcite's body.]

PALAMON: ~~~ O cousin,
That we should things desire which do cost us ... [V.6.110]
The loss of our desire! That naught could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!

THESEUS: ~~~ Never fortune
Did play a subtler game -- the conquered triumphs,
The victor has the loss. Yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confessed the right o'th' lady
Do lie in you, for you first saw her and
Even then proclaimed your fancy. He restored her
As your stol'n jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence, forgiven. The gods my justice ... [V.6.120]
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off,
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite, in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on
And smile with Palamon, for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad ... [V.6.130]
As for him sorry. O you heavenly charmers, --
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. Let's go off
And bear us like the time. [Flourish. Exeunt.]
Epilogue
Enter Epilogue.
EPILOGUE: I would now ask ye how ye like the play,
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say.
I am cruel fearful. Pray yet stay awhile,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
Loved a young handsome wench, then, show his face --
'Tis strange if none be here -- and, if he will,

Against his conscience let him hiss and kill
Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye.
Have at the worst can come, then! Now, what say ye? ... [Ep.10]
And yet mistake me not -- I am not bold --
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told --
For 'tis no other -- any way content ye,
For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say, many a better to prolong
Your old loves to us. We and all our might
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night. [Flourish. Exit.]

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Fletcher & Shakespeare's
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

APPENDIX I - Glossary

appalls (n or v): shocks, dismays. FS (6-T&C, Ham, Mac, V&A, TNK (v); Mac (n)); Chapman (v) Iliad, Batrachom.

armipotent (a): mighty in arms (of Mars). FS (4-LLL, AWEW, TNK); Chaucer Kn Tale (1st OED citation).

baldric (n): belt worn from shoulder across to under other arm, to carry sword, bugle, etc. FS (2-Ado, TNK); Spenser FQ.

beshrew [part of an imprecation] (v): curse. FS (31); TNK. Common.

calkin (n): turned-down edge of a horse-shoe. FS (TNK).

carrack (n): merchant ship. FS (3-Errors, Oth, TNK); (anon.) Woodstock.

casque (n): helmet. FS (5-Rich2, H5, Cor, T&C, TNK).

chaffy (a): light, worthless. FS (1-TNK, 3d OED citation); (anon.) Willobie; Chettle Mourn Garm.

chare (v): accomplish (a turn of work). FS (1-TNK, 2d OED citation); 1570 Marriage Wit & Sc; (1622) Fletcher Love's Cure.

corslet (n): a piece of defensive armor. FS (2-Corio, TNK); (anon.) Locrine.

dart: spear, javelin (n). FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.

deliverly (adv): deftly, cleverly. FS (1-TNK, 2d OED citation). OED 1st citation: 1530 Palsgr. 550, I fynger, I handell an instrument of musyke delyverly.

dividual (a): divisible, separate. FS (1-TNK, 2d OED citation); Florio Divisible (1st OED citation).

dowsets (n): testicles. FS (1-TNK). 1st OED citation: 1611 Beaum. & Fl. Philaster

dram (n): poison. FS (6-R&J, Ham, WT, Cymb, TNK); (anon.) Woodstock, Arden, Leic Gh.

dregged (a): befouled, stemmed [#usually with lees of liquor]. FS (1-TNK). Not in OED.
emportment: transport of passion. FS (1-TNK). 1st OED citation 1734.

emulous (a): rival, competitive, jealous. FS (5-T&C, TNK); (anon.) Leic Gh.

engraft (v): attach, graft. FS (4-2H4, Sonnet 15, 37, TNK); Golding Ovid; Oxford Tournament speech; Marlowe T2; Nashe Almond.

fere (n): mate, companion. FS (3-TA, Pericles, TNK); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope.

ferula (n): from use of the fennel-stalk in Roman times: a cane, rod, or other instrument of punishment, esp. a flat piece of wood. FS (TNK); (1580) North Plutarch.

flurt (v): reject, cast aside. FS (TNK).

foison (n): plenty, abundance. FS (6-MM, Temp, A&C, Mac, Sonnet, TNK); Peele Wives.

frampold (a): disagreeable, sour tempered. FS (2-MWW, TNK).

friskin (n): frolic. FS (1-TNK); Nashe Lenten Stuff. (v): gay, frisky person. Cf. Nashe Saffron.

futurely (adv): in the future. FS (1-TNK); Chapman Iliad (1st OED citation).

galled (v): (1) infected with veneral disease. FS (T&C). (2) gall/gaul (v): irritate, harasse. FS (10); Cf. Gascoigne Jocasta. The meaning here is unclear.

gaud (n): trinket, trifle, sometimes slattern. FS (6-John, Shrew, MND, T&C, TNK); Lyly Woman ... Moon; (anon.) Blast of Retreat.

gelt (a): castrated, gelded. FS (2-MV, TNK); (anon.) Weakest.

glister (v): glitter. FS (9); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon, Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell, Maiden's. Almost identical to V&A (44): His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire. See also Willobie (In praise of.2): Yet Tarquin plucked his glistering grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

globy (a): spherical, round. FS (TNK). 1st OED citation 1600, missed TNK.

grece (a): flight of stairs. FS (TNK); Golding Ovid.

gyves: fetters (n), fetters (v). FS (8); Udall Erasmus; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell, Oldcastle.

hilding (n): [#man] good-for-nothing. FS (4-R&J, AWEW, Cymb, TNK); Greene Fr Bacon. AWEW 1st use per OED.

holiday (n): treat, pleasure. FS (TNK).

jean [judgments] (a): jean is a coarse twilled cloth, also called fustian. Here possibly a play on words, indicating fustian (bombastic) judgments? FS (TNK). OED cites but indicates some puzzlement over meaning.

ken (v): espy, see. FS (4-2H6, T&C, Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus.

laund (n): pasture, open field. FS (3-3H6, TNK, V&A); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Edw2; Greene Fr Bacon, Orl Fur; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Penniless.

lineament (n): feature, esp. face. FS (8-Rich3, Rich2, MV, R&J, Ado, AsYou, TNK); Spenser Shep Cal; Jonson Cynthia.

martialist (n): person born under the influence of Mars, military man. FS (2-Edw3, TNK); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ... Moon.

mead (n): meadow. FS (6); Golding Ovid.

meed (n): reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Arden; Nobody/Somebody.

musit (n): gap [through the bushes], FS (2-V&A, 1st OED citation; TNK); Markham Gent Acad.
operance (n): operation. FS (1-TNK, 1st OED citation).

pelting (a): paltry. FS (7-Rich2, MND, T&C, MM, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallatea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie; Harvey 4 Letters; Chettle Kind Hart.

Philomel (n): poetic name for nightingale. FS (MND, Titus, TNK); Golding Ovid (myth of Philomel); Gascoigne Philomene; Spenser Shep Cal.

pie (n): magpie, chattering person (usually female): FS (3H6, TNK); Golding Ovid.

polled (a): bald. FS (TNK).

precipitance (n): leaping from heights. FS (TNK).

puissance (n): power, military army/might. FS (7-2H6, 3H6, John, 2H4, H5, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Greene G a G; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh; Spenser FQ. puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh.

scurril (a): gross, coarse. FS (2-T&C, TNK); Nashe Almond.

seely (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Ovid Golding; others.

skiffed (v): crossed, sailed over. FS (1-TNK, 1st OED citation).

sod (v): seethed. FS (2-Lucrece, TNK); Golding Ovid; Lyly Bombie.

tell (v): [of horses] keep in step. FS (H8, TNK).

terrene (a): earthy. FS (2-A&C, TNK); Udall (3d OED citation).

tod (n): bushy mass, cluster. FS (3-WT. TNK); Golding Ovid.

uncandied (v): melted. FS (TNK, only OED citation).

unpanged (a): unmoved by pain. FS (1-TNK, only OED citation). Cymb uses the base verb "panged".

unwappered (a): unexhausted. FS (TNK, only OED citation).

videlicit (lat): that is to say, namely. FS (AsYou, MND, TNK); Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Willobie; Chettle Kind Hart.

visitating (a): visiting. FS (1-TNK, only OED citation).

wot (v): know. FS (30). Common.

Length: 23,513 words

Source
The primary source for this play is "The Knight's Tale" from Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. The story can be accessed online at
http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/mideng.browse.html (Canterbury Tales TOC)
or search "Geoffrey Chaucer" and select links.

Suggested Reading

Charles H. Frey, ed. Shakespeare, Fletcher and The Two Noble Kinsmen. Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1989.

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Authorship and Dating

(For a list of very old, difficult to find books, consult Frey.)

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Attribution of Scenes
Most, but not all, critics believe that Shakespeare was responsible for the formal scenes involving Palamon and Arcite: Act I; Act II, Scene 1; Act 3, Scenes 1 and 2; Act 5, Scenes 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6. Fletcher is believed to have written scenes involving the Jailer's Daughter subplot, the rustics, the morris dance (with characters that first appeared in Beaumont's Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, 1613). Scenes involving the quarrels and rivalry of Palamon and Arcite are somewhat rude compared to the elegaic tone of acknowledged Shakespeare sequences.

APPENDIX II: Connections

Evil/Good
Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked
Gascoygne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANTIGONE: Yet, for because itself partaker am
Of good and evil with this my country soil,
(II.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.
(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.
Edwards D&P (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Lyly Sapho & Phao (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.
Kyd ST (I.2.339) ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Shakes Rich3 (I.3.334): do good for evil. Also I.2.69 and I.3.315-16.(I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,
Anon. Willobie (To the gentle & courteous Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of goodseems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.
Geneva Bible 1Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good
Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good, and I have rendered thee evil. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Mind ... Beat
Anon. Dodypoll (V.2.23): Yet since my mind beats on it mightily,
Shakes Tempest (I.2) MIR: For still 'tis beating in my mind ...
(IV.1) PROS: A turn or two I'll walk, to still my beating mind.
(V.1) PROS: Do not infest your mind with beating on ...(IV.3.75) DOCTOR: for this her mind beats upon --
other objects that are inserted 'tween her mind and
eye become the pranks and friskins of her madness.

Favored Words/Phrases

had rather: Scenes I.4, II.2, IV.2, V.5; Shakespeare (79); Marlowe Jew of Malta (1); (anon.) Edward Ironside (1), Arden of Feversham (2), Nobody and Somebody (5); Oxford letter (1); (anon.) Locrine (1), Dr. Dodypoll (1); none in Brooke Romeus; none in Edwards Damon and

Pithias; none in Thomas Kyd plays; none in Robert Greene plays; none in Mucedorus, Willobie his Avisa, Penelope's Sacrifice, Weakest Goeth to the Wall, Leic Gh

pray speak: Scene IV.2 (2); Shakespeare Henry VIII (2); Willobie (1); none in Brooke Romeus; none in Edwrds Dam&Pith; none in Thomas Kyd plays; none in Robert Greene plays; none in Marlowe plays; none in Ironside, Arden, Locrine, Mucedorus, Nob/Someb, Penelope, Weakest, Dodypoll; Leic Gh

Go Back to Two Noble Kinsmen Act 1

Go Back to Two Noble Kinsmen Act 2

Go Back to Two Noble Kinsmen Act 3

Go Back to Two Noble Kinsmen Act 4

Go Back to Two Noble Kinsmen Act 5

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A Tragedie
of Abraham's Sacrifice.

Written in French by Theodore Beza

Translated by Arthur Golding

Finished at Poules Belchamp
in Essex, the XI. of August, 1575.

Thomas Vautroullier, printer.
London, 1577

Abrahams Sacrifice

Abraham commeth out of his house & saith.

ALas my God, and was there euer any,
That hath inourde of cõtraries so many,
As I haue done by fleeting too and fro,
Since I my native countrie did forgo?
Dwels there any liuing on the ground,
Of heauenlies that hath such plenty found?
Loe how thou makest mortall men to see,
Thy passing goodnes by calamitie.
And as of nought thou madest euery thing:
So out of ill thou causest good to spring.
Was neuer wight so blessed as thy hand,
That could thy greatnes fully vnderstand.

Original Spelling Version

Transcribed by Barboura Flues © copyright 2002

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons are indicated by ~~~
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: Nina Green earns special thanks, first for locating a copy of this rather obscure play, and second for pointing out interesting language/imagery parallels between Golding's Abraham and certain works of William Shakespeare.

THE PLAYERS:
THE PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE
ABRAHAM, a shepherd
SARA, his wife
ISAAC, their son
SATAN
THE SHEPHERDS
AN ANGELL OF THE LORD

CONTENTS:
Prologue
The Play
Epilogue
Appendix I
  Glossary
  Suggested Reading
  About the Author
Appendix II: Connections
Appendix III: Vocabulary, Language

THE PROLOGUE
God saue you euery chone both great and small
Of all degrees: right welcom be you all.
It is now long, at least as seemes to me,
Since here such preace togither I did see.
VVould God we might each weeke through all the yeare
See such resort in Churches as is here.
Ye Gentlemen and Ladies, I ye pray
Giue eare and harken what I haue to say.
To hold your peace alonly I require.
VVhat weene you (some wil say) by that desire. [Pro.10]
VVe nother can nor will away with that.
But yit you must, or else I tell you flat,
That both of us our labour lose togither.
In speaking I, and you in comming hither.

VVherefore I craue but silence at your hand,
My wordes with patience for to understand.
Both great and small, alonly doe but heare,
And I will tel you straunge & woundrous geere.
VVherefore now harken: for the thing is great
VVhereof I mind this present time to treate. [Pro.20]
You thinke your selues perchaunce to be in place,
VVere as you be not, now as standes the case.
For Lausan is not here, it is farre hence.
But yit when neede requires, I will dispence
VVith all of you, that hence within an hower
Eche one may safely be within his bowre.
As now this is the land of Palestine.
VVhat? do you wonder at these words of myne?
I say yit further to you, see you well.
Yon place? It is the house wherein doth dwell [Pro.30]
A servaunt of the liuing Gods, whose name
Hight Abraham the righteous man, the same
VVhose liuely faith hath won him endles fame.
Anon you shall him tempted see and tryde,
I & toucht to quicke with grefs that shal betide.
And lastly you shall see him iustified
By faith, for killing (in a certeine wise)
Isaac his dearest sonne in sacrifice.
And shortly you shall see straunge passions:
The flesh, the world his owne affections [Pro.40]
Not onely shall be shewed in liuely hew,
But, (which more is) his faith shal them subdue.
And that is so, many a faithfull wight,
Anon shall beare me record in your sight.
First Abraham, and Sara you shall see,
And Isaac did shall with them both agree.
Now are not these sufficient witnessings?
VVho minds therfore to see so wondrous things,
VVe pray him onely talking to forbeare
And unto us to giue attentiue eare, [Pro.50]
Assuring him that he shall see and heare
No trifling toyes but graue & wondrous geere,
And that we will his eares to him restore,
To vse them as he listeth as before.

THE PLAY

[Abraham commeth out of his house & sayth.]

ABRAHAM: Alas, my God, and was there euer any,
That hath indurde of combrances so many,

As I haue done by fleeting too and fro,
Since I my natiue countrie did forgo?
Or is there any liuing on the ground,
Of benefits that hath such plenty found?
Loe how thou makest mortall men to see,
Thy passing goodnes by calamitie.
And as of nought thou madest euery thing:
So out of ill thou causest good to spring. [10]
Was neuer wight to blessed at thy hand,
That could thy greatnes fully understand.
Full threescore yeares and thereto fifteene mo,
My life had lasted now in weale and woe,
According to the course in sundry wise
Appointed by thy heauenly destinies,
Whose will it was I should be bred and borne
Of Parents rich in catell, coyne, and corne.
But unto him that richest is in see,
What ioy or comfort could his riches be, [20]
When he compeld, compelled was (I say)
To see, to serue, and worship euery day,
A thowsand forged gods in steede of thee,
Which madst the heauen & earth which we do see?
Thou then eftsoones didst will me to conuey
My selfe from those same places quite away.
And I immediatly upon thy call,
Left Parents, countrie, goods with gods & all.
Yea Lord, thou knowest I wist not whither then
Thou wouldst me lead, or where me stay agen: [30]
But he that followeth thee, full well may say,
He goeth right: and while he holds that way
He neuer needes to feare that he shall stray.

[Sara comming out of the same house sayeth.]

SARA: In thinking and bethinking me what store
Of benefits I haue had erst heretofore,
Of thee my God which euer hast prouided
To keepe my mind and bodie undefiled,
And furthermore according to thy word
(Which I tooke then as spoken but in boord)
Hast blist my aged time aboue all other, [40]
By giuing me the happy name of mother.
I am so ravisht in my thought and mind,
That (as I would full fayne) no meane I find
The least of all the benefits to commend,
Which thou my God doest daily still me send.
Yit sith alone with thee Lord here I am,
I will thee thanke at least wise as I can.
But is not yun my husband whom I see?

I thought he had bin further of from me.

ABRAHAM: Sara, Sara, thy mind I well allow,
Nought hast thou sayd but I the same auow.
Come on, and let us both giue thankes togither
For Gods great mercy since our comming hither
The frute thereof as both of us hath found:
Let prayse & thankes from both of us resownd.

SARA: Contented Sir, how might I better doe,
Than you to please in all you set me too?
And euen therfore hath God ordeyned me.
Agein, wherein can time spent better be,
Than in the setting forth of Gods dew praise,
Whose maiestie doth shew it selfe alwayes.
Aboue and eke beneath, before our eyes?

ABRAHAM: Of truth no better can a man deuise,
Than of the Lord to sing the excellence,
For none can pay him other recompence
For all his giftes which daily he doth send,
Than in the same, his goodnes to commend.

The Song of Abraham and Sara.

Come on then, let us now beginn to sing
with hartes in one accord,
The prayses of the souerein heauenly king
our onely God and Lord.
His onely hand doth giue us whatsoeuer
We haue, or shall hereafter haue for euer.
It is alonly he that doth mainteine
the heauen that is so hie,
So large in compasse and in pace so mayne:
and eke the starrie skie,
The course whereof he stablisht hath so sure,
That ay withouten fayle it doth endure.
The skorching heate of sommer he doth make,
the haruest and the spring:
And winters cold that maketh folke to quake,
in season he doth bring.
Both wethers, faire, and fowle, both sea & land,
Both night and day be ruled by his hand.
Alas good Lord! and what are we that thou
didst choose and enterteyne
Alonly us of all the world, and now
doth safely us mainteine
So long a time from all the wicked rowtes
In towne and country where we come throughouts.

Thou of thy goodnes drewest us away
from places that are giuen
To serue false gods: and at this present day
hast wandringly us driuen,
To trauell still among a thowsand daungers,
In nacions unto whom we be but straungers.
The land of Egypt in our chiefest neede
thou madst to haue a care,
Thy seruants bodies to mainteine and feede
with fine and wholsom fare,
And in the ende compelledst Pharao,
Full sore against his will, to let us goe.
Foure mightie Kinges were already gon
away with victorie,
I ouertooke and put to flight anon
before they could me spie.
And so I saw the feeldes all stained red
With blud of those which through my sword lay dead.
From God receiued well this benefite:
for he doth mind us still,
As his deere freendes in whom he doth delight,
and we be sure he will,
Performe us all thinges in dew time and place,
As he hath promist of his owne free grace.
To us and unto our posteritie
this land belongs of right,
To hold in honor and felicitie
as God it hath behight,
And we beleue it surely shall be so,
For from his promise God will neuer goe.
Now tremble you ye wicked wights therefore,
which sowed are so thicke
Throughout the world, & worship now such store
of gods of stone and sticke,
Which you your selues with wicked hands do carue,
To call upon and vainly for to serue.
And thou O Lord whom we doe know to be
the true and liuing God,
Come from thy place, that we may one day see
the vengeance of thy rodde
Upon thy foes, that they may come to nowght
With all their gods deuizd through wicked thowght.

ABRAHAM: Go to my Sara, that great God of ours
Hath blist us, to thintent that we all howres
Should for his giftes which he alone doth giue,
Him serue and prayse as long as we doe liue,
Now let us hence and chiefly take good heede,
We hazard not our sonne to much in deede,

By suffering him to haunt the company [140]
Of wicked folke, with whom you see we be.
A new made vessell holdeth long the sent
Of that that first of all is in it pent.
A child by nature nere so well dispozed,
By bringing up is quite and cleane transpozed.

SARA: Sir, I doe hope my dewtie for to doe,
Therefore the thing that we must looke unto,
Is that Gods will may be fulfild in him.
Right sure I am we shall him weeld so trim,
And that the Lord will blisse him so: as all [150]
Shall in the ende to his high honor fall.

* * * * *

[Satan in the habit of a Monke.]

SATAN: I go, I come, I trauell night and day,
I beate my braynes, that by no kind of way
My labour be in any wise misspent.
Reigne God aloft aboue the firmament,
The earth at least to me doth wholly drawe,
And that mislikes not God nor yet his lawe
As God by his in heauen is honored:
So I on earth by myne am worshipped.
God dwells in heauen, and I on earth likewize [160]
God maketh peace, and I doe warres deuize.
God reignes aboue, and I doe reigne belowe:
God causeth loue, and I doe hatred sowe.
God made the starrie skies and earthy clodds:
I made much more: for I did make the godds.
God serued is by Angells full of light:
And doe not my faire Angells glister bright?
I trow there is not one of all my swine,
Whose grooyn I make not godlike for to shine.
Those lechours, drunkards, gluttons, ouerfedd, [170]
Whose noses shine faire tipt with brazell redd,
Which weare fine precious stones uppon their skinnes
Are my upholders & my Cherubins.
God neuer made a thing so perfect yit,
That could the makers full perfection hit.
But I haue made, (whereof I glory may)
A thowsand worser than my selfe farre way.
For I beleue and know it in my thought,
Therz but one God, & that my self am nowght.
But yit I know there are whose foolish mind [180]
I haue so turned quite against the kind,
That some (which now is common long agone)

Had leuer serue a thowsand gods than one.
And others haue conceiued in their brayne,
that for to thinke there is a God is vayne.
Thus since the time that man on mowld was made,
With happy lucke I followed haue this trade
And follow wil (come losse or come there gain)
So long as I this habit may mainteine,
I say this habit wherewithall as now [190]
The world is unacquainted: but I vow
The day shall come it shall be knowne so rife,
Of euery wight, both child, yea man, and wife,
That nother towne nor village shall scape free
From seeing it to their great miserie.
O cowle, o cowle, such mischef thou shalt wurk,
And such abuse shall underneath thee lurke
At high noone daies: O Cowle, o Cowle I say,
Such mischief to the world thou shalt conuey,
That if it were not for the spightfulnesse, [200]
Wherewith my hart is frawghted in excesse:
Euen I my selfe the wretched world shall rew,
To see the things that shall through thee insew.
For I, than who, of all none worse can be,
Am made yit worse by putting on of thee.
These thinges shall in their time without all faile
Be brought to passe. As now I will assaile
One Abraham, who onely with his race
Withstands me, and defies me to my face.
In deede I haue him often times assailed: [210]
But euer of my purpose I haue failed.
I neuer saw olde fellow hold such tack.
But I will lay such loade upon his backe,
That (as I hope) ere long I shall him make
A sonne of myne. I know that he doth take
The true Creator for his onely hold
To trust unto: and that doth make him bold.
In deede he hath alliance with the trew
Creator, who hath promist him a new
Right wondrous things, according whereunto [220]
He hath already done, and still will doe.
But what for that? If stedfastnes him faile
To hold out still: what shall his hope availe?
I trow I will so many blowes him giue,
That from his hold at length I shall him driue.
His elder sonne I feare not: and the other
Shal hardly scape these hands of mine: the mother
Is but a woman: as for all the meynie
That serue him, they be simple sowles as enie
Can lightly be: there is a ragged rowt [230]
Of sillie shepherds, nother skild nor stowt

Ynough against my wily sleights to stand.
But hence I will and worke so out of hand.
To haue them, that unlesse I misse my marke,
Anon I will deceiue their greatest Clarke.

* * * * *

[Abraham comming out of his house agein sayth.]

ABRAHAM: What euer thing I doe or say,
I weery am thereof streit way,
How meete so euer that it bee,
Soe wicked nature reignes in me.
But most of all it me mislikes. [240]
And to the hart with sorrow strikes,
That seeing God is neuer tyrde
In helping me, yea undezyrde:
I also likewise doe not streyne
My selfe, unweerie to remayne,
In dew and trew acknowledgment.
Of his great mercie to me sent,
As well with mouth as with my hart.

THE ANGELL: Abraham, Abraham.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Lord here I am.

ANGELL; Goe take thyne onely deerebeloued sonne, [250]
Euen Isaac, and bring him to the place
Which hight the myrrh of God: which being done
Slea him in sacrifice before my face:
And burne him whole upon a hill which I
Will shew thee there, goe hye thee by and by.

ABRAHAM: What! burne him! burne him! wel I wil do so.
But yit my God, the thing thou putst me to
Seemes very straunge and irksom for to be --
Lord, I beseech thee, wilt thou pardon me?
Alas, I pray thee giue me strength and power, [260]
To doe that thou commaundest me this howre.
I well perceiue and plainly now doe find,
That thou art angry with me in thy mind.
Alas my Lord I haue offended thee.
O God by whom both heauen & earth made be,
With whom intendest thou to be at war?
And wilt thou cast thy seruaunt down so far?
Alas my sonne, alas, what shall I doe?
This matter askes advised looking too.

* * * * *

[A companie of Shepherdes comming out of Abraham's house.]

THE ONE HALF OF THEM: Hie time it is Sirs as I trow
We hie us packing on a row
To our companions where they be.

THE OTHER HALF: Euen so thinkes me.
For if we all togither were
We should the lesser neede to feare.

ISAAC: How Sirs, I pray you tary. Will
You leaue me so behind you still?

SHEPHERDS: Good child abide you there,
Or else our maister your father
And our mistresse your mother may,
Be angrie for your going away:
The time will come by Gods good grace,
That you shall grow and proue a pace:
And then he shall perceiue the charge,
Of keeping flocks in feelds at large,
What daungers come from hill and dale,
By rauening beasts that lye in stale,
Among the couerts of the woode
To kill our cattell for their foodd.

ISAAC: And doe ye thinke I would,
Goe with you though I could,
Before I knew my fathers mind?

SHEPHERDS: In deede a child of honest kind,
And well brought up, ought euermore
His fathers and his mothers lore
In all his doings to obey.

ISAAC: I will not fayle it (if I may)
To die therefore: but will ye stay
A while untill I ronne and know
My fathers will?

SHEPHERDS: ~~~ Yea, therefore goe.

The Song of the Shepherds

O happy is the wight
That grounds him selfe aright
On God, and maketh him his shield:

And lets the worldly wize,
Which looke about the skies,
Goe wander where they list in field.
No rich, ne poore estate,
Can puffe or yit abate,
The godly and the faithfull hart:
The faithfull goeth free [310]
Although he martred be
A thowsand times with woe and smart.
The mighty God him leeds,
In chiefest of his needes,
And hath of him a speciall care,
To make him to abide,
Euen at the poynt to slide,
When worst of all he seemes to fare.
Whereof a proofe we see
Our maister well may be: [320]
For why, the more him men assayle
And urge on euery side:
Lesse feare in him is spyde,
And lesse his courage doth him fayle.
He left his natiue soyle,
Hard famin did him foyle,
Which draue him into Egypt land,
And there a king of might,
Tooke Sara from his sight,
Uniustly euen by force of hand. [330]
But streit on sute to God,
The king through Gods sharp rod,
Did yeeld to him his wife streit way,
And Abraham neuer stayd,
But as the king him prayd,
Departed thence without delay.
And during this his flight
He grew to so good plight,
That Loth to part away was faine:
Bycause, as stoode the case, [340]
To litle was the place,
To keepe the flockes of both them twayne.
There fell a sodeyn iarre
Betweene nine Kings through warre,
Wherein fiue kings were put to flight,
And Loth him selfe, with all
His goods both great and small,
Away was caried cleane and quite.
Our faithfull Maister streit,
On newes of this conceit, [350]
Made fresh pursute immediatly:
And having but as then

Three hundred eighteene men,
Did make the enmies all to fly.
And of the reskewd pray
The tenth to the Preest did pay.
And having done ech man his right,
Returned home anon,
With commendacion,
For putting so his foes to flight. [360]
But nother sonne he had,
Nor daughter him to glad.
Which thing when Sara did perceiue,
She put her maid in bed,
To serue her husbands sted,
Bycause her selfe could not conceiue.
So Agar bare a sonne
A thirteene yeares outronne,
Whose name is called Ismael.
And to this present day, [370]
Our maisters goods are ay
Increaced passing wondrous well.
Then for the couenants sake
Which God him selfe did make,
Betwene him and our maister deere,
Our maister and we all,
As well the great as small,
At once all circumcized were.

ISAAC: My fellowes: God hath shewed himselfe to us.
So good, so loving and so gracious, [380]
That I can neuer any thing yit craue
No small ne great, but that I much more haue,
Than I desire. I would haue gone with you
(As you doe know) to see full fayne: but now
Behold my father commeth here at hand.

ABRAHAM AND SARA: But it behoueth us to understand,
That if God will us any thing to doe,
We must streyt wayes obedient be thereto,
And nother striue nor speake against his will.

SARA: In deede Sir so I thinke and purpose still. [390]
But yit I pray you thinke not straunge, that I
Doe take this matter somewhat heauily.

ABRAHAM: A good hart (wife) doth shew it self at neede.

SARA: Thats trew: & therfore lets be sure in deede,
It is Gods will and mind we should doe so.
We haue but this child onely and no mo

Who yit is weake: in him stands all the trust
Of all our hope, with him it falls to dust.

ABRAHAM: Nay rather in God.

SARA: ~~~ But giue me leaue to say.

ABRAHAM: Can euer God his word once sayd unsay? [400]
No, no, and therefore be you out of dowt,
That God wil keepe & prosper him throughout.

SARA: Yea, but will God haue us to hazard him?

ABRAHAM: No hazarding it is where God doth gard him.

SARA: My hart misgiueth some mishappe.

ABRAHAM: I nother dread nor dowt of any hap.

SARA: There is in hand some secret enterpryze.

ABRAHAM: What ere it be, it doth from God aryze.

SARA: At least, if what it were you wist.

ABRAHAM: I shall ere long, if God so list. [410]

SARA: So long away the child will neare abide.

ABRAHAM: For that our God will well ynough prouide.

SARA: Yea but the wayes now full of daungers are.

ABRAHAM: Who dyes in following God needs neuer care.

SARA: If he should dye, then farewel our good dayes.

ABRAHAM: God doth foresett mens dying times alwayes.

SARA: It were much better here to sacrifyze.

ABRAHAM: What euer you thinke, God thinks otherwise.

SARA: Well then Sir, sith it must be so
The grace of God with both you goe. [420]
Adiew my sonne.

ISAAC: ~~~ Good mother eke adieu.

SARA: My sonne obey thy father still,
And God thee saue: that if it be his will
Thou mayst in health returne right soone agein.
My child I can not me refreyne
But that I needes must kisse the now.

ISAAC: Good mother, if it should not trouble you,
I would desire you one thing ere I went.

SARA: Say on my sonne: for I am well content
To graunt thee thy request.

ISAAC: I humbly doe you pray
To put this greef away.
These teares of yours refrayne,
I shall returne ageine
(I hope) in better plyght
Than now I am in syght:
And therefore stay this greef and wo.

ABRAHAM: My fellows: we haue now to goe
Good six daies iorney ere we rest:
See that your cariages be prest
And all things that we shall neede.

THE COMPANIE: Sir, as for that let us take heede,
Doe you no more but onely shew your will.

ABRAHAM: On then: and God be with you still.
The mightie God who of his goodnesse ay,
From time to time euen to this present day,
So kind and gracious unto us hath be,
Be helpfull still both unto you and mee.
Deale wisely howsoeuer that you fare:
I hope this iorney which we going are
Shall be performed happily.

SARA: Alas alas full litle wote I
When I shall see you all ageine.
The Lord now with you all remayne.

ISAAC: Good mother God you guyde.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Farewell.

THE COMPANIE: God guide, and keepe you through his grace.

ABRAHAM: Gowe on Sirs, let us hence apace.

* * * * *

GO TO PART 2

The first line there is :

SATAN: But is not this ynough to make me mad,
That whereas I make euery man to gad,
And all the world to follow after me, [460]

GO BACK TO HOME PAGE

Works of Arthur Golding - Translations
A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice, 1575

Original Spelling Version

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Part 2

SATAN: But is not this ynough to make me mad,
That whereas I make euery man to gad,
And all the world to follow after me, [460]
If they my finger doe but hild up see,
And therwithall set all thinges on a rore:
Yit for all that I neuer could the more
This false olde fellow bring unto my lure,
For any thing that yit I can procure?
Behold he is departed from this place
Gods will full bent tobey in euery cace,
Although the matter neuer be so straunge.
But yit it may be that his mind will chaunge,
Or that he shall him sacrifyze in deede, [470]
And so he shall if I may help him speede.
For if he doe, then Isaac shall be dead,
Whereby my hart shal be deliuered
Of that same feare least God in him fulfill,
The threate whereby he promist me to spill.
And if he chaunge his mind, then may I say
The gold is wonne. For may I once so play
My part, as for to make him disobey
Almighty Gods commaundment, or repyne
Then were he banisht from the grace diuine. [480]
That is the marke whereat I alwayes shoote,

Now hye thee Cowle, set forth the better foote:
Lets ronne apace, and by some cunning drift
Foyle him in feeld, or put him to his shift.

* * * * *

A PAUUZE

ABRAHAM: My children: this is now the third day
That we haue traueld making little stay.
Here must you tarry: as for me, I will
With Isaac, goe yit further onward still,
Unto a place from hence yet distant more
Which God almighty shewed me before,
Where I must pray and offer sacrifyze
As he requires. Wherefore in any wyze
Abide you here, and stirre not hence. But thou
Sonne Isaac shalt goe with me as now:
For God requires in this behalfe thy presence.

THE SHEPHERDS: Sir, sith you forbid us we will not hence.

ABRAHAM: This bundle unto him betake,
And I the fire and knife will take.
We shal (God willing) come agein right soone
But in the mean while, wot ye what to doone?
Pray ye to God both for your selues and us.
Alas, alas, was neuer wyght, ywus.

SHEPHERDS: We will not fayle.

ABRAHAM: That had such neede as I.
Well Sirs, I say no more but God be wy.

SHEPHERDS: And with you too.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ It greatly amazeth me.

HALFE THE SHEP: And me likewyze.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ And me too, for too see
Him so dismayd which hath to stowtly borne
All haps that haue befalne him heretooforne.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ To say he is afrayd of warre
Debate, or strife, or any iarre
It were no reason: for we knowe,
Abimelech the king did showe
Such honor to our maisterward,
That he not onely had regard

To visit him, but eke did knit
A leage with him which lasteth yit.
And as for howshold matters, what
Can he desire which he hath nat?

HALFE THE SHEP: He liues in outward peace and rest:
But age perchaunce doth woork unrest. [520]

HALFE THE SHEP: Of zunnes he hath but onely one
But in the world mo such are none.
His cattell thryue in such great store,
As God doth seeme to giue him more,
Than he him selfe can wish or craue.

HALFE THE SHEP: Nothing ye can so perfect haue,
But alwaies sumwhat is amisse.
I pray to God him so to blisse,
As soone to cure this his disease.

HALFE THE SHEP: Amen, say I, if it him please. [530]

HALFE THE SHEP: Sure I suppoze how ere the cace doth stand
He hath this time some weightie thing in hand.

The Song of the Shepherds

As howge as is the world we see
With all the things that in it be,
Yet nothing is so strong and sure,
That can for euer here endure.
Almighty God which all mainteynes,
Can nothing spie that ay remaines,
Except him selfe: all else eche one
Indure short time, and soone are gone. [540]
The sunne with bright and burning beames
Goes casting forth his cheereful gleames,
As long as day in skie doth last.
Then darksom night doth ouer cast,
All kind of thinges both fowle and fayre,
With coleblacke winges aloft in ayre.
And of the moone what shall we say,
Which neuer keepeth at a stay?
Sometimes with hornes she doth appeere:
Sometime halfe fast: now thicke, now cleere: [550]
Anon with rownd and fulsom face
The night she fro the skie doth chace.
The twincling starres aboue on hye
Ronne rolling rownd about the skye,
One while with wether fayre and cleere,

Another while with lowring cheere.
Two dayes togither match, and ye
Them like in all poynts shall not see.
The one doth passe more swift away,
The other longer while doth stay:
The one, as though it did us spyght,
Bereeues us of the cheerful lyght:
The other with his color bryght
Doth ioy our hart and dim our fight.
One burnes the world with heate from skyes,
With frost and cold another dyes.
With purple, greene, blew, white, and red
The earth earwhile is ouerspred.
Anon a blast of nipping cold
Maks freshest thinges looke seare and old.
The riuers with their waters moyst
Aboue their bankes are often hoyst,
And passe their bownds with rage so farre,
That they the plowmans hope doe marre:
And afterward they fall within
Their chanells, ronning lank and thin.
And therefore whoso doth him grownd,
On awght that in the world is fownd,
Beneath or in the starrie skyes,
I say I count him nothing wyze?
What then of him is to be sayd,
Whose hope on man is wholly stayd?
Each liuing creature subiect is
To endlesse inconueniencis:
And yit among them all, the sunne,
In all his course which he doth runne,
Beholdeth not a feebler wyght,
Than man is in his cheefest plyght.
For that he is most wyze and stowt,
Is so beseeged rownd abowt,
And so assayld with vices strong,
That often he is throwen along.
What a foole is he, whose hart
Thinks to be free from wo and smart,
So long as he doth liue on mowld?
But if that any creature wowld
Be sure taccumplish that desire:
He must goe set his hart more higher.
Whereof our maister rightly may
A good example bee that way.

HALFE THE SHEP: The best I thinke that can be now espyde,
Is for too draw us one asyde,
That ech of us may be him selfe alone

Pray God to send our maister which is gone,
A safe returne with gladnesse gowe.

HALFE THE SHEP: I will not be behind I trowe.

* * * * *

A PAUSE

ISAAC: My father.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Alas a poore father am I.

ISAAC: Sir, here is woode, with fire, and knyfe redy:
But as for sheepe or lambe I see none here.
For you to offer.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ O my sonne most deere,
God will prouide. Abide thou heere I say,
While I to God a little whyle doo pray.

ISAAC: Good father go: but yit I pray you showe
Me whereupon this greef of yours doth growe,
Which doth (I see) so greatly you appall.

ABRAHAM: At my returne, my sonne, thou shalt know all.
But in the meane tyme pray thy selfe heere too.

ISAAC: It is good reason that I should so doe.
And therewithall I will ech thing addresse,
That first this wood may be in redinesse.
This billet first shall gin the order heere:
Then this, then that shall cloze togither neere.
Thus all these thinges are redie now and prest:
My father shall prouide for all the rest.
And now O God I will aside retyre,
To pray to thee, as reason doth requyre.

* * * * *

SARA: The more we liue, the more we see, alas,
What life it is that in this world we passe.
Was neuer woman borne upon the mowld,
That for hir husband or hir yssue could
Hirselfe with me in happinesse compare.
But yit I haue indurde such griefe and care
These last three dayes since they went hence, that well
I am not able to my life to tell,
Which of the twayne hath greater to me beene,

The former ioy, or present peyne I meene
Which I haue felt these last 3 dayes, since they
Haue bin away: for nother night nor day
Haue I tane rest, bycause my mind doth ronne
On nothing but my husband and my sonne. [640]
And of a truth I was to blame as tho,
In that I suffered them away to goe,
And went not with them. Of the six dayes three,
Alas but three my God, yit passed bee,
And yit three mo my patience still must proue.
Alas my God which seest me from aboue,
Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Vowtsafe to shorten these three yeeres I say,
For were they much more shorter than they be,
They be not dayes, but moneths & yeeres to me [650]
My God, thy promis putts me out of dowt:
But if thou long delay the falling out,
I feare I shall haue neede of greater strength,
To beare the peyne in holding out at length,
Wherefore my God, now graunt thou unto me
I may with ioy right soone my husband see,
And eke mine Isaac in mine armes embrace
Returnd in helth and saftie to this place.

ABRAHAM: O God, my God, thou seest my open hart,
And of my thowghts thou seest ech secret part, [660]
So that my cace I neede not to declare.
Thou seest, alas thou seest my wofull care.
Thou onely canst me rid of my diseaze,
By graunting me (if that it might thee pleaze)
One onely thing the which I dare not craue.

SATAN: An other song then this yit must we haue.

ABRAHAM: What? what? and is it possible that Gods
Behest and deede should euer be at oddes?
Can he deceiue? euen to this present day
He hath kept towche in all that he did say. [670]
And can he now unsay his word? no, no.
But yit it would ensew he should doe so,
If he my sonne should take away as now.
What say I? O my God, my God, sith thow
Doost bid me, I will doe it. Is it right
That I so sinfull and so wretched wight,
Should fall to scanning of the iudgements
Of thy most perfect pure commaundements.

SATAN: My cace goes ill. O Cowle we must yit find
Some other way tassault this hagards mind. [680]

ABRAHAM: It maybe that I haue imagind
Amisse: the more it is examined,
The more the cace seemes straunge. It was perchaunce
Some dreame or wicked feend that at a glaunce
Did put this matter in my head for why,
So cruell offrings please not God perdye.
He cursed Cayne for killing of his brother:
And shall I kill myne Isaac and none other?

SATAN: No no. Neuer doe soe.

ABRAHAM: Alas alas what ment I so to sayne? [690]
Forgiue me, Lord, and pluck me backe agein
From this leawd race wherein my sin gan go:
O Lord my God deliuer me from this wo,
This hand of mine shall certeinly him smight.
For sith it is thy will, it is good right
It should de [be] doone. Wherfore I will obey.

SATAN: But I will keepe you from it if I may.

ABRAHAM: So doing I should make my God untrew,
For he hath told me that there should insew
So great a people out of this my sonne, [700]
As ouer all the earth should spred and ronne,
And therefore if that Isaac once were kild,
I see not how this couenant could be hild.
Alas Lord, hast thou made him then for nowght:
Alas Lord, is it vaine that thou so oft
Hast promist me such things in Isaake,
As thou wooldst neuer doo for others sake?
Alas and can the things repealed be,
Which thou so oft hast promist unto me?
Alas and shall my hope haue such an end? [710]
Whereto should then mans hope & trusting tend
The summe of all I minded to haue sayd,
Is that to thee I hartily haue prayd,
To giue me yssue: hoping that when thow
Hadst graunted it, I should haue liued now
In ioy and pleasure: but I see full well,
The contrary to my desire befell.
For of my sonns, which were no mo but twayn,
To put away the one my selfe was fayne:
And of the other (O hard extremitee) [720]
Both father I, and tormenter must be,
Yea tormenter, yea tormenter, alas.
But are not thou the selfe same God, which was
Contented for too heere me patiently,

When I did pray to thee so instantly,
Euen in the midds of all thy wrath and yre,
When Sodom thou didst mind to burne with fire?
Now then my God and king, wilt thou say nay,
When so my selfe I unto thee doe pray?
Whom I begate him must I now deface. [730]
O God, at leastwise graunt me yit this grace.

SATAN: Grace? in my book that word I neuer found.

ABRAHAM: Some other man my sonne to death may wownd.
Alas my Lord, and must this hand of myne
To such a stroke against all kind declyne?
How will it towch his wofull mother neere,
When of his violent death she needes shal heere?
If I alledge thy will for my defence,
Who will beleue that thou wilt so dispence?
And if men doe not credit it: what fame [740]
Will fly abrode to my perpetuall shame?
I shall be shund of all men more and lesse,
As paterne of extremest cruelnesse.
And as for thee, who will unto thee pray,
Or on thy word and promise euer stay?
Alas, may these hore heares of myne abide
The sorrow that is likely to betide?
Haue I alredy past so many daungers,
Haue I so traueld countries that are straungers,
In heate and cold, in thirst and hunger still, [750]
Continewally obedient to thy will:
Haue I so long time liued lingringly,
Now in the end to dye unhappily?
O hart of mine, clyue, clyue, asunder clyue:
And linger heere no longer time aliue.
The speedier death, the lesser is the greef.

SATAN: Now is he downe, if God send no releef.

ABRAHAM: What sayd I? what intend I? O my God
Which didst create and make me of a clod,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy seruant trew, [760]
Out of my natiue countrie thou me drew.
How oftentimes hast thou assured me,
That unto mine this land should lotted be?
And when thou gaue me Isaac, didst not thow
Most faithfully and constantly auow,
That out of him such offspring should be bred,
As should this land throughout all ouerspred?
Then if thou wilt needs take him now away,
What should I thereunto ageinst thee say?

He is thine owne, I had him of thy gift.
Take him therfore. Thou knowest best how to shift.
I know thou wilt to life him rayze agein,
Rather than that thy promis should be vaine,
Howbeit Lord, thou knowest I am a man,
No good at all or doo or thinke I can.
But yit thy power which ay is inuincible,
Doth to beleef make all things possible.
Hence flesh, hence fond affections euerychone:
Ye humane passions let me now alone.
Nothing to me is good or reasonable,
Which to Gods will is not agreeable.

SATAN: Well, well, then Isaac shall dye: and wee
What will insew thereof shall after see.
O false old hag, thou makste me soft to grone.

ABRAHAM: See where my sonne walks up & downe alone
O silie child! O wretched men, death oft
Within our bosoms lodgeth him full soft,
When furthest of we take him for too be.
And therfore right great need alwaies haue we
To leade such a life, as if we fayne would die.
But wotest thou my sonne (alas) what I
Intend to say?

ISAAC: ~~~ What pleaseth you good father.

ABRAHAM: Alas, that word doth kill my hart the rather.
Yit must I better corage to me take.
Isaac my sonne: alas my hart doth quake.

ISAAC: Father, me thinks that feare hath you dismayd.

ABRAHAM: O my deere child: it is as thou hast sayd.
Alas my God.

ISAAC: ~~~ Sir if it may you pleaze,
Be bold to tell me what doth you diseaze.

ABRAHAM: Ah my deere child, wist thou what thing it were
Mercie good Lord, thy mercie graunt us here.
My sonne my sonne, beholdest thou this lyne.
This wood, this fire, and eke this knife of myne?
This geere my Isac serueth all for thee.

SATAN: Of God and nature enmie though I bee:
Yit is this thing so hard a cace to see,
That euen almost it is a greef to mee.

ABRAHAM: Alas my sonne.

ISAAC: ~~~ Alas my father deere,
Uppon my knees I humbly pray you heere,
My youthfull yeeres to pitie, if you may. [810]

ABRAHAM: O of mine age the only staffe and stay,
My derling, O my derling, faine would I
That I for thee a thowsand times might dye:
But God will haue it otherwise as now.

ISAAC: Alas my father, mercie I kry you.
Alas alas I want both tung and hand,
Ageinst you in mine owne defence to stand.
But see, but see my tears for natures fake,
None other sence I can or will now make
Ageinst you. ~~~ I am Isaac, none other [820]
But Isaac, your only by my mother.
I am your sonne that through your self hath life
And will you let it be bereft with knife?
Howbeit, if you do't to'bey the Lord,
Then on my knees I humbly doe accord,
To suffer all that euer God and yow,
Shall think expedient for too doo as now.
But yit what deeds, what deeds of mine deserue
This death O God. my God my life preserue.

ABRAHAM: Alas my sonne, God hath commaunded me [830]
To make an offring unto him of thee,
To my great greef, to my great greef and pine,
And endlesse wo.

ISAAC: ~~~ Alas poore mother mine.
How many deathes shall my death giue to thee?
But tell me yit, my killer who shall be?

ABRAHAM: Who? my deere son I my God my God graunt grace
That I may dy now present in this place.

ISAAC: O father mine.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Alas, no whit that name
Agrees to me. yit should we be to blame
If we obeyd not God.

ISAAC: ~~~ Sir I am redy. [840]

SATAN: Who would haue thought he would haue him so stedie?

ISAAC: Now then my father, well I see in deede
That I must dye. Lord help me at my neede.
My God, my God, now strengthen thou my mind,
And at thy hand such fauor let me find,
That of my selfe I may the upper hand
Obteyne, ageinst this sodein death to stand.
Now bind me, kill me, burne me, I am prest
To suffer all, sith God so thinks it best.

ABRAHAM: Ah what a thing, a what a sight is heere!
Mercie good God, now for thy mercie deere.

ISAAC: Thou Lord hast made me and created me,
Thou Lord upon the earth hast lodged me,
Thou hast me giuen the grace to knowledge thee
Yit haue I not so well obeyed thee
My Lord and God as dewtie doth require:
Which me to pardon lowd I thee desire.
And whereas I to you my Lord and father
Haue not alwaies such honor yeelded rather,
As your great kindnesse did deserue to haue:
Therfore forgiuenesse humbly I doe craue.
My mother: she is now a great way hence,
Wherfore my God vowtsafe hir thy defence,
And so preserue hir through thy speciall grace,
As she no whit be trubbled at my cace.
[Here Isaac is bound]
Alas, I go to deepe and darksom night:
Farewell as now for ay all worldly light.
But sure I am I shall at Gods hand find
Farre better things than these I leaue behind.
Good father, I am redy at your will.

SATAN: Was neuer child that spake with better skil.
I am ashamde, and therfore take my flight.

ABRAHAM: Alas my sonne, before thou leaue this light
And that my hand doe giue thunkindly blowe,
Upon thy mouth let me a kisse bestowe.
Isac my sonne, let this same arme of mine
Which must thee kil, imbrace this neck of thine.

ISAAC: With right good wil and hartie thankes.

ABRAHAM: Ye skyes the great gods woork ay glistring
in our eyes
Which well haue seene how God (who still is trew)
Did me with frute by Isaac here indew:

And thou O land fiue times to me behight,
Beare witnesse that my fingers doo not smight
This child of mine for hatred or for vengance,
But only for to yeeld my dew obeysance,
To that great God which hath created me,
And all the thinges that liue or moue or be:
Who saues the good that put in him their trust,
And stroyes the bad that serue their wicked lust.
Beare witnesse that I faithfull Abraham,
Through gods great goodnes stil so stedfast am
As notwithstanding all that humane wit
Can say or think, to make me now to flit:
In one beleef I euer doo remaine,
That not one word of God doth happen vaine.
But now my hand, high time it is that thow
Doo gather strength to execute thy vow.
[Here the knife falles out of his hand.]
That by thy killing of mine only sonne,
Thy deadly stroke may through my hart eke ronne.

ISAAC: What doe I heere?
~~~ Alas my father deere!

ABRAHAM: A, a, a, a.

ISAAC: ~~~ I am at your will.
Am I now well? your pleasure then fulfill.

ABRAHAM: Did euer man so piteous cace yit find?
Was euer any frendship yit so kind?
And was there euer yit so piteous cace.
I dye my sonne, I dye before thy face.

ISAAC: Away with all this feare of yours I pray.
Will you from God yit longer time me stay?

ABRAHAM: [Heere he intendeth to stryke him.]
Alas who euer yit so stowt a mind
Within so weake a bodie erst did find?
Alas my sonne I prey thee me forgiue
Thy death. It kills me that thou may not liue.

THE ANGELL: Abraham, Abraham.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ My God heere I am.

ANGELL: Into the sheath put up thy knife,
And see thou doe not take his life,
Nor hurt the child in any wyse.
~~~

For now I see before mine eyes,
What loue thou bearest to the Lord,
And honor unto him auord,
In that thou doost so willingly [920]
Thy sonne thus offer euen to dye.

ABRAHAM: O God.

ISAAC: O God.

ABRAHAM: O Lord a man may see.
[Heere he takes the sheepe.]
How good it is obedient for to bee
To thee: the cace is fitly furnished.
I will go take him tyed by the head.

ANGELL: O Abraham.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Lord heere I am.

ANGELL: Thus sayth the Lord, I promis thee
By my eternall maiestie,
And by my Godhead: sith that thow
Hast shewed thy self so willing now, [930]
Me to obey, as to forbeare
Thine only Isaks life: I sweare,
That mawgre Satan to his face,
I will thee blisse and all thy race.
Considrest thou the lightsom skye,
And on the shore the grauell drye?
I wil increace thyne offspring more,
Than starres in heauen, or sand on shore.
Their enmies they shall ouercome,
And of thy bodie one shall come, [940]
By whom my blissing shall spred foorth
On all the nations of the earth.
By him the treasures of my loue
And mightie power, shall from aboue
Be sheaded downe on all mankind,
Bycause thou hast obeyd my mind.

THE EPILOGUE

See here the mightie power of earnest faith,
And what reward the trew obedience payth
VVherfore ye Lords & Ladies I you pray,
VVhen you from hence shall go agein away.
Let not this trew and noble storie part

Out of the mind and tables of your hart.
It is no lye, it is no peynted tale,
It is no feyned iest nor fable stale.
It is a deede, a deede right trew, of one
That was Gods faithful seruant long agone. [Epi.10]
VVherefore ye maisters and ye mistresses,
Ye Lords and Ladies all both more and lesse,
Ye rich and poore, ye sorie and ye sad,
And you also whose harts with mirth are glad,
Behold, and looke upon your selues ech one,
In this so fayre example heere foregone.
Such are trew glasses, shewing to our sight,
The fayre, the fowle, the crooked, and the right.
For whoso doth unfeynedly indeuer
(As Abraham) to keepe Gods sayings euer, [Epi.20]
And (notwithstanding all the reasons which
His mind alledgeth backward him to twich)
Doth stil referre him selfe and all his deedes
To God: with much more happy yssue speeds
Than he can wish: for come there stormes or wind,
Come greef, come death, come cares of sundry kind.
Let earthquake come, let heauen & skyes downe
Let dark confuzion ouercouer all:
The faithful hart so stedfastly is grownded,
As it abodeth euer unconfounded. [Epi.30]
Contrariwise the man that trusteth too
His owne selfwit, therafter for to doe,
And standeth in his owne conceyt shall find,
The more he goes, the more he comes behind.
And euery litle puffe and sodein blast
From his right course shal quite & cleane him cast
Agein, how owne selfwilled nature will
Him ouerthrowe and all his dooings spill.
Now thou great God which makest us to knowe
The great abuses which doo plainly showe [Epi.40]
The wretched world to be peruerted quite,
Make all of us to take such warning by'te,
As ech of us may fare the better by
The liuely faith set foorth before our eye
In Abraham that holy personage,
VVhose dooings haue bin playd upon this stage.
Lo maisters heere the happie recompence
VVhich God doth giue you for your gentle silence.

FINIS.

ALL PRAYSE AND THANKS BEE GIUEN
TO GOD. AMEN.

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